

THE QUARRY

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Rhyme Over Imported Wine on Date Night

Now is like forever. In this park of glooming distaste I taste blood and bleed sweat.

Sirens whistle whilst we wander. Wonder wistfully. Whilst clenching Jenny's clammy hands.

White men don't show weakness.

Week-night date-night never knew this park, was once Gadigal country, ceremonial place of the rainy-day missing puzzle peace. Please, replace the rephrases of the missing manual to heaven here.

Hear, persistent European explorers aspire to infinite incorrect underqualified entitlement. This was meant for a contemporary reincarnation of biblical pyres, sacred suburban high-rise to the occasion of reality. Real life escapes the cunning and time ticks. Tilts, Turns....

Another round of beers for the boys!

We rise, the diamond goblets to our ruby lips in moonlight. Mozart's signature sonata.

Romanticise me! I hold Jenny's hand and whisper that I love her. How the stolen sweet compromises sicken me! (Speaking softly) Of generational death in colonial paradise. Diced ham and pineapple the epitome of the insular family.

Representing the fantasy.

Tassie but a paper bag, strew to sea, lacerated in the visceral vermilion physical of
perpetuating hierarchy. Genocide. Insecticide. Insist on laying the blanket horizontally.
Newspaper clippings dissect distant distance distribution injecting general anaesthetic.
Explorative surgery superficial sorry speech swings, silently to mind.
Mind your business and your step. Propagating perennial proclivity of instilling
institutionalised desensitised Australian's, re-crafting obsolete optimum optimism sponsored
by commercial telly. Vision of a picket fence blaring footy and bunnings 10%.

Internal internet-work net-worth broadcasting blatantly bias billboards. Blurring the lines
between now and never. Quiver. Quit the vein
of conservative department parliament reimbursed delight:

- Turkish-delight.
- Australian-dream.
- Dream-force for the country.

Unearthed relic of the prehistoric precolonial, pre-manifestation, of man-slaughter-woman-
slaughters-laughter suffocates pigs, racked for rails cling to mud slushing as we slurp
Kilpatrick's slathered in dead horse, dictating my drunken discourse. Lamb tartar with capers
squelching. Squeezing. Screaming sacrifice. Sacrificial lamb for Australia day.

Date-night, day of invasion mother country, count me in the census mate! Inaccurate
illegitimacy against, your stella reputation of legalising migration. Documentation
disregarding aural authenticity, but backing fake histories? We are, bleary eyed disastrous
teens tumbling like turn-tables tabloids and dilapidated documentaries.

I pull the picnic blanket out from our red knees. Never stepping silently. Spilling, the Spanish Red-Wine on Jenny's White-Blouse, billowing on her mother's heritage hills-hoist the fictional flag. Signalling another bruised skyscape not all heroes wear a cape. Cap the wine. I'm as drunk as a skunk! Can we walk the perimeter before dessert?

I take Jenny in my inebriated embrace, lace the lemon pie with admiration and cream of the, crop circles have more referenced credibility then eroded wooden placards along the undulating river bends. Swiftly revealing the dubious integrity. Gritty underside of published articles. Clothing strewn undesirably. Questionable ability identifying the artificial artifacts,

Date-night with imported wine and I can't keep this nonsense as just mine!

My love rhyme for Jenny....

And I'm failing at racking up, turning a blind I can't place my hands precisely, perpetual inability to come through strategically, exasperatingly... mate!

I'm up a fucking gumtree!