

Three Poems
Judith Bruton ©

Brief Adelaide Event

Pool surface pitted and plucked
vibrating with unexpected anxiety
heavy raindrops
rapid staccato on metallic pergola
 applause
midsummer reprieve

The Minimalist

Wrapping paper, charity box,
sentiment stowed away

Gifts, books, utensils, art, clothing
– no longer objects of joy –
sent packing

Bare white shelves remain

Places now where memories
are figments
gathering no dust

But how I miss the details
of the precious objects
I can no longer find

Lost is different
to discarded

Seaside

Holiday people at the shallow edge
playing, wading in gentle waves
as in sepia photos hanging
in the seaside Grand

A 100 years and more of summer families,
lovers, sunsets and New Year's Day celebrations

At the end of the jetty the sea
is opaque, darkness glimpsed,
death tasted and forgotten

A young couple asks us to photograph them
dangling their feet under the railings
watching the sun slip below the straight horizon

A chopper circles the bay
the breezes are refreshing after the heat wave
a carnival atmosphere of diners,
laughter, the passeggiata

A little boy struggles with an oversized ice cream
his brother cheekily takes a lick

Earlier, known later
north of the jetty
by the rocks
in the not-so-playful,
shadowy sea
five children struggled
two boys drowned