

# CREATRIX

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Religious Observance

On a Sunday morning walk  
through coastal bushland  
near Trigg Beach,  
we descend into a swale  
treed either side with majestic Tuart,  
and wonder if we should genuflect,  
or at least show reverence  
by bowing our heads  
when we enter this holy place.

Dappled sunlight filters through  
the vaulted canopy of this Tuart tree cathedral.  
The only clergy present are reverend magpies  
who piebald swoop from ceiling to floor,  
back up to ceiling; like playful bell-ringers  
pulling imaginary ropes  
that peal sounds of early morning  
summoning all to church,  
while their bird song chorus from choir loft  
beckons those who believe  
in surfboard, towel and thongs  
to worship sun and surf

Elio Novello

~~~~~

Oscillations

at the end of the driest  
summer, the acorn banksia  
sway citronella flowers  
on ingrown branches,  
wind-rough knuckles buckled  
down over dun robes  
along the Reid at dawn.

on the Mitchell Freeway  
where the bush glows,  
frenetic wipers  
absolve pangs of rain  
and perverse sun flare;  
within fifteen minutes  
everything has slowed  
to an apocalyptic beauty  
of no sound, of breaking  
crested colour and light.

the brooding midday globus  
deposes the long limpid  
reign of blue time  
which is summer here;  
gums thwart diagonally  
each febrile pulse of wind;  
lightning obtrudes  
the urban cirrus above CBD,  
hail thrashes Barbagallo.

the city arteries  
rupture with schlerophyll  
anatomies and ice pustules  
Scarborough Beach Road herniates  
frigid water into ersatz lairs  
Mediterranean gazes spellbound-  
oscillations of cobalt crimson  
the inverted sense of freezing  
wet heat on the skin.

Nuytsia fire flowered  
through the surfeit  
of heat, I searched  
your contours burned  
through the clothes  
the quiet stir between us  
drunken with sun  
at the instance of surging  
the power cut in the neighborhood.

we foraged mutedly  
for a candle in the dark  
recesses of spindly cupboards  
aware of our breathing presence,  
groping for a waxen mandril,  
a fibrous wick to light the gaps  
we navigated by feeling,  
our bodies  
barometrically between.

John Ryan

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what my father taught me

was to eat an apple and its core and  
find  
infinity in the home and walk,  
walk it  
out and abbreviate, to say, 'well, April's  
nearly over' on the 20

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