

St Kilda

Bronwen Manger

This place,
gaudy as an open wound,
wears its weather beaten halo
askew.

I am regurgitated out
onto the footpath
by a mouth that gapes night
and day, frozen somewhere
between a grin and
a bite.

Shadeless, limbless trees
strain into a stricken sky. Fevered
cafes sweat people with brass skin
and concrete eyes.

Saturday night distends the streets
and a clawed hunger stamps
and struggles beneath
my ribcage.

I have trudged in the rain,
I have cried in the dark,
I have searched in the sea,

and slumped in the restaurants
eating pins and needles and
despair.

But I found one night
once, years ago we
laughed immortal and absurd,
disbelieving and joyful in some vineless
Vineyard.

We laughed;
and St Kilda,
I forgive everything.