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## Raging in the Woods

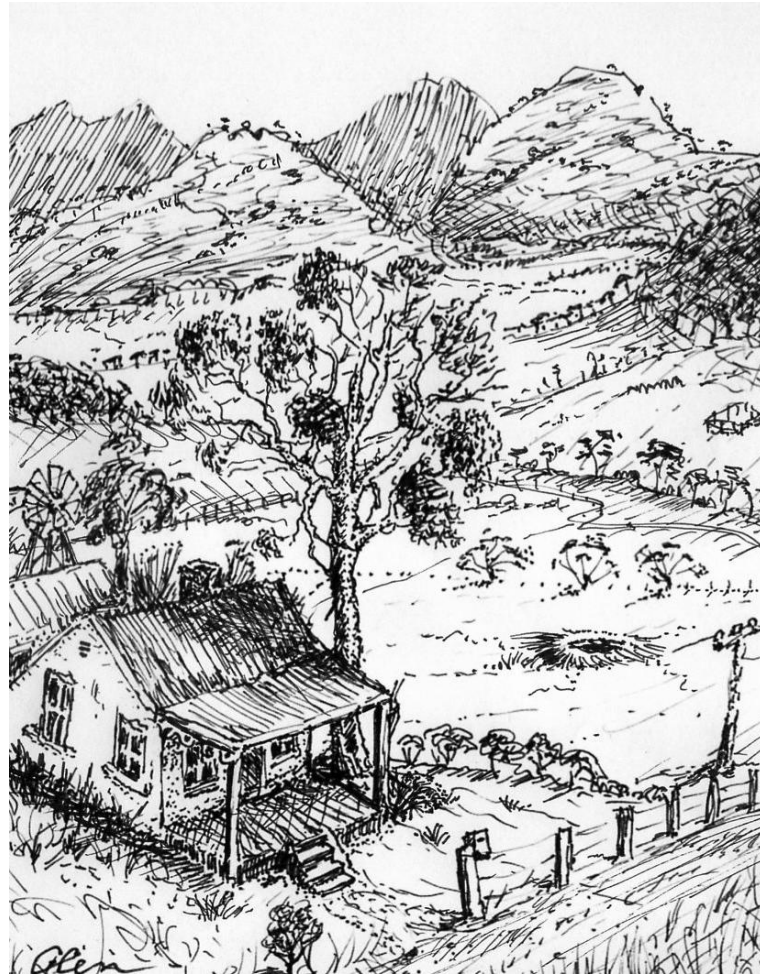
Glen Phillips  
*Edith Cowan University*

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**GLEN PHILLIPS**

### **Raging in the Woods**

They say I am an old man now  
raging in the woods, clothes torn,  
shoes kicked away. Bare branches  
tear at my arms, my tangled hair.  
When I stop for a breathless moment  
ants climb on to my scoured feet.

As a *cante flamenco* flaunts with  
both pleasure and pain, my journey  
has been a withholding, waiting until  
at the last, out of the ache of waiting,  
comes one moment of joyous release,  
so violent it becomes pain itself.

What am I to say then? This forest  
is endless, the gulleys choked  
with undergrowth. The slope  
to the hilltop steepens but still  
there is darkness. I look to that  
eastern sky where no sun rises.