

*The Tram To Wednesday*

by Brentley Frazer

In the peripheralist sense  
    this tram heads to Wednesday,  
the stagecraft of new emperors  
    dancing on the headlines  
of the papers.

A group of politicians in the park  
    point laughing as we pass, this route  
their sample population, the prevailing  
    social model of action by sequential  
crises reflected on the timetable.

All of us on board rehearsing our  
    interviews or recounting our chores.  
11 different perfumes, I tried to count  
    them, Arden and Miyaki, that snowdome  
by Gaultier, scents to hide the intentions  
    of the animal that has us here, in this politely  
indifferent flesh, among the fresh news print.

*Stigmata for your semantic sins, says*

Mr Speaker and points to the Ministers  
feet which bleed (he checks them, a reactive  
    inhibition) and I think we may be alerted to  
this liberal conceit of safety by global law and  
    domination by defeat; but for now, we are  
fighting over seats, there is standing room only,  
    a long day at work, our vision narrowed to the  
weeks before a festive season relieves us, and  
    we dance with habitual celebration.

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