

Knox City: a ballad

She kept me waiting out the front of Target.
After an hour it seemed the surest sign
this love was like all others: set to cark it,
yet I trawled my brain for ways to make her mine;

knowing how all that high octane, madly
This one's the best and it is going to last
lava'd passion of Beverley and Bradley
seemed but a puddle, evaporating fast.

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We'd met when I got hired to clear her guttering.
Given a week, falling pretty bad,
she sighed (although you sensed some neighbours muttering)
'We kinda love sortov each other...Brad?'

Wide hips, great tits (doubt if they'll see saggage!)
a heavy moaning gurgle, then she'd come;
followed by that introductory baggage
to the juggling, stop-start life of a single mum:

'My ex? A deadshit!' (No need to blurt out Really?)
'He reckons remand's like waiting to be paged.'
Sibling rivals? And Bev shrugged up We're nearly
just this low key side of disengaged.

(Her older sister sniffs aromatherapy.
The brother's backing Richmond, for his sins.
The younger one lives heading towards Werribee.)
Tuesdays I rolled out the wheelie bins.

Wednesday nights it always seemed Red Rooster.
In the backyard grew sandpit, swing and slide.
Who, you ask, took Kai to get his booster?
And like Bob Hawke I was the one that cried.

Then add a man's tears to all the local data,
and though it may seem a minority report,
camomile, wind-chimes, crystals, Disiderata,
aura'd every third house in the court.

And a decade on from dropping out of uni
this lumpenproletariat ding-a-ling
finds he's the very newest New Age loony
shuffling tarot, tossing the I Ching.

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For what? For what? Answer that Knox City!

This bunny-with-women always gets the gong!
And options arived, propped by my best self pity
which goes with your finest easy-listening song.

Should I work-out until my pecs turn granite?
Or reinvent that more basic bloke?
(There's girls-a-plenty down at The Daily Planet
for cuddles, sex and, sometimes, share-a-joke.)

When suddenly my eyes are being covered!
By some Wantirna scrubber on the make?
Not so! It's Bev guess-whoing her beloved
as head-in-hands he prays for this curcuit break.

So time to repent, time to quit my fuming,
a junkyard dog can turn to the meekest hound.
She'd been for tests. Our future started looming.
Within a month we view the ultra-sound.

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Yet, with a howl shoppers mistook for heinous,
'Before,' I cried, 'it's home to a queen-size tryst,
just this once let a man come Venus,
you sit here, give me the shopping list!

And ahh Knox City view your poor petitioner:
fatherhood-charged, rushing into Coles
he grabs shampoo (mistakes it for conditioner!).
Then we resumed our mainstream gender roles...