

Peter Lugg

INNER HISTORY

Events collide, and compete in memory.
These are the things I build summer on:
prising cockles from rocks at Burleigh Heads,
being summoned to salads of tomato and sand;
watching the jewelled sides of fish
flipping around the rented boat,
kid-ignorant of the story of pain.
Long walks over dunes chasing ghost crabs,
ignoring the clear language of the sea.

Driving home, we would stop at roadside stalls
to prod avocados and admire sliced pawpaws
oozing a shiny caviare of seed.
Half-dozing with my sisters
we'd awake near Brisbane's bridges —
looped across the river, slack strands of pearls.
I still return to watch the sea:
it threatens to master me
with images I never fully understand.