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## Poems

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## Poems

### **Abstract**

Listen to them talk and Divers, reunion Island

# Stephen Gray

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## LISTEN TO THEM TALK

What are they saying?  
those fashionable nudes with beads on their necks  
handprints around their boobs & rum cocktails  
about the wages of sin  
what are they saying now?

What are they saying?  
those coral-sweepers of the Club Med  
raking up the bones of the broken reef  
about the dog-shit on the lawn  
what are they saying now?

What are they saying?  
the surf-sail rider & his leaning mast  
the frogman & his elongated flipper  
about the credit & the loss  
what are they saying now?

What are they saying now?  
the acting vice-consul from Pretoria  
& the cancer victim in her nylon wig  
about Soweto 76  
what are they saying now?

& what are they saying?  
the parrot-fish & angel-fish & prawns  
now that the tide has begun to turn on them  
now that the tide has turned  
what are they saying now?

## DIVERS, REUNION ISLAND

From the concrete jetty jump  
one two ten children  
into a pale space out of gravity  
buckle like hinges on  
impact with the bomb-shell sea —  
a zone of volleyballs &  
belly-flops & inflated tubes  
is claimed by each of them —  
despite their various-coloured origins  
the thrust across the open sky  
the plunge over the sloppy wave  
grabs them down the same —  
& the preteen muscle games always  
land in nuzzles down the reef  
& gasps & bursting salty eyes —  
they wade ashore glistening —  
the dark prefect points in a child  
kicked beyond the perimetre —  
the tame black half-Alsatian dog  
charges with a new batch brakes  
as they go over holding noses hands air  
aloft & legs awry before they  
crash inevitably downwards yet again —  
one girl's hair pulls across  
the peel of the lagoon like a spider —  
the less defiant contemplate  
the fish beneath the squeaking lilo  
whose eyes enlarge such beings  
into the dumb thunder of invasion —  
the black dog barks decides  
the golden-headed baby may prop  
her small bikinied hip on his  
warm fur his over-excited side —  
there is no end to children  
diving off the jetty evermore  
no end to shaping summer  
in your own image perpetually.