Sydney

Aware of your A-list properties

this splendid maritime figure

fitting urban couture

you grace this continent and the world

with your harbours and beach-proof style

Addicted to celebrity and pyrotechnic highs

dedicated to festivals of sensuality

(daily tastings if you could)

you kissed me by the quay

near The Coathanger hooked into the

blues of a Whiteley canvas stretched

over sand, sails and swimsuit snobbery

*This I farewell*

6.47am the taxi manoeuvres through bridge traffic

while a coda for my sojourn plays:

the sun pokes between the heads

caresses the hills and coves like breasts and thighs

in soft yellow strokes through wisps of rain

drifting over the early watercraft

such serenity in this vivacious metropolis

seizes and squeezes my

Antipodean heart

as fate drives me onto the Eastern Distributor toward London

Sydney

like my lover

lying sunlit on sheets of blue gazing at me

Beauty

To remind me of home

*September 2002*