This collection forms a day-book of poems, set in various locations, especially Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, London and Bruny Island, Tasmania, all significant for Cath Kenneally. Reflective, wry and occasionally rude, the poems in thirty days' notice have their origins in the everyday, dropping in on backyards and beaches, train stations and airports, cafes and kitchens, provoked by photographs, books and letters, relationships and solitude, an undead Catholic childhood and the pangs and pleasures of motherhood as they ponder what a life of days might add up to.

‘My favourite Kenneally poems have a high stab ratio per stanza.’
Peter Goldsworthy

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Cath Kenneally lives in Adelaide and is a radio producer and broadcaster and arts writer as well as a writer of novels and poems. Her collection *Around Here* won the John Bray National Poetry Prize at the Adelaide Festival of Arts in 2002.
By the same author

_Harmers Haven_
_Around Here_
_All Day All Night_
_Ci Vediamo_
_Room Temperature_
_Jetty Road_

_Angela Valamanesh: About Being Here_

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thirty days' notice
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on your mark

Pola sneezes ... another bout of ‘kennel cough’?
The bamboo, pampered since the depredations of
a hired hand sent by the visitor who gushed
over our ‘sacred grove’, begged ‘a little’ for
his Japanese ryokan in the hills,
looks well, this autumn morning

I ogle the postcard of the Wylie Baths
regarding me from my windowsill
and wish myself there. Will it always
be the case that a perfect day here
only prompts yearning for
the glorious yonder?

A shield, the university crest
under my nose – they write to whip
me to the finish, get my thesis in
today – the printers – then my ruined hair
chlorine pools, alas, not Wylie’s
pause for pecan bread – new favourite

a tour of the garden while eating
inspect baby aloes and echeverias
removed from under parents’ wings,
replanted round the side, haphazardly
dotted about the neglected yard
which calls to me piteously
so far so good – all this is bluff
outfoxing my demons, burbling-spring
technique, one mustn’t pause – quick:
last night’s dream – blended-families flick
a round-table, Richard Grayson mooting
‘Death and Dying’ as an Artists’ Week theme

at my elbow, one boxy gym slip, ‘Girls College Wear
The Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd.’, $2.75 yesterday
from the Salvos warehouse, mid-calf, never worn
space on the tag under Myer’s name, for yours
‘olive drab’ is perhaps the shade – too bright for ‘khaki’
a garment from my school vintage

60s, from the zip-pocket’s metal teeth to the telltale
‘Emporium’, thin, elongated Roman script
on the elegant tag, letters embroidered, not printed;
poignant, now, the care that went into detail;
from the yoke fall graceless pleats, beneath which
all but the beauties struggled to shine

Today’s college-girl wears pleated kilts
and shorts for gym. Friday morning Phys Ed
for us was bread-and-butter ball games
till Bernard, the science nun, blew in
like a twister, waving rust canvas bloomers and
daffodil shirts, for hurdles, the long jump, shot put
and discus – muscles were in, shorts out.
Those gathered panties
far naughtier, Spartan boudoir wear.
Marie the boarder, Hugh Grant forelock
flapping glamorous on her forehead
ran like Diana, bloomers sculpted to her bum

frank thighs pumping, golden skin and eyes like
the sky over the wheat fields she came from
she cleaned up that new-style sports day
save the marathon and walking-race, won by
the girl with the biggest chest, speed-lurching
in a jolting catwalk, vibrato breasts transfixing
the boys’ school drum band.

Most days I pass that sports field
the school now mixed, boys’ cricket whites
dotting the green like seagulls
I wonder where the girls’ team is
where fleetfoot Marie got to

as I dress for work
I ponder parallel bruise-lines
running down one thigh, like
nothing so much as cane-marks
not a clue how they got there
my boys observe me from their photo
looking out from an Islington pub
the front room of The Angelica
Stacey side-on, her sunny smile,
her friends Joely, and Clare and Robi
I lift a benedictory pint to them
hoping they are in the pink, as Mum would have said

make a tough-guy move with one hand
flick the palm a few times towards my face
come on, Monday, let’s have ya
charge nurse

depth-charge migraine
aftershock bouncing side to side in brain-pan
Pola knows this is no ordinary lie-down
I hear her clip up the passage
into the room
stop beside me
to lick my fingers
where they dangle
from under the covers

she trips softly away
returning every five minutes
to perform the same ceremony

I’m cheered, beneath the pain
and touched. How have I earned
this devotion?