

THE QUARRY

Two Poems

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Totally like

The thing is like
people in the 90's like
literally laughed at like
the idea of bottled water.
Who would actually pay
for something you can totally like
get for free
out of a tap?
Would you pay for petrol
if you had a pump in the kitchen?
I mean
a plastic bottle of water is basically pure EVIL.
When empty and crushed like a shackled lung

its shriek is sour
wincing and tart
When left forgotten
chosen and rotten
the water runs down like stale saliva.
Not to like
totally mention
the plastic ocean is
strangling the whales
creating one big watery grave...
And like
call me a hypocrite
but I could totally set sail on
a raft made from the plastic bottles
I've consumed in my life.
But I only buy them when I'm not at home
on the road
on the go.
It's convenient
cold water from any corner
and it's only a coupla dollars.
And as cars grow motors
bigger than their bonnet
and trees bow down to quick copy printers
publishing: 'a million and one ways
to get a minute back.'
I swear that like
I can hear my time clock ticking
at a pace I just can't catch.

The Dog Days

-1-

A young woman reaches up
freckles light brown as coffee grains
hanging sodden laundry
along a backyard clothesline.
On the woodshed windowsill
the radio melts amongst the ancient chattering
of cicadas tree to tree.
A female broadcaster announces:
'Total fire ban on the hottest day of the year.'

-2-

New day spreads a baby
blue sky like an oil painting,
shining on crocodile grasslands
that simmer below.
Even the summer flies are resting in the shade
she smiles
pressing her face against the
shirt, cool and damp.

-3-

The danger signs have been red
no water, nor rain
commemorative minds
drift along to the torrid hum of Christmas holidays.
Hark! Hark! Murders siren strong winds
of the fermenting dog days.
White iris above white flame
perched on dead wood.

-4-

Heat rising and night falling fast,
firefighters drenched in sweat
sail towards the sun.

The flames fleet marching up the frontline
halts in the machine gun fire of a pumper's
spray, momentarily.

-5-

Red alert, pumps engaged
flames turning with the wind.
The Guv's dashboard dispatch
inhabiting the blurred chaos of yells and groans.

No candles are held in a firestorm
fear smoulders inside bunker suits.

One fighter
face ashen as a tablespoon
sent to the sea
drops a knee to the whimsical chimes
of Nero's lyre, off in the distance.

-6-

A wildfire in a torrent of flames
razes a forest flat into a charcoal graveyard.
At the heart of its heat
stubborn trunks explode like a gut punch
waves of embers washing over
a town of dreadful thirst.

-7-

Down by the billabong
far from bloody gums

a sandy kangaroo sits hidden underneath
a glowing whisper.
The trees breathe a charcoal breath
Below, her joey dangles over the pouch
its thin skin ethereal
translucent grey.