

**journeys**

**by**

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*for Paul*

**i**

I have a friend  
who leaves to remember,

I used to wonder  
whether it was worth it;

the change I mean —  
the way light can alter

the heart, its shape,  
its meaning . . .

**ii**

*& before I start . . .*

I'd like to finish  
with a shot

of a man near his phone —  
it's late & we're ringing

but he has no desire to talk,  
so we follow

the view of his eye  
& find only 'mist-dark hills'

each with their own  
imbedded brush-stroke;

the movement of  
Hine-nui-te-po's thigh

**iii**

it's after coffee  
or a French or Italian word

it could also be after  
smelling her

or just the thought  
you see it can

reach you anyway  
as you walk the beach

the clouds a palisade  
round your body

as you shake with  
the rage of her beauty

**iv**

*is tricky . . .*

as friends you've known  
seem near

but the shore  
can distract you:

its different coloured shells,  
its murmur of life,

as gulls advance,  
then drop,

pinned back  
by the nape of the wind.

yet there's no one  
around to talk with you,

just the slow  
breaking of waves,

& you'd like to  
return,

but can't get past  
the still of her arms . . .

v

*is odd . . .*

& when he finds you,  
you're up against a wall,

cigarette in hand,  
& thinking of

her shadow, the way it  
darkens your eyes . . .

**vi**

*is finally with music . . .*

as you roll  
across the bed

& notice the light,  
the way it leaves

from between your  
eyelids

& cracks  
the darkening sky . . .