Blue-tongue Lizard & the Energies of Shadow

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This place is chained by its summers.
Already written, we surrender waving cool drinks.
Words are the fat, stumpy reptiles that creep out to recharge their lethargy.

Butter, urine, frangipani, sandstone – disparate golds of this city.
He had no hat so built a roof.
Pick stocks in October then put on sunblock. Sydney is money & those who never get it.

I feel the irons of this old convict town.
Hardly any of us can work, our brass plaques unpolished as criminal revolvers fill with sand.
Too hot for hunger, too fed for fear.
Amidst the blood & hugs we train our attitude because attitude is a qualification here.

*Found* your wallet on the street, I can't help it.
Family is everything.
Innocents will be flogged...
humiliated, naked.
Beggars have a pleasant tan

& our madness waits for nightfall when it turns on frantic bedding, bites the carpet – but so
explicably, almost planned.
Fireworks abrade the pristine soot of night
as failure snuggles in beside the wound.
It all feels so fine.

-Les Wicks