Population

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Population

Beside the Coorong we discuss
peak-hour traffic.
Divide paper by quiet
doesn’t go. There’s
a lode of bigotry just
waiting to be mined as monster trucks with
guiltless drivers
eruct under the morning.

This is our debate
we are helpless
adamant beneath canopies like
“boat people” - one imagines
those people their skin sloughed from a hardwood hull
prows jutting from a worry of foreheads.
They are all direction, no surcease until that goal the
suffusion within an uncomplicated humanity.

But that’s not it.
To shrink with open arms,
flourish with less
our fewer children as guardian
of empty-handed gifts.
The mantra of enough goes everywhere let
refugees bring the war stories & whisper peace.
We can carry that,
the price. Growth & balance
that human trick-to-be
when we can’t even manage plenty.