

**A Child Rings from Curtin**

Hello, Hello?!

Are you hearing?

I am eleven years

I have been here

for two years,

I sit and walk all day,

my brother and sister

have mental sick

from the war time,

I try every day

to get special help.

I do not know

where my father is,

only a little school

and the wet season

is like hell

please can you

get me out of here .... ?

**The Blood**

Blood that fell to the last drop

and so it dribbled down

soaking into the dry-as-dust

banalities of Israel's earth

passing on the way down

civilization's erratic procession

taking a grip, totally adhering

to clumsy feet of nobodies

adhering to the end-times.

**Reckoning**

I have reached that time in life

where one attempts to take stock,

to measure the pros and cons

and plan the smallness of a future,

but after some simple reflections

back over three score years and ten

one is aware of the smallness of effort,

the fleeting years have disappeared

into an unmeasurable nothingness

the pathos of life's tiny posturings

are as old flags wind-rippling

gone into the sum total of strivings.

**Eucharist**

My name is Mondoli  
but that means nothing  
for I am just a slave  
a chattel for working  
and so I pick cocoa  
on a large plantation  
in Africa's Ivory Coast.

My parents sold me  
for a whole thirty dollars  
so I am worth something,  
they thought it was  
the best thing to do  
for there was no hope  
in my own desert country

And so I simply work  
along with other children  
for such a very little food  
just to keep us alive  
to continue picking cocoa.  
will we ever get some pay?  
being a slave I don't know.

It all seems so unequal  
this scourge of slavery  
perhaps one day I will  
somehow understand  
perhaps I will be freed  
but until that time comes  
I must pick endless cocoa.

I have only one message  
for all you lucky people  
not sold away into slavery,  
when you next buy chocolate  
and bite into its richness  
you are eating my body  
and drinking my blood.

**Natily**

She rang me out of the blue  
first time in over a year  
'where are you?' I asked  
as conversation progressed  
'in Graylands' came the reply,  
I don't want to repeat her story  
for it is messy in the extreme,  
she had been in a week this time  
she admitted herself she said  
she started off in an open ward  
and then she threw a wobbly  
now she was in a detention ward.  
we talked and I got her laughing  
we talked about all and nothing  
an hour of delightful intimacy  
that may help lead her back  
towards what we call normalcy  
in this crazy world of realities  
the world we label as sanity  
but really it's confused bedlam  
for people as delicate as her.  
I can't advise her to come out  
I can simply return the call.

**Heat**

the stolid summer is at its zenith  
a reading of forty degrees celsius  
is only a collection of odd words  
but local dwellers know its meaning  
minimal movement is encouraged  
as fiercest heat beats down on earth  
a baking process for eight hours solid  
and we endure it with dumb silence  
acknowledging that the sun is king  
and as it sinks in the western sea  
we open doors to catch any breath  
that might waft across the still night.

**Muse-Memory**

The long afternoon  
has merged inwards  
a finger glancing  
beckoning visions  
out of summer haze.

a land of dryness  
yet to be found of  
deep lore-knowing  
... in the crevasses  
of mystery earthiness ...

Spirits mingle a sunset  
like floods of gold dust  
revealed by light shaft  
in longest afternoon  
a dry-born knowledge.

The heat seeks forever  
answers to a memory  
composition of spirit  
out beyond the fickle  
inability's of love-thread.

We are seed fragments  
of long lorn eludings  
adherents of memories  
knowing a something other  
confused by babble-blight.

**Bill**

Bill is a rough diamond  
lived and worked it hard  
but fate has dealt a few blows,  
arthritis has wandered around  
many limbs, and a stroke has  
rendered one arm semi-useless  
and cataracts reducing sight,  
he is due to leave the hospital  
and its considered he needs care  
so he has been found a place  
fifty kilometres from his home  
so that slots him into somewhere,  
the trouble is his life lone friend  
is a somewhat elderly kelpie-cross,  
easy enough to have it put down,  
a social worker completes a case  
and Bill is wheeled into oblivion.