



but am not sure that I do or that I will

#

*those poems*

#

so there's that:

read them.

Stop talking to myself, too, maybe.

& there's

'Do the drawings'—

to accompany Greg's stuff—

do

a picture *of the view*

*from Gabe & Stace's  
kitchen,*

their last one, in London—

*from memory,*

but

—if not—

from this photocopy—

a view I loved,

but maybe not

*loved by them*

it reminded probably of going to work,

of

how small the flat was,

relatively,

of

London routine

(a railway line,

a noisy train

at regular intervals)

—the

day to day—

but I loved it.

*Draw that.*

All I have to do really. It won't matter much  
if I don't do any of it.

There will always be a new book of poems.  
Greg's poems

I will

illustrate,

or decorate — or I won't

& it

won't matter.

The London drawing

I can make

on the light-box

from a photocopy—

(trace, add charcoal.

I might

'love' doing it—I usually do)—

some late night,

at home, some time.

Nothing else.

So,

nothing much to do

I read the Murnane book I found in the library—

& it's terrific.

Write a poem about insects,

sitting in the sun

near the

'what-bug-is-that' poster.

Towels on the line very still.

Birds move about. Cath, I think, fishing.

KEN BOLTON is a poet and art critic—with degrees from the University of Sydney and the University of Adelaide. He has published over a dozen major collections of poetry and is regularly anthologised. His art criticism has been published in numerous magazines & collected in a selection published in 2010.