

Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language

Volume 6
Issue 1 *Environmental Writing*

Article 6

January 2014

Help is Inevitable

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Recommended Citation

(2014). Help is Inevitable. *Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language*, 6(1).

Retrieved from <https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol6/iss1/6>

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Help is Inevitable

Through fire-blackened trees
Feet corral the cinders, hands plot
a safer darkness.

Lives are designed for deceit,
our guilty indifference.

A flagrant threat of harmony
when words are difficult constructs. After
trenches & formwork, laying the bricks of our
cleverness. Legs
walk for money. Appetite is an element.

A machine seizes the eucalypt, cuts the base,
strips the foliage, *lumber* in 3 minutes tops.
Just like the forest, our pulse too is harvested.
In fear this street sheds its simple homes.
Mall pains are small pains.
Money gets orchestral, the culture of complaint
is still a culture?
We gutter-girls are dirty chorus,
fall into forte.

Under the government of blades every thing
gets taken down.
The sea accepts all wood, scorched
or brittle. To believe so little
is a revolution.

That ocean is an enemy to order,
guarantees are just tear-brine.

Currents are charted ruthlessly,
surprise has become anathema.
But one woman strides into the spume,
through & away.
Amongst the logs & algal plume
her destination is unexplored.

-Les Wicks