Odds On

Syd Harrex¹
Flinders University, Australia

The misty mesmerism of the dissolving horizon
never ceases to amaze and surprise what once ago
was thought of, like an antiquated full moon,
the Soul. Capital S well merited though only an
antiquity locked up in a dusty cupboard these days
when the difference between he or she who prays
and they who don’t is rather insignificant in the wheel
of Fortune society in which political orgasm is just another
vicarious stunt. Old fornicators never die but
just fade away like drops of water eroding Stone Henge
for as long as our planet survives, but no bookie
will give you odds on that phantasmagoric certainty.

¹ Tasmanian-born poet Syd Harrex is a foundation member of the Flinders University English
staff, the founding Director of CRNLE, and widely published author of books and essays on
postcolonial new literatures. He has published six volumes of poetry, the most recent being Five
Seasons (Adelaide, Table One Press, 2011). His first poetry collection, Atlantis and Other Islands,
was runner-up for the Commonwealth Poetry Prize and a British Book News Shortlist selection.
Syd was also one of a handful of South Australian poets to be included in The Oxford Book of
Modern Australian Verse, edited by Peter Porter and published in 1996.
That’s You
(for Melinda)

I set myself a task only to rush in another direction, the music I turn on is not what’s playing in my mind’s Department of Memory. Yet I’m happy if for no other reason than I’m not accountable for anything other than the trivia of the ephemeral. Out of which lassitude and dust and a mind walking backwards perhaps some little, gentle, insignificance, some renaissance shall come like a bird’s egg sleeping unbroken in your hand’s palm. Let us not let creatures come to harm, reminding ourselves that human hearts have epic evolutionary origins, life’s sacrifices atoning for God’s sins.
A Glimpse in Time

Some things can never be confessed. Yet paradoxically, like sunlight in a thunderstorm, that's the way things are: mercy and honesty incomplete whenever you believe kindness and love is all. A hard cross to hang around your conscience irrespective of whether the frailty’s yours or those you compassionately forgive or protect.