

Independent author

Gig Ryan

Two poems

Biographical note:

New and selected poems (Giramondo, Australia, 2011); *Selected poems* (Bloodaxe, UK, 2012); all songs on the CDs *Six goodbyes* (1988) with the band Disband, and *Real estate* (1999) and *Travel* (2006) with the band Driving Past; Poetry Editor at *The age* newspaper (Melbourne), and freelance reviewer.

Rally

I marry at your feet, but only you can move me
Nu Folk dangles from a deck
My ekphrastic breastplate speaks to the abstruse courtier
Who would think I was one of fourteen?
Your Eleanor, my Isobel, whose slippers in the grate
tarry, but true empathy is kept for this

I make history in the Tower,
fleece the rent to peruse a commentary
time hovels through days' dreamt tyrant
To choir would sully this grasp
Two Americas checked off, one Ireland picked,
all these wrappings.
Hived in insignia your enchained horse canters
as entreaties whistle up a kingdom
I would push my galleons to charge for you
blowy and stern
And here I decipher some longing, the flowered verse
not sent returns to oak.
But let's walk, diplomacy can stick it
Pennants beam into air, and all trials you meant and break, twinned princes
not annul but stayed

Central locking

The bullet-point poem wades benignly
to the artist's pronunciation of its shell, relaxed in a rockpool
Presiding bright spark tweets the newest joy
sing the museum from the dream's props basket's
ill-fitting mask of comedy, and grin

You were one of the great pleasures of the pageant
holding a banner of rights
as Twinkle Toes accosts the mourning ensemble
Imagination shimmers through hotel windows
at the Bathware car to the outskirts
one word would end. The costume pales air
and a suggestion of
He slips his pennyfarthing to an ipad

Where do you stand on coriander?
Liquorland Pure Blonde stuffed in your armpit
Reversing frays the line, avanti the rehearsal's
bundled aspiring.

Dull sums rest on a screen
as the Euro wallows and Facebook shares skimp
a churlish moon audits supply
and demand, as if either functioned (the narcissists exclaim)
as Autumn steers the footpath's
old newspapers into the leaf-blower's muffed Sisyphus
behind the Sale sign