

» IAN TEMPLEMAN



The sudden storm over
the black lake electrified
the scrub and shaggy
trees on the ridgeline
by Ian Templeman.
2013, oil on canvas,
60 x 60cm.

COURTESY MAUREEN AND
ROBERT BROOKS



IAN TEMPLEMAN AM FAHA initially trained as a painter and in 1972 became the first director of the Fremantle Arts Centre, where he established the Fremantle Arts Centre Press in 1975. From 1990 to 1997 he was Assistant Director-General, Cultural and Educational Services at the National Library of Australia, and from 1999 to 2006 head of Coombs Academic Publishing at the Research School for Pacific and Asian Studies at the Australian National University. He has been publishing poetry for many years; a selected poems, *The Watchmaker's Imprint*, appeared in 2013.

I Have Taken to Dancing

I have taken to dancing on gradual evenings
alone on the tilting flat rock
near a creek curling its voice around a hand of wattle.

In the pleasure of collapsing day's last light
there are no tin-can rattling voices
from timber-cutters working the shadow incised ridges.

I eat this silence from voices, now able to hear
bush talk: the wind's conversations
with birds, murmur of water, knitted hush of casuarinas.

In my head the imagination's pulse electrifies
a response to memory's music,
choreographs a thousand small linked body movements.

I move into my storytelling without voice,
words or the language of reason,
dancing instead with the courage and passion of a convert,
ending a lifetime of amused regret.

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The tilting, slightly
melancholy house
above the lake, with
a half-eaten moon
by Ian Templeman.
2013, oil on canvas,
60 x 60cm.

COURTESY
CAROLINE FULTON

Snapshot

Postcards, maps, snapshots pasted haphazardly
in the scrapbook trace the brief shared years;
falling days when the sky responded awkwardly
to our passion for flight, when childhood fears
muffled laughter or love was given other names.
The photographs trace the incomplete moment,
a happiness is misplaced between exposed frames,
lost is the off-camera dance—intimate vibrant.

Within three summers we built an intricate
honeycomb of images to house the heart's language,
indexed landmarks, heathland, dry thicket
of this border country where we are held hostage.

Temporary prisoners we document yesterday,
listen to frontier gossip, travellers' hearsay.