

Wakefield Press

Dark Bright Doors

Jill Jones won the Mary Gilmore Award for her first book of poetry, *The Mask and the Jagged Star*. Her fourth book, *Screens, Jets, Heaven: New and Selected Poems*, won the 2003 Kenneth Slessor Poetry Prize. Her work has been widely published in Australia as well as in New Zealand, Canada, the USA, Britain, France, the Czech Republic and India. She currently teaches at the University of Adelaide.

By the Same Author

The Mask and the Jagged Star

Flagging Down Time

The Book of Possibilities

Screens, Jets, Heaven: New and Selected Poems

Struggle and Radiance: Ten Commentaries (chapbook)

Where the Sea Burns (chapbook)

Broken/Open

Fold Unfold (chapbook)

Speak Which (chapbook)



Dark Bright Doors
Jill Jones



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Press

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Arts SA



For Annette

*Contact
is
the art*

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Oh, Ground

What do I do
without any legs
Walk on shadows
simulacra

What's between my spine
and my ankle
What propels
the traverse

Even with my mouth
Even with
the thought
the cloud, the gasp
there is an
evaporation

Ground – where
are you, if
I step on you without feeling

Sorry I'm Late

The snow was in the sun
There was a prick in the garden
A truck jack-knifed the particulars
There was a smell of old gas
The crows lost
As did the roses and all that juice we spilled for love
That prick in the garden

Photographers were lighting bombs
The olive tree fell just as we were getting started
We forgot to fill out the form
Celebrity drug disasters were drifting in our channel
My watch shows tomorrow's date
The disk shattered
There's that smell again
It's a form of expediency, or is it complexity?

I tried to inform the authorities

If I could find my name and my reason
If the birds would stop drifting like that
If someone would lend a hand at the entrance
I'd be less nervous saying this
My throat would work with my head and hands

At Large

this is the handsome night
now unhidden from
salt and pepper days,
the east-west thickness
full of markets and cream,
all lit and stirring

but now, bypass the knife,
the gate, bypass yourself
into this night, limber, delicious
though you will never know,
even under a new torch,
how well dark it is

exhale, infiltrate, the 24 hour god,
in reconnaissance, growls
an original asking

Yeah, Yeah

Information is the mountain, yeah
and the mirror is the dark, brilliant.

Eyes are scratched as words fall in
tick, tick, tick – decision.

Blinking suns crack the ceiling
below is backwash, below, below.

Wired, weary in beautiful waste
then they turn off the air, yeah.