



# Portfolio

Kezia Erskine

## Minutemen 350 Portfolio: Kezia Erskine

### Marco

Marco was a genius. I'll always remember that time in the Juniors, standing in the lunch queue – we must have been about 8 or 9 – when he told me about his dad. We used to sit, just the three of us, Tom, Jack and Billy, at the edge of the field by the trees and watch the footy. Every day – without fail - we'd see Marco sitting alone in the farthest corner of the playground. Reading Maths Weekly. More often than not he'd come back to class long after the bell rang and the teacher would shout but he would just stand there, silent and red in the face. He would never apologise, and he would never admit that he'd been crying. I used to laugh with the others. "Marcy the mathlete," we used to call him. Anyway, one time we were in the canteen and Marco strolled over to the back of the queue, tightly grasping a crisp five pound note in his hand. Billy spotted him and sniggered. "Hey, it's Marcy the mathlete," he said. "Come over here and join us, Marcy." But Marco just stood there with a vacant expression on his face. Until he got his food. And Billy stuck his foot right out and tripped him, and the tray fell and the food fell and Marco's face fell. It occurred to me then that this was the first time I'd ever seen Marco buy lunch. Sometimes he'd go a whole day without eating and other days he'd only have an orange. Billy was an idiot. I bought Marco lunch and then he told me about the accident. His father had been a mathematician. None of us knew that. Marco had always hated sums and numbers, but he had loved his dad.

## Villanelle

A story that demands to be told  
Of a youth on the verge of manhood  
The tale of men and their lust for gold

He takes a wife; to have and to hold  
His love burns bright for a time  
A story that demands to be told

Passionate love fades, grows cold  
Thinks the youth –  
“ ‘Tis not the case with gold!”

And now, by selfish ambition fuelled  
The foolish man paves his way to ruin  
History his warning; the outcome foretold

Alas! when he is grey and old  
Money-gone, friends and relatives-none  
He reflects on the story, forever to be told:  
How he wasted his life in his quest for gold.

by Kezia Erskine

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