

ZineWest 2013

stories poems art



western sydney writers

traditional and contemporary



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ARTWORK: Western Sydney Spaces competition: eight artists, see p. 65

Aerosol Art in Merrylands, photo images: S. Chamoun, J. Youssef

Front Cover image: J. Hemsley – St Patrick's Cemetery, North Parramatta

Back Cover images: see last page



Image: L. Marsden

Guest editors: Mihaela Cristescu, Adam Marsden, Lyn Leerson (FAW)

Layout: Sue Crawford

Comp Sect: Carol Amos

ZineWest writing awards:

1st, 2nd, 3rd prizes, commendations, Best Poem, Best Prose

Judge: Fiona Wright

Editor's award: NWG Inc

New award: Best Image:

Judge: Katherine Knight

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Merrylands Kinema (demolished 1960)



Motor car with public announcement system used at election time, 1937

This page and back cover: Aerosol Artists Mural Project, 2003, Merrylands; and Fish tank, Aerosol Art, Merrylands Swimming Pool, directed by Mathew Peet

ZWI3

What I would like the most...
Call it graffiti, call it art
Those crazy chirping cicadas
The sneaking chill; ungentle hands
With not a single heart beating
A guttural chant whips the air
One foot firmly set in each land
The chain-gang change of seasons
The birds will be relentless
The purpling of the bruise was like a slow show in the theatre



I linger on the bridge
Caught forever in twenty pages
Touch her gently, mind the bruises
Maker of his millionth meal
Where our love hangs padlocked
Erect penis carvings adorned every stall
He really wanted this crusade to end
Spitting monoxide into a velvet dusk
I crush charcoal
She hides behind words

Do the Op Shops know what they are doing?
Horses graze in peace
Next time you chat to an accountant
This stone: smooth curves, cold heart
As your fingers furiously click
My name lingers on her breath
Too excessive, too expressive
To his surprise, a door is open
You are Diamond of the first water
The familiar feel of his old gnarled fingers
Depends upon the sharpness of the eye



The headless body took off in a flurry
Palm trees flounce dishevelled dreadlocks
The trees jostle with gratification
I perched myself upon the bones
Laughter peppered the surrounding tables
The day's news drifts in

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