

currency | lad
JAYA SAVIGE

Darwin, four years before I am born
 & your perm
is an informant for Cyclone Tracy

the way you'd pirouette into an Arnhem bar
 like an exotic cocktail
 no-one's ever thought to order

took an Indonesian lover
left him windswept
 beguiled by your gyre

I cannot remember
whether you said he was a
 a) boatperson
 b) philanthropic businessman
 who sold drapery in Glebe
or c) free-wheeling drug-dealer
 with little other expertise.

This afternoon outside my window
 implausible plastic fencing
prevents traipsing on an imported lawn.

The mud is heavy underfoot.
The swift spring wind toots
 like an army of tin roofs routed.

Since you left for that
place far beyond Perth,

 I've found myself buried
 in a study

 of swamp drainage
 & mosquito birth,

where the harsh susurrus of skulls,
the sough of every orifice, each gaping eyesocket,
accuses the composite silences of my marsh,

 the way loose change mutters
 in my otherwise empty pocket.