

**Colin Campbell**

**ANOTHER SUNSET POEM**

the kitsch pink of 50's bartops  
Or genius? How can a sky be so inventive?  
JMW Turner would have creamed his canvases  
Had he seen the most hornery winter sunset  
    But the poor man missed out  
    As if Mozart never had access  
    To anything but tin whistles  
    Or Van Gogh had ignored wheat.  
Old one-ear too, would have thrilled  
To see the figs of Ooonooba  
Char brand the Western Tangerine.  
Hang about! The ionosphere's  
Decided to smear itself with a whore's rouge  
Then the red of a red-neck's wine boiled nose.  
Purple clouds puff fat in the flame  
Over Harvey's range -  
The Palms haze out, violet pastel stipple,  
Magnetic's a dark thumb against duck egg blue  
Until it too disappears  
As the airport lights trade winks with the stars  
  
In the dark, Mt Stuart's musculature tenses  
To taunt the salt pans in the dawn.