

## Bard

by darcy via sheila - Inverse Times *Friday, Aug 23 2019, 10:30pm*  
international / poetry / post



old world european bards  
that entertained villagers  
spreading lyric propaganda  
plucking the gut strings of lutes  
are not finished today  
in foreign lands untamed  
below the southern cross

poets scratch their verse  
on scraps of paper illuminated  
by eucalypt campfires  
describing a red and seared interior  
saturated with its own peculiar splendour  
all the while drawing on the same font  
of inspiration that bards knew so well

nothing in that sense has changed since the  
first human scrawled an image in a cave  
to magically capture by representation  
an object of desire or need

all the printed histories do not reveal  
what a single spray-stenciled handprint reveals  
under a rocky overhang -  
a human hand merging with the land

none of our modern words could hope to  
explain one man's stenciled hand and all it entails,  
this land/hand are inseperable breaching time  
and recording history as it is  
as I scratch it all down in

the errie quiet of the interior  
where timeless whispers are easily heard  
between the pops, crackling fire  
and floating scented smoke  
of Australia



***Oz Aboriginal X-Ray rock art***

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-787.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-972.html>