

BRUCE DAVE

Life-Cycle

For Big Jim Pheelan

When children are born in Victoria
they are wrapped in the club-colours, laid in beribboned
cots,
having already begun a lifetime's barracking.

Carn, they cry, Carn . . . feebly at first
while parents playfully tussle with them
for possession of a rusk: Ah, he's a little Tiger! (And they
are . . .)

Hoisted shoulder-high at their first League game
they are like innocent monsters who have been years
swimming
towards the daylight's roaring empyrean
Until, now, hearts shrapnelled with rapture,
they break surface and are forever lost,
their minds rippling out like streamers

In the pure flood of sound, they are scarfed with light, a
voice
like the voice of God booms from the stands
Ooohh you bludger and the covenant is sealed.

Hot pies and potato-crisps they will eat,
they will forswear the Demons, cling to the Saints
and behold their team going up the ladder into Heaven,
And the tides of life will be the tides of the home-team's
fortunes
- the reckless proposal after the one-point win,
the wedding and honeymoon after the grand-final . . .

They will not grow old as those from more northern States
grow old,
for them it will always be three-quarter-time
with the scores level and the wind advantage in the final
term,

BRUCE DAVE

That passion persisting, like a race-memory, through the
welter of seasons,
enabling old-timers by boundary fences to dream of
resurgent lions
and centaur-figures from the past to replenish continually
the present,

So that mythology may be perpetually renewed
and Chicken Smallhorn return like the maize-god
in a thousand shapes, the dancers changing

But the dance forever the same - the elderly still
loyally crying Carn . . . Carn . . . (if feebly) unto the very
and,
having seen in the six-foot recruit from Eaglehawk their
hope of salvation.

DAVID MALOUF

b. 1934

At a School Athletics Day

Strollers of April green: white tent-poles hold
the sky; the crowd's breath caught
on the heel of a javelin-thrower,
a boy as thick as two short plants, who never
will learn to distinguish
between perfect past and past conditional.

I walk between hurdles fallen,
on a cinder-track where sprinters kneel, with two
friends – my former students, freed
from blue serge to the daring
of corduroy and sideburns,
the faded blue-sky blue of washed-out jeans.

They argue: was Prince Hamlet hesitant
of murder lest the act
define him with its blood (he being, for his taste,
too narrowly defined
already by the too too sullied flesh)
or was he

(long shaft steady now)
caught, rat's-foot and star,
in the metaphysical mousetrap O so subtly
baited with death,
that his timid soul, nose twitching in the darkness,
sniffed and nibbled at?

Questions indeed for a clear spring day! – sun breeding
desire like daffodils,
the dead in green troughs nudging
our heels . . . And was he

406

DAVID MALOUF

twenty? – They mean like *them* –
or balding, short of breath, a cautious reader between the
lines

of documents and faces,
well-meaning, impassioned, vague – an eternal student
pushing thirty
like *me*? So time breaks
on the skull's bleak promontory. So idle fellows
exit underground. And April raises
questions – or daffodils – out of their end . . .

On the far side of the field, the crowd's breath lifts
over our head, steel
flies to nail its shadow in the grass.
Falling – not out of sight but where
two schoolboys in sneakers
run up, snow-footed, with a measuring-tape.

407

Remembering Garry Wilson

I was asked to write about a football hero
I was asked not to write about a villain for a change
I was asked to write about someone who could be a positive role model
for mankind

Well I thought of Garry Wilson

Garry Wilson didn't win the Brownlow Medal

Garry Wilson didn't kick 100 goals in a season

Garry Wilson didn't play in a Grand Final

Garry Wilson played for Fitzroy

To the scribes they were always "The Lowly Lions"

(When they weren't "The Ailing Lions")

In the Garry Wilson days they finished somewhere between 3rd + 12th

Garry Wilson was very small and quite thin

He was generally found at the bottom of the pack

Burrowing under the big bloke's legs like a rabbit

Burrowing in to get the ball somehow

Garry Wilson was a 30-possession-a-game man

But the experts said he led into the pockets too much

And never got full value for his kicks

Garry Wilson wasn't Brian Wilson

(who won the Brownlow Medal)

Or the other Brian Wilson

(of the Beach Boys)

He wasn't Frank Wilson, or Peter Wilson or Harold Wilson

He wasn't Woodrow Wilson (who briefly ruled the world)

Or Engine Charlie Wilson (who ruled it for a bit longer)

He wasn't William Wilson (who E.A.Poe wrote about)

Or Billy Wilson (who played for Richmond)

He wasn't Teddy Wilson (who played the piano)

Or Edmund Wilson, Bobby Wilson, or Richard Wilson

He wasn't Joe Wilson (who had Mates)

Garry Wilson didn't ned Mates

He had Fitzroy supporters instead

He was thin and gaunt and burrowed at the bottom of the pack

He recieved more than his fair share of head injuries

In his later days he promoted the Garry Wilson Safety Helmet

It was a clumsy thing

He appeared in a few clumsy commercials promoting it
In them he appears wooden, slow-moving and awkward
Most unlike the quick and graceful person I remembered
He didn't make too many appearances on World of Sport
Or any other TV show
When he retired
No one asked him to become a coach
Or a commentator or a scribe or an expert
Or a manager or a managing director
His safety helmet seems forgotten
Just like many other worthy causes
I haven't forgotten him
In a couple of hundred games
I never saw him do a mean or dirty thing
I reckon he's worth remembering

[25 Oct 1991]

Remembering Darren Millane

Darren Millane has died
He was a Collingwood footballer.
When the siren went for the 1990 Grand Final
Which Collingwood won
Darren Millane had the ball in his hand
His death has called forth
The greatest number of Death Notices
Ever published in Melbourne newspapers
No other resident of Melbourne
Has has so many printed tributes
In all of history.
As far as I could see
Darren Millane
Was a nasty muscle bound thug.
As a footballer his greatest skill
Was in bashing other players
When they weren't looking.
Off the field
He was always getting drunk
And beating up people in bars.
He made many appearances in court
But was always let off by the judge

with a caution.
He died drunk
He died driving his car into the back of a truck
on a deserted road at 3 o'clock in the morning

At Millane's funeral
Numerous Collingwood supporters
Paid moving tributes
And said that Millane
Was "The Young Raging Bull"
Who "Lived Life To The Full"

However I think things were done the wrong way
For someone so obviously beloved
Collingwood should have held a barbeque
At their famous ground.
Instead of being buried
The body of Darren Millane
Should have been cut up into steaks and chops
And other suitable pieces of meat
And cooked and eaten
By Collingwood supporters.
Important organs
Like the heart, brains and penis
Should have been reserved for important people
Like Collingwood's millionaire sponsors
And Paul Keating (who says he's a Collingwood supporter).
After having eaten everything
The supporters should have been required
To defecate and urinate
On selected portions of the ground
And in this way Collingwood supporters
Would have ensured
That Darren Millane
would have been part of Collingwood forever
And they also
could have been said
To "Have Lived Life To The Full"
Like raging bulls.

[17 Oct 1991]

Nick Whitlock

michael slater

i just need some time and space
the cut shot will begin to function
and i will be unstoppable once more in
my exuberance i have let things go
that perhaps should have been
dealt with more rigorously through
my speed and my caution
i have cramped myself for room
i am unable even to reach
all that undifferentiated mass of
chance i used to take
with ease i remember the good times
though i have stopped living them
anew how could i forget i am
skeptical about rebirthing
i have never kissed the badge on
my helmet the way i will kiss it today

I

the shock of the hammer and the anvil
broke his arms and legs at the elbows
and knees which until that moment he
had not possessed in this way he
received the articulations specific to the
new human form that was to spread
across the earth a form dedicated to
work_____ his arm became folded
with a view to work _____ marcel griaule

the bending arm
folding cricket
the bending arm
folding cricket
2 deliveries ago
you had my hands'

playing down a line
that couldnt physically exist
2 deliveries ago you had
my hands playing down a line
funny how it all
falls away

at the moment of release
_____ my eyes spread
with yours
at the moment of release
i hold no recollection of the
aspect your eyes assume

every doosra is momentous
_____ my eyes spread
blow up your fuck off action leaves
no trace i have no recollection of
the shape your action leaves
each terrifying doosra

gives me a generous stupidity
& prejudice university
of western australia please
thats educational
thats educational
they trace my action on their screens

they trace my action on their screens
they trace my action on their screens
attach little white egg sucker discs to my arm
here it is not galle stadium the dry green field' is not
red blown into red flowers' blow up
your fuck off action leaves

at the moment of release
your eyes assume a monstrous aspect
there is nothing to recognise the state
is relinquished & my batsmans reflexes
have no foundation as i move
forward

with a flailing front foot i drive
at clouds drive at rocks blown
into red flowers' your missive rockets
into my shin blades' blow up
my action on their screens
it is not galle stadium

III

the nauseous rank and heaving matter
frightful to look upon a ferment of life
teeming with worms grubs and eggs is
at the bottom of the decisive reaction:
we call nausea disgust or repugnance
beyond the annihilation to come which
will fall with all its weight on the being
i now am which still waits to be called
into existence which can be said to be
about to exist rather than to exist _____
death will proclaim my return to seeth-
life _____
georges ba

where the sun
composts our broadening eyes
where the air folds up
the grass folds up
the earth folds up
the grass folds up

the earth folds up
the batsmans hands
& legs fold up
the batsmans will folds
& i know that youll
recognise its summertime

i know that youll recognise
_____ its summertime
you are no bawdy villain the
kids are sending down strange overs
in backyards free intricacy lets the fields
lift easily' my hands missing your line

the fields lift easily' my hands missing
your line grass becomes thistle caught up
in the wind from your ball squealing into space grass
becomes thistle'
i never quite break into song i am unable
to recognise your refrain

' peter remixed minter -
besides good and evil

n
 r broadening eyes'
 r folds up
 s up
 s up
 s up
 s up
 p
 will folds
 t youll
 summer time
 cull recognise
 summer time
 wdy villain the
 ng down strange overs
 ire intricacy lets the fields
 hands missing your line
 asily my hands missing
 s becomes thistle caught up
 m your ball squealing into space grass
 e'
 reak into song i am unable
 ur refrain

III

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 at the bottom of the decisive reactions
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there is no legislation that can stop it
 the doosra is death
 my action is rotten to the core
 i am an athlete of decay
 i am an athlete
 of renewal the doosra is only
 ever a one off there and gone again
 ball by ball it leaves no trace
 there is no legislation
 that can stop it
 you can not kill it off
 for it is already death
 & already being
 born for the first time
 i dont know maybe one day i will
 bowl nothing but doosras and
 no one will
 notice that i
 i am suspect
 i am suspect
 i have the leaders of the free
 world quaking in their tragic boots
 for my form is alien to their freedom
 and the freedom that the doosra

& all administration
with every delivery i am possessed
with a fear that it will be my last
my heart fills with terror until
You can see it bulging in my eyes
like a white old egg about to birth

it bears faith and the faith i bear
resolutely with a precise
athleticism & all administration
it will be forever born entirely anew
more or less vicious more or less
repugnant unrecognisable

the state is relinquished
pm howard is cold and has no maggots
the ball is relinquished
the work is upon it
there is no telling
_____ my doosra

apart my eyeballs are eggs
my eyeballs are bulls testicles
my deliveries are as as
offensive as they come
that big old cricket issue
s forth

spits is alien to their freedom
the heaving delivery
the work that i put on the ball
the heaving delivery
the work _____
the line that is free of all accountability

the line of my arm absorbed into
the trajectory of the ball
deformed transgressing all law
space time & distribution
the doosra moves through cricket
like a colour through a godard film

it wrenches hearts & crosses thresholds lives
lives warne can have the record
the stat is relinquished
it is lives i am touching on now
kids are sending down strange overs
filled with death

my doosra
it is the negation of the ball
declared a no-ball
doosra is the negation of me
my doosra
it is already the negation of all batsmen