



TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Oddington Lodge

I want to sense again those icy winding roads
explored in 1984 when we descended from
our attic's condensation, the borrowed TV,
its milking of the Orwellian future
in what was our vibrant, albeit frugal, present,
now my tantalising then. Now this inertia.

To breathe that air under a mazarine sky,
smell the heavy fall of your brown hair instead
of tracing damasked memory to ward off chagrin.
The letters, and Google, rang my buzzer,
our roof onscreen in colour, the path
frost-bitten, where your camera fixed me
as I galloped back from a daft run.

No Google then but bowered reading, writing.
These years on I read the letters in biro
in the self-satisfied hand of youth,
when our estranged friend from that time
made contact, sending what she had kept,
a hushed discovery of long lost love.

Ian C. Smith

Ian C. Smith. 'Oddington Lodge'.
Transnational Literature Vol. 6 no. 2, May 2014.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>