

**Independent author**

**Loma Bridge**

**Two poems**

Biographical note:

Loma Bridge is a part-time writer, editor and visual artist. She lives in Sydney.

## Casual

Landscape as an escalator. Down the down river. The river is not flat.

*In Mathematics*  $1 + 1 = 2$ .

*In the soul it is possible that*

$1 - 1 = 2$ .

Kandinsky

Gaining the escarpment she pushed on through paddocks full of steel woolled sheep. The ridges they made in the earth zig-zagged down the hill like a parliament. She saw below the river that had been gouged out by the giant Kauri tree. It looked treacherous, thick. This was not a sunburnt country. A mutter of passengers in a green bus reminded her that public transport was possible. But she's not ready for the easy life yet. There's a body in the way – a sweating male torso. Growing bigger like a plant. Plants can shoot OK – but not kill themselves. Over near the Horizon Hotel a group of men in red, pointing their rifles straight down at the earth. Then the mountain. Little screams float up as the bullets go in. She gets on the bus after all. It stops outside the Hollywood Shoetique, next to a bruised fountain. She lights a cigarette. Might as well burn something.

## Dptych tourisms

1

in the aeroplane there is no sunlight

[but] there's a sound of jazz

just over

the violent road

narrowly missing a mystery tour

we watch the rocks

appear alive and looming

rubber bodies blow up

on the boats before crashing

time for meditation, or medication

*don't go into the sunlight*

the packet warns

a storm breaks: 'my name is Ty Phoon' jokes our guide roaring at a happy parrot  
scooting by drenched in rain perched on a table

propped on the heads of two girls

Ty turns left – his favourite direction –

towards the revolutionary museum where

a pink horse hides shyly

in a corridor

by the time we get to the tombs i  
can't open my mouth

that night  
i dream of Picasso  
making live sculptures now

2

you can tell how animism  
came about – you eat the beast and the beast rewards you  
with an iron hit – he must be a god to bless you so

and so – you create  
the Superbeast and kill  
drink the godblood

dance

a lot later a sandaled malacologist  
collects a jar of dirty water  
from a pond on Lord Howe for Rosemary  
to dig her tweezers  
in the leaf mould [in the sunlit room]

down the microscope she stares  
trash keeps her busy in the sunlit room  
all day until she gets it – a mollusk  
big as a full stop

*it's like looking for a plane that has gone out of sight*

and now you can see the cyber-tour-sits  
clutching maps  
like prayerbooks

to their chests

how their eyes are dazzled  
by the shell