

# Luck Hard

## Les Wicks

My doctor has warned  
I must face an occasional  
illogical exuberance, the piano in numbers.  
It should be stridently ignored -  
an anticipated side effect  
of “medical care”.

Ignore the Bad Thoughts  
during a commercial break.  
4 is a sharp number, we are  
impaled impalas.  
Always a fine line, suppression of mind (the  
filthy brumby) and a need to be open, queerly qwerty.  
Strange needs to be cultivated

and suppressed with equal vigour.  
An interested mind is a nuclear reactor.

Hands upon the wheel  
this seal has clapped for fish. Keratosis Moses.

The ultrasound technician noted fat around the pancreas  
common for men of my age.  
The spleen sits high in the viscera -  
a statistical variant in  
20-30% of people as was the range of difference  
in liver lobes. Prostate fine.  
Many of our patients contracted this 25 or so years ago  
but this gentleman has looked after himself and it shows.  
Extraordinary to be dissected like this  
before my first coffee. There is nothing fast about fasting.  
Hungry numerals.

So much luck! Imagine  
the starling... all possible names and someone chose  
star-ling for this little pest its coat of remote luminance,  
planetarium across the ratty spine.

None such for me, a flour bag name old  
Robert Wickes stole sheep both there and here/  
convict mainstream 1789, crosshatch back lost  
even an e in his penitence.

*Luck Hard*

He married and grew apples across much of North Ryde.  
Lucky Rob, lucky Sarah. Land Ho!

Children of rich folk  
by a statistically sharp (oh but silky) formula are  
likely to be rich folk.  
My daughter joined 7% of us who voted Green just  
like her folks she got a degree and wastes her time on art,  
sitting in the sun on this propitious afternoon.  
These are the best days  
our genetics (a nutty mix of digits)  
the stockmarket  
surf, the coffee.  
I'm being irrational  
even  $\pi$  gets exhausted,  
but that's not the point.

Shipwrecked on dimples -  
Hippie Tom, Commander Amanda,  
Artgal Rubberlines and Pastor Blast.  
Leak and repeat,  
the orchestral cacophony.  
I won't grope for an ending  
(you can't count the growth rings before the cut).  
We'll take it easy  
under the canopy of relief.