

University of Sydney

M.T.C. Cronin

poem in a hot day *(mrangalli, february 1998)*

it was resting by the side of the
sun on a blade of grass

the pumpkin patch did nothing in
the heat the closed umbrellas of
its leaves hooding pale green
planets
orbitless in their dead weight

nothing was not still but
insects and the running tap
which took all sound from the quiet
country in its patternless flow

music was imagined in this place and not
needed stories thought themselves and
unravelling beneath clouds spread thin as
the blue sky turning white in the height
of the day

all that was able to tell the trees their becoming
posture the birds their shadows
and the fallen fruit on the ground
its unremarkability - so purple! so red! so yellow!

was the poem found
clinging to a blade of
grass
it is true
it is squashed on one side from where I sat

but the reddest ladybird with the
blackest spots tickles its edges
and they talk goldily in the slow
language of the Summer

occasionally I brush my lips with my
fingers but the horizon does little
only wavers an instant as if it might trust
the air and disappear

M.T.C. Cronin's two collections of poems, *Everything Holy* and *the world beyond the fig* are reviewed in this issue.

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