

**THE CHAMELEON
AND THE
CUCKOO CLOCK**

Miranda K. A. Welch

The Chameleon and the Cuckoo Clock is a book of hope, wisdom and humour set against a sweeping backdrop of countless cities, campgrounds, Lima's bustling Peruvian streets, Egyptian tents and bohemian gatherings in Melbourne's underground music community.

It is an illustrated poetry anthology created over the course of a decade-long journey of moving away from home after high school to seek ostensibly greener pastures. The poems reveal the contradictions and challenges of being a woman confronting conflicting family and societal pressures, the temptation of materialism and conformism and the need to stay true to oneself whilst playing the ever-adaptable chameleon.



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Miranda K. A. Welch grew up in Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory. She is a civil engineer in the water sector.

The Chameleon and the Cuckoo Clock is Miranda's first book. It is dedicated to her dear friend George Marrett who passed away from epilepsy in 2011. Ten percent of the profit from sales of this book will be donated to Epilepsy Action Australia.

The Chameleon and the Cuckoo Clock

Poetry and Illustrations by Miranda K. A. Welch



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The Plight of the Girls in Red and White

Zubin gives us a passionate speech
As we gather round arm in arm
He says, "This time girls the moment's ours – we will succeed!"
Suddenly all at once to my alarm, the girls say...

"We want to win, we want to fight
We need to see the burning light
But it's hard when the goal's so far from sight."
Zubin retorts simply, "You are the dream team."

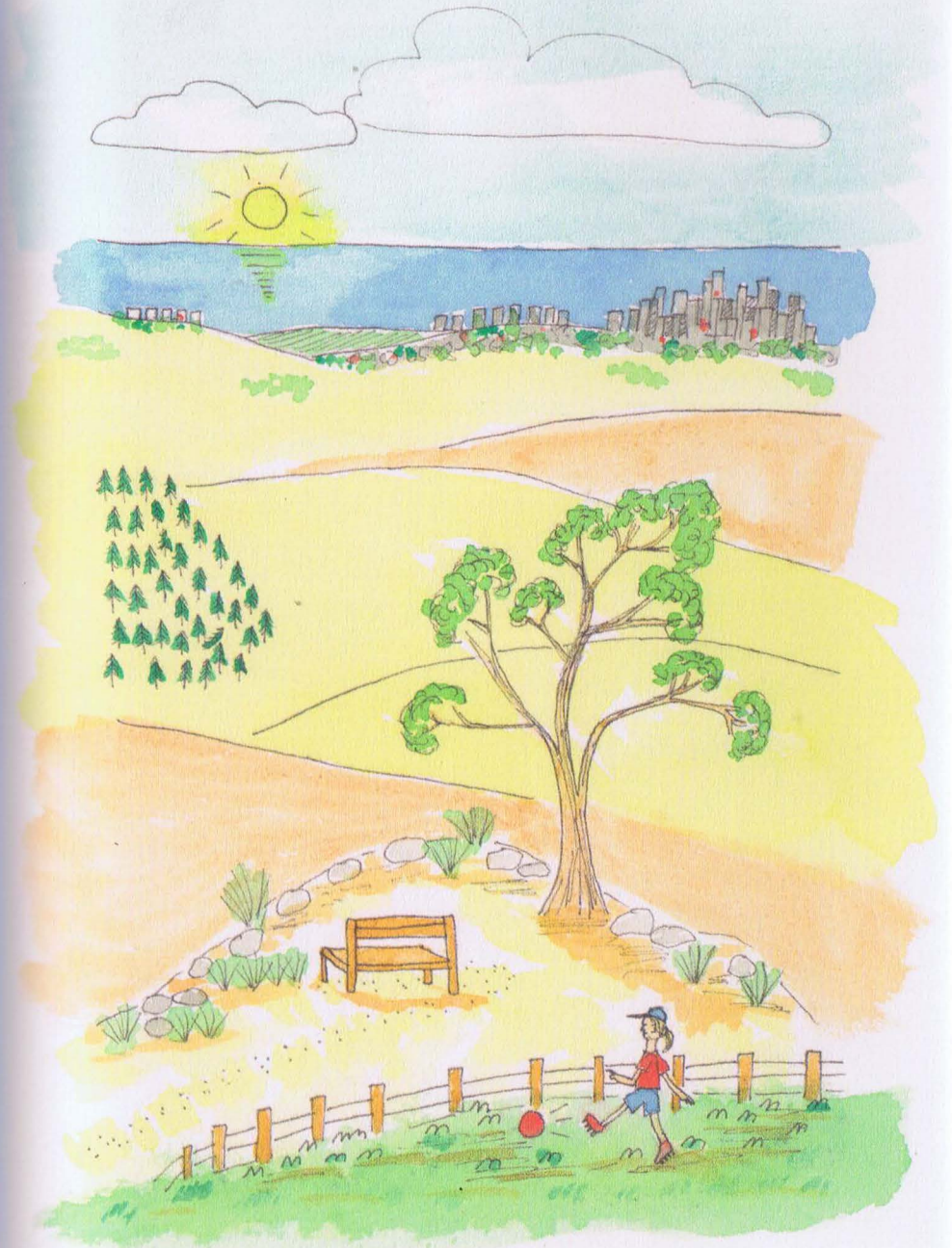
"Swin-what? Swin-burne!"
We shout and race out on the grass
Jesus Christ girls turn!
Or we'll all be on our arse!

As the game progresses
It would seem improper
Not to introduce the lovely ladies
Who on the field become like Chopper

Abhiruchi is up at the front
She's goal hungry with grunt
I wouldn't mess with her
But she's nice under that fierce stare

Lovely Larissa the lanky lion
Ready to pounce when the prey is weak
And distract the other team's goal kick
Don't be fooled by her feminine mystique

Angie like her name suggests
Is one of our sweetest girls
But in defence she'll be at your feet
And not put off by the striker's heat



Tram 109 Through Kew

Old ladies wearing wedding rings from deceased husbands
Dressed up prim and proper
In their beige blouses
Cream, mauve, peach
And not so commonly now
Purple hair
Their lips neatly rouged
Although sometimes on their teeth
If they have any
Sometimes there's a gaggle of them
Wafting of lavender
People vacate their seats
Some middle-aged women
Can't wait for the privilege
And already hound young schoolboys
To make way for the "old" lady
Like aliens
These uniformed children
Actually do discuss their homework
As well as the usual latest
American pop culture infiltration
What about the rest?
Some try to bury themselves in their book
To try escape the present jam
Or their neighbour's tobacco stale stench
Others blast their ears with techno
Or Bach
To drown out the banging of the door
The beeping of the ticket machines
The clanking of the tracks
Or the headsets next to them
Others just sit blind, deaf and dumb
Or chew gum like camels
Waiting to cross the desert to the city

