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It's this war

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Abstract

it's this war that's raging off on the horizon my heart the war that's singing missiles of love across the wire the war that's wandering into my kitchen into the bath the news of the world the songs of the dead friends the great hope of laughter as I step up into the light on the red red plain and wonder at the beauty of spinifex off to the sky

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Rob. Finlayson

it's this war that's raging off on the horizon my heart the war that's singing missiles of love across the wire the war that's wandering into my kitchen into the bath the news of the world the songs of the dead friends the great hope of laughter as I step up into the light on the red red plain and wonder at the beauty of spinifex off to the sky you must know what I mean the sound of sand falling grain by grain down the wake of snake the creak of saltbush closing cells in the crackling air of noon the frying sound of festive nights over a moon's barbecue you must know what I mean the war's lights sparkle the dew of life on a windscreen in fog one winter's morn the padded idea of a wombat's track the thud of breath on a wool scarf and a nose's sniff echoing under the beanie I'm measuring the war as it wages its everyday dealings in the look I just received or the thought I caught in the razor's wire it's the behind-the-lines remembrance day blues being unwrapped every moment the red cross parcels of hope arriving with the shellfire the lightning arc of love sparking across the wire my hands hanging cold in the diamond eye of the cyclone fence looking at something from which side I'm not sure it's the war in the shopping malls of the heart I'm hearing as I long to put down my arms as I long to pick up my self and repair from the front I am noting the erection of crosses the dying men the jolly laughs of Mr Kringle the smoke wafting as we watch ourselves burn I am noting the choirs of angels feathery hearts the devas circling in momentary space the hungry ghosts swallowing up my pus my sweat my semen the demons making homes in my heart warming their hands at countless campfires I am noting

my belly of familiar dread demanding this and demanding that
lampshades of old friends the horrors of my selves the usual hordes
of hopeless rogues my blood-drenched ancestors walking to my
bed cowardly and drunk but it's Christmas and we expect to be
here we're welcome here as much as Halloween the day's as good
as another because in sacred moments such as these we convalesce
the heart and insist on hope the incandescent demands of life
the cycle of years the shelter from the stormy blast and our
incremental home you must be getting it now or else we're not
making ourselves clear but it can be like that it can be speedy
and so fast we're a blur on the arm of the window on the freeway
the run to the bus the forgotten joy of rain and children's rude
impertinent selves as if the fortunes were against us as if they
were it's more they're tossing coins tossing rugs tossing ourselves
into ourselves saying this is it this is the time of the year when
your face to face with yourselves and we're looking noting the
wind through the spinifex heart the desert's soft flowers and the
impossibly old selves we've become time after time as we stretch
into a new year our arms gurgling our mouth slackwired our fat
rolling and the sirens swinging wide overhead with fairy lights
cascading bright and the war a reminder of peace in the bed of
the mind the sheets waving slowly from the windows the white
words forgive forgive forgive as if they could be red