

Written by Louise Wakeling
(Poetry by DiVerse)

A poetic response to the painting *My Tree Lives Here* 2007
Portia Geach Memorial Award, the National Trust – S. H. Ervin Gallery



Bud, teem, swarm

The roof's rumbling like Tiananmen Square
Or Chinooks invading the suburbs
Turmoil this swarming no doubt
A massacre of something or other

Or a budding come first light
brush tail possums re-enact roof rage –
raise high the roof beams, my hearties,
with your coitus uninterrupted us

awake at dawn with shadows of leaves
tattooed on your skin screams still
hooked on your dreams you know
the heart's still pumping provisional

panic scratches itself in cavities
your tree gasps for air as you unwind
its winding cloth or is it swaddling clothes
out on the tiles things are jumping

every spring the Japanese maple
recuperates meaning, wisteria circumvents
bare branches, burgeoning, wraps arms
around them in a simulated frenzy its claws

stick and drag on the window tap
insistently to get in or get out
that tree grows through your roof
pensive with blossoms

time's cookie-cutter jaws are ajar
for crunch-time snapping
at thin air like a German Shepherd
exercising its prerogative

accept impermanence, says
the back street art, eyes
painted over, the parts of us
that are always dying

you wonder if possums stockpile methane
in the walls if the doll's-house
will rot from within (with you in it) exfoliate
like wintering trees

daylight seeps back into your birdcage
through patterns through bars
on paper-thin walls Akira-esque repetitions
closing in from gyprock's other side