

## Alt

by paul via stella - Jungle Drum Newswire *Friday, Mar 9 2018, 1:25am*

international / poetry / post

a mist emerges from the forest  
slowly spilling over my new field

as it moves it wipes dew over my young  
sprouting crop as if lightening its load  
to lift more easily skyward

mists appear and disappear often in this valley  
in and out of season

this crop is the object of my hopes,  
the potential fruit, or bud rather, of my labour  
it should bring in a quarter million

i walk slowly among the small trees inspecting serrated  
leaves for vermin attacks that delight in feeding from tender  
leaves and stems

it should be a good harvest if things remain quiet and  
undisturbed, my small clearing bordering a national park  
seems a good choice though nothing is certain in this business

i return to my camp and reflect on my circumstances  
and labour,  
i have never been busted  
though i have lost a few crops to natural hazards,  
fires and flooding mostly

occasionally helicopters fly over  
but the dense forest offers good  
protection from above

it's so retrograde and petty the illegality, though without it  
the crop would only fetch a fraction  
of its current value,  
social immaturity and lack of vision/sense  
are always easily exploited

i have chosen not to lead a life  
of real crime as a former respected officer (killer)  
banker (thief) and politician (duplicitous liar)

they do not sell sprays to rid the world of that vermin,  
it has to be done manually

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3223.html>

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-823.html>