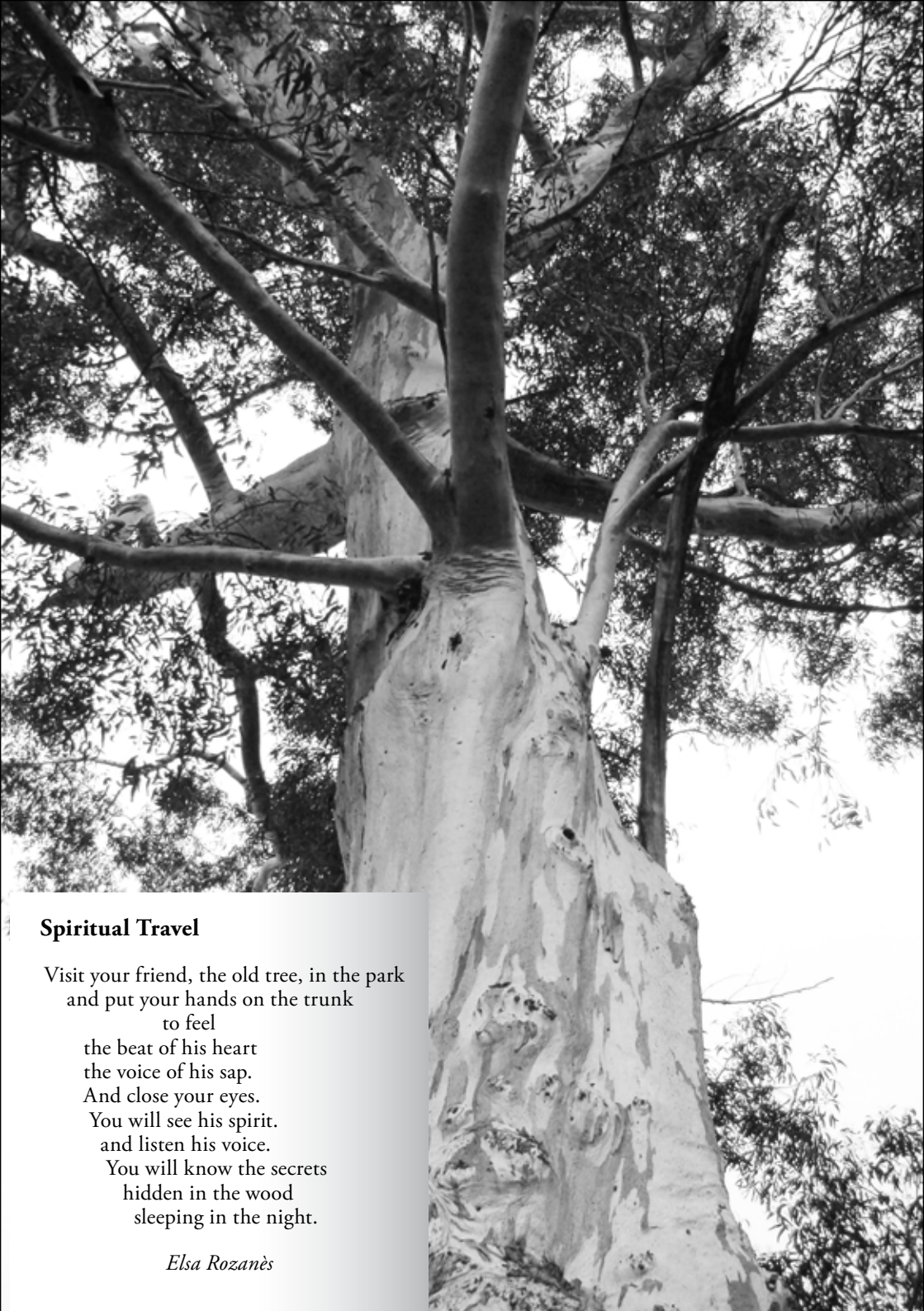


Writers on Parade



JOURNAL OF THE KENSINGTON & NORWOOD WRITERS GROUP

Vol 4 No 1 WINTER 2011



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Journal of the Kensington & Norwood Writers Group

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Spiritual Travel

Visit your friend, the old tree, in the park
and put your hands on the trunk

to feel

the beat of his heart

the voice of his sap.

And close your eyes.

You will see his spirit.

and listen his voice.

You will know the secrets

hidden in the wood

sleeping in the night.

Elsa Rozanès

Writers on Parade is published by **Kensington & Norwood Writers Group**
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Kensington & Norwood Writers Group gratefully acknowledges the support and assistance of the **City of Norwood, Payneham & St Peters** for this and other ongoing projects.

ISSN 1835-4793

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Design & Layout: Lynette Arden.

Selection Committee: Anne Chappel, Lesley Charlesworth, Lawrence Johnson, Koula Valiotis.

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Illustrations: **Lynette Arden:** front and back covers and inside front cover, pages 4, 26, 33, 51, 53, 60. **Anne Chappel:** Inside back cover, pages 5, 30, 43. **James McCleary** p 10. **Martin Simons:** p 16. **Koula Valiotis** p 22. **Grant Lock** p 34. **Judy Fander** p 45.

Credits for previous publication: Dawn Colsey: *The Big Issue* was published in *The Guardian*, Anglican Diocese of Adelaide, March 2011. **Judy Fander:** *Winter*: An earlier version of this poem was recently read on the ABC Radio as part of the Birdland project. **Margaret Fensom's** poem *Boxes* was previously published in *The Independent Weekly*.

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waking
the gods with gongs
prayers and bows
wind in the pines
swoops under my umbrella

Lynette Arden

Anne Chappel

Directing Traffic



I have come to appreciate my job of directing traffic. It's not easy to find work when you are sixty-five years old. Everyone seems young while you have white hair and lifetimes of experience showing on your face. I tried everything and was willing to put my hand up for whatever job came

along. When they saw my qualifications and how many languages I could speak, many said, 'How can you apply for this job?'

So I took all that out of my CV.

My daughter, Aila, had the solution. She understood my desperation, being at home with her Mum, my wife Fatima, who is poorly and with us being short of money.

'Baba¹, why don't you dye your hair, it will make you look years younger,'

She was embarrassed. But I agreed and she did it for me, also trimming my beard into a neat line. The next week I got this job. It is only for two days a week, but that will make all the difference. My legs get tired but I walk up and down and that eases the pain.

I wear an iridescent yellow jacket, dark slacks and a hat. My friends back home in East Africa would laugh if they could see me now! They would think that I was a policeman!

'Are they so short of policemen in Australia that they use doctors?'

It's too complicated to explain that I do not qualify to work here. I have found that there are advantages to this job. It gives me time to observe many people. The streets of my old home were always full of life. Always the sea was close by, glinting at the end of narrow streets.

It's responsible work. That is what Ben, my manager, said. 'Your job is to ensure that there is orderly traffic entering and leaving the garage. The architect designed a tight turn and vehicles cannot see oncoming traffic. That is when you, Imraan, must halt them and let the cars from the underground exit first. You must try to stop cars from going into the garage when the FULL sign is up. People get cross and you should wave them on to the other car parks. You are on six weeks probation.'

¹Baba: 'father' in KiSwahili

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