

12 cents

Kevin Gillam and Allan Boyd

you have this memory, aged 7 perhaps,
in the sleepout and tucked in, your brother

*can taste freo in the plastic, as she burns
and spectacular gild sunsets, sand in toes*

a breath away across the lino,
and you have the scene before, counting

*can't ever trip on concrete-pitted knee-high walls
painted mission brown, now mission purple*

cowboys in the bricks, Dad on the piano
with the hymns for the week, and you have

*his skin brown face, ripping scowl bracing
against the may gust, fat drops of nitrogen rain*

the lighting, kitchen fluoro milky through the
crinkled glass window atop the sliding door,

*again unable to really tell the special tales
glass slicing clean through baby skin, like steaks*

but most of all you have the moment –
two notes, minor third, descending,

*i can't remember this, but poems of our guts
spat out out in chiddy-chiddy breath, koolbardies mewl*

the mopoke's call, random perhaps, or on the
minute? matters little, the wooden two notes

*once we strolled hand in hand to the deli
had 12 cents, found under car seat, tiny fist grasps*

of mopoke, through the slivers of louvres,
clear as moon, as yesterday

*and none of them said it, no one could speak
that, her petals in cottlesloe mud,
our closest sweat unspoke*