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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

FICTIONAL STREETS (In memory of Hollywood film sets that were destroyed by fire in 1990),
SEAFORTH*, ROPES

Mark Mahemoff

FICTIONAL STREETS

(In memory of Hollywood film sets that were destroyed by fire in 1990)

As the sets chewed themselves into carbonized skeletons
there were no screaming riots.
Only the crackling of green money becoming white smoke.
There was no mass evacuation.
That happened long before
when film crews collapsed tripods
and snapped their cases shut,
when stars hauled vast pay checks
back to glitzy mansions
and caterers stacked their trestle tables
alongside boxes of cutlery and crockery
and millions of leftover calories.
When understudies learned new parts backwards
in one light bulb apartments.
And all the architects of fantasy went back to drawing boards
adding height to the mountains of celluloid cliché.

SEAFORTH*

It's what some people dream of
in their weatherboard homes
flaking simply and honestly with age.
There's a crane just ahead tearing chunks from the road
like a shark ripping blindly into flesh.
Yachts are smug as storks
showing off on one leg.

Parked by the side of the road
one falsely senses
that all suffering's been removed.

But if you stay for a while
the sound of sobbing, bitter as adultery,
will trickle from the thorns of a neatly pruned rosebush.

*) Seaforth is the name of an affluent sea side suburb in Sydney, Australia.

ROPES

He cries now
thinking of her smile
over coffee and cigarettes.
All the vicious words,
boredom and laughter,
the thrashing love that sanded it back
to a smooth new finish.
The hours of exploration
with hands, tongues and hearts
that felt like seconds
till they rolled out of sleep
and squinted into morning.
The telephone calls they waste their wages on
and all the letters he now sends
like ropes to pull her near.