This is the published version:
Takolander, Maria 2005, Happy new year overture, LiNQ, vol. 32, no. 1, pp. 73-73.

Available from Deakin Research Online:

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HAPPY NEW YEAR OVERTURE

There’s the ocean.

And here’s the sky:
Magnificently vindictive,
Dragging down the year.

Silhouettes of ash moth dust us.

And here’re our words:
Verging shy
Of the absurd d day dawning,

Rendezvous of bullets and the drowned.

And here’re our glasses:
Fresh for this communion
Jesus bled for our amphibian oblivion.

(Speak that rubber lipped.)

And here’s our desire:
Salvation of countless millennia.
Fuck me.

There’s the sea.

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