

My Account

The day it ended was long before
it actually ended. A random thought
of course or off-course. Or off what
I thought we both thought was our course.
Seemingly out of the blue but more like
out of the grey, yellowy muck that bubbles
away, sulphuric on Aeolian island of Volcano.
Nobody outside my body would've seen
the scene as it then chemically altered.
Not her. Not me.

Half Awake

Special gifts are for the (un)lucky few.
My few music lessons only served
to confirm I was a generalist. His parents
weren't musical so call his gift a natural
wonder or thank a god if you like.
He could make instruments speak true
and truth makes the world grand.

He also fell under Jehovah's spell so
violin now waits – in case – piano keys
stand mute in darkness while he spends
his time tap-tapping on doors and repeating
refrains of a long-gone, talented philosopher
who, during his own brief time, gave
his special gift everything he had.

Allan Lake has lived in Vancouver, Cape Breton Island, Ibiza/Spain, Tasmania, W.Australia, and now calls Melbourne home and retreats to Sicily often. He has published two collections; *Tasmanian Tiger Breaks Silence* (1988); *Sand in the Sole* (2014) plus a chapbook, *Grandparents: Portraits of Strain* (1994). He won Elwood (Aus) Poetry Prize 2015 & 2016, Lost Tower Publications(UK) Poetry Comp 2017 and Melbourne Spoken Word Poetry Festival/The Dan Competition 2018.



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