

Ode to Narrabundah
By Seraphina Nicholls
Words: 228

O Narrabundah, don't you stand tall?
Grasping the remnants of the milk run tenderly
tight rooted & sore toothed fragments of time so small;
Bruising on tomorrow's arms quietly
A tableland of brick dwellings pigeonholed into a forest.

Alack! Home is heart, heart is home
Hearts here are stuck on the pavement
Partnering with the daisies in the cracks,
Solace breathes a grin and
pulls a crank on the sun; a crimson red, a saffron yellow

Government officials wash in and out of the drain
Swapping brief cases for teacups
Batons for barbeque tongs
Until Monday revs its rusted engine
And the city's alienation is never made lonesome for long

A dome of willows cry "melancholy!" above the velodrome
Those boney, elongated fingers gliding over our doings
Nudging gladness into stout, pneumatic adults
The kids revell over the spirits sifting in the sky late;
while the city lights turn red, these street lights turn purple

The banksia's sing back the baseball commentary
Tidal waves which belt from down the road
Fleeting sweet nothings; hold hands with the slow burn sunset,
Smithereens of a city's afterglow,
running dry inside the people growing out of this suburban earth

O Narrabundah don't you stand tall?
With your tessellations of 50s brickwork
Your tree lined, powerlined skyline; a suburban Nazareth
This must be a place
Where people leave their shoes at your door.