

Brisbane Poetry Map  
Subject: Elizabeth Arcade  
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## *Elizabeth Arcadia*

Ninety-nine Elizabeth  
you meant so much  
when growing up  
in this big old  
country town.

I visited you today  
on google maps  
looking for some slippers  
not that I've gotten old . . .  
it's winter  
and I'm living in West End  
in a windy shack.

Oh Elizabeth  
your grandeur  
Blonde Venus and  
Cool Junk gone.

I checked . . .  
The Piercing Shop  
a restaurant, then an  
oxygen bar. The  
Bohemian next door  
became a Louis Vuitton.  
It's also gone . . . now  
an Emu Ugg.

Oh Elizabeth Arcadia  
your edge has dulled.

We used you as a thoroughfare  
to Archive Books, or a short-cut  
to Circle on Albert.

You always confused me with  
a hundred perfumes  
*Nag Champa* and Korean barbeque  
traffic fumes blowing in from

Charlotte Street  
forests of Sandlewood from the dreads  
of hippies at The Source.

I rarely stray from the 4101  
only to campus and then that's  
all bus and freeway, but  
now, outside your door  
like Leonard hoping Suzanne  
hasn't faded . . . I shed a tear.

You've become  
a hallway, Elizabeth, a long  
closet full of shoes, Little Lace  
and Violent Green.  
I miss your grunge and gloss  
and that buzz we got as we  
ambled drunk to Festival Hall.

Oh Elizabeth Arcadia  
your entire orchestra  
has slipped from tune.

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