

Vanishing Point
for Syd Harrex, 1935–2015

*life is lived
between the asylum
and the grave*

you revealed
in the afternoon light
over lunch
and bottles
of chardonnay

I had thought of death
as a vertical line
something to journey toward
not this horizontal crab shuffle

a change in perspective
not unlike when
in a flourish of hand
you upturned a wine glass
and exclaimed
this is what the poem must do!

I now recognise
table 10 regulars
through Proustian guise
at your funeral

it's as though
you've brought us all
a step closer
to the grave

while later
down the road
on the pub verandah
we up-end glasses
in a final salute
as your parade
rolls by

Syd Harrex tribute: Vanishing Point. Steve Brock.
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and the asylum
slips over the horizon.

Steve Brock