

Two ghazals by Rae Desmond Jones

VIII

a fair woman behind her fan

interrogates our string quartet as they start to tune.

the Sahara draws a bow slowly across strings of air,

a thick drone of abundance.

guests arrive yet they do not eat

although we have laid a princely table.

bubbles exhale from dry sparkling wine,

her honey light hair.

why are there no lovers?

who is that stranger sawing tent ropes?

a peacock screams from our garden edge:

two lions watch from the road.

XI

Bessie Smith sings Oh Careless Love

on the radio – i stop the car.

the music forms a shell about me,

she sang this 15 years before I was born.

i heard it before, but i did not.

that voice a raw symphony:

like Beethoven, her power swells,

the cabin pulses to the beat of blood.

i am stunned by desire:

the joy, the hunger of it.

Bio:

Rae Desmond Jones was born in Broken Hill - a silver lead town in outback Australia - in 1941. He comes from a long line of miners. After working in steelworks & factories for some years, he decided on the basis of nothing more than an intuition, that he would be a poet. For several years he worked as a part time cleaner and taught himself how to write. He went to Sydney University as a mature age student, and became a teacher of History until he retired.

He was also a Councilor and was for several years the Mayor of Ashfield (Australia).

He has published two novels, a volume of short stories and seven books of verse. He also performs poetry, and was the subject of a CD/video: Rae Jones: Poet With A Tuba (1985). He continues to write poetry: A collection of ghazals will be published in 2015 by Puncher & Wattman (Sydney, Australia).

For reviews/info, see:

<http://cordite.org.au/reviews/jenkins-jones/>

<http://rochfordstreetreview.com/2011/12/17/the-beautiful-dead-thirteen-poems-from-the-dead-by-rae-desmond-jones/>

<http://redroomcompany.org/poet/rae-desmond-jones/>

<http://www.sydney-poetry.com/profile/RaeDesmondJones>