

to watch it go. Then he took up his pack and began to walk down the track.

"You are wasting your time!" said the man in the uniform after him. "You will always waste your time!"

"I shall come again," replied the old man — and his voice had surprising strength. It boomed like a muffled bell. "I shall come again," he called from the track, "tomorrow!"

**GORDON INSKIP**

### **Four Poems: for 'the trespasser'.**

#### **1. THE DANCE**

Weary with the vacancy of the afternoon  
I gazed over the seascape restlessly  
wanting release into air.  
Silently the sun defined the earth  
and I draining into its light  
felt the transport of my mind  
beyond, into, with repose.  
Sitting beneath the palms  
my arms crossed feet bare  
by the sea I listened into  
the windy day : felt  
more noise than wind.  
I saw gulls picking at the sand  
hardly aware of death  
white and simple, screeching  
into the sky forever, and  
my soul, the simple part of me,  
soared through a world of silent  
shapes invisible yet glowing life.  
But consciousness fidgets,  
the day brightens into sunset,  
and I am left with the memory  
of having left my body into sunshine  
in a summer windrift by the sea.

## 2. THE ECHO

A seagull descended  
through a long curve

gained a little height  
and hovered into

the breeze : captured  
at the moment

of grace.

## 3. THE DANCER

You must be wild to accept life's gods,  
and free, accept life naively.

It is late, the moon is above,  
a wakeful gull flies shorelong voiceless  
in the hush of air over the calm  
of water that shadows its wings.

A woman now comes horseback down the beach  
into the sea, her shadow fleeting  
below her jerking as it sped  
for the dunes were uneven.

Into the shallows she dances riding  
the spray reaching upward her  
body sparkling in the moonlight,  
her hair illuminated whitening  
into sky : into the glow  
of the moon she disappears,  
invited by her god.

## 4. PIETA

A gull is nailed to the moon  
its red wings outstretched.

Where am I going?

Life would be peaceful  
if I did not exist.

Always the pitiful pieta :  
a man lying in the lap of the earth :  
that is the pain that curves  
into my most secret heart.

**DES PETERSEN**