HOBART PARK

Spring '25

Hobart Park

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THE MADONNA AROUND

Cate Goodin

I find her in every avenue,
She finds me in every avenue,
A stanza, a school, look up!
And I look to the treeline,
the roofline,
the lifetime as I walk
Suspended, between land
and land
and hill
and bridge
A constructed holy space,
No roof
My golden sphere as I turn my head
Superimposing belonging, a
calling, on history
Edifice historicizes.
Give it time.
For I saw the burning hills,
My camaraderie
With their aerial perspective,
On inception
But I arrived here by water.
Red roses, crushed
In my palms, scattering
in payment
I know the South, I know
the North, I know
the East, I know
the West
Only for my presence here
Clinging onto the wind
Keep me swirling in this spot
Lounging on this bank,
Meeting their eyes,
A canal pushes on.
Dividing the time,
the hills,
the history.
Burnt orange bathes in it
Fostering mosquitoes who flurry to embrace,
How my body tells the tale.
And a current running through my own self
Borders of blue
Borders of
gold,
a bust,
a breast exposed,
Madonnas on the wall,
I stop at every turn,
New at every corner.
Covered in glass, she's
as it was and as it is.
The cracked stone and hills
Growing under her gaze.
And I stand in front of my window
Registering the days.