

In The Bush

Richard Coleman

getting this funny feeling that here in the gondwanaland
here in the BUSH
the mayhem and crawl of urban soot
here in the place of God
the lively whines of live tunes, the love of simple women
here in the place where I smoke my pipe and wait for the
woman who will never show, the younger version of my dreams,
who takes apart each phrase and twists it round the seditious
cock of her chin, the lower bite of her lip, the pale thin
palm and finger running through BLACK hair;
the one I wait for and watch pass by in simple women
blue boots and leather air, the crisp rough
feel of her presence, the feel of calm
Bushland about her, the tense-
ness of her expression when she asks me to repeat
the last phrase, and again, bites the Lover of her lip
the thick bottom, the shaded
and aghast body found here trapped in this young
Flute, young Rub, here in the gondwanaland.