The following poems were read at Public Program in the exhibition *Far Famed City of Melbourne* Thursday 18th July

**Untitled (Covert City)**

My city is a gallery  
all passages  
and wide halls  
hung with portals  

We meet one another in these halls  
where our perception passes through  
We are  
the glass, the paint  
the layer between our fingertips  

Hagan Mathews

**Melbourne**

*Wood dark as dirt; thread sharp as steel.  
Like a Gothic window, towers lift my gaze from unseen foundations of this buried city - its heart a tinderbox, ready for the spark.*

“Places exchange their form,” mutters Calvino,  
*flying up through the dust-storm*  
*like a crane.*

Philip Thiel
Pat Bruce

"OVERT"

Gaudy charcoal brown was good enough for most;

to the others, life is not apparent

til it seeps out of dark recesses and spills ghosts

onto the bitumen

Day-by-day, now, ‘8 -7,

nothing happens but in years:

Cranes hang concrete shells – twisting minutes into hours,

    a new slogan rises, another recedes

    with uniform monotony culture blends

    behind the formal Caucasian superficial

Enterprise stretching skyward to release the soot,

    finding only artless edges, knife-cleaning at heights

Down below, Priests wipe stained glass windows,

   no-one feeds the sleeping dogs;

   don’t let them lie.