

Destinations

John O'Reilly

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Dedicated to,
with regards/love for:

my fellow travellers:
to Steve and Merrilee,
to the many staff and students...

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IRIDESCENT

ridge
diving
 downwards
through fields
of iridescent
green grasses
to
clear river stone
 streams
flowing onward
 past staircases
 of paddies
through darker
 green palms
and onward
 to a picture
 of tranquillity

BATHING

dripping
down
ward
off rachis of palm
off roof mattered straw
off rocks in a gorge

bathing
quietly
in the ripples of falls
in the strong island sun
and the architecture of time

MOUNTAIN

rice paddies
step
ever upward
to the horizon
of fire

and the power
in the mountain
glows softly
in the ripples
of a valley lake

REFLECTING

On a weathered face
are the stories of struggle
the stories of labour
and a devotion to life

In the brownness of eyes
is the memory of youth
a love of a people
and a worship of god

In the coolness of night,
is the roar of the ocean
the chirp of a lizard,
and you,
reflecting on life

CULTURE

and now,
in the midst
of breakfast conversation

i am inspired
by a view
of culture,

a need
a dependence
an intertwining
of need

a dedication to
as a member
as an active participant,

could this ever be
just as strong for me?

CHEERFUL

another one bed
 losmen
 concrete walls
 cane wooden
desk and chair

home scattered about
 a backpack

sounds of
 scrubbing and cleaning
 conversation
 laughter
daily chores begin
 5 am

light pours through
to highlight my
travel worn
thongs

harmonica pipes
a chorus

momentary gold
of melody
in a foreign
cheerful
land

FRIEND

smiling a
warm strength
of humility,
softly speaking
and reading
the needs
in the face
of a friend,
while listening
strange words
of a land
never seen
and the life
of this friend
from afar.

VOLCANO

a twisted
 weathered
 beard
flows onward
 from a strong grey
 aged face
 touching the sky

a soft
 green palm
 and paddy
 cloak
 rests peacefully
upon a
 history of
 earthly violence
 and tension

HARMONY

feeling quite at home
in a central island
village,

traffic
sounds
of living
filter through courtyard
gardens
morning
temple offerings

the sun rises
in harmony
with a world
of peoples
living a different culture
with faith in their own higher order

PROCESSION

single file children
saunter past
full colour
glory,

a legion of
symbol statues
Gamelan
on shoulder bamboo,
drums
of depth and rhythm
clashing cymbals
metallic leads
and softly sung
verses

colour of tradition
expressing
religious love

purples, browns
mauves and yellows
covered by light fluorescent
textures
and a procession
of living art

BAREFOOT

barefoot walks
 unspoken
under a melody
 of evening crickets,

shut out the chatter
 of dogs
and only the night light
 family stalls
 pierce the stillness;

a full moon lays out
 its shadow
as I wander the night
barefoot evening freedom

HOME-STAY

orange flowers
 quietly awaken,
tall palms
 peer
 down
 over a pretty
 green home-stay
garden,
 tropically fresh
 tropically lush

monument
 in stilled flight
 watches silently
 from a shadow
 relief,
canvassed feelings
 spot reflective
 green backdrops

strides in the morning,
duties
passing a friendly smile
passing connection we
cannot express in words

KOSCIUSKO

cascading mountain greens
reeds
firing neurones
rustling
melodically,
quality,
fragranced wild flowers
broken by
patches of soft snow
and yet,

in description
is a child,

with colours
with paint

with an imagination
a quality
an interpretation
reaching . . .

it's a sceptic filled with emotion
with a purpose
a trip

though somehow . . .

not finished;

for it is still a locus,

FEELINGS

a feeling is 'felt'
/ define feeling!?

its description is rationalised

description
passes through the mind
with cause and reason

acceptance
comes from the mind,
acceptance of the emotive
state,
of cause
of reason

acceptance,
quietens the feeling

GOAL

the trip
the end
the reason for tomorrow . . .

the emotional commitment

greater energy
awareness
and creativity

bound only

by self-imposed limits
by the comfort zone

' I can . . . '

is full emotional
commitment

TWELVE

to be twelve
to be
to
together . . .

stood by me,

the friend i had

at twelve

the friend

at twelve . . .

the pool
the street
the lawns
the garden fruits
that chased
us out

the time,

for carts
and bikes
and sports

for the second hand stop
on our street
where we scavenged
for free

for you,
the friend i had
at twelve

CAMP

trampoline talent
a volleyball match

t.v. ads were never
that funny when I
was a kid

science
is
a seashore
a bird in the banksias
a putrid lagoon
a conglomerate outcrop
too many hikes
 and the young enthusiast taking
 the ecology lesson
 for the staff,

though we never did much work . . .

. . . at least,
 we didn't write much . . . !

BROTHERS

a paddock

between us
and home

me with
thongs (flip-flops!?)

still bare
the thistles,

and the tears
of a 13 year old

still now,

some memories
never lose
their emotion

brothers will always be family,
swapping the thongs,

“he ain't heavy
he's my brother,”

tearing at
the hollies

he's my brother,

and brothers
will always . . .

carry brothers through,

MISSING

you
a song
sealed in

brisbane
John Waite's
'Missing

You',

outside the snow
hangs heavy
on the valley
eucalypts

a cover
to match

temperatures
apart,

but somehow
it's always
the little

things that . . .

and bridge
that distance

like Waites

like
'A Sure Thing',
on t.v.
on video

like Dr Who
in an
empty lounge,

like you too . . .

I'm
missing

CLIMB

cellophane leaves
tipped deep red
filter

spring
is for
junior eucalypts
banksias
and buds
born
white, pink and yellow

a ridge
luscious
at eye level

a voice
behind me . . .
 aching legs
 and coke machine
 expectation

the peak
gives up
no pigeons,

only
gusting winds
hang-gliding
magpies
and
sensed
achievement

time has given
you /
 solid as a rock /
 fresh cover

POSSUM

a fire of
dusk sort wood

a tent and
a broken car

stew
port
and
mallows

a possum
with the body
language of a
starved crawler
steals
bread crumbs
and a
laugh
from you

SWAYING

wind blowing
strong

within,

from
without . . .

sway with
swayed out

letting g o
of autumn
leaves

only
only the
only
the
only

the
broken branches
left scars,

till spring
 made
 the
trip worth
 while
 made
 spring
back

TRAVELLERS

in passing
take on
change /
 growth
 is

and awareness

heightened by
another world

time frames
of place
and culture

memory scribes
on overtime

friendships
made solid
in an hour

codes unspoken
carried
on global
migration

in passing /
 a coastal cafe
 in two
 and a
 half hours

/

is how
it is

is it

why

trips
are
calling !

CENTERING

long hours

adrenalin
sustained
a job
nonetheless
well balanced
on the
edge

momentum
carrying
me over
tripping
now
done

going
down
left
free-falling
brings

irritability
frustration
and
gumption
easily drained

endangering
setbacks
trying
frantically
to touch
ground
to centre
without
awareness
of
state
 / a
 statement

/
working
on
feeling
and
reason
out

chasing
realistic
options

/

of
trips
of
it's finished
yet I
have not

/

to be
certain
it's high
time I
landed

SETTING

drop off

6am beach walk
loaded up
setting camp
scoring water
and a place
in the shade

sleep,

catching
the rip
surfside
ants
eat chicken
too

busy
4 wheel drive
beach

soft crystals
trapping
the midday

unplanned
camps
are
tough
without
thongs . . .

ZEN

and the art of hitchhiking

rejection
practicality
aside

empty
vehicles
pass through
both minds

fear and
prejudice
share
continuums
with
empathy and
love

needs and
elevator
judgements

either it's there

often it's not

at 80 k's
it's safe enough

to wave
to acknowledge
to pass by

to ignore
inherent
feelings,

to risk . . .

GUMBOOTS

dramatic

forged

and stark
are the
hills

the kitchen
looks out
on winded
pines
and
grassland
borne of
pioneer
farming

good
grazing
lands
for

horse
wool
rumps
 hogget

taken in
with open
arms

the city boy
says he's
never been,
finds
affinity with

the ribbing
the air
the space
the earth

the lady
is /
 says (I
 feel at
 home

the kids /
 cricket bat
 in hand
/
take school
in gumboots

TWILIGHT

thirteen people
board the
bus
for the city

of the
opinion
that no one
ever hitches
out of
this town

rocky shoreline
black rock
black sand
silhouetted
against a
forever
twilight

blue blends
into green
into yellow
 into orange
 into rust

 into
a soft
blue ocean

narrow
track s
carved t
between n
statues e
in blue i
and d
steep a
 r
 g

where
trees
meander p,
 u

rust drops
into the
ocean to
make way
for the
first
evening
star

VALENTINES

blowing in summer feeling
has come over overcast
a day filled with machine language
spacebar and mind off task

today is for lovers
a call through finds an
empty house 1000 miles away

and not you

videos make poor substitutes
for empty spaces
filled by cards that squeal
the theme from Love Story
I feel and close up
empty is a part of it

today is for lovers
another call finds an
empty house 1000 miles away

but
not
you

PAIN

watching you find your niche
in my age old memories yet for
me with a thousand spots in time
merging in a collage of confusion
this friend of a 23 year old
is thrown out with innocence
lost and trying to run
from everything within
May kitchen empty and floor home
to cold hard reality walls closing
in and a soul in search of highway 1
outbound
focused
on...
on being found by real people who
would never understand who never knew
who and all was poor management
of memory volumes left to dust
meaning and relevance lost to expectation
a mind crumbling, collapsing,
seeing people coming

and going taking what love was once
felt with them out the door out
the kitchen was out of the question
shaking in pain uncontainable left
undefined and why not was either
a glimmer of hope or a major dose
of cowardice

either way
it came and went
and life found new love
and long overdue rejuvenation

If you are currently finding yourself depressed
to this extent – please, please find someone to
talk to who will truly listen. Look into an
immediate positive change to your current
situation.

Please do it now!

PROGRAM

Const MaxTasks= 1 000 000;

Var still-sane, time-available : Boolean;
 index, task : Integer;
 NewTask: packed array [1..MaxTasks]
 of Work;

Begin

 Initialize;

 For index:=1 to MaxTasks do

 Read(input,NewTask[index]);

 Task:=NewTask[1]; index:=1;

 While still-sane do

 Begin

 index:=index+1;

 LoadinWorkFile;

 LoadInAllData; relevant or not

 MakeTheContact;

 EditFile;

```
    If time-available then
    Begin
        CheckFile;
        SaveFile;
    End;
    Task:=NewTask[index];
End;
End;
End. of a person's rational thought and
sanity

C: Run Time Error.
```

MOMENTS

faces ploughed
out
carved in snow

campsite tents
in the wind and rain

orographic
rainfall and
a bird in the
banksias

formal faces come
together
then blink
and
walk away

we'll not forget,

but
nor will you ...

MEMORIES

sparrows
land,
feed
and
move
away

the
creek
sparkles
and
dances
by

uni hall
willows
strike a
chord in
the
breeze

and
like the
cockatoos
sailing
through
i walked
up uni
avenue,

took
out
travel
insurance
knowing
full well
we couldn't
claim
the
tissues
for our
tears

/

you can
replant
a tree
here,
swap out
a bird
there,
and yet
somehow
they're
always
just
as
they
were...

hanging on
has its
time
and place
fixed
in memory,

MOUNTAIN

Mountain so grand
look
down
at
me
so small
looking up
at you
so grand
so sheer
so
cold, rocky
and strong

snowy peek
Mountain so grand
look
d
o
w
n
at
me

HOSTEL

soft wooden cabins
cut a natural clearing
amongst the pines
on a rocky mountain

a bird chirps
and baths in
snowmelt water
in a creek
behind the hostel

/

it's our
running water
too /

cutting cold is
only conquered
by electric heater
a lumbering jacket
or by late night cuddles

this is
this makes
this place
is magic

SQUIRREL

Mountain air so fresh
Pine and spruce intermesh
a ball of fluff with tail so long
stands and peers then carries on
Mountain air so fresh

Rocky mountains so grand and tall
Snowy flakes begin to fall
finds a cone for a morning snack
holds and nibbles then wanders back
These rocky mountains stand proud and tall

TRANSFERENCE

hearing in your words
taking on your world your words
hearing you in yours
holding true to mine

sitting with your view
 your volume
setting it up against my own
translating
from one language
 to another
transference
your words in yours
to mine in mine

POLISHED

glancing eyes
grease-cut stove
penetrating
seeking
another
lime-away
steam basin
steaming
mind in motion
polished
stainless steel
cogs turning
mopped out
kitchen
counter done
oven scrubbed
night cleaned
away
looking in
but
the thoughts
are yours
alone

THROUGH

the river valley
from the fourth floor
dishwash shift
said he'd really miss all this
pointing out to the mountains
and the sheer cliffs
and the river-side clearing

finding a moment of
calmness
in the midst of all
the dishes
moving through

WATER

falls

without words
without pictures
without photos

s felt d
e r
e a
n e
 h

experienced,

the sheer power of water...

the sheer beauty

PEAK

aching
breathless
inclines
pines
spruce
marmot,
freshly weathered
is
the peak
is
rock fragments
is
a grazed leg

sunstruck
venture
looking
d
o
w
n on

stretching o u t
to the horizon
are
the Rockies
snow bound

towns now
mere
spots in a valley

conquered peak

pain is ...

conquered

aching
breathless
inclines

FLOWERPOWER

letting go

of
now it's
just a feeling

Daisy Jane

flowers in
your hair

mine went
over my head

at the time

I never
understood
what you
meant

now it's
kinda
too late
now it's
just a feeling

TREES

sitting amongst
the trees

the past

flitters by

sits in
leaves its
thoughts
and
meanders
on

chipmunk
rustles
stops
and peers

passes
to
a new
generation
passing
thru my
mind

so tall
you
growing
straight
and
radiating
peace
and
drawing
out
my
tranquillity
my
soft
memories

you
and i
amid the
flowers
sitting amongst
the trees

LAKE

reaching up
blending with
soft
pined beauty
harsh cut
snow peaks
turquoise-blue
ripples
the glacier
growing
larger than
life

'majestic'
doesn't even
come close

$$\mathcal{MALL}$$

400 km to yet another shopping mall
is kangaroos running loose
 in the top paddock,
but this top paddock was you and me
and a few thousand other
 cashing out customers
chasing the odd billion
 summer sale selections,
among expo trivialities
 indoor zoo
wonderland out on summer camp
kids wet behind the ears
wondering which slide will be next
bubbled fish with face pressed up
against a port hole

/

'DON'T TAP ON GLASS'

/

virility or your creative
shopping
capability
for
just
a
quarter

cutting up
the ice rink

/

'SHOPLIFTERS!
PLEASE SMILE INTO
THE CAMERA!'

/

she's asking me if I want
the Roman room or the Arabian room

we slept in the van
in the car park
outside entrance 36

/

we punched our life

stories

into

a

mall directory

and

bought

the official mall souvenir

for

\$8.95

/

an amazing shopping mall,

a pretty neat adventure...

and then we drove 400 km
back home,

counting

the

kangaroos...

TORN

glory
 has been
 lost to this
 shroud of
balance

 it
 cant
 be
balance,

i'm too stressed

WHITE

thoughts of you
sleeping
off lagging jets

windy white
sneaking in
through car door
cracks and seams
waiting
for help
in a
frozen car
outside the
international hostel

thoughts of you
dreaming
of white and
lazy days

disjoint possessions
sort out
and reunite
in new
dwellings
of faces
familiar and
friendly

thoughts of you
breathing
close to me
those
times we share
times we laugh
and express
our love
for one another

right now
sitting watching
windy white
sneaking in
i have

thoughts of you

POEM

a thought, a word
or two or phrase

entitled

let it
to
the mind
to
paint the thought
sculpt the image
with
words

edit
and
con
struct
till

colour, des
s , ign
h e
a p

fits
well

with it

sits with me,

YOU

hidden in you
I see deep into
my past

falling with you
is a school group
all up on skis

outside the window
we collect firewood
and snowballs

throwing you
are faces giving
of themselves

like a spirit
you are everywhere,
creeping in...

melting

PATCH

In a patch of powdered snow,
On a hill that looked quite tame;
I find myself face down and buried,
And my pride a little shamed.
In a patch of powdered snow,
With my skis all twisted round;
I wonder how long it will be,
Before I am finally found.

In a patch of powdered snow,
I see snowflakes looking back at me;
Laughing at this foreign body all a-twisted,
Unable to fight its miserable way free.
In a patch of powdered snow,
I curse my second hand skis;
But I know the blame is grossly misdirected,
Cause I was just too damn lazy
to bend my knees.

CABIN

inside it's safe not frozen white
inside it's warm and full of light
inside are walls of wood all right
inside at night we have cards for four
inside the box is 'Cheers' and more
inside the room are beds galore
above the beds is a loft and all
inside this place we watch the snows
outside on mountains where no one goes
inside I sit and watch the day
go past our window in its slow and carefree,
lazy way

LIFETIME

encoded neuron chips
filled and filed
age old now
is a lifetime of memory
wrapped,
cropping up on cue
a moment ten years gone
is a lifetime ago,
lying here in a collage
of past vision
coloured and textured,
 biased
 no doubt,
i wonder what the hell
i'll be looking back on
in 40 years...

/

back then I gave
myself 10 years
and never dreamed
of life past 30,

/

i have a couple of
jobs yet to finish,

god,

if that's okay with you...

HOME

(for sea lions)

eerie sounds
and groans
like cattle in a field
echo in a cave

looking in
/
uninvited

/
you play and mate

crashing waves on rocks
in a cave
(to me is fatal
to you is home

STATUES

in defiance you stand

breakers,

angry white
and
ocean
spray...

will slowly
bring
you
d

o

w

n

.

.

.

.

LIFE

the deeper
you look,

the
vaguer
it gets,

HOSTELS

youth hostels,

where faces
from all over
the world
come together
as one

CANYON

sediment towers
bathed in vibrant reds
 over cones
 of silted greys
and crowned
 in sunrise gold

sculpting
winds,
 and water

emerald
green,

have left their mark...

this river,

canyon

ZOO

conflict strikes
wandering through the
eucalypts
looking in
cages /
enclosures

another species
mammal
bird

yet another
devastating
human
impact /

says
(sign
says
found only
in zoos...'

'found
ONLY
in
ZOOS...'

sign says
'found only
in zoos...'
says
/
animal lovers
are they also,
/

'found only
in zoos...'

DISNEYLAND

life time getting here
every child's dream

the child
in us

is
not
disappointed

Mr Disney,

thank you!