

Flash Flood

Doug Jacquier

A man out here that whinged about the sweltering heat and bush flies in his eyes and up his nose wouldn't be a man and Harry would never have that said of him. Out here, a man who couldn't fix a snapped axle on a mail truck in a dry creek bed wouldn't be worth feedin'. As for thinking he could hear the roar of an oncoming train, well, a man'd have to be a mental case to pay it any attention. So he got on with it, until the flash flood carried him and the mail miles downstream.

Doug Jacquier lives with his wife, Sue, in Yankalilla, South Australia. He's lived and worked in many urban, rural and remote places, and he has travelled extensively overseas. His work has appeared in several anthologies, including the recent *New Poets 21* and *Indigomania*. He blogs at *Six Crooked Highways | Take My Words For It*.