

R.G.W. (Ted) Nielsen

rachelle (coffee in strathfield)

on the bus you spend these hours excited
but your minutes are driving
the same roads and you cannot know
coffee is so innocent on the laminex
that the whole country will choke as you drink
death was like a blanket or traffic
and blood a broken glass
where we came from
your conversation is drifting
down the networks and carparks
across the next tables did he look at you or you
take note what could a glance convey with sydney
flung out around you and life with the things
i can only remember
travelling the cars are lined behind you
they turn off or drive away cardplayers
hear them backfire in the street below
yet you feel it so much closer
bullets decelerate and life too the floor
tinted and tilting we sit down to coffee
and no one fires martyred or not remembered
you watch us grieve now but you are

crumpled after seventeen years and we will forget
assault rifles barking like dogs in the suburbs

David McCooey

'I KNEW THESE PEOPLE'

I sit long into the evening
And listen to jazz. Out of date
Nostalgia is all our lost photographs
Neatly stuck in their places —
Upturned eyes and smiling faces.