

## Laps, Cook & Phillip Pool

Each turn you think, "it's just another lap", add one to the running total, or swimming perhaps, wearing down to a tired slap from the early laps when you were skimming like a stone across the surface with each stroke. This is when it's like a soup brimming with broiled, meaty swimmers going for broke leaving you interfering in their wake. A self-stirring broth. But when you poke beneath the surface it turns out it's a lake with band-aid reeds unanchored from the floor and hairs coiled lazily as eels and flakes of skin suspended in the murk, the spoor of these pudgy freestyle lobsters as they tumble-turn, kick off the wall and bore through the pewter water like a tray of fleshy bottle-openers tipped into a bathtub, arms flapping and cogged grey necks tortoisising angrily. It's too efficient, too sufficient, these machines of pumped sexuality pumping through this pool, the harbour's play-pen; it seems like nineteen forty-two, the port swarming with a squad of midget submarines, only now they're leaving the water, warming themselves in a shower then, ray-banned, armoured in their pressed suits and disarming with their ultraviolet smiles, these tanned subs break the surface on each street corner, fleshly invaders, oh so discreet.

*David Musgrave*