

Written 1973 Published 1993
a gift from Bob Brissenden, Poet,
from his "Selected Poems" entitled
"Suddenly Evening" pub McPhee Grubbs
- following his diagnosis with Parkinson's Disease

Martin Place

Dancing in Martin Place at four o'clock
In the busy afternoon two schoolgirls move
In a *pas de deux* across the oval plaza
Before the MLC. Composed and grave

They form their arabesques and attitudes,
Then pirouette across the polished stone
In time to a music only they can hear,
Pause, break off and laugh. I stand alone

In the hurrying crowd and watch remembering
The Public Library steps on a summer night
In nineteen-fifty: George Clark, hungry-eyed
And eager, setting someone right

About the world - and then in London later
Don Gazzard leaning over his drawing board,
Smiling and saying nothing. On points the dancers
Skitter across their stage: two boys applaud

And whistle and the gawky swans collapse.
One blushes, and the other, hands on hips,
Pokes her tongue out at the claque. Another
Time, another town: with flying steps

A long-legged New York blonde at two a.m.
Dances down empty Wall Street: Lilian's friend -
The night we walked from Bleeker Street to Battery
Park. Friends die; the crowds move on; dreams end

Or turn to stone and water: green trees now
Blossom and bright fountains play where once
The traffic roared. Behind me as I leave
Caught in their dream the girls resume their dance.

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1987 088919 1909