

Saturday Morning Leichhardt

(For David and Louise)

NOEL ROWE *

Saturday morning Leichhardt
those bread and coffee smells
are on the move again
strolling down the street
eyeing off the furniture
all looking good and rubbed
ready for sale so bright
you'd think the market vegetables
had traded off their smiles
The Sydney Morning Herald
is opening up its hold
on someone's face
it doesn't give a damn
for strangers passing by
giving them the flick with photographs
of politicians making promises
and farmers milking capuccinos
for the source of all their woes
promises and blame
the same old story but
someone's got to do it
now god has given up
and died promises and blame
still make the world go round
until the cheese and bacon grill
comes out at *Chances* where
those bread and coffee smells
sit down awhile and listen to

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Parramatta Doesn't matter Rd
trying hard to clear his throat
of habit-forming cars
while foccacias have a chat
with capsicum and ham
and omelettes get their breath
accustomed to the sound
of someone on the music video
who's doing a song that goes
I think I love you,
I think I love you.