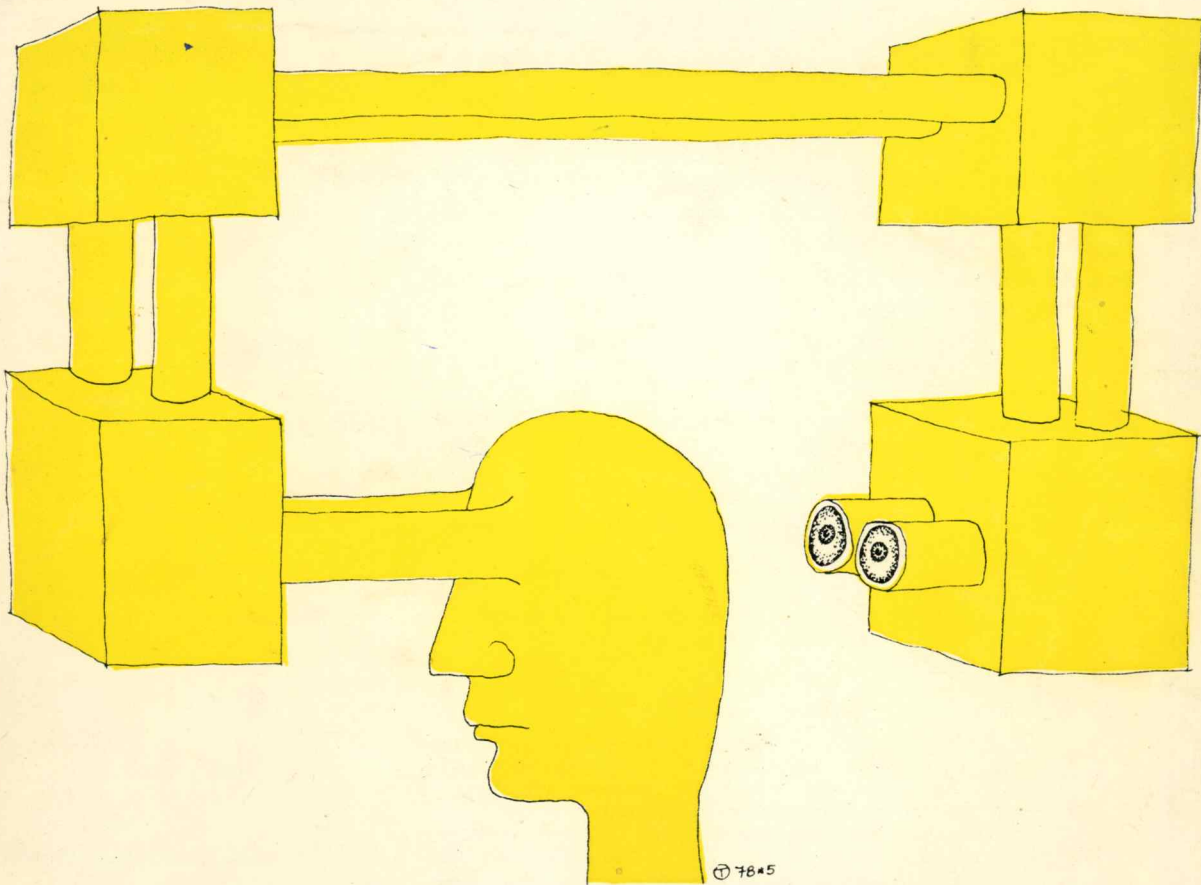


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Temper democratic, bias Australian

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1979

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Editor: *Stefan Wilkanowicz*

Small Animal Poem

Okay, there's room for one more
small animal in my life,
behind the bad future, as long as he
doesn't complain. His fate will be secret;
I am not to blame.

If you imagine you are not so
lucky today, rehearses the other,
the guilty animal, look at tomorrow —
the good days are gone, in future everything
you do goes wrong,

you will be broken down.
But the new arrival, the blameless
animal, I warn him, is not to know
that his future's just begun, nor how soon
the damage will be done.

JOHN TRANTER

TWO POEMS BY ANIA WALNICZ

Little Red Hiding Hood

I always had such a good time
good time, good time, good time girl.
Each and every day
from morning to night
Each and every
twenty-four hours
I wanted to wake up, wake up.
I was so lively, so livewire tense,
such a highly pitched little
I was red, so / red, so red.
I was a tomato.
I was on the lookout for the wolf
want some sweeties mister?
I bought a red dress for myself.
I bought a hood for myself.
Get me a hood.
I bought a knife.

Apple

I'm red.
I'm apples.
I'm an ever-ready
lad.
I'm the small
warsaw boy
who
survived
all that.

Motel Amalienburg, Melbourne

i
The housemaids must boggle: you bring your typewriter,
three framed prints (2 for me!), cassettes, books,
catalogues, a silver dinosaur, a special vase
— across benches and beds we strew our visible accomplices
as if we were a barricade, holed in for the siege.
We draw the blinds,
we tear at each other's clothes, they are part
of the wilful clutter. At dusk we sip cognac
and then saunter out
ready for anything.

ii

In the Botanical Gardens we walk slowly.
I rattle off names and trees, sometimes accurate.
There is a pond with black swans down below us
it is a secret arrangement of memories
already slotting us like cassettes
taking the spin.
There is a beech tree, there are chesnuts, elms.
I point out *Tristania Alberta*, the acclimatised box-tree
native of Brisbane. Brown water. Damp grass-slopes.
In the Botanical Gardens we walk slowly indeed,
naming things, storing in our way as they in theirs.
You call out for an icecream. Yes, that too.
I thrust another leaf into your hands. Feel it.
Touch it carefully, throw it away. Remember.

iii

It is years since I soaped another's back.

iv

5 p.m. and we're out of cash. We dine in
on ryebread and leftover cheese. We have built archives
into any corner store and a gallery into this motel.
What is its name? Let's call it the Amalienburg.
Let's invent the Rococco together. Let's invent
landscapes and terraces — and a pond, there must be a pond
for the white swan/black swan. No matter what god