## Kunapipi

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## **Poems**

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Poems	
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# Ivor C. Treby

## ERUPTION AT GJÁSTYKKI

Earthquakes they had supposed occurred when Loki tortured, turned in his agony struggled against the mountain weight pressed on his narrow shoulders then cliffsides swayed and dropped earth groaned, lifted and split gaped with snapping stone jaws rocks twisted, slip-shuddered apart cracked and unshelled in falling boulders

I think he lies there yet uncounted leagues under the waiting land, these warts and pustules vents where his leprous sweat welled to the surface, congealed and dried the issuing plumes of steam mark his uneasy breathing warm springs, a long endured incontinence the milky glacier flood, semen from hot dreams hidden from Odin the one-eyed

Last night he had a bad turn
I stood on his new-blackened skin
watched as he haemorrhaged
spat blood at the sky, shook the ground
with his howling, vomited fire and smoke
at times such as these
the ancients feared for the sun
devoured at a single gulp by Fenrir
the wolf, expected worm Jörmungard's
emerging, the terrible day of Ragnarok

Christians, seeing that crimson throat, the incandescent spray of boiling magma, said it was Hell's Mouth found a new bogey stinking of sulphur to terrify the converts to their myth Odin the All-Father getting his own back demons licensed for torment by a Loving God we still believe what we want to believe see what we expect to see prefer anything to the truth

#### THE BEZOAR STONE

for years

he'd kept it loose in a pocket of his beachcomber's jacket hunted in safe waters not too far from the shore

distrusted

people kept himself to himself no liking for man's gruff pleasantries no use for women or gallantries

till

this person met him late one low tide liked him an awful lot it seemed took salt, offered him at table a half egg matching his own

after this

they saw a deal of each other he sent the old coat for cleaning lost the stone through a hole in the lining never missed it

went fishing nowadays for two, saw that morning sparkling at hand's reach in the water something he'd not noticed before

he

picked up, hugged delighted to his breast the pretty blue-spot octopus felt dimly as he fell from the boat the sharp spines of the stonefish sink into his foot

### DEATH OF AN ELDERLY ADMIRER

it wasn't his beautiful face attracted you you did him a favour being seen with him in the street

nor his beautiful soul (oh yes, he was human too) you thought him disgusting but your hold on him was complete

were they the reason you kept dropping by, the gifts and the nights out the meals at his club and the flat?

sometimes you'd allow him a hand on your thigh never higher of course you weren't into sick things like that

when you saw *Die Walküre* he paid for the ride when you made for the bar it was never your round it seems

he was happy enough you sat at his side it is possible too you were kind to him in his dreams he was always there in his old-fashioned coat and hat until late this summer he fell so desperately ill

you went to the hospital once, i'll grant you that a boy must consider his future, such things as a will

he wouldn't expect you to waste a wreath or a tear attend his mocking last rites that was never your plan

but wasn't it indecent haste to hurry back here before they had even buried him for a drink with your new old man?

# Basil George

### THE OUTCAST

The dawn's pale light edges out the darkness of the barn creeps into every corner uncovers the curled figure embedded in the hay

In the pale light it looks like a log thrown up on a beach twisted and beaten into being