

SOLASTALGIA I (The Lament)

Like the tear-stained veil of the grieving widow,
A shroud of pity, loss, a cadaver's pallor before me.
Blessed life bleeds from the islands of the south,
The flame hung dry like salt meat on a hook to cure,

An insipid reflection of glazed-crackling roast cheer,
And a pale resemblance of the bounding living pig.
You did this. I did this. We all played a blithe hand,
Stealing, rorting, gutting, taming and yoking the land.

Civilising the flame, the dreaming, with machine minds.
Only slumber, self-deception and glum pharmaceuticals,
Dull the migraine and quell my throat's bilious chunder.
So, goodnight, I retreat under Thylacine's flag. All is lost.

Her lace veil drawn, the pregnant widow's hand reaches
Out from under her crochet prayer shawl to rest on mine.