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## Tourism

William C. Clarke

Idle now  
the pier last night  
was lit by a hundred suns,  
portholes glaring down  
from the cruise ship's wall of steel.

It was the Princess Something-or-Other  
or the Islander Whatever—I forget—  
moored into connection with our town.

Perhaps another name,  
perhaps it never came at all  
but something left  
a stain of alien wealth  
upon our ground.<sup>1</sup>

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1 This poem first appeared in *A Momentary Stay* (2002) Pandanus Books, Canberra. It is reproduced with permission of the Estate of William C. Clarke.

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