

TROPICAL FREE ENTERPRISE

*(for Dominique, "Ne me quitte pas", Jacques Brel)*Glen Phillips^{a,*}*a. School of Arts and Humanities, Edith Cowan University, Australia*

The tropics called certainly in the days
when rattan ceiling fans span slowly
day and night. Conference days wholly
given to charge or discharge of ways

of knowing or unknowing learned themes:
the strut of emissaries of new theory
or benign breath of poets in beery
elocutions in the bars of their dreams.

But late at night when jungle steamed
its spicy scents and hidden creatures stirred,
the urge to plunge in fresh water spurred
some to go out where solitary there gleamed

a concrete campus swimming pool, fit
for midnight frolic beneath the moon.
A crevice in the fence gave hope and soon
splashing under dim lighting signaled it.

*Corresponding authorEmail address: glenlyp@bigpond.com

Later the watchman came in surprise
to find foreign devils dripping emerge,
damp and triumphant with their surge
of defiance, claiming their freedom prize.