

DAVE DRAYTON

Return to Commute

I

The palm tree's proud despite its oddness
Near to trafficked Parramatta Road
A woman divides her attention between two screens
Misses a bottlebrush more red than the emergency exit
Left and leaving (Lilyfield)
More palm trees line an approach to dirty water
Do we conflate movement with progress? Is this a problem?
And on a smaller scale the premise of this poem

II

An aqua duct intersects a little lushness
She emerges from the trees in a rush
Marion fixes her hair in the cold black screen
One phone in a dozen used for reflection
Cast all our faces in stone and in glass
Of a morning with such excavation as the trash alights
Such slick exhaust and water
Before we make like trash and leave at Glebe

from...	...to
<i>Lewisham West</i>	<i>Taverners Hill</i>
<i>Taverners Hill</i>	<i>Marion</i>
<i>Marion</i>	<i>Hawthorne</i>
<i>Hawthorne</i>	<i>Leichhardt North</i>
<i>Leichhardt North</i>	<i>Lilyfield</i>
<i>Lilyfield</i>	<i>Rozelle Bay</i>
<i>Rozelle Bay</i>	<i>Jubilee Park</i>
<i>Jubilee Park</i>	<i>Glebe</i>

III

To know where you'll be taken
To know how long it will take
To know nearly all of what they're saying
To know the worlds outside the window
To know I have lapsed and am rushed
To know I chose the wrong side
To know that the mind will wander
To know construction is a constant here
To know it's over

IV

The morning begins with less instruction
Let a body fill a space how it will
Breathe freely
Corrugated iron coloured like the trees
Before the briefest tunnel takes us through
A rise in the land and the morning
Two bridges beyond the minor one we cross
And mark in our own ways with an index or a thumb

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V

New apartments fold their grey into the sky
These and other things have risen recently
Interest and heart rates sore/soar
Raise/raze some buildings and/or children
A pram runs parallel to progress
While a man waits with eyes closed and arms folded
Like time looped in patience
A succession of shared destinations

VI

Wet swim leash
Shrill veteran
A minor
Hearth now
Hold thin charter
Idyll life
Laze by lore
I jerk up, able
Leg—be

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VII

They're all finding their own bodies
Taking on new shapes displaying
Fuzz of a pimpled furtive mustache
Less hair there than on their breakfast fruit
Vague enthusiasms
Uniformed expressions
Laying claim to experience
To their budding selves

VIII

She removes her mask when we depart, finally alone
She unfolds the cover to her phone and squats
Beside the bin on the platform
I carry this image past the production lot
A dolly shot on a light rail
Without the weight of the commuters
(An anchor) the plastic sounds like static
We're left feeling rattled

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