

The Punter

i.m. Mark Walter Goodfellow 'Bluey' died 21st March 2013

Blue was a White Ox man
 dead at sixty
jack dancer of the nanny goat
 none of us overly
surprised
 it could equally have been
cirrhosis of the liver
 & anyway –
an autopsy may have well
proven it was neck & neck

i remember the first time i saw
Blue have a whack
 Noel & Linda tying his arm off
in the shed at Copley Street
 they didn't see me that night
in my rubber soled shoes
 insulated from that shit –
& anyway
 they were all too busy & self
absorbed
 & i slipped away into the
darkness . . .
 silently & unannounced

Blue slipped away into the darkness too
 thirty-five years later

though he'd slipped away on the
gear a few times too
 he was in his twenties then –
but he woke up & gave the shit away

i can't see the romance in it really
it turns my guts to think of
the ulcer he had in the crook of his
left arm
though he generally wore his
flanny shirts sleeve down
in those days

over his last six months
he still went up to the TAB
as often as he could
he knew the odds were
stacked against him when they
finally got his diagnosis right
he didn't seem to care though –
always on the lookout for a long-shot
he just kept on with the punt.