

Bard

by darcy *Friday, Aug 23 2019, 1:47am*

international / poetry / post



old world european bards
that entertained villagers
spreading lyric propaganda
plucking the gut strings of lutes
are not finished today
in foreign lands untamed
below the southern cross

poets scratch their verse
on scraps of paper illuminated
by eucalypt campfires
describing a red and seared interior
saturated with its own peculiar splendour
all the while drawing on the same font
of inspiration that bards knew so well

nothing in that sense has changed since the
first human scrawled an image in a cave
to magically capture by representation
an object of desire or need

all the printed histories do not reveal
what a single spray-stenciled handprint reveals
under a rocky overhang -
a human hand merging with the land

none of our modern words could hope to
explain one man's stenciled hand and all it entails,
this land/hand are inseperable breaching time
and recording history as it is
as I scratch it all down in

the eerie quiet of the interior
where timeless whispers are easily heard
between the pops, crackling fire
and floating scented smoke
of Australia



Oz Aboriginal X-Ray rock art

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-787.html>