



GOZO DREAMING

Ted and Helene Markstein

Rabat, Gozo
October 2017

Gozo Dreaming and companion
Songs from the Heart, Vol. 1 Stones of Gozo
both limited editions of 50
\$39AUD (+ postage) for the two

<https://www.facebook.com/gozodreaming/>

LATER THAT NIGHT

Later that night
after the sun
bid farewell
to the water
we joined the
wandering couples
strolling towards
the promenade
where newly
woken waiters
or so it
seemed
readied themselves
for the genteel
onslaught of older
english seeking
sustenance



JUBILEE DAYS

midday macchiato
in a shot glass
the sounds of
educated english

marble tables imagining
Absinthe and Toulouse,
such is café life
in the Jubilee

stepping back
into a time
that never was

a corner princess
is duly noted
and slyly desired

Gozo Dreaming, poems by Ted Markstein, images by Helene Markstein, was launched in October this year in the Sentinella Hall (originally the hospital) in the Citadella, Rabat, Gozo. Helene and Ted, formerly of the Blue Mountains, have been living and working in Gozo, Malta, for several years.

Gozo Dreaming and *Songs from the Heart Vol. 1 — Stones of Gozo* are their first published books. The excerpts reproduced here are from *Gozo Dreaming*.

GOZO DREAMING was a labour of love and a way of sharing our gratitude for the small miracle that is Gozo. The poems are from a growing collection that express the inner landscape inspired by Calypso's island that some think was once Atlantis. The images were made or taken by Helene using watercolours or photoshop with photos from an iPhone. We hope their imperfections and quirky moodiness matching the poems written by Ted will convey to you, the reader, in words and pictures, the Gozo that continues to bewitch and fascinate us.

The ever-changing textures and landscape, the empty country roads and tracks, the drystone walls and terraces, the churches, the buildings, the atmosphere of an ancient, ancient land. Magic. We hope our work will give you the same degree of pleasure we get every day on this beautiful mystic island.



MARSALFORN PSYCHEDELIC

in an eyeblink
 everything changes
 solidity a meatworld
 fancy the veils
 so hard to pierce
 but it seems
 so real surreal
 that so very
 selective blindness
 shared conspiracy
 for fear of elephants
 and there way
 out on the
 periphery of vision
 flickering the almost
 captured glimpse
 the fatal
 fraying at the
 edges of
 reality

ER .. RANT

despite all reports
 to the contrary
 and all pontificates
 and self serving
 justifications of
 the scholars and
 the punditry all
 seeking to explain
 the everything in
 terms favourable to
 themselves and their
 imagined superior
 product knowledge of

man, the universe
 and, well,
 everything ..

where was I?

Oh, yes,
 despite
 all and none
 of the above

the sun will
 still rise in
 the east and set
 in the west

all who now
 live will die
 and all your
 pompous theories and
 preposterous claims
 to special knowledge
 and special privilege
 will be mere
 dust and ashes
 blowing away
 in the never
 ending breath of
 the consciousness
 being and becoming
 forever and ever
 with or without
 you, me and
 every other that
 ever was and
 ever will be



DAY FOUR

in a land
with few lawns
with endless skies
ocean without limits
here the rocks
melt and fade
to dreaming sands
everything is paused
all breath held
no wind blows
waiting always waiting
sun blackened folk
as in dreams
go about their
business unfazed by
eternal clocks ticking
a peaceful lassitude
coats the air



ICY DAY

all the icy day
the sea's been snarling
at the breakwater
now calming itself
lost interest or
maybe just
tired



ON

TEMPEST YOU US

Sea of words
Boiling and roiling
Tide streaming
Swells swelling
And swelling
And then into wave
Crashing exploding
Spraying everywhere
In reach.

We are drenched
Saturated
Relentless battering
The waves, the waves
Filling the brain
Firing the spirit
Frightening the horses
Demanding
Attention



FURROW

the unconscious artistry of furrow
the beholder holds the pearl of vision
too much beauty blinds the eye, can there
be such a thing as too much beauty, such
as fills the heart to bursting, let it go
let fly, taste the air washed clean by rain
rejoice in the simple, just for a moment
and then another and another for soon
darkness and the broken promises claim
that which does not, cannot survive
the final failure of the next breath

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