



Photograph by Charity Haynes, November 2008.

Joyce Parkes began to write poetry in Darlington in 1975. In 1997 she moved to Ballajura where she continues to write most days of the year.

She thanks the writers she could identify with for what they have written, as well as her colleagues kin and kindreds, friends and foes, without whom she could not have become a writer.

She also thanks those who have moderated the poetry workshops she has participated in at the University of Sydney, the Cambridge Poetry Society, the University of Western Australia.

Leaving her to thank those who have published her work in Overland, LiNQ, foam:e, Cordite; the New England Review, foam:e, Stylus, Westerly, The Best Australian Poetry 2005, Windmills@Deakin, The Australian, AIHA Journals, FAWWA publications, the Poets Union (Sydney) Publications, Creatrix, the Sydney Morning Herald, the Phoenix Review, the Canberra Times, Word Thirst, WAPI, the Western Review, Thirst, 6UVS-FM, the Broadkill Review (US), Patterns, Thylazine, the Western Word, KSPF, Kalla Yeedip Arts, PEN Perth Poetry Website, It's a Woman's World, PEN (Germany) anthology: *It's a Woman's World*, An Australian Multicultural anthology: *Culture is...*, Five Bells, A Spin of Golden Wattle, Stet, Patterns, Poems About War, Lip Service Artlook, Scope, Marginata, Egg Poetry, The Word is Out, Sketch, the Pixel Papers, Fling! Social Images, m-a-g (USA), Sepia (UK), Poems of Roads and Borders (Finland), (M)Other Tongues (Canada), Leaf Press Publications (Canada), International Pen (UK), The Greenhouse, Poetry Australia,

Easel's Gait

*I mean everything to you,
eh, her beloved half-asked*

around dusk. She shook
her head, said no — then

are you preparing to go?
In silence she wrote I will

follow you to the end of
the roads, what would we

do though when we aban-
don the boat? Spare me

the glare of condescension,
the glint of indifference,

the flare of the race
course before us, leave me

the journey, the dwellings,
the highs, the colour and

claims of our shoulders
and eyes.

Joyce Parkes

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