

# Timmy

Libby Angel

At Tintinara we blew the head gasket, boiled over.  
The mechanic was drunk and expensive,  
the local shop full of handicrafts & flies.  
The jam and lace lady let me stand behind her desk,  
speak into her hot perfume phone to book a ticket.  
I caught the midnight tin-can bus out of  
the ninety mile Roast of the Day truck-stop desert,  
out of the rancid grey Lake Kirawarra mud.  
I left a man stuck there with the dogs to turn back.  
He didn't wave. The bus was cold.  
I left that man on the instant coffee hot chips highway  
in a sugar sachet fibro bible-in-the-drawer motel,  
to remember tractor drags &  
Friday night donuts in the dirt.

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Born in the dawn of the seventies, Libby Angel made a scant living as an aerialist in the circus before completing an honours degree in English at Flinders University in Adelaide. Her first collection of poetry, *Stealing*, was published in Friendly Street's *New Poets Ten* by Wakefield Press. She has also published poetry in *Hecate*, *Overland* and the *Friendly Street Reader*. She is a PhD candidate at Melbourne University in the department of English and Cultural Studies where she is examining concepts of home and homelessness in literature.

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