

## BARY DOWLING

### ANGLICAN SERVICE OLD GOLDTOWN BURIAL

Half a mile wrought in rusty iron  
Spikeheads becoming beautiful by repetition  
Grey cold wind and rabbit holes under the gravestones

*'... a moth fretting a garment  
a stranger ... and a sojourner'*

Hills small and bald around us  
Lose their identity among the massive mullock

*'why stand we in jeopardy every hour'*

The backhoe hides among messmate regrowth  
And the upright slabs of old miners gone to ground  
The elbow is a poppet head in silhouette

*'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die'*

We are crows and currawongs  
Curious and cautious round the shaft

*'cut down like a flower'*

Why does that old woman wear an object wrought in gold  
And pinned to her black? The price is too high

*'fleeth as it were a shadow  
never continueth in one stay'*

I have paid too much, I cannot use what I have bought  
I am exhausted. Isn't that woman my wife?

*'commit his body'*

Old tailings with the gold extracted

*'earth to earth'*

Quartz rubble, hard clay, spoil, spent.  
The sudden sun leaves my brow unshaded  
And my coat is an overburden.