Poems
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Abstract
A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN BERRYMAN ON THE IRISH COAST, A THORN IN THE BLOODLINE, DISPERSING THE HEAT

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A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN BERRYMAN ON THE IRISH COAST

You look past him over his tweed shoulder to calm water which places you looking North, on the West Coast or South, on the East.

He is looking back, the land on his left, his animated hand caught between foam and sand which locates him where he'd rather not be –

hanging for a pint a long way from the pub.

A THORN IN THE BLOODLINE

Let the fake bereavement of the dead iron-magnate's will-excluded son come to pass. His torment hammers like slammed metal through an empty foundry.

It will pass, but first he must hunt for sympathy among the light-starved geraniums in his analyst's window box, forking out pieces of himself like counterfeit money: this part ruined because of papa's loaded hand; this because of the savage autocracy of the home.

"Well, if there's nothing else, I can see you ..." "There is one thing." "Yes?" "At a sanatorium on the Hawkesbury River, from a high barred window overlooking oyster farms, I saw my father bloody his hands on a wall after visiting me."
"What did you do?"
"Nothing, but I said: 'From this bleak height, money bags, opened, oil-polluted oysters match your broken fists for tenderness.'"

"And then?"

DISPERSING THE HEAT

Eavesdropping on the solemn, descriptive airs of an unattended police car radio is something I endorse enthusiastically.

It’s simple. Drive or walk into any police station car park. It’s important you maintain a disinterested demeanour as you apply the handbrake or stop walking. Have a story ready should a uniform approach you peripherally, as is the nature of its temperament and training: "I am a victim of road rage seeking refuge" is good.

Likewise "I had a pain in the chest while driving." "I needed somewhere to take the piss" is not recommended.

Lean casually from the window of your car, your head at a sensitive angle, or stand peering myopically into the sun.

If approached while assuming this last position, plead ignorance of your name, age, address and occupation. Giggle. Say "harum scarum"

These cautionary words are essential, yet will not be necessary if all previous instructions are remembered.

Anticipate monotony. Police are not exempt from idle chat. But listen. Somewhere in every wavelength
there is a crime worth hearing.
And should your own description crackle accurately from the dash,

do not underestimate reverse psychology –
stay where you are and be quiet,
or better still, get on the two-way

and have fun dispersing the heat:
The suspect is naked at Town Hall Station.
He is believed to be in his late thirties,

with a birthmark like a cuttlefish
on his left buttocok. Approach with extreme irony
then fellate him to the ground.