

*PETER SCULTHORPE'S MUSIC EVOKED IN FOUR POEMS*

By Adrian Rogers

*SUN MUSIC*

Sun-strong splendour  
drew from him  
a pride of influences  
hot angularities of melody  
not Waltzing Matilda  
brass and bronze clashing  
a hymn to differences  
confluences  
a haunting threnody  
for the lion and the lamb  
with Asia calling  
blending with eucalypts  
in orchestral dioramas  
estranging  
colonizing dreamers  
mind-echoing awhile  
a light etched song's  
red centred sacredness  
landscape shaped  
evoked by bell, gamelan  
and vocal synthesizing  
with smoking leaves creating  
thought forms running free  
pioneering pathways  
through the years.

***SMALL TOWN***

The Last Post; almost a distant sigh  
swept aside by the dawn wind

one last train leaving the station with no show  
and a following silence having nothing to bestow  
but weeds colonizing the tracks,  
a cry in the dark?

Can a small town abide a new dawn  
of hope thread thinned, prevaricating,  
like old photographs turning sepia  
with regret?  
Small Town; is there a gain in remembering?

***MISDIRECTION TO LASSETER'S REEF***

Dreaming dust thirst crazy  
Seeing fools gold sunstone glinting  
or lazily perhaps, bought and sold  
in the market place, hinting  
at what cannot be washed clean  
by inertial excuses  
philosophically ambiguous,  
memorializing, hazily scheming  
and dreaming for results  
predictably the same as ever  
when sensibly tame nay-sayers  
having my best interests at heart  
reject my unseen endeavour

“Time Gentlemen please!

“Raise your glasses cautiously  
mean spirited scavengers for gold  
my coda’s secret alchemy  
of misdirections  
is liberation ‘in extremis’  
inspiration’s empathy.”

***NEW DAWN***

Eastward  
above wing-white sails over water  
new dawn  
is a blazing gold arc burning  
above a hot horizon line  
summoning  
a sunward facing mantra’s  
bird-calling chorus lines  
resounding  
to human interactions rising  
from tree and roof  
reaching a concave morning sky  
merging  
a sun/white pallor into blue  
cloudlessly  
as harbour city dreams  
sprawl coloured in refractions  
and that wide curving bridge  
a cast black  
vision of the possible  
challenges mirage disturbing light  
beholding

“Great Southern Land!”

in a sunrise to meridian moment

the potentiality of ‘Now’.

**Bio**

My name is **Adrian Cedric Rogers**; I was born in England, trained as a teacher in Ireland, teaching in that country, then in Scotland, The Shetland Islands, England, Australia, and Papua New Guinea, before retiring in 2005, thereafter devoting much of my time to writing. I have six fantasy novels in print, four published by Double Dragon in Canada, and two by Mountain Mist in Australia. I also have two novels issued (also by Double Dragon) as e-books. I have contributed poetry, articles, and short stories to numerous periodicals and anthologies. I also have three collections of poetry published by Ginninderra Press, Port Adelaide, Australia, the latest being launched on 20<sup>th</sup> November.