

MY LIBRARY

By Lucy Wise and Jessica Rose
Inspired by Poem: *My Library*
by Jessica Rose

It's only a room
with a eucalypt scent
and a threadbare navy blue carpet

Row upon row
are cities of books
scattering paperback skylines

Hushed conversations
behind each front cover
in a world long forgotten
on a street in my town

What will I know
when I open it up
when I step off the landing
to runaway time

I've been so small
hidden under the sand
I've been shaken by thunder
of a dinosaur's feet
I've flown over deserts and
whispering forests
holding on tight
to the edge of a cloud

I've been a jaguar
and I've been an elf
I've made friends who will
always be
travelling this road with me
and I've even learned to be more
myself

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with a eucalypt scent
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—

CEDAR TREE

By Lucy Wise and Emma Dell
Inspired by Poem: *Chasing Rainbows* by Emma Dell

I called her the cedar tree
Her chair and she so sturdy
And on her skin embroidery
Of a hundred thousand smiles
Oh the calloused hands of ageing
Whose fingers work too nimbly

When her breath was rasping,
wheezing
She would tell me all her stories
Of taming lions, devouring fire
Swimming naked in the sea
Oh the calloused hands of ageing
Whose fingers work too nimbly

What cogs and wheels were
pivoting around
Who knows what wheels were
pivoting around
Around that rusted frame?

She used to dance in
homemade dresses
She was every dancer's envy
But she could feel her body
slowing
Mapping summers on her skin
Oh the calloused hands of ageing
whose fingers work too nimbly

What cogs and wheels were
pivoting around
Who knows what wheels were
pivoting around
Around that rusted frame?

Fractured days and floating years
She cast before they disappeared

Handstands on a milk bar roof
The first wool jumper darned with
patches blue
The longest letter from a lover
A morning magpie song

What cogs and wheels were
pivoting around
Who knows what wheels were
pivoting around
Around that rusted frame

--

LOOKING OUT

By Lucy Wise and
Miranda Allender
Inspired by Poem: *As I Sit*
by Miranda Allender

Blue flowers waving in the heath
I used to make up names
for them
Sugar plums and capes of kings
When it used to rain

Little brother and me
We played in puddles on the path
And how it swirled around
our toes
When it used to rain

I can't remember when the water
turned to dust
The corrugated tank to an echo

Foreheads furrowed at the table
Mum and dad's voices cracked
and dry
Just like the thirsty ground outside
In this different place

The sky hides any sign of change
The cracked floor of the dam
revealed
Solemn sheep in powdery
ochre fields
In this different place

I can't remember when the water
turned to dust
The corrugated tank to an echo
And how the thirsty river
overflowed
When it used to rain

I picked a velvet flannel flower
And placed it deep inside my book
Now I see spirits faded as
these petals
Listening for rain

I can't remember when the water
turned to dust
The corrugated tank to an echo
And how the thirsty river
overflowed
When it used to rain

—

SLEEPWASHED MORNING

By Lucy Wise and Saba
Vayani-Lai.
Inspired by poem: *Sleepwashed*
by Saba Vayani-Lai

In this world
the first tram of the day
is humming into dawn
In this world
tiny bells of rainy morning
sing themselves onto the glass
Ribbon waves of amber from
the blinds
stencilling our sleeping forms
to darkness and light

In this world
our words fell out of pages
went dancing on our skin
In this world
in your sleep washed breathing
I wonder what you dream
Out the window is a city
of people racing time
trying to rub their eyes back open

This air, this light
tinted by the lives outside
I hear the neighbour's radio
crowing with the kettle's song
spider in the window frame
starts her broken web again

This warm, this cold
quiet valley of your shoulder
we could navigate by stars
or fuzzy future photographs
but if those summer days
don't come
then just this moment is enough

In this world
in this sleep washed morning
I wonder what you dream
In this world
in our raft tied to the mooring
we're sipping at the scene

Our carefully written lines
unravelling on the ground
in the light of sleeping poetry
alive at last

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PAINTING OF THE UNIVERSE

By Lucy Wise and Rory Burg
Inspired by poem: *Painting of the Universe* by Rory Burg

In my dreamtime heart
there is a boy like me
red desert dust between his toes

He sits on sun warmed sand
and watches night come in
the universe expands
to moonless stars beckoning

And I follow him through colours
never ending
we walk together two thousand
years apart

We draw pictures on the night sky
we go meet the morning star
we listen to her stories
of what she sees from afar

We go wandering the mountain
and he can see what I can see

the icy waterhole in shadow
a lizard scrambling up a gum tree

And our footprints in the sand
trace two lines of wondering
that are washed away by morning
are gathered by the wind

And I follow him through colours
never ending
we walk together two thousand
years apart

And memories of old songs
stomp and stamp inside his soul
some nights I hear him singing
and the sky shines back her
opal glow

I moved to the city
a land divided up by streets
but I still feel his spirit
in the Dandenong breeze

And in my dreamtime heart
there is a boy like me
my ancient brother always
will live inside of me
my ancient brother always
will live inside of me

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Find out more about this project
and purchase the EP at:
www.lucywise.com.au