

# Dane Thwaites

## HOMO MOSAICUS

For the moment I'm Africa.

I'm black in every cell.

The black mob, my cells,  
is waiting, weighing.

You speak of your Sense of Outrage

in Surry Hills, Australia;

rubbing your wine glass till it chimes, you grieve  
for Freedom, and show me your sad, dark eyes.

How come you hold yourself back from me when I need you, then,  
with such cold expertise? Did I seem a bit weird? —

well, I would! It's the poverty,  
the ghetto dreams, and the drug of your random beauty.

I'm staggered, paralysed;

Africa! — the air parts in swathes.

The dead and dying —  
are they really on your tongue?

Don't trip in greasy company, now!  
Beware the Freudian slip  
into gutter psychology  
where it's all lust and mortality.

But paint your face, that's Art.  
And a nice conversation numbs  
without killing. You can sit pretty  
till the Nursing Home orderlies come knocking.

I'm bloody Africa!  
And I wanted, I wanted to be France!  
What kind of Australian, groaning about beauty?  
What kind of man, fighting a losing woman?

My cells shoulder aside the idiot wind  
but the idiot wind howls louder.  
Blast this idiot wind, where are you?  
Behind the police line? Inside the frightened Mercedes?

Sorry I said that about your easy riches.  
Sorry I offended your trendy boyfriend.  
That man, step forward to receive apologies!  
Ah, but the moment passes.