

# Poems

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## popo's dream

Can a dream ruin your life?  
 One that begins like a train ride  
 With you stepping off the platform  
 In your travelling clothes, a vagrant,  
 the fabric, a story, in which you  
 wander 'til wearied, and far off ...  
 The wheels turning, far off a girl  
 screaming ... closing your eyes  
 is it breathing, wheels turning,  
 a girl screaming, high-pitched  
 and low and close to your ear?

So naked a wish! A robust lover  
 the blood chug chug chugging  
 along your veins and the tracks,  
 and her arms on the bed have a  
 revolutionary whiteness, semi-fluid  
 and open and begging consent  
 NOT THE ARMS OF YOUR LOVER!  
 But you lie in them as in a dilemma:  
 Your lover, wheels turning, the chugging  
 and screaming (integrity is hard  
 like the leg of a chair -

small boys and dogs  
 always want to fuck it). In  
 the dream the train passes  
 into a suburb, in the city the walls  
 all waver and falter. She whispers  
 your name, do you recognise your  
 story, quiet voices, clear voices roll  
 into your ear and the breathing  
 wheels turning are high  
 pitched and screaming  
 "never before, but again"

## anniversary

it takes a long time to get from three  
 to twelve nine whole years and they  
 are years only other people adults think  
 about as nine years that went very fast  
 think of all the things we did and still  
 you're a child children were born and  
 women who used to be young grew  
 old and died and boys became taller  
 and picked up guns became soldiers  
 (men reduced to spines) there were  
 complete wars fought while you were  
 still growing before you were even grown  
 they know the pain of dying but if only  
 they knew how much it hurts to make  
 new people

## wooden bird

painted crowd; unsurprised children quietly skipping;  
 everyone where they are supposed to be following

the announcement of a new world - until,  
 into the very centre of the square from a juxtaposed tree

and sky falls a wooden bird - CLAP,  
 onto the approaching ground

no-one gathers about it; nobody moves differently  
 yet the bird has become for them all *unless*

unless they can stop thinking  
 of its heaviness while they make love

unless they can escape the way  
 it lies still in their laughter

unless they can imagine that bird  
 back into its tree

nothing flies and perspective becomes weak fed on dead  
 men, women and children who allow wood and birds to mingle

beyond the symbolic