

# Stefanie Bennett

## STATUES

Opaque eyes in the thicket, what  
Is it you're staring at?

Tibrogargan tragedy. Murmur and muse:  
Ma-poo-am's all that's left of the tale.

Damned to speak — I say — of the running spear.  
The lubra who mothered the moon.

Or — how the normadic light  
Was on the wane and white thunder

Kicked back mountain, gorge; cocked  
The trigger... laid chaste mia-mia remains.

I am silent now as you are silenced.  
The volcanic sleep erases all.

Still, my blood seeps uphill  
... Gently. Gently.

Kin to this sad country I cataract  
The weeping water-colours of the day.