

Gardenias

A still house smudged with lamps, outside there's rain.
Open windows, verandah, TV moon
next door, amongst dark fronds, the typewriter
sounds of wetness, and bougainvillea,
that's cruel as wires, trimmed away between
each carved post. Those petals make their clamour
silently, held by heat of houselight
in high arc, above the steps. There hovers

a red surf, slung from darkness. In the night
the light-pole's standing as though a fountain;
its cowl run soda-white, as rains thicken.
So indoors once more, my hand now wanders
On books, and I've come sidling through the quiet
Into this richness, the rot of flowers.

Robert Gray