

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.