

Edward Willes

May, 2018

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Peri-urban

The crooked nickel
 in my hand
thieves warmth
 for frosting alloy.

Barrel hinges whisper
 in hysteresis,
the bolt and spindle twist in the chamber
—the mechanical click
announces the epochs of night and day.

The front door exhales a Fauvist vision
then inhales the distant charred corpse
 of an ironbark native
undercutting the argillaceous sillage of
 daybreak.

Light particles detonate waves of morning's
once celestial dome.

 A Matisse of Banana-bird sapphire and
Manorina gold blister the rust of an eroding 1999
 Hyundai Accent import
parked on the other side
of a peri-urban weld mesh fence.
Grass and gravel mutiny in the street.

Die Brücke expressions of the chalky white
runaround car living out the last of its days
interrupted by a jewel suspended in a woven bokeh.

Thorn matte carbonados black with mandarin
 inclusions
like the diseased citrus tree in the backyard.
 Australanthia.
Her web taut across the landing.

A rogueing orb momes my cheek,
a woman's single hair
prolonged drapes across and
trawls the skin; an inverted bloom of hands
retrieve it.

Two delinquent magpies loiter
to the left of her
in their bohemian ash grey suits,
lamenting profanities
as they butcher last night's No. 4.
Uncle Chan's Mongolian Beef.
MSG glistens the ink dipped
commissure of their
keratinised generalist blades.

The spoils of a ransacked wheelie bin
waiting to be collected splays across
the asphalt.
Witnessing all of this, perched, leg crossed
in his Adirondack thrown
and reading The Australian
my neighbour looks over his prescription
glasses and down on us,
through the florid balustrades of his verandah.

An eyrie of shellac glazed red gum and
galvanised nails
built by craftsmen of a era bygone
when rendered mutton fat
was used to stop the iron in their handsaws
from oxidising.

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