

## **GINSBURG'S HOWL UPDATED IN SYDNEY**

You've heard of our Man in Havana. Baby, I am Our Lady near Glebe Point  
We've got some land around some bridges that we want to sell or rent you  
The rest was lost in the street, along with the Sydney Council's plastic bins  
And with Chou En Lai's poems and the Dictionary of Insurance Terms  
For Monty's Granny to pick up for free or just a song on Glebe Point Road  
As Mum was always saying – a good soldier never looks behind  
Roll on many a new day but rethink washing your hair up to pussy's bow, etc.  
Daily shampooing wastes a lot of water – but is it sensible to tackle it with you?  
Look for the silver lining in an Italian suit if you want to be taken well.

The time has come to play the future in the way you want it  
We want it green, for native vegetation and marsupials hand in hand with kids  
The time has come to paint the future in the way you want it  
We want it in the colours of the bush and then some, like the rainbow's arc  
Or like the colours of the original Tin Sheds in which they used to sleep  
With equipment at the ready reckoning for causes deemed good in the early hours  
They were panda warm when fairly raised with a cup of coffee and toast.

They were the real artists, the hosts and midwives of economists and engineering dreams  
For Christ's sake, if you can't stop at least don't throw the bloody cigarette butts down  
And at least do the occasional milk or bread purchase and some washing up  
The anarchists squatting at the left bank keep losing the vegetable coop. money  
What else would you expect, Baby, the natural fucking law?  
On your way with your posters to the Second Dead Pope Dance  
Tell them not to play the music any louder than we can stand in Glebe.

Dripping with Checkhov and graffiti slogans on the concrete steps  
And with Skippy's little mate, the IT crowd and Father Ted to judge  
Your speech excites me so my mouth is dry and I must take a drink of water  
You can bet your boots David Walliams will be Monty's Granny's choice  
She takes them edgy at St James Infirmary and Court. Don't make her mad.

### **Mother's Day Greetings**

This wild and skittish mother your chance captured  
First held you at her core, yet not her core  
And gladly watched the lightness of your grace  
Spread out, encircling life, including her.

This mother's day stock take of my heart's plane shows your gifts  
Wreathed brightly in their texta-coloured love  
Dried mountain flowers, a school-made wooden stand, a bracelet with blue stones  
A lizard pot, for brown days at the beach – like dad's but smaller;

A slender fist which broke once out the kiln  
You kept and mended till I found and claimed the flaw.

What must a woman want to love a daughter?  
Each squirming newborn climbs a different strand  
Your entrance formed my joy and shaped my knowledge  
And, warm inside, these offerings nourish still.

### **Un-birthday Greetings**

I've had fun, and learned a few things  
But beauty finally flowered through the gates of love  
And slowly I became transfused with light.

When once abandoned, I was pleased to find  
That many blooms had grounded in this space  
Now jealously I guard each bright, calm, flower  
Must I remain alone to see them grow?

A new bloom flowers shortly in a turned bed  
But mostly I feel personal ties like clay  
I don't know why, perhaps you do.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty', Keats once said,  
'That's all you know on earth or need to know'.  
Their intimacy grows throughout the silence  
Yet grows scant personal love in this bright patch  
And what of you?

### **On Being Left**

In being left  
I never was  
Without a reason  
Following men  
Like Jane, I walk alone  
Queen of the monkeys

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Also Lilith the Magic Pudding, Chief Alternative to Faith and Top Chimera