

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.