Raging in the Woods

Glen Phillips

Edith Cowan University

Recommended Citation

This Poetry is posted at Research Online.
http://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol5/iss1/20
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 scourged 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.