

TWO POEMS



J.S. Harry

AS IF

As if it has drunk
“not too wisely but too well”
at all
the watering holes of the world,

a diminutive drinker
makes a rare
eastcoast appearance, arriving
in urban Sydney—as if

it were some jaded pop star
from the fleshpots of the Côte d’Azur
who’d been booked in
for a D grade Leagues club circuit.
As it

drops down
onto the visitor’s branch,

belied
by the perfect gait
of its
delicately moving
pink, miniature feet,

the control
of its deportment,

the diamond dove’s
red eyes
give it a look

of one
with a perpetual hangover.

In areas
where permanent water's
harder to find
than a prohibition
state's whisky, the diamond dove
travels a lot, following
the wandering
god of the rain,
as a disciplined
nomad, accepting
that god's pooled and laked leftovers
as benison.

Here, as it sips,
its whisky-drinker's eyes
stare back at it, in innocent
limpid, faithfully-misleading
reflection.

It is more at home
on a bar
of sand,
going down
to drink, between
the pug-holes of dingoes.

A GREEN EVENING

a million miles away from lorca's
verde te quiero verde

quietly moving their
grass coloured backs
as if a slight
wind were shuffling
the feathery lawn—

three metres from the
bmx tracks where a few
late
keen under-tens
go round—

two
red-rumped
grass parrot
couples
celebrate
the evening
with what the
day's sun
has brought them—
fresh
ripe
seeds of the soft, lime grass—
lifting from time to time
young
green
juice stained beaks

wonderingly
to look around