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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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 windscreens
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 spiny 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