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

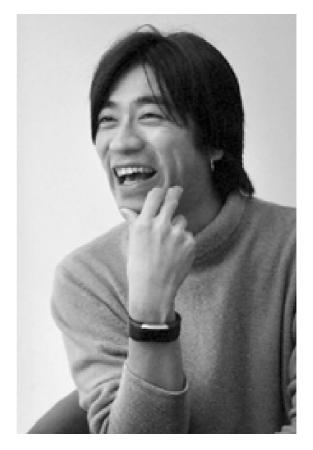
when you left you carried with you the land of our loved children touching the soles of your feet lifting the flight of your soul we send you on your way
with a new song your companion
its voice will circle back to us—
to where all we know
we know more of now
through the beauty of you

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!



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