

Scene of a crime

Pacific Ocean swells blue, curl and sweep over glimmering sands endlessly

Where gold-skinned nymphs patter frolicsomenely

among tubby businessmen's week endings,

mothers' bobbing bikinis

and sand-castled childhood outings.

Where the board-rider's salty limbs

flap amid the seagulls

as he scans out to see the break

and the bird scans landward for littered lunch packs.

Where toned and sun-glazed masculeros recline proudly over polished coupe fenders

and survey the urban menagerie strutting often tailored identities along the promenade.

Here the city treats its cosmopolitan community with a dynamic and scenic playground.

At the Southern end of the Pavilion an impromptu gathering of crooning Brazilians

dance bare-chested in the sunlight

in sexually rhythmic vibrancy.

While not far away on the hillside

veiled Muslim women picnicking chat

and smile and laugh.

Across Campbell Parade young fashion label clad go-getters

line up at ice cream parlours

beside dread-locked fringy anti-globalismists

and British working holiday makers,

and Japanese surf-samurai in afros trawl glass-blowers' and silver-smiths' street stalls.

In the streets beyond, share-housemates emerge from art-deco-ish blocks of flats
mostly shared with three species of cockroach
while next door from serviced apartments, security parking gates open automatically
and their bank tellers drive out in little European numbers.

Austere, black-hat and curly-bearded Jewish-folk stroll westward toward synagogues
passing these countless eastward bound twenty-somethings
heading where café tables spill out onto the street
where they'll sit and sip lattes for hours
and condemn the distant suburbs and country towns from where they originated.

Many worlds will exist concurrently in the same location.

Here at least one of them is a world of 'haves', 'pretend to haves' and 'pretend I don't want to haves'
and poise is more cherished than substance.

Cosmopolitan, dynamic and scenic playground,
where the promise of these things dear is so near you can almost taste it.