

Return to Wellington (For Noel)

Still the smell of wood
smoke in pines blackening
the flanks of sharp
inclines and that magpie
strutting a thin forest
path, beaded eye piercing
the circling sea and
all of us way
down there

still the lions bellowing
in Newtown and no-ones
scared, not the dirty
blonde lady dressed as
a rabbit and not
a cute one or
the babbling, brittle red
man

still the Southerly spitting
ice tacks across the
strait, the Northerly hurtling,
falling down the gorge
stirring it all up,
hunting dark tunnels of
memory trying to hide
in bitten gorse crevices

all of that and
when its calm the
edges of things still
big Greek and impossibly
blue, hilltops, white ships
and villas shine like
cut glass and something
we can't quite catch,
a whispered shanty swimming
its silver way like
a fish today

Kerry Harrison