

## 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