

## Sometimes

by styx *Sunday, May 11 2014, 11:55am*

international / poetry / post

some times i hold  
my hand to my face  
to re-assure myself  
i exist --  
the rolling swell  
of creation  
is all-absorbing

to be distinct  
or not to be distinct,  
is not so much the question  
but an oscillation,  
not so much a choice  
but an option

floundering is characteristic  
of human existence,  
isn't it?

sometimes i force myself  
to write desert poetry,  
the bush is overpopulated  
with bush poets

urban poets are plentiful  
but desert poets uncommon  
as few venture into  
the heartland

i have become proficient  
i am now second to none  
at encoding the searing  
stillness of the heart,  
the whispers of tufts  
in the sand  
spinifex filtering the wind,  
rocky outcrops  
delineating my mind  
against the sky

i wonder at times  
why desert poets

are rare in Oz  
the nation is  
almost entirely desert  
yet poets huddle at  
the urban fringe  
and write about each other  
as though  
the red expanse did  
not exist or is foreign

urban poets prefer to write  
about each other  
perhaps re-assuring  
themselves  
they exist

but the desert brims  
with life  
the archaic rocks  
offer stability,  
permanence

so it is that i write  
in the sand  
and whisper  
the secret language  
that is only spoken  
by ghosts  
and desert poets  
of the past