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ekleksographia wave three

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Landscape/Psyche

Here modernity is a rumour.

The eucalypts, untidy
as logic.

Anarchic birds and their noise,
both wanting to be
somewhere else.

The sun, bold atheist,
making everything
seem as it is.

Somewhere there is
water, secrecy
made audible.

The bliss of long grass
inhabited by breeze.

Rocks and their values.

Somewhere—silent in
its burrow—hides
the wombat of pain.

Trio of Dips

(i) Australian

The kids are upstairs
watching Border Patrol,
while the guests

take in the views,
and Real Estate moves
the party along nicely.

(ii) American

Fuck you, America,
with your stars and stripes
and your hand guns for children.

Ekleksographia: Wave Three

November, 2010

Poetry

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DAVID McCOOEY

DAVID McCOOEY's debut collection of poems, *Blister Pack*, was published by Salt in 2005. It won the Mary Gilmore Award and was short-listed for four other major Australian literary awards, including the Melbourne Prize for Literature. His poems have been published in numerous anthologies, journals, and newspapers. He is also a prize-winning critic, and the Deputy General Editor of the Macquarie PEN Anthology of Australian Literature (published internationally as *The Literature of Australia*). He is Associate Professor at Deakin University where he teaches and researches in literary studies and professional and creative writing.

Now every word
my daughter says is,
like, dripping with you.

(iii) República

The people have been
busy for the festival.
They watch as the

police sit and eat,
their hand cuffs
glinting in the sun.

5

Mystic number always to hand,
priming mathematicians with its arcane properties:
an under-valued age; the most beautiful
of glyphs—a flat roof protecting a
belly, pregnant with meaning,

It collects oceans, senses, and week days.
We mouth its vowels, play its consonant harmony.
Outside, in the dog's bowl, are five pieces of
dried food. Two magpies share them—while the dog
sleeps nearby—and sing their pentatonic praise.