Assignations with Past Times

dedicated to Gillian Dooley

Nadi, October 2011

The dripping, dripping, dipping Adelaide weather enters the snails crawling slowly on the corrugated roof, which I watch with a devious sensibility. For, while I may elongate their life by not treading on them they can’t do the same for me for which I am grateful, while celebrating the necessities of species dying forever. But, I hasten to add, not because of me, because I am still a hypnotised adherent to Indian philosophy which I learnt long ago and only yesterday, yesterday ... yesterday ... yesterday ...
‘Look homeward Angel’

As we love each other, 
cuddle, caress, instigate, 
as our genes blow kisses 
in intimate places, as 
the slippery shores begin 
to approximate passion, 
as the desirability of 
an explosive collapse 
competes with the nearest thing 
to ecstatic confession, 
your bodies are already 
anticipating the time of day 
when tomorrow is more 
different than it was 
yesterday, 
a new bridge to cross. 
But that is insignificant 
to the ancient home 
you only find with a fine-tooth comb.
Open Finding

This is the last drop ... tonight, the dark is moonless, my invitation she is starless; the word is neither ready for a first or final pronouncement. Sorrow is all, an empty dent on a midnight pillow, a vase upside down, roses full of thorns in a bridal bed. The circumference of pain punctuated by joy grief, despair, indifference; leave the next questions open but like a grave, not a sky.

Love’s Sonata

In a poem’s biography is sketch and curving guesswork of photographs of photographs surviving surreptitiously in the void moving like floating icebergs or falling like sun, rain, snow, wind; the alternating patterns of a sonata about love and unavoidable tragedy. Wiping the rain from your face I find the feeling of our embrace.