

a songline | for minoru

TONY BIRCH

a red vein on a body of dark bitumen
leads the way to the emptiness of the crematorium
but still I feel myself lost along
a boundary weave of hard wire
while drifting away with thoughts of you

I stayed together with the light
it rested with ease on my shoulder
this warmth had come to meet me
and it was Mino telling me to hold my sadness
as within this quiet waited the moment
of his journey

in the wooden boat you laid down
sleeping quietly with your song
resting eye-lids, lips and heart
in the shroud of a skin you built
to ease your body from home to home
to home

when you left you carried with you
the land of our loved children
touching the soles of your feet
lifting the flight of your soul

we send you on your way
with a new song your companion
its voice will circle back to us—
to where all we know
we know more of now
through the beauty of you

Mino, our friend, loved friend
we will meet with you
in the rhythm of this song—
it sways your life within each of us:

Mino is here
when we come
to speak with others
to call to ourselves
he is with us

when we rest
he is with us
Mino is here!

Mino is here!

Mino!



TONY BIRCH is a writer who teaches at the University of Melbourne.