

## Sentinel

by manu *Friday, Aug 10 2018, 10:12am*

international / poetry / post

waves break like the prancing  
steeds of conquistadors tho  
riderless on this 100 mile beach;  
thudding and crashing, destroying  
themselves in the process but sliding  
back out to sea to rise again and  
again

armour rusting i hear it from the mouths  
of dead, murdered pre-Columbian civilisations,  
the hunted, for legendary and promised gold  
for the armoured conquistadors and the empire

the rhythmic thuds of hooves on the sand  
the trot before the charge for gold, women  
and blood -- the lust first for red blood,  
not the yellow gold of the sun

the sound ebbs with the tide,  
leaving a crimson, bleeding sunset  
the yellow sun also bleeds red when it dies,  
the connection between gold and blood

wherever and whenever it is pursued blood inevitably  
flows, gold does not hide the cost from itself  
or hide from the rusting armour of conquistadors

today star-spangled invaders mass murder  
for black gold but the rivers of blood remain red,  
rusted armour does not speak loudly

night passes and dawn breaks slowly changing hue  
until it locates crimson before the yellow sun rises  
then fades again into night

the ghost of an original walks slowly along the 100 mile beach  
spear, woomera and boomerang in hand,  
blackier than night tho the moon offers a silhouette  
he neither rushes nor delays, steady are his steps,  
turning occasionally as a good sentinel should  
seeing all in his dreamtime but not me tho i see his dreaming,  
killed on this beach a millennia ago for his precious shells

by his own kind

whenever something becomes precious  
blood is spilled, tho precious objects change with each age;  
one consistency remains, it plagues all men of all ages,  
the rivers of blood flow over an illusion

i enter the sentinel's dreaming, he sees me without my armour  
and sword and continues walking -- tho no-where here --  
for commodities of no real value to men but to empires

i follow his footprints now visible in his dreaming

---

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-201.html>