ANGLICAN SERVICE OLD GOLDTOWN BURIAL

Half a mile wrought in rusty iron
Spikeheads becoming beautiful by repetition
Grey cold wind and rabbit holes under the gravestones

'... a moth fretting a garment
a stranger ... and a sojourner'

Hills small and bald around us
Lose their identity among the massive mullock

'why stand we in jeopardy every hour'

The backhoe hides among messmate regrowth
And the upright slabs of old miners gone to ground
The elbow is a poppet head in silhouette

'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die'

We are crows and currawongs
Curious and cautious round the shaft

'cut down like a flower'

Why does that old woman wear an object wrought in gold
And pinned to her black? The price is too high

'fleeth as it were a shadow
never continueth in one stay'

I have paid too much, I cannot use what I have bought
I am exhausted. Isn't that woman my wife?

'commit his body'

Old tailings with the gold extracted

'earth to earth'

Quartz rubble, hard clay, spoil, spent.
The sudden sun leaves my brow unshaded
And my coat is an overburden.