Three Poems from *An Adelaide Boy*
(a verse novel in progress).

*An Adelaide Boy*

My name is Mick Wurfel
I’m an Adelaide boy, nearing sixty
an age for looking backward
for thumbing my brain full of snapshots
for remembering my family
my father long dead, my mother
now at peace. One brother buried
close to my parents in Cheltenham cemetery
others still living, but mostly distant.
Memories.
They flood in on a tide of ale
sweeping me backward to faces and places
I’ve known and loved.
If I was a man for the pub, I’d sit out
long afternoons at the bar spinning yarns
remembering my years as a boy
growing up in a small city far from the *Heimat*
from late fifties Germany
to the twenty-first century, here and now,
where I am Mick, my father in the mirror,
remembering Wolfgang Wurfel, my family, myself.

*Castel Felice*

As we gathered on the top deck to watch
the criss cross of streamers netting the crowd
the gap of ocean widening between ship
and wharf as a tug boat towed us out
I realised there was no-one to wave us off, but still I waved.

I knew it was a big moment and gripped the rails tight
as Germany gave way to the North Sea.

and the *Castel Felice* became our temporary home,
where it was difficult to wander off and be alone
and children were plentiful for organised games.
Something Like Egypt

A week or so after our arrival
I’m driving with my father
down Port Road to see the wharves
his large hands guiding the wheel
shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows
thinly rolled cigarette pasted to his lip.

It seems a hot day, though still winter
sun heating the cracked dashboard
red leather scent fusing this moment to memory
and row upon row of palm trees
planted on the wide median strip
convincing me we now belong
to an exotic and tropical country
something like Egypt.

Deb Matthews-Zott