

Desire

by henry Tuesday, Feb 19 2013, 9:03am

international / poetry / post



there was a time
i lived in proximity
to a cemetery
on the coast by
the sea

the remains of
famous Oz poets
are buried in its
earth,
lawson and kendall
i believe

i've walked its grounds
countless times but
have never stumbled on
a poet's grave

instead a forest of
sculptured
tombstones,
confronts the living,
lost loves
tragic losses, noble and
ignoble deaths --
george freeman,
sydney gangster
managed to buy
himself a plot,
which he now inhabits

the blue
sea
backgrounds
white marble sculptures

in perfect visual contrast;
crosses symbolising
the futility
of hope in life eternal

waves crash
below providing
continuous background
sound,
this place has an odd
living harmony
for a necropolis

but that is not what
fascinates me,
this cemetery of the dead
is alive
some graves speak
undying love,
yearnings
all manner of unfinished business
almost a chatter
to the sensitive mind

one grave,
a 28 year old woman
with a sandstone sculpture
lamenting her demise
almost talks

she weeps and reaches out
through the long grass
for lost love
like so many living
females

some things
a grave
cannot contain