

## **I left Melbourne Town a Few Times Singing**

I left Melbourne Town a few times singing  
*Goodbye Melbourne Town*, as Melbournians did,  
singing in their cars on the roads heading north.  
It was worth it, for the adventures we had.  
Mind you, we were always glad to come home.

Audrey and I shipped to Sydney on a freighter  
when we were late into our teens. She worked  
on the switchboard in the office and I worked  
in the studio where I was apprenticed to the artist.

We were both green girls; but to talk to us  
it could be seen that I was the greener of the two.  
She came from a large family of Kellys or Murphys  
and the furphy was she knew what went on.

We stayed with her aunty when we'd disembarked  
in Sydney of bright lights and harbour bridge.  
The Coat Hanger. We told our hostess that  
our main aim was to go out dancing every night  
and we had the money to pay for it. We'd saved it.

Audrey's aunty fed us and allowed us to share  
her spare bedroom at Bexley and we sallied forth  
each night, bright with expectation that we'd dance  
ourselves into the late hours until the last train left  
the centres of attraction where the action was.

Over breakfast we would consult the morning's  
newspapers to plan for the next night's dance.  
If all else failed we would find a dance-class  
and make sure we would have our turn at burning  
up the floor, our chance with the dance instructor.  
We had to squander our dance-tickets on students  
and learn the hard way. And we had to pay.  
We were frivolous in squandering our money  
on taxicabs after missing the last trains home.

When we returned to every day in Melbourne,  
exciting Sydney memorised; Audrey packed up  
her dancing shoes and married her waiting lover.  
She took to a domestic life, became his faithful wife  
and some months later, a very young mother.

But I was back in town, dancing up a storm with fancy  
new-found form and just beginning to think about sinning.

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