



Robert Handicott

SILVER GUMS

Stripped naked and racked,
They've been buried upside down
Up to their armpits,
Flinch fitfully as martyrs
On ebb-tide mudflats.
Fluorescent torches — sentries —
Stand detached around
The monitory show: no
Recantations yet.
Now the Library's a junk
From a Japanese
Or Inquisition war fleet,
Lowering in the shallows
And huge against the heavens.