

## Dark

by lynx *Thursday, Mar 14 2013, 11:25am*

international / poetry / post

tonight is black  
so dense is its darkness  
the moon has abandoned  
the sky

the waves on bondi fluoresce  
as they break, tiny plankton  
offer the only light,  
an eerie glow

i search in vain for the horizon  
but am unable to separate  
sky from sea in the  
blackness

it is strangely reminiscent  
of something deep in memory

i locate my favourite rock ledge  
with my trusty l-e-d torch  
tho i nearly lose my footing  
and plunge to certain death  
on the rocks below

can u imagine?  
instead of reading  
this poem locals  
would be reading  
about a body at the bottom  
of the cliffs with no ID  
or other identifying features

little would the authorities know  
that this is now the useless body  
of Australia's leading  
anonymous poet --  
this is not a narcissistic claim  
as writing is a narcissistic pursuit  
and no Australian writer of merit  
writes anonymously all the time  
as i do

few understand why i do not  
wish to take credit  
or criticism for my works,  
it's so tedious being somebody

i'm happy to disappear into the blackness  
and reappear where least expected,  
u see, i'm not only a poet  
i'm a semiotic terrorist

*[i recall now, the blackness  
reminds me of my inception  
in the womb --  
everything  
begins and ends in  
fertile darkness]*

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-448.html>