

My grandma is making a pot of coffee for Elvis

Coffee, donuts and then straight to the markets for 6am set up- dragging out the old 8 track and humming- treat me like a fool, treat me mean and cruel but love me. The morning always started slow

On happy days, she'd dance a jig for her customers as she put those ol' eight tracks in paper bags and exchanged them for cash. I'd sing along to Bossa Nova baby and Hound Dog- swinging my legs from the back of her station wagon- maybe she'll make enough money today so we can stop for a soda at the 5 and dime.

Vegas bound, I made a bed of pillows in the back of her red sporty datson, she taught me the words to Don't Be Cruel as we crossed Death Valley. Cyndi Lou, when you get a bit older, I'm gonna take you to see Elvis live.

She'd sing Love me Tender while doing the dishes. I was too young to know about her broken heart but I knew she sang that song really deep and sad. I thought it was because she hated doing dishes.

The day Elvis died, I got to stay home from school. We laid on the floor around my turntable and listened to the Memphis album- when we got to In the Ghetto, we were both crying.

I met the man responsible for bringing me across the ocean to Australia in Memphis. I followed him around Graceland. My grandma never made it to Graceland but I wrote her name on the gate walls and took a picture of it. When I showed her, she was tickled pink. Did that boy you met like Elvis?

Her voice is silenced now and her work is done. Her life peppered mine in Elvis memorabilia. And I know, She's off somewhere making Elvis a peanut butter and banana sandwich and a coffee.

And here I am, a world away , her age when she introduced me to Elvis, across the ocean from where it all began. Feet landed in Parkes, funny that, here, sharing a poem with you and wondering if Elvis and my gran arent somewhere, calling it serendipity to know I'd be here in this little town surrounded by all you Crazy Elvis people and everything my grandma cherished.