

1998

## THAT WORLD WHOSE SANITY WE KNOW

Dennis Haskell

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi>

---

### Recommended Citation

Haskell, Dennis, THAT WORLD WHOSE SANITY WE KNOW, *Kunapipi*, 20(3), 1998.

Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol20/iss3/11>

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library:  
[research-pubs@uow.edu.au](mailto:research-pubs@uow.edu.au)

---

## THAT WORLD WHOSE SANITY WE KNOW

### **Abstract**

The plane dozed above the wavering green of sun-bright South Australian farms, intensities of gouged-out ochre rock, a river's slithering invitation before the arthritic land's gnarled knuckle hills. On one someone had patterned trees to give all lingerers above the message "Jesus Lives".

# Dennis Haskell

## THAT WORLD WHOSE SANITY WE KNOW

The plane dozed above the wavering green of  
 sun-bright South Australian farms,  
 intensities of gouged-out ochre rock,  
 a river's slithering invitation  
 before the arthritic land's  
 gnarled knuckle hills. On one  
 someone had patterned trees to give  
 all lingerers above  
 the message "Jesus Lives".

Lives, I suppose, in leaf and branch and limb  
 – natural certainties to worship Him.  
 I was leafing through poems by Derek Mahon  
 "who has hardly grasped what life is about"  
 and recalled yesterday's train, that couple  
 thrusting their "weighty books", *Bible Tales*  
 and *What the Bible is All About*  
 at me like a threat. I'd  
 fixed my eyes on the opposite  
 window's speeding riffs  
 of grass, and they'd  
 harangued each other and the air  
 all down the Sydney track.

In the news a politician's  
 try at suicide, Olympics plans,  
 a convicted nurse's  
 five hundred lashes.  
 Oh, to live with such atrophy of doubt,  
 cliffs of knowledge,  
 such certainty as  
 to carve all surprise  
 out of our lives!  
 The distant sea roughed up each edge of coast,  
 over each cricket pitch with its single I  
 and all lying-in-wait questions we flew,  
 then Adelaide dipped into view.