

**Genre Study- Assessment task 1: Creative
Response to a Text**

On Viewing 'Outside Dibirdibi'

13204449

Lava

We traipse the gallery
 Your hand and mine
 There's a comfort that comes
 With fingers entwined
 Fingers that earlier, had traced and caressed
 Now point intently to a colourful mess

Red-orange spillage
 Like lava from cracks
 Two worlds drifting,
 Two worlds detached.

Our marriage; this division of earth's plates
 Invisible forces tug
 And in their wake
 Is not anger, but silence
 A wordless despair

In their wake I see you,
 With him
 And I'm not there.

The way you paint sentences with scholarly
 precision
 A few stumbling words
 And somehow I envision
 The world of the artist
 Tangled and strange
 I see it all now
 Through the words you arrange.

I'm reminded of that other time
 When your words floored me
 Listen, nod, somehow agree
 To open our marriage, separate the plates
 Invite a third-party
 "Who could *never* replace!"
 But inspire! Enrich! Awaken lost emotion!
 So why is my plate still adrift in the ocean?

It was fun at first, to explore someone new
 To play and to dance with some *other you*
 But I picture it now in the frame to our front
 It hangs in the air.

It's you
 With him,
 And I'm not there.

You speak of the colours
 How they curl and contort
 And then, on a sudden, a sultry thought
 It's you in that red-orange
 Contoured and curvaceous
 Sprawled, like those colours
 Red-hot naked.

Spilled like red wine is your flesh on canvas
 sheets
 Spattered from the glass of a man I'll never
 meet
 I taste your kiss then
 Warm, used
 With *his* breath and *his* scent it's since been
 infused.

I look at you there,
 Indifferent and tired
 I absorb the new rhythm of our love
 Thrice divided.

By now the gallery is empty
 We're swept by the breeze
 Our marriage before him
 I swim in the ease
 Of your hand in mine
 And *only mine*.

Fancies that live in a different time.

As you stumble ahead
 Our furred fingers separate
 I see it again
 The division of plates.

I could let you keep going
 Let the ocean part
 Let you carry in empty hands
 One third of a heart.

Its then the thought resurfaces
 The thought I cannot bare.

It's you,
 With him,
 And I'm not there.

Road Trip

We're zooming into sunrise
 Yellow splatter on horizon
 Swirling, like paint colours
 A red-orange cauldron

Of visions and revisions
 Spoon-stirred by sunny art
 It's us, chasing daybreak
 In your rickety old car.

The car you'd driven
 To our first date

Where I'd spread, sleepy-eyed
 And beer-tired
 On mattress atop the tailgate.

You'd bought it on impulse
 A costly "thrill-quencher!"
 A vessel to carry you
 Now me
 On "life's adventure!"

It was you and your ute
 You'd gone hand in hand
 This loveable car!
 This lovable man!

You speak in exclamations
 Through red cheeks and smiles
 Ask if I'll join you
 If I'll help amass the miles?

Soon the car knows me,
 Makes leg grooves in the seat
 Two comfy passengers
 A family complete.

Sunlight hits you
 Sprinkles embers
 Golden droplets on your face
 The beauty of it all!
 The beauty of our chase!

To the swirling horizon
 Who knows what lay there?
 We'd hoped for utopia
 Some warmer place where
 Judgment evaporates,
 Mist to the skies.

A place that doesn't stare
 At the love of two guys.

A floating world
 Up there in the clouds
 Peopled by those
 Who are allowed
 To love who they love
 Be who they be.

Out there
 Somewhere
 This world for you and me.

We're dancing there now
 Under cloud-bushelled trees
 Under that splatter of sunlight
 You turn to me:

"Let's stay here forever!
 Just you and I.
 No need for my ute
 In this place in the sky!"

But then sun sinks
 We settle, kerbside
 Those embers fade
 The butt-ends of days
 That cloudy world hides.

I'm re-grounded on earth
 On land and soil
 Here that airborne vision
 Is spoiled.

By rules, laws, hushed taboos
 Glares, whispers and social cues
 Like limp handshakes
 And darting eyes
 'They've spotted!', 'They know!'
 Of the love of two guys.

Blocked is our road
 By people that scold
 A sunlit love like ours.

By those who deny
 Our rightful place,
 That place among the clouds.

We watch the setting sun
 Invert from light to dark
 Like the flip of a switch
 A cosmic glitch!
 Turns on our nightly playpark.

Stare back at twinkling eyes
Connect the dots to Mars
Now our bodies levitate
Up there among the stars.

We sail the galax-seas!
Slide down Saturn's rings!
We bathe in meteor showers!
From Jupiter we sing:

We belong here!
Just you and me!
As the blue-green aliens
That everyone sees.

We make our home there
This intergalactic safari
A home made not of sun and clouds
The home we claim as wholly ours
Is one more space-ous and starry.

So now, a new trail
A direction for your ute
Blazing trails on milky way
Would be our lifelong commute.

I see that sunburnt trail now
Unfurling in orange hues
And on it, us

You hold Jupiter in your hands
I blow cloudy kisses
In your rickety old ute.

Spark

'Explosive' is the word
If I needed one to describe
The night it went all down
Began at half past five.

A match-lit stick on my balcony
I watch as wispy smoke
Sprawls and curves
Disperses nerves
The expiring of a toke.

Sew the breathy thread
It's the heavens patchwork now
Warm tickles
Smiles, giggles
Pinching marshmallow clouds.

By six my limbs are heavier
In my stomach something plumes
The first of many explosions
Fireworks in mid-bloom.

Sunset through my bedroom blinds
Casts glimmers on the floor
White shirt and blue jeans
In this dopey haze seems
Much prettier than before.

Bit past six and I'm walking there
Trip on Converse laces
Traipse through airborne 'thuds' and 'doofs'

Blown from louder places.

I spark a ciggy outside
Feel it flicker in my stomach
Watch jitters blow in wind.
There's Vans and Nikes
Teens on bikes
Let New Years Eve begin.

Shake with tobacco hands
And blow a bud-breathed kiss
Already drunk on smiles and 'Hi's!'
And other highs
Around about half-past six.

Stumble now through second-hand smoke
Absorb techno vibrations
With a finger point
To the wafting joint
Then accept the invitation.

Fuzzier now as explosion advances
A kindling of grass and tar
Rumbles in my belly
Turns legs to jelly
Spreads tingles in my palm.

By eight I'm drawn to a table
To converse at the watering hole
Like striped zebras
And cackling hyenas
They swim in ponds of alcohol.

I go with a juice-spritzed gin
A sinisterly- gold elixir.
By half-past eight
I decide it tastes
Much better without the mixer.

Tongue slips now on half-formed words
On boozy babble, tipsy slurs
It's then I hear love drunk purrs
Spill from the lips of a *pretty girl*.

Fireworks again
In the tips of my fingers
Her breathy hello
Feels like it blows
Embers across the tinder.

At eleven we turn toward the camera
Throw a 'peace', *what a loser*
The lens points vision
On a fairy-tale collision:
'The Lady and her Boozer.'

F L A S H!

Squint in the glare!

A stomach-borne flare!

Fireworks in new year's air!

Five to midnight now
The countdown begins
Spark the wick
Fireworks flick
Fuelled by too much gin.

Lean in then as the clock strikes twelve
Await the detonation
Fire flowers sprout!
Glistening blackout!
A twinkling stimulation.

The rest is a blur
Of brown liquor
Green reefer
Glimpses of *her*.

Sunrise through my bedroom blinds
Casts glimmers on the floor
This New Year's gleam
With a pounding head seems
More painful than before.