

CLOSING TIME

Theatre lights are all scratched out.

Cars jam; squawk; till

silence impregnates undertones.

Distant tram hides shrieking dog.

Now by empty gardens our white car carries
ghosts under lamps.

No shadowy forms in fluorescent fog.

No faces puncture formlessness.

Yellow window obscures houses.

Record sings to deserted flat.

Milk-bars pause in neon light.

Black church shouts the lord is out.

Only car makes life.

Stopping, leaves run up our feet.

Wind draws fingers around door-knob.

Solid.

Solid.

Grab of key scratches ears.

We wonder what Melbourne
is doing tonight.