Poems

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Abstract
My Daughter gives up Piano, Taz paws cool beauty, Found Poem

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MY DAUGHTER GIVES UP PIANO

After the breeze, she chooses her dried leaves carefully: only those with pristine corners deserve to escape the freeze and thaw. She will show these to no one especially her mother, whom I left winters ago drying her slighted wings. My daughter once brought me stories in crayon, on paper flimsy as a vow, matching one word for ten of mine. She forgot those fingers first because the talent trickled from me. Music, though, was her mother's blood. In that, she thought she found a leash. When she competed among the faery Alices, I sat on the pew stiff as a fresh bible, because no church could contain my edges with her mother at the aisle. When the judge asked who would swear for her trophy, only one voice asserted in the glassy air.

Prizes since, my daughter folds her piano when I visit. Perhaps she will dance or do theatre where I never. 'Music,' she says, 'is for children.'
A real tiger, Siberian. In town to push safaris. While Crista, 20, an English Leather Calendar Girl, warmed the vinyl of Kawasaki seats. A camera snapped them on snow: Crista in her one-piece, a backdrop of tangy skin; Taz, dour as a rumpled lover.

Was her scent fur enough to unsheath his loins? His eyes were slits when he pawed her down. But no claws.

A trainer interposed with cliché: beauty sprawled behind the whip and chair.

'I believe with anything in life,' said Crista, 'if you get stung once you go back and do it again.'

FOUND POEM

Maree Shipp narrowly missed an Australian record when she won the Kinlyside Lullaby Bedding Bedmaking Contest last Tuesday.

Heat winners were Beryl Turton, Sharon Smithers, Teen Thompson, Judy Honeman, and Maree Shipp.

Neatest bed went to Nola Hardman.
Shipp breezed through the semi-finals with a healthy spread then finished with a blistering 1.03.91, missing the national mark of 1.01.32 by just a flick of a sheet.

RUSSELL McDOUGALL

‘A Portable Kit of Images’: Photography in Australian and Canadian Literature in English

I think of these photographs as externalized memory rooms, each organized according to its own logic.
...All time becomes present.
(Cheryl Sourkes, on ‘Memory Room’, in Daphne Marlatt, Touch to My Tongue)

It’s true that a photograph is a witness, but a witness of something that is no more.
... each perception and reading of a photo is implicitly, in a repressed manner, a contact with what has ceased to exist, a contact with death. I think that is the way to approach photography ... as a fascinating and funereal enigma.

I had to think about the abstract for this paper at a time when I was rather preoccupied with writing another, not about photography but about the railway, though still with reference to Australian and Canadian literature.* There seemed no relation between the two. But after delivering the railway paper, while browsing in the conference book display area, I happened upon Brian Johnson’s and Dudley Whitney’s lavish coffee-table presentation of Canada from the train, a photographic production entitled Railway Country. There, in the opening paragraph, I discovered my cue for entering upon this present argument, which is to