

DOROTHY HALL

PROSE PIECE

I want to
tell you
of disturbances
in my life.

Like the time
when I rushed the home fence
school satchel big with achievements
and found in the kitchen my gay gadfly Mum
in a pool of salt tears
stabbing names on a list of war dead.

Or the day
when the child, death arrested,
lay lapped in condolences
stiff like a fish through a weeping glass wall:
we shivered with grave-walking terror.

And again
of the fire when mouth filling words
sputtered out horror
enlarging expanding
the flames of our fear.

You will see I
have told of vicarious sorrows
pale and moon-limned have evaded
sun's searing of truth and hypocrisies
lies and nobilities
love and the soul's despair,

and that is
why this is
called prose.