

JOHN BLIGHT

POET AT WORK IN A CULTURAL DESERT

My thoughts melt away from that
dewdrop world that paints grass
green, soft and spangled; to traipse
through a native speargrass and
stagger on through spinifex

I have
to match the 'theatrical nobility'¹ of
Yeats dreaming in Samarkand – not a
Nardoo – and discount flies and buzzards,
witness the finest birdsongs that
throng here emit from shrikes and
magpies. Larks sing timidly and
unnoticed at sundown.

I dream I serve the lyric yearnings
of decadent establishments; sigh for
a past that never was.

To mouth truisms as
accepted truths, whereas I have
tentative experience of the absolute.

I am expected to believe that I am a
citizen of the West, minion of the
Middle East, whereas I am
domiciled in a far East/South.

I am expected to accept the image of a
global village, yet notice that
visas to travel become increasingly
difficult to procure.

My muse slumps flightless as an
emu in the gunsights of angry
grainfarmers. I must remember
to write an ode to an emu.

¹'Lives of the Modern Poets' by William H. Pritchard