CHRIS ANDREWS

(faha) teaches at Western Sydney University. He has published two books of poems: Cut Lunch (Indigo 2002) and Lime Green Chair (Waywiser 2012). He has also translated books of Latin American fiction, most recently César Aira’s Ema, the Captive (New Directions, 2016).

(above)
Shipping containers
PHOTO: CC0 1.0 UNIVERSAL, PIXABAY
Pacific Rim

To a lone tourist at a loose end
in this city of funiculars
a sprayed wall says: *Lift your head Princess,*
*your crown’s about to fall.* There’s a dog
asleep in a thicket of footsteps,
a boarded-up Palace of Rubber,
and a well-presented man who rides
the microbuses tenaciously
expounding the merits of a comb.

It’s the evening of the holiday,
and the people, whether built for pain
or giggles, crowd the foreshore to watch
the gold sovereign drop into the slot
and bring on the slow train of starlight.
A bath toy famously lost at sea
fetches up bleached and incognito.
Lavish foam of the swash comes seething
in over the ragged backwash foam.

There’s a stack of Hanjin containers
painted a red that goes on glowing
deep into dusk, an almost empty
artspace in a disappearing jail,
a fuchsia riot, a hummingbird’s
precision sipping, and a mother
of infant twins who used to be glad
of her gift for deep sleep downloading
a seismograph app for her smartphone.
(above)

Anzac Bridge,
Sydney.

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Two Bridges

A fish plops back into the river.
A woman on the bridge who kisses each slice of bread before she sends it spinning away through the gnatty air.
The rake is set at a new angle in its rain-pocked bunker, and the cars idle over the incoming tide.
I believe what the scrum master says: the future belongs to the agile.

I’m just not sure about agile: good.
A jackhammer jars its backhoe arm.
A wet demolition saw cuts in.
A crumpled youth interminably tuning his ukulele beside the cash machine, preparing to sing for his ibuprofen is perhaps the still middle-point of this ripping up and down and out to fill the skips.

What if it’s more agile to outsource the enforcement of paralysis?
A man on the railway bridge who counts rolls of steel. A student of English as a third language eventually inferring that Ikn means I think.
What carbs escape this ibis probing will be discovered when brightness falls and the netways of ratwork go live.