

University of Sydney

M.T.C. Cronin

Poems

women of the sky

(after Pablo Neruda)

it happens outside
the weather
the singing song
of lightly banging doors
the sun coming on
like a television screen
wind and grey flickering
music like a shoot
green and insistent
wonderful trumpet!
blue behind everything
as if I've spilt my eyes
las muchachas celestes
disguised as clouds
bending over us
wet-faced
and wringing their hands
oh do not weep
soft women of the sky
and I will sing for you
from the throats of stars
and smile
in the shiny toothy moon
that touches your bodies
with redeeming silver
do not weep
and in this startled sky
I will set loose
your hundred thousand
shapes
those resemblances
rich with the memory
of all things

decubiti

I look at children and wonder
how soon they will be like me
My expected death scavenging the length
of the sill with a cool fresh breath
The teacup of memory forgotten
overbalancing on my raised knee
and in my marvellous hands
There's a few ditches they've dug

and holding maps many huge
 and perspiring cities they've found
 their way around and even now
 they are the best hands on earth
 collecting the gradual implicated incidences
 of my life in the ten fingers of passion
 and hot palms which feel as though
 they have thoughts burning in them
 But it's too long I've been sitting here
 as if the search at the bottom
 of the garden for a symbol has been
 going on for some inconceivable
 length of time and now it is night
 and I am left looking through a hole
 in the garden's wall to see only
 another person doing the same
 Mountains are listening closely
 but I don't quite say anything
 Disease, close to the end, silences
 and it is despite the whole world,
 despite everything I have ever done
 and despite anything that comes
 into my head that I go to the bed
 and lie down

In the street the children are living
 their long long lives
 and there is nothing at stake

rain for five minutes at 11pm

imaginative tree
 red jasmine drops
 of rain landing
 like some old-
 fashioned army
 shadow of the mosquito
 net falls
 in a wild mesh (and
 makes our skin move strangely
 under its monster skin) and
 where the air
 is strong enough to carry it
 the sound of the train tracks
 run by train
 there is a long mirror on our wall
 between the windows
 and a smell like
 a flower behind your ear
 someone else said
 "frangipani"

M.T.C Cronin is a writer of poetry and prose who lives in Sydney. Her poems and short stories have been published in Australia, New Zealand, the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom and Europe.

She is currently an academic researcher in the field of feminist legal theory in the Law Faculty at the University of Sydney. Her future plans are to undertake a PhD in 'Poetry and the Law'.

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