

CBD AGAIN

Poets of grace, up from Martin Place
double-door lift...

level five, after three and four,
this floor be it
to learn of literate Magi-gifts!

High-fives of verse, detailed poets
to never state the obvious,
all twists and harboured turns;
questions of tone, bells on hand
cast lines, ten, eleven

Ceylon feast so soon?

Tea or coffee discussions

Slessor influenced, deep oceans beyond;

Back to cricket of meaning, Les Murrays

crack at simile like six and out and drowned

Like bat with banana in focus, acting half-human
hung on rotary lines, washing wind- ironed;
pilot children with tribal uniforms
twittering up Wingham Brush way,
all grown down, facing the pungent ground

Wise, dizzy with wrapped wings,
'inverse abolitionists' to leak upside down
native named, drunk on dream-time urine;
vintage DNA, but subway savvy
old ace through those ticket gates a deft- navvy

Ready for a date with Grace, gold-leaf icon
on-line promises, breath fresh as air-con,
five-flights up, in olden heart of Big Smoke. com;
to find campsite of attentive elders,
crouched above Wynyard, ponder contemplative embers!

Carpet stained, clap microphone on:
yes, return-us back to lantern- Latin, premonitions
fine lines of thought honed, wisdom all knowing
flying-fox, circling above the sacred text;
Man washing on God's platform with tap!

Examples abound above expanding town;
but George street archaeology ruinous as rain,
no poets of grace those high-vis chaplains conducting
service of noise, wet-dust, hacking at a union income,
jack-hammer cursing helmeted- head-down for a rise!

And redundant foreman, glum shift working sad overtime
rest of nothing, beggar on mattress abandoned, lean coin
collection

dreams a better doorway, street entrance, dry Hilton
never to come! Churches soup too thin, ticking-stained, bug
ridden.

And above, like mocking pigeons warmed on given
contemplation

Elders still learning, art of divination, Wednesday's
excursion

monorails to Japan, New Improved Jerusalem
oceans of strange fish to come, Darwin all over again:
but beggar's hope of a penthouse out-of- this grime,
tea and coffee, Arnott's divine, to tell the spelled-out time!

But facts of an hour or two in forever's flood;
rain to huddle and run, skip puddles
rhymes upside-down, brief reflections, gates again;
from the slippery pavement, entrance to trains
all stanzas of departure times...exit's songs!

Aimed at home, Central & South Coast names beyond
(in my father's house... all stations)

Eternity, chalked in neon now a Beveridge restaurant,
poetic proposition, hot-drink investment:
Arthur in centred paradise, no more dust to spill and sign.

Knees upon cosmic copperplate, artist of sincere rendition!
And name-tag Grace keen to jot-down

tea or Eternity, eyes brown as beans, warm plantations:

Indian Pacific, impatient, slow boomerang idling
silver serpent eager for desert wind to leave, return

Not my snake to sleep through night;
quite carriage of announcements
from rest-room of little movements
(not even a photo of Arthur Stace
signing with starch, such stars of sweet-grace)

Infinity on a side-walk rinsed clean:
announcements again, whistles and Hindu gangs
crass advertisements, dancing giants on screens;
no more bats in the domain, to applaud, protest
nor loud Sunday observations beneath fig and palm!

Dogs in iron-bark, numb with ritual repetition;
folding my flap- folio of i-phone
sleep unnamed to commute along?
That ancient - slang, bats hanging

like trains from wires through rain
hammering south, dams of thought, mist of doubt...

Bush of breath, never holding, Burring-jug nor Eucumbene;
all my way home remembering, excessive retrospection
shower on Thirroul Station, arrival- time bucketing
bell- ringing, frog-gargling, a dry Grace answering
CBD returned, all soaked with lessons learnt!

In the know, poet of refreshments, bat championing, honest
baptisms
upon Indian railway stations, banana- chewing
delinquents...

Reflect, an indulgent sixth or seventh wicket
or possible eighth variation, ball to hook;
or ninth harmonic line, ticket inspection, Beethoven booked!

Grace suggesting, sometimes sleep best,
close to Jesus, Arthur Stace...
after vespers, priestly promises
endless the peace my prince
off to eternity with kiss, hiss or both my Hamlet

To dream a lazy figure eight, smiley face,
no more floral spelling, artistic bending!
And signing pavements to heaven
Les Murray rolling like a red dust-storm
onto next week's full horizon... opal card amen!

By Peters Solway 2018