

An Anonymous Death

Five of Five Pieces

Malcolm Parker

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The comet, a white haired traveller, hauls its tail behind,
thereby hangs its tale. Its particulate history
swings away into black time as it skirts you.

A million times a million fissions, fires in Andromeda,
a surge of ice across a steppe, the moon's impacted skin.
Events escape their birth and move out at the roar of light,
hurtling endlessly nowhere and everywhere
colliding stray worlds, spinning and groping.

At night through cat's eye domes
watchmen on the world's clearest ranges
trap the begetting of suns
or discern an ancient death
when intercepted at the glass
when Diplodocus started the journey into strata
or when a hairy thing tottered erect
and stretched out tool-seeking fingers.
The watchers in the domes live half in a past
older than the sun.

I tended a white haired man
and cry out for a lens to map him.
His deeds curve short of my time
spitting out in a brown river
carrying a wiry oarsman in a sepia photograph.
The deeds of friends are buried
in a beach wired and bullet-stippled.
His sons and their sons splay out into air
return for the ritual visits.

Abandoned by his acts and their witnesses
he journeyed here
unencumbered by reputation or attribution.

White and upright in the launch bay
tended by ghosts
he rocks and straightens.
The great open space of his going is licked by dry wind
as the gantries of memory shatter, peel down
stripped for the last ignition and the burn out.

I see him orbiting in a room
his tales sucked away.

M. Parker (✉)
School of Medicine, University of Queensland,
Brisbane, Australia
e-mail: m.parker@uq.edu.au