

Tony is driving

Tony is driving
on solid roads
through the rites of autumn:
grasses and tree stumps
the bush blown shaggy
stands of nude gums
shivery feathers
tangy huge air
speckle-green rust
through the moving shadows
... we search grey clouds
for the weather

Listening mainly
four hours each way
to stories gossip
a quirky wit
seeing at this late date
his child my grandchild
through his fond eyes
delight in generosity
of that love ...
Driving to Canberra

where with the Turner
in the National Gallery
we are engulfed
turbulence of the sea

movement stillness
skies guarding secrets
seas lapping skies –
all is dissolved
as it is established:
the ever present
and shifting light

Out in the open
a mist floats
Turner would love it
His borrowed vision
takes in the fountain
against the sky
overlaid grey
white spume leaping
as the sky melts
unborn rainbows
splashing infusions
of pulsing light

Happiness is a quirky thing ...

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Chopin on the radio
to the accompaniment
of light traffic
women on pavements
– all girls
flowing like music
Driving past parks
images linger on:
the vast green grass green
and the blue beyond
with a gaggle of yachts
bobbing

When Paganini takes over
violin becomes flesh
Ping – and it's gooseflesh
goose-bumps of sun
and the wind
and the flowing traffic

Memory

Kids have attended a friend's birthday
He is dementing. What can one do?
A life in progress. Rather a sly regress
aimed at a well-wired brain
at sensibility that was there
Still is? Partially? Hard to tell

Memory – I forget friends' names

Books about brain activity
soothe and tease set exercises
(not for Alzheimers)
and on the radio – an inspirational story
about birds:

Left during feeding time
without tools to get at the food
one bird devised a hook
from some loose wire.

Talk about bird brain!

We grasp at the past
as yesterday's memories
melt into grey mist
Yet I retrieve from a safe cache
poetry in three tongues
learned in the early
twentieth century