

*she remembers dying*

in the death of things  
colours were so much more alive for her  
where the gold of sunlight through branches  
sliced her into a thousand slivers  
she sat on the ledge twelve stories up wondering  
whether to climb out  
the window and down

in her game of hide seek and freak  
when she thought of other versions of herself  
the ones where all her sacrifices hung  
swelling the air in the room with the concealment  
of grief and some evil sort of free will  
she drew herself into separate parts  
in the hope she could forget how much armour  
she needed  
while she sailed outrage on a flood  
of swearing at anyone in uniform  
on the bus the train and the police  
they looked upon her  
as just another crazy foreigner

all the while she was trying to find the seventeen year old girl  
who sat cross legged in the park with her best friend  
laughing at the silliness of life  
that lead right back to the start where it all happened  
and then not remembering the place where it did

hers was the death that took all her life to happen  
and for her to remember

*PYM SCHAARE,  
BRISBANE, QLD*

*Avenida de America*

back where I set out this morning I ascend from line six  
the circle line with the deepest tunnels and hear, perhaps  
feel, vibrations of a saraband bowed on a viola trembling

through the pulsating galleries of Avenida de America and  
soon come upon an old man sitting close by an old woman  
while he plays as once he may have played for audiences

who sat silent in vaulted halls and clapped when he paused  
not storming homebound at the knell of a toiled-away day  
but his cup is lined with grey velvet and brims with Euros

more than I've witnessed with busker or beggar anywhere  
an approbation perhaps of Bach's meditations on mortality  
which pursue me as I rise up through subterranean arcades

fading to little more than distant sighs then dying before  
I'm released into the Madrid night of crowds, clamour, cars,  
sirens, whiffs of diesel, cigarette smoke, coffee, perfume

and I'm standing on a concrete island in Avenida de America  
gazing at the veil of electric haze closing out the sky yet fired  
with vain and eager hopes I might somehow see some stars

*BN OAKMAN,  
BALLARAT, VIC*