

BonBons and Rosés

I am dedicating this to the Australian poet the late Dorothy Hewett, the winner of many prestigious awards.

The Australian voice was late in coming and for years as an actress I had an American or English accent.

Then came 'Summer of the Seventeenth Doll' by Ray Lawler

Who could forget the character Roo calling Emma in.

'What are you doing out there Emma?

And Emma saying,

'I'm getting the sea breeze off the gutter'.

Dorothy introduced herself as a child,

'I sat in the schoolyard reading Screen gems and the Brothers Karamazov'

She wrote of

'Girls marrying in wet white satin on green lawns the chlorinated pools were blue with children'
also

'This is the wide country

I lived in when I was young

the hawk in the high sky hung'

In her last days she wrote this simple piece of moving away from life.

The Title: 'To The Peninsula'

I have taken the last steps out onto the peninsula

I hear the voices of the birds calling each to each

From the black pine,

Step by step

While the crow's wing darkens the garden

And the thickening light slips from the Bay.

Leaving dark waters

I will forget all speech

I will have moved away

Out of reach at last

From the tiny black birds in the first light

Dancing on the lawn.

Locking the door on the garden

Full of butterflies,

The wash of the tide,

The she oak sailing through the air

The golden hornet flexing against the sun.

On grey days under cloud

With the fog horns sounding

When the weather blows up

The seeds dance on the lawn

And the birds are silent.

We do not lie in bed reading under

The lamplight,

Our eyes do not grow accustomed to the dark

Like the hornet, the butterfly and the bird

We cannot stay

Like the dead leaves on the ground

We are blown away.

Bonbons & Roses

'Home Sickness' - E. Grieg

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