



Friendly Street News

Issue 1, Volume 2

<http://friendlystreetpoets.org.au>

January 2008

Reading 2008

The first 2008 reading will be held on Tuesday the 5th of February at the SA Writers' Centre, with Amelia Walker as guest reader.

Don't forget to bring two copies of your poems so that they can be considered for the reader after you read them, and keep your time at the microphone to four minutes.



Japanese Poetry Seminar

This year begins with a seminar by well know Japanese poetry expert and SA representative of the Haiku association, Martina Taeker. Martina is going to be focussing on Haiku, Haiku Sequence and Haibun.

The seminar will be held at the SA Writers' Centre on Saturday 16th February from 2 -4.30pm.

Hard Boiled

The first session of Hard Boiled (poetry and spoken word) is on Thursday 14th of February at 7.30pm for an 8pm start at Café La Boheme, 36 Grote Street.

Website upgrade

The Friendly Street website (<http://friendlystreetpoets.org.au>) upgrade is nearing completion, with only a few areas of content remaining to be transferred to the new site; however, the site is up and running and ready for everyone to use.

The new website has some great new features for helping you find the information you are looking for: on the left sidebar there is a list of categories (competitions etc) and the main navigation pages for information about Friendly Street; on the right sidebar there is a search field and an archive where you can scroll through and locate the month or year you are looking.

Please take some time to have a look at the new site, send in some feedback or suggestions, and register online.



Do you have any news?

If you have any poetry news, know of upcoming events, or have an article that you would like to see in the newsletter, please email me at: raph@raphaelsabu.com or contact us through the website so that we can tell others about it. Your contributions will help Friendly Street continue to be great.





New Year poetry fun.

Thank you to all the people who entered poems into the New Year poetry competition for the newsletter. The selected poems follow:

Fire flowers

We wait for the flowers of fire
to burst above

cacophonous, dramatic

bright as Saturday from the week
bright as the New Year

its glitter as yet
untarnished...

© Lynette M Arden 2007

A quiet evening in the country

It was a quiet night
No sound, no breeze – just quite

Jason was alone in his cabin
Fast asleep

The maniacal woman entered
An axe in one hand, a machete
in the other

The piercing screams filled the air
And again it was silent

All New Year's resolutions
dribbled away

With the blood

© Meg Mader

New Year's resolution

Maybe next time I won't cry, maybe...
Next time I won't cry, 'Maybe next time!'

I won't cry.

Maybe next time I won't.

Cry, maybe.

Next time I won't.

Cry.

Maybe

Next

Time

I

Won't

Cry

© Carolyn Cordon



No Resolution

The year drifts away
With the hands of the clock
Accompanied by sounds
Of a New Year brewing
The cheers and glass tinkling
The kisses and promises made
All forgiven and forgotten
With the looming dawn

The sky is shrouded with accent
and light

All the hopes and dreams

Of the masses below

Pinned on the cracking theatre
above

I am not with them

Not tonight

I hold my dreams near

I keep my hopes quiet

For perhaps if I raise them gently

With no resolution

They will not be stolen away

I will guide them softly

Sculpt them to veracity

And they will not lie broken

Somewhere in the past

Forsaken and wasted

When the next New Year dawns

© Kate Bettison

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Published for: Friendly Street Poets Incorporated.

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Government of South Australia

Arts SA





The Search

The search beam sweeps its blade of light across a dark hill,
 scores a path edge sharp then swings back
 to bleach the garden of shadows, reveal us as watchers
 binoculars trained on the movement of light
 the jagged line of searchers crossing the hill with dim torches

when police come knocking to search neighbourhood gardens
 we learn about the autistic boy who scaled a gate and vanished

convoys of cars trawl the street and park in cul-de-sacs by the river
 the helicopter touches down near water
 it is all too real now, the hours run on adrenaline
 binoculars are useless
 the helicopter, finding nothing, rises from wetlands and curves back over suburbs

It is a hot night, we cannot sleep for thinking
 the drone of rotor blades promises nothing.

Morning brings an end to the year but a fresh chopper circles
 too bright and noisy for daybreak
 and a news crew sets up on the hillside.

The helicopter hovers
 over a large pond, fringed with reeds
 where pelicans glide and fishers gather

his small body is pulled gently from the water
 the news crew packs up
 the tall reeds whisper

the new year, is marked, inappropriately,
 by fireworks on the horizon at midnight.

© **Deb Matthews-Zott**

Whitegoods Christmas

(On hearing *White Christmas* and “as the shoppers rush home with their treasures”
 over the PA in the hectic anarchy of an electrical department at Westfield
 Shoppingtown four shopping days before Christmas.)

These dreams are stacked in aisles, white or stainless
 As promises of Love and Labour lost
 The pleasure’s in the giving and it’s painless
 As credit cards and time defer the cost...

The New Year fades to Old Year feeling
 The Giving and the Gift both soon forgot.
 You have More Stuff. But nothing’s healing.
 You feel that something’s missing, don’t know what...

© **rob walker, 21/12/07**





Joanne R.

Time makes fools of us again, says Joanne
As she peers opaquely through her pages.

Time turns the key in her stories;
Time turns the key for us all
Including Joanne and her finicity.

That's the thing with fame not
Life or money; some things go on forever.

Though, if some fame implies forever
You're still stuck with a neo-pop diet
Each new year.

All bogged into what we're born with:
Documents falling from a government printer

New years peer opaquely
Through our imprinted leaves
The key turns. Joanne rolls her eyes.

© **Robert Brokenmouth**



Summer night with oxen

On a submissive field,
hip bone to thigh we lay,
beheld the primeval mist
water the face of the earth

breathed the prayer of peace
to the grazing rhythm of the herd
pausing in their contented cud
to hear the corncrake.

Bowing their massive heads
they touched our clay
with the nostrils of their breath
and dipped their crescent horns

until, embracing with our lips,
we shook the dew point from our locks
and rising from the warming sod
trode the new year's dawn with Hermes.

© **Paul Wilkins**



Dragon Abreast

For Joan

I

From the Shanghai River
to the Southern Ocean
a leviathan is rising.

Only you can feel
the gargantuan tug
of her wings, the great
drum of her heart, the
thunder-thresh of her
tail striking the deep.

II

You've come through
the hurricane, each titrated
toxic burn from the sun.


Now in the fickle seascape
of recovery, you
are at ease and fall into
rhythm with the ebb and
flow of a new year.

III

On Sunday mornings
eighteen women in a boat with
a dragon at the helm,
defy the everlastingness
of the ocean and cut
the surf to pink ribbons.

© **Louise McKenna**





New Year's Adam

my darling, you swear at me
by email but your spelling
is so odd it slips past the spiders

my snackbar lampoon
my lamp-post date
if you were for sale online
I'd type my numbers in

new year's messages salt the street
the dreadful breaded hook of history
fingers the pulp of our innermost meat
the old year's mess is a messiah
sighing over sentimentally
all the morals it wants to teach

you darling come up tulips every time
you are rows and rows of roses
and you proclaim there is nothing in your wide-throat
world
more beloved than I, more disposable

wrappings of greasy things to eat
and a penny and key take me south
as each calendar tears to pieces
you are the river and I am your mouth
people stream past, waving fires
and we celebrate in our own way,
touching the two ends together

© Cathoel Jorss

The resolution

Have you noticed...
the New Year comes much quicker now,
They say it's not time that's sped up,
but the how,
of our consciousness gathering speed,
like a stone rolling down, a steep hill
without moss of it's own.

Conscious, unconscious my modem-like brain
in it's 24 frames per second video game,
tries hard to convince me that it's in control
of the destiny, that's already planned for my soul.

The New Year, you say, well I say which one,
It's already been and another one's come,
But there's one thing that always persists don't you see...
It's change, that's the key, that's what's happened to me.

So my resolution, I think, might just be
to seek the lost, hidden things we don't see,
in life as it folds and awakes and explodes
unseen by most as they wait by the road.

The real is not, what it's not really here,
and the isn't at all is more there than we fear,
but as deep as the mind thinks, it's all just a game,
a hologram space for your modem-like brain.

© James Colmer

