

Leah Kaminsky

Hymn for the Flies I Just Sprayed

I'm running out of lifetime

– Yehuda Amichai

A buzzing chorus of black
zigzag around the kitchen light
plummet toward each other
collide and drop to the floor
spinning wildly in their dance

ghosts of wispy memory
invade the scene
huddled together by the stove
whispering, hovering
around the edges of my life

I wish them gone
end their shadowy nothing
and straight away, regretful
chase their greying bodies
as they leave

When I close my eyes
that final night
breathe myself in
and disappear
will they be waiting in the wings?

The Outsider

He was Little Johnny Howard's biggest fan
a man made from scriptwriters' dead ends
and something like biltong, transplanted.

Glints from a narrowed eye bent the red dust backwards.
The cattle, hypnotised, crushed snakes
as dingoes ran panting for cover.

But even he could not defeat the sky.
Cracked and pitted, turned three-fifths to sand,
he rode into Toowoomba near closing time.

The streets devoured his bones. A green light
fires a hundred Holdens down his spine. A red light
floods the land with spinifex, like rain.

Tim Jones is a poet and author who was awarded the New Zealand Society of Authors' Janet Frame Memorial Award for Literature in 2010. His latest poetry collection is *New Sea Land* (Makaro Press, 2016). He has published one novel, two short story collections, and three previous poetry collections (including *Men Briefly Explained* (IP, 2011)), and has co-edited New Zealand and Australian poetry anthologies, both published by IP.

The world without me

I remember the surprises of '69:
being allowed out of school
to watch the moon landing,
the neighbours telling us their son
would be brought home from Vietnam,
discovering through my mother's year book
that she had a life before me.

I am considering how everything since
has begun and ended with me.

Climate change makes me hotter and colder.
War frightens me most when I think of my sons.

In our poetry, they say, we name what we care about.
My poems show what I care about
and mostly, that's me.

I contemplate this world I love:
the texture of every piece of bark
the early morning scent of the garden
the feel of a fresh egg scooped into my palm
cities that have beckoned
three children I have raised.

I am not in it.

Different faces lean against the bark.
New owners work the garden.
Hens continue to lay.
Cities beckon others.

The people who were my children
are getting on with their lives.

E. A. Gleeson has published three collections of poetry with IP: *In between the dancing* (2008), *Maisie and The Black Cat Band* (2012), and, most recently, *Small Acts of Purpose*. Anne is a writer and funeral director who lives in the south-west of Victoria. Her passion for end of life care is reflected in her poetry and essays, as well as in her work as funeral celebrant, presenter and educator.

Hand and Eye

Margaret Olley Poses for William Dobell, 1948

Forget tennis, he volleys my volumes
like a caress, and it's no stretch

since I sit and preen, feeling very much
the desired duchess in my plain dress

and huge hat adorned with flowers
for sketches in his Kings Cross flat.
His prowess transforms me

to Renoir-royal and Gainsborough-glory.
This tribute to roundness celebrates me

along with the bowl, plump fruit
and elegant chair. For a woman at rest

I'm a bundle of energy. A streak here
gliding luminous, and I'm there
but not the way I wanted. He doesn't disguise

my protruding left nipple and the tight fabric
across my thighs. What will mother say?

When he asked me to pose, I was flattered
thinking we might make a go of it

but dreams shatter. He'll race to enter
the Archibald Prize before the paint dries.
Mates forever, but never a 'love match'.

by Jan Dean

Ashley Capes

small town

has an old *Esso* sign on a tin shed
and someone who used to sell honey
painted yellow on the next one,

at the corner a pink golf ball
towers over the coastline, ridges
like the moon.

in spring flowers grow
round the blue tractor
and dirt collects in the seat

marks on the footpath
don't fade and the cemetery
never shrinks, only the town around it.

beyond the tennis courts
ghosts shed fingernails and
police sirens skip over fences;

no-one lives down there
where the surf plays dead
and moonlight walks on water.

Ashley Capes teaches English, Media and Music Production, has played in a metal band, worked in an art gallery and slaved away at music retail. Aside from reading and writing, Ashley loves volleyball and *Studio Ghibli* – and *Magnum PI*, easily one of the greatest television shows ever made.

Saturday 19 March 2016

I meet Sergio
in a café
on Compton St
across from the Market
I haven't been here before
but it's easy enough to find
I see Sergio
in a pair of white overalls
waving at me
I order a flat white
and we pick up
where we left off
on our dialogue
of letters and philosophy
today's conclusion
we both want to be friends
with Bolaño
and our friend Juan
wants to be friends with Borges
although he critiques him
in his latest poem
because poetry
is nothing more than this
a play of acceptance
and rejection
in a small place
outside time.

Steve Brock published his first collection of poetry *The Night is a Dying Dog* (Wakefield Press) in 2007, and received a grant from Arts SA for *Double Glaze*, published by Five Islands Press (2013). He is co-translator with Sergio Holas and Juan Garrido-Salgado of *Poetry of the Earth: Mapuche Trilingual Anthology* (IP, 2014). Steve completed a PhD in Australian literature at Flinders University in 2003. His work has featured in the *Best Australian Poems* (Black Inc.) and has been published in journals in Australia and overseas. His most recent collection is the chapbook *Jardin du Luxembourg* (Garron Publishing, 2016). Steve was a featured writer at Adelaide Writers' Week in 2017.