

North Star & Southern Cross

Chance Daldy | Poetry

Maple syrup and bacon ever absent at dawn
sweet fried ham hanging loose, pancakes bask in coconut cream.

Papaya and grapefruit every morning

Sea-kissed toes poke out of thongs

mate that's Strine for flip-flops.

Just leave them on the dock and dive in

Invoking better days, youth baked in the sun
overexposed photos of days spent on a beach.

No negatives here

Haze of summers warm spider web blanket

inhaling the spice of sundried seaweed.

The esoteric world of tidepools

Neighbouring islands gaze with wonderment

peaking just above surface, emerging out of the sea.

Until the sky catches fire each evening

Incandescence bows its halo, giving way to a velvet room

Oxford blue flag that was left outback.

She has some beauty stars though

Skin radiating with the last heat of the day, thoughts turn seaward

blood crossing the pacific and anywhere Poseidon waves.

Wherever the good surf spots were

A Panthalassic identity connected by current

I crash upon Point Roadknight and Bluewater Beach alike.

You always knew how the sets would break

Both halves split by hemispheres

but bound by commonwealth.

You're one of us mate

Drift through dreamtime under the Southern Cross

as the North Star guides my way.

Breathe in the cedar and eucalyptus