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A Change of Heart

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An angel materialised.

The young girl stands out in the rain. She does not linger under the veranda that promises shelter from abundant droplets but strays out onto the saturated grass, barefoot, where she can look after her young ones better. The furry little creature pounces this way and that, enjoying this change in weather the 'civilised' term a nuisance, its flippant tongue lolling about in sublime ecstasy. The young girl's eyes do not divert from their responsibility, but focus on the puppy tramping around her, a slight, wistful smile forming on her lips.

She is happy.

* * *

A sun shower.

I suppose I'm going to get into trouble for this. The strange thing is that I don't seem to care. Verbal warnings of impending pneumonia issue forth, trying to envelop my soul, trying to scare me inside. But their threats bounce harmlessly off my drenched skin - they would have to extend the veranda to keep me sheltered. And even then, no doubt, the dog would scamper away, and I would move with it, sinking back into my soft cushion of contented restlessness.

Droplets of water spray up from the puppy's fleeting paws, glistening ever so briefly in the chill air. I take a few steps forward, keeping within close proximity of this playful creature. My movements attract the puppy's attention; its wide eyes beckon, daring me to come nearer. Then its attention snaps and it frolics off a little farther. Despite its uncompromising body language, I know within myself that the dog is grateful for my company.

And I for hers.

* * *

So many barriers.

We see them everywhere but barely notice. If at all. Blank fences separate the cars on the freeway from the scenery surrounding them. The story of our lives: speeding through life without taking the time to look at what's around us.
Conjuring

Barriers separating us from ourselves.

* * *

It is a room of furniture. The dust-laden cabinets sit in three corners, arranged neatly with glass ornaments from times long since past, never to come again. The couches wrapped in oceanic blue lie unoccupied at the room’s centre, surrounding the dull, cream-coloured mat. A small wooden cupboard hides in the far corner, stocked with albums full of family photographs no longer looked at, depicting events no longer remembered, experienced with people no longer associated with.

It is a room of furniture.

* * *

I pass from this world to the next
Hades waits! So I must fly!
Will pearled gates take me in as guest
Or will hell greet me when I die?

This world and I are worlds away,
In verse I struggle to relate.
To write doth no more ease my soul
But worsens all my sorrows great.

And when the clock doth striketh nine,
I bid this restless world adieu.
I’ll never see another mom
And worse still, no longer you.

* * *

Will this dreadful curse recede
If I venture to this deed?
But if these shackles can’t be freed
Will not my heart profusely bleed?

Heavy blows one after one,
Ev’ry way the heart is flung.
I guess my fate’s already spun;
Its fabric cannot be undone.

We navigate this stormy sea,
The tide will tell what is to be.
Will love soar ever upwards free
Or on the ground lie strewn debris?

Emotion’s strong flood may be checked
Or by the waves we may be swept.