

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Gone, with the wind

Like the wind we find a way
past prised planks. It pierces gaps
in the copper roof left by thieves.
The patina of verdigris was our landmark
the colour of a lime milkshake.
Broken glass stains the aisle, soaked and still
all these years after that day's excess.
Puffed-up pigeons gossip in the groins.
Before the altar the massive organ
has been overturned in a puddle.

They war, enemies without and within.
They conceive, are bereaved, never cede
victory despite the constant counting.
Sex is one bare luxury, extra rations
on a Saturday night after standing
in the double-decker to The Gaumont
to see Margaret Mitchell's lurid fable.
'Frankly, I don't give a damn'
seems a throwaway line to savour
passing the air-raid siren, Dad as Clark Gable.

Ian C. Smith

Ian C. Smith. 'Gone, with the Wind.'
Transnational Literature Volume 1 No 2 May 2009
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>