1998

Poems

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Poems

Abstract
HIDEOUS LOVE, MIXED

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I was never reasonable.
I am the woman in the Chalk Circle
Who would not let go,
Rage and chicken feathers
My north star.

Perhaps I should not
Have made my home in your dreams,
You, of all people,
The arch-wolf in a pewter sea.
But I did – like a soucriant.
And when you left
I ran, knife in hand
Through the skies of Paris –
That city of romance and Alsatian dogs.
Some people even reported a ball of fire
Over Notre Dame.
Later, I took to wandering
Through the markets of foreign cities
Calling your name.

My love dwindled into a hyena
Nosing with blood-stained snout
Over carcasses of memory.

They say time is a great healer,
So I wait for events
To clamp their sutures
Round the wound.

Meanwhile, the wind howls
Through empty sheets.
My house is a tomb
That I inhabit
On the level of poetry and cutlasses,
Dressed all in white,
Like a seagull.
MIXED

Sometimes, I think
My mother with her blue eyes
And flowered apron
Was exasperated
At having such a sallow child,
And my mulatto daddee
Silenced
By having such an English-looking one.

And so my mother
Rubbed a little rouge on my cheeks
For school,
Lest people should think
She was not doing her job properly.

And my father chose to stay at home
On sports days.