DOG EARED DAYS
(Morning)

The rose-close night usurped by morning,
the morning of the big leafed plant that shuddered in
the wind.
Wind that
carried the blood-mud dust
into the broad nostrils of a whitewashed day
through the pink indulgence of a cicada dawn.
The aroma
of sunstroked big fruits slid through
the greeness of half opened louvres
past the crust of yesterday’s cheese sandwich.
Droop-wing birds
with open beaks display in open fields of open days of
closed minds.
Feathers clinging like tattooed skin.
The golden motes
swarm around
the slanting light that plays
on the half stuck label of a beer bottle.
Sweat palm heat reaches beneath
the sheet that covers the body
of last night to awaken the new nothing
of the flesh of today.

MICK DRAPER

the first symphony

on the road
to my workplace
the man
put on
Brahms first symphony
the music throbbing
through the shredded trees
and bits of
tough and stringy dirt
some men dug up
somewhere:
Brahms’ inspiration
brought to me
by all this dirty stuff
from the dust
that is Brahms

Larry Buttrose