

Three Poems from *An Adelaide Boy* (a verse novel in progress).

An Adelaide Boy

My name is Mick Wurfel
 I'm an Adelaide boy, nearing sixty
 an age for looking backward
 for thumbing my brain full of snapshots
 for remembering my family
 my father long dead, my mother
 now at peace. One brother buried
 close to my parents in Cheltenham cemetery
 others still living, but mostly distant.
 Memories.
 They flood in on a tide of ale
 sweeping me backward to faces and places
 I've known and loved.
 If I was a man for the pub, I'd sit out
 long afternoons at the bar spinning yarns
 remembering my years as a boy
 growing up in a small city far from the *Heimat*
 from late fifties Germany
 to the twenty-first century, here and now,
 where I am Mick, my father in the mirror,
 remembering Wolfgang Wurfel, my family, myself.

Castel Felice

As we gathered on the top deck to watch
 the criss cross of streamers netting the crowd
 the gap of ocean widening between ship
 and wharf as a tug boat towed us out
 I realised there was no-one to wave us off, but still I waved.

I knew it was a big moment and gripped the rails tight
 as Germany gave way to the North Sea.

and the *Castel Felice* became our temporary home,
 where it was difficult to wander off and be alone
 and children were plentiful for organised games.

Something Like Egypt

A week or so after our arrival
I'm driving with my father
down Port Road to see the wharves
his large hands guiding the wheel
shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows
thinly rolled cigarette pasted to his lip.

It seems a hot day, though still winter
sun heating the cracked dashboard
red leather scent fusing this moment to memory
and row upon row of palm trees
planted on the wide median strip
convincing me we now belong
to an exotic and tropical country
something like Egypt.

Deb Matthews-Zott