

PLAIN FACTS OF THE PLACE

I'm afraid, sirs, I cannot
recognise those ill-equipped
explorers as gods in this land;
nor can I transport ghosts of
European deities;
nor the names of the prophets as
reliable talismen.

A Buddha would never bare his
navel squatting at ease under
these shadeless trees.

Our swamps dry out,
are too remote for sorcerers,
pellars and poltergeists, to be
haunts of magic. Sleight of hand
can't rhyme the swirl of eddies or
windgusts against the clock.
A drougthy past sears static in
the bush. Desolation prevails.
There are no castle-walls to breach
No monuments to scar.

You sweat
here in your own fats, sirs, to write
compendiums of bruised feelings
as to whether you belong.

A
tribe of aborigines has
been slaughtered or has sickened to
extinction where you choose to build
a home; and you will never hear
their spirits wailing after their
fifty thousand years or more sole
tenancy's expiry.

You trace
no lineage a quarter of
a lone millennium here.