

Hobo

by jack Sunday, Feb 28 2016, 11:10am

international / poetry / post

an open fire
and a billy of bush tea -
the land sprawls in all directions
un-interrupted

i have my back
to the tracks that shine
like silver serpents
in the moonlight
appropriate
as my back i have always
shown our civilised world

parallel tracks that surgically
divide
i have no idea upon which side of the tracks
i have made my camp
though i assume it's the wrong side
as my life has never been right
according to civilised opinion
what a waste they say

blue steel and veins track the land and my arms
folly transposed and mutually affective
which conjunction forced my departure from
the poison culture and its necessary anesthetic,
cities poison everything
voraciously consuming and
spewing more poison
which now affects the entire planet

but least of all here on the border
of the territory and qld

but i must sleep now
and hitch a ride with a road-train
at dawn
desolate of worldly cares
is this exquisite place -
blind theologians continue to believe
that no mortal has seen God

the outback is devoid of clerics
but saturated with the living
presence of creation

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2141.html>