

Your coffin no longer
than a child's you
are carried to fire
ashes earth And woman
with the lion's heart
I rejoice.

WARRICK WYNNE

BRASS-RUBBING

At first I think he is taking impressions
in Memorial Park
from the granite obelisk
with brass names from two wars.

This is peculiar, and English,
I think, and stop,
but he is only polishing the names
with a white cloth
that could be a handkerchief.

He rubs all the names carefully,
though no-one pays him;
moves down each column slowly,
up the next, moving right,
cleaning in a circular way,
sometimes lingering
over clogged grit

He leaves, and I
examine the names myself
for clues.
They are raised gold,
would make good stamps.
There are some brothers it seems,
and there's a street called that.
I puzzle at the purpose,
but admit they are shining
yes, the names of the dead
are clean.