

**tin**

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the drumroll rain  
and then the brushes  
blankets above us  
and bed below  
tip toe off the verandah  
for rainbows, sunshowers  
all you can dream  
and all night  
the rain runs after us  
the rain hobbles  
the drumroll rain  
and then the brushes

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<sup>1</sup> Christopher (Kit) Kelen's (客遠文) most recent volumes of poetry are *God preserve me from those who want what's best for me*, published in 2009 by Picaro Press, (NSW, Australia) and *in conversation with the river*, published in 2010 by VAC (Chicago, USA). For the last ten years Kelen has taught Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Macau in south China.

## at Markwell via Bulahdelah

the road  
in its calm before  
cars come

hear them  
hills away  
they get up a roar

sends you off  
down where the creek  
rots over the bridge

and all the way  
there are doors through  
yapping borders  
with no point to make

late afternoon brews  
of old light  
air shrill with up  
such other worlds  
as yet to sing

golden the wattle  
golden last sun  
lights the far range  
till it's blue  
and it's gone

gold got me here  
and see – gold  
is retreating  
as one peers after  
not enough gold to go

but the cows have come back  
for foretelling

get the cold into your bones  
it'll do you good

(5 August 2011)

## on blank days

same sky arising  
no passages to read but blue

trees lose themselves of a pond  
and in their deep down  
birds are fish

fish fly  
watch the ripples  
spread out  
make vague  
give us the colours subdued

between worlds then  
circle work of the nameless  
the unseen  
blur signs of a world that's true

and know old fires  
deep of the land  
conjure great rains  
yet to fall