

## Odds On

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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.

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<sup>1</sup> 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.