

GARETH MORGAN

restaurateurs nightmare

past the restaurants unforgivable
acoustic guitars

i go

they've planted
the chic offices

n curated the little
sexy magazine hills

the orange men and women push
dust around
the plotted bay promises future lush

summer's ennui does a wee on me...

the dugout water shimmers
dugongs hang around like monks we ignore

the bulldogs win the flag
rent rises in the west

and they sell the cheapest coffee in the city to the rich

has anyone ever done ****anything**** good here? is a

banana smoothie

good?
is paul kelly?

public art a fistful of lumps whereby you gather
melanomas and please
do not "ride" them, nor let yours

who's the owner? he proffers like a silo
amassing space and sap

a kind of peace

background noise
---industrial feel---
a two dollar fifty flat white

riverside view of the ugly mondrian building a few ranks beyond

Gareth Morgan is a poet and a postie from Melbourne. He has had work published in *Cordite*, *Marrickville Pause* and other places. He is also a co organiser of "sick leave," a monthly reading series and occasional journal.