



TOWN OF
VICTORIA PARK

LOCAL HISTORY AWARDS

• 2025 •

Kate Reserve



Madeleine Tingey

Category

Original Poetry or Performance Work

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By Madeleine Tingey

The park is set like a hidden gem
between streets of weatherboards,
small and secret, a pearl concealed
in an oyster. Generations have
played there. I stand beneath the
Moreton Bay fig, grown huge, its
canopy a firework explosion of berries
gorged by purple-beaked birds. They
have taken over the branches, their
squawking squabbles extinguishing
banshee shrieks of children. I remember
the slide, terrifying steel monster
rearing skywards, object of entrapment,
torture to bare feet, ordeal of burning
metal. Fingers stomped on from above,
scratching assaults from below, the speed
of its downward course was terrifying;
so many injuries No one visited after dark.
Demolished long ago, but
ghost cries still trapped in wind-blown
leaves, voices that cannot escape,
scratchings on a gramophone record.
I stand listening and remember.

