Palindromes From Perth 2

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Hastings, New Zealand

My wife Pat and I first travelled to Perth in Western Australia (WA) to visit our daughter and her husband in 2012. This led to ‘Palindromes From Perth’ (Word Ways, Nov 2012). We recently spent some more time in WA, mostly north of Perth. Before our trip up the coast we had a day at the zoo, where Pat had an ‘Eye2Eye’ experience with one of her favourite animals, the giraffe. After an up-close feeding session with a notorious ‘reprobate’ (rep) and his ‘harem’, this was the comment:

“Perth giraffe, Jeff! A right rep!”
There were lots of brilliantly-coloured parrots in the aviary, and a visitor exclaimed,

“Oo, zanier! A rosy-roll lory, so rare in a zoo.”
Next we encountered the three Australian q-marsupials, the quokka, the quoll and the quenda. In the nocturnal house we saw dalgaytes, mulgaras, dunnarts, rakalis and woylies, all small mammals. Some seemed happier than others.

Dalgaytes - sure, russety, glad
Mulgaras - glum
One dunnart ran nude - no!
“A rakali, over (eh?)… there! Voila, Kara!”
“Woylies - bastard rats abseil (yow)!"

At the monkey enclosure a spaced-out-looking character said loudly (and cryptically),

“Rev on! I ram at pot, not to call a cotton-top tamarin over!”
A couple of days after our Perth Zoo excursion we headed north. After seeing the amazing ‘Pinnacles’ rock formations in Nambung National Park and the ancient stromatolites at Lake Thetis our first stop was Geraldton, where we stayed at lovely unspoiled Tarcoola Beach.

A loo crate’s reverse - Tarcoola
On our last night at the beach we were lucky to get a booking at a popular local restaurant.

So nail a tilt at L’Italiano’s
The next day we headed north to Kalbarri, stopping off at Pink Lake, which gets its name from the high concentration of pink halobacteria in the water. This was overheard from among a group of excited Scottish tourists:

“Deryk ’n I pose (Kalbarri affair, Rab) Lake so pinky red!”
In the Kalbarri National Park we visited the spectacular Pot Alley ocean gorge. The acoustics are great if you…

Yell atop Pot Alley
At the parrot sanctuary of Rainbow Jungle we wondered about the unusual ‘mood’ music.

‘Parrot, Parrot’, or ‘Raptor Rap’?
On our last night away I read an article in the ‘Australian Geographic’ magazine on Aussie dinosaurs. Most are aptly named, for instance Ozraptor and Muttaburrasaurus (which was found near Muttaburra in Queensland). My three favourites are:

Qantassaurus  after the national airline Qantas
Atlascopcosaurus  after Atlas Copco, the mining equipment manufacturer who sponsored the dig that discovered it
Serendipaceratops arthurclarkei  from the serendipity of the find and in honour of
the famous sci-fi author
Back in Perth we spent a day at Aqwa, the aquarium of Western Australia. Three interesting
exhibits are the zooxanthellae (or “zoox”), plantlike organisms that live inside coral
polyps, gobbleguts, a type of cardinal fish, and the anemonefish - can you find ’Nemo’?
On the way home we stopped off for a few days at Norfolk Island. Overheard in the kitchenware
section of a local store where someone was taking a photo of a young girl. Emily Bay is a scenic
beach on the island.

“Snap Emily Bay, not Tonya by lime pans” (Echoes of Ross Eckler’s “Sit on a potato
pan, Otis.”)
Finally, a ‘Coruba Gold’ revelation before leaving Norfolk Island.

Deeds live on (Eureka!)
With gilded Norfolk rum
- nine, ten, in murk.
Lo, fronded light!
I wake, rue no evil’s deed.

ANAGRAMMATICAL POEM

JASON LOFTS
Cheseaux-Noréaz/VD, Switzerland

Anthem For Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles’ rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen

Hymn: The Fight for Martyrdom

What pealing tolls for those condemned as bulls?
Is most hellishly angry gunshot.
Resonating trench gunfire’s deathly prattle
Detonates non-melodious laments.
Why no hopes go forth, no lilting orisons?
Pay no vocal remorse bar these, the choristers,
Their mad trilled echoes of howlin’ salvoes;
Trumpets blow in distress on far-off hillocks.

What tapers can be held to hasten all the slain?
Held not by brash youths, but in these orbits
How flicker shimmering god images of adieu.
Her pale forehead’ll be terror’s able friend;
Why, floral softness seen as patience,
Night, where mild days, wound down, end.

Jason Lofts, 2013