

Memory of West

It comes with the turning of the head
neck sinews clumping

at various times of the day: wobbling
memory a flight

eighty, ninety cockatoos between
Darwin and Taylor
Square. These thoughts
can breathe – O,
breathe so heavily, *je suis...*
je suis un vue... un vue du phare
du Port Jackson. Je suis
perdu.

I've seen solitude
gobble up feathers with its rearing head
and shit a post-colonial dreaming
track. Shit,

I've seen solitude
curling around red trunks, soaring
memory. The Hyde
Park mouth: breath
of an eaten evening. Wadeye
knits strings we strain

forward with the confidence
of dimension. Poetry
grabs a brush

painting night time.

Wasn't it you
who said one of these stories
could be told in bits and pieces?
In time

in time, all will be discovered. Never
without it. The searing centre
point pricks
an eye, a bubble of blood
bulging out

hardening with time, soon
a fossil without it
in the middle of a land moving
on, declining
to turn.

Stuart Cooke