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AUSTRALIA

Kunapipi

Volume 6 | Issue 2

Article 13

1984

The Outcast

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Recommended Citation

George, Basil, The Outcast, *Kunapipi*, 6(2), 1984.

Available at: <http://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol6/iss2/13>

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The Outcast

Abstract

The dawn's pale light edges out the darkness of the barn creeps into every corner uncovers the curled figure embedded in the hay

he was always there in his old-fashioned coat and hat
until late this summer
he fell so desperately ill

you went to the hospital once, i'll grant you that
a boy must consider
his future, such things as a will

he wouldn't expect you to waste a wreath or a tear
attend his mocking last rites
that was never your plan

but wasn't it indecent haste to hurry back here
before they had even buried him
for a drink with your new old man?

Basil George

THE OUTCAST

The dawn's pale light
edges out
the darkness of the barn
creeps into every corner
uncovers the curled figure
embedded in the hay

In the pale light
it looks like a log
thrown up on a beach
twisted
and beaten into being

It lies dead
in the awakening day
grey, cold and still
shining black
like the bleak cliffs
along the shore
moulded in the lava
of an unknown past

A gull's lonely call
pierces the misty morn
feels its way into the dream
 of the sleeper
calls him from his dream world
to the world of his dream

For an instant it seems
that sleep would steal
the sleeper still
but the habit of fear
shivers him to life

He hunches up
looking into the dawn
letting his body come alive
letting his blood flow
to ease the morning chill

He sits
drained of emotion
looking into the dawn
 of each day
without hate
without hope
looking with fixed gaze
looking for the day
the dawn ends