

Potholes

Get deeper every day, and the visitors get slower, and wrigglier. La Niña is here (now that you're gone), just as Motown, and even London Records, can be found in rural Australia, in the water. Yet broadly, I suppose, biosecurity stays intact. If we think of a farm as a fazenda, and not as a text. The ice cream in the apple tree is propitious. The bells have gone to the outskirts, too. When I discover something (roughly once a day), I build a dirt town hall, so I can

Rediscover it. Flag-planters are not serious people. A flag can blow away, but even if you drive your gentleman's muscle car (aka GTX) – while still on your Ps – into a town hall, and the car explodes, the resultant debris will mark the spot for many years, while the original idea may be mislaid, or rendered superfluous by new technology. You will tell me it already has, even before the thought was conceived, and I will reply, with deepening sympathy, that they

Were unable to pull you from the burning wreck. Such is the fate of interlocutors. Even now there is a galah on the clothesline, like a popsicle of cherry and ashes. A more modest vehicle, a more paranoid visitor, will be encouraged to not drive into anything but a stiff breeze, at least until they hit bitumen. I trace a cowbell so I have a picture of its ring. I look at an old photo, and remember 1966. Prince Charles was here then. Sammy Davis Jr. had his own TV show.

MICHAEL FARRELL

Disaster Painting

A car was smearing across my face. The nation had invaded my space. He would not directly cause the Vietnamese 'Resistance War Against America'. He would not read articles on my beauty regime (set to continue, even after my death). Have you read post-symbolist Greek poetry. Do you love your centuries, like I do. There was nothing running away from us, as we drove to the gallery. We were too sick to work. But contagion was rare, or close to. We were back in the twentieth century, wishing we'd never left. I assure you, it was a blast, if not always in a good way. Pop artists never talked to me at parties. They always seemed to be on the verge of

Asking if I'd sit for a disaster painting. Bad taste was fairly innocent, then, pre-AIDS (not that AIDS = Guilt, but rather, Courage). At the core of a complete poem – I'd never say 'a perfect poem' – is coded lyric, is a helping hand, or open door, to a neighbour. A slice of perfume. I did not want their DNA in my mouth, so that was the end of cocksucking for me. In a marriage that became a national symbol. Dropped from a great height. 'Hair should be like fabric', for those who do not prefer to go naked. Yet we all use light as a part of self-presentation. 'Stay home, write poems', said the psychic. I wrote a line, 'Don't take away my moon landing'.

MICHAEL FARRELL

MOSQUITO'S TOAST

In federal denim, leveraged to the brink by
their teeth
Drinking to each other's health - ¡Salud! -
they chew.
An overture belts round the brutalist cargo
stations
Their brood commits to making themselves
a brutish nest in.
It's carnyx-led, red, hot-blooded and when
it gets going
And the wealth trickles past, boy we'll get
to sucking.

If it bleeds: we drink!

MITCHELL WELCH

Chloe waiting

"This is the beginning of a great adventure"

Chloe sits at one of the outside tables & looks down the street. She is waiting—with no impatience—for her boyfriend to arrive. Is he that? May be. He will be punctual, about thirty minutes away. Justine could arrive any time. Now? An hour hence?

And laden with bags probably, her eye captured by the area's cheaper fashions. Nick won't have so long to wait ... to meet this unmannered stranger. If he sees it that way. Marian's, the florist's, is closing. Right on six. The yellow dress must be Marian. Yellow, with irregularly spaced but regularly shaped

whorls of white—gardenias, shells, commas? The man 'with' Marian has a number of hats, hands them to the woman & takes the flowers from her. They are in a long metal can. Roses. Chloe knows the woman to speak to. She closes, usually, later—"or have I kept her back?" Tho Marian

had seemed happy to have the girl there, buying flowers for her mother, choosing slowly. Marian had not been impatient: she liked the serious girl, she liked her mother. Saulnier, was the name. Equally serious. "Both of them," she thought—"Gravitas'." Or was it a question

of solemnity—the Houynhym factor? She tipped well— & un-ostentatious about it. Also the daughter. What was not to like? The girl made a joke once that Marian remembered. The mother always drily acerbic. At this moment Chloe's mother is at home, feeling a little lonelier than she might,

her daughter interested in a Russian boy, Nick—Nikolai—impressed with what she takes to be his Culture. Certainly he is serious. But the culture Chloe credits him with—what can it be, the son of a factory-worker father; a mother, who died when he was sixteen, a cleaner? A student here, a little over twelve months. Nikolai—the inverse,

she thinks, of what she wants for her daughter. And to lose her— something she thought she had worked towards all these years. She will be old suddenly, alone. Bitter—she can feel it. How not? Marian waves to her young customer, across the road, to a curly-haired Adonis, & another girl, colourfully dressed— high-piled red hair, large hoop earrings. Students of course. Different, each.

KEN BOLTON