1984

No man's grove

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Recommended Citation
Lim, Shirley, No man's grove, Kunapipi, 6(1), 1984.
Available at:http://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol6/iss1/14
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Abstract
Crossing the China Sea, we see Other sailors, knee-deep in padi, Transformed by the land's rolling green. We cannot enter their dream.

This journal article is available in Kunapipi: http://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol6/iss1/14
I'll never know, left simply
to knit them together — characters in a story,
a middle-aged couple on a train
waiting for love's fable to happen
to them, for their old lives to be
swept aside, changed, changed —
as she keeps knitting, bumping him
occasionally, at which he shrugs,
turns his head sharply
not like a lover, but content.

Shirley Lim

NO MAN'S GROVE

Crossing the China Sea, we see
Other sailors, knee-deep in padi,
Transformed by the land's rolling green.
We cannot enter their dream.

The sea brings us all to jungle,
Native, unclaimed, rooted, and tangled
On salt like one giant tree.

We spring straight from sea-wave. We see
But do not see grey netted plants
Shutting out the sun. Where sea and plant
Twine, mammoth croakers crawl on tidal zone.

Some will live in the giant's shade, bend
To the rapidly rolling horizon.
I choose to walk between water and land.