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John Stanton Davis Mellick

Poems

The Jurors

In the square they sit
like an extended jury
on separate seats,
mute,
autumned,
each a book of yesterdays.
The unaware stream by
locked in docks peculiar
pressing petals and fragrance
into an unheeding pavement.

In the sun they sit,
age dumb and grey,
watching,
seeing only
last year's petals
last years leaves.

Till The Next Time

When you have pressed
your last handkerchief,
placed its edges lip to lip
rearranged the drawer,
smoothed,
patted
tidied,
and put it in its place
do you wonder
what happened to the wrinkles?

Sunborn of water
midwifed by the wind,
somewhere they lie
kink straightened and flat –
till the next time.

The Way Home

(For VCM)

A Davis she was
as was your mother
and gently brushed your hair
and I entering
knew that this was your time of going,
as slow as dawn coming.

Me you leave softly
your last breath
your goodbye
and that long wrestle
to make meaning
in a brown land
for a dark-haired man under the Crown
far from the green fields of Drumadoan
and the cobbled streets of Derry
has ceased.

It was my duty, you said,
and though I would have
I would not hold you
for your way of going
was your way home.

Jsd Mellick is a retired senior English lecturer, University of Queensland. His publications include: *A Centennial History of the Pharmaceutical Society of Queensland* (1980); *The Passing Guest, A Life of Henry Kingsley* (1982); *The Portable Henry Kingsley* (1982); editor with Patrick Morgan & Paul Eggert, the Academy of the Humanities edition, *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn* (1996); associate editor, *The Oxford Literary Guide to Australia* (1987); *Writers' Footprints, A Literary Guide to Queensland* (2010). His poetry has appeared in U.S.A. and Australian journals.

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