

All Aboard

Continually the heads turn, noon long gone,
glancing out past Snake Island to Wilson's Prom.

I focus my binoculars on the far
straggle of old mulga scrub, lean on the car,

my world contracted to a Pacific gull.
"Oh, wow!" they say. I tilt, see the sliding hull

hurl through: 'Seacat'! An oxymoronic name.
(Language fails in our cocacolonial endgame.)

It fills my eyes, surging round the island's tip,
seething white wake humped across the tidal rip.

Of no leaf, bird, golden section was it born.
What shaped such curvilinear certainty of form?

I watch it settle, hear its thunder booming
inland as it turns, stare up at its looming

power, three storeys above the sheds its roar
turns crescendo. Cuts. Silence. It glides. In awe

we sense it comes from an abstract world, remote
in silicon lies the homeport of this boat;

in that certain universe solutions flow:
profits, not beauty matter, whether or no.

A waning moon is towing the tide across
the low shore, glossing footsteps: there's a pathos

in the silence, the people standing overawed,
grasping tickets, children, bags, anxious to board.

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