

Jules Leigh Koch

CIRCULAR QUAY

Late afternoon has thrown
a shadow over
the harbour
like a net

Again you mutiny
and have a cigarette

Sunlight has inhaled
the clouds

The spray and wind
had made a birds nest
of your hair

You talk
of intellectual love

I place my hand
on your thigh

A ferry approaches
doing its butterfly stroke

A tourist takes
a snapshot

The harbour
is under exposed
unlike

The animated
foreplay
of your eyes

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