

A Poem for Wendy (battered by her Fijian lover) 1998

I do not want to attend your funeral
Woman of the dunes. Why sand
I cannot hold
Now I offer words
A poem already turning grey.

I bring my flowers now
Wendy. Take.
I am saying farewell now.
In the sun I saw you
In the sky I saw you.
In death I will not.

Dear Wendy. As your eyes close
Chained by a priest. His music
Soft in voice A child in me cried. Wait.

Your agony of flesh
You showed me
Face scarred. Eyes blood
Black iris, gristle held .
A man.
Fished in the blob.
A shame of men.

Dear Wendy. Your death I know
It will neither be tragic nor beautiful.
In this land of sun and male darkness. You seek
A journey. Burned black.

Watch us all from your funeral seat.
Let your stripped eyes,
a tongue. Red now.

Lips slashed in sadness.
Thighs wrapped around a thousand trees.
Disguised lovers. Chained
By unknown orgasms.
They will not mock
They do not care