

Perhaps They Are Most Happy and Kestrel - 2 Poems

By Murray Alfredson

Perhaps they are most happy

Perhaps they are most happy, those for whom
love does not strike as lightning in the brain
or as an arrow through the eyes. For them
love creeps up. Friendship is a fragile flame
that's kindled tiny, fed with many leaves
on edge and branching twiglets giving fuel
and air to let it catch and build enough
to lay on thumb-thick sticks then arm-thick logs.
These burn to coals for cooking and for cheer.

Such lovers find their friendship deepened, find
they've built a useful heat, a mutual hearth.

Kestrel

(for Jyoti)

With all my skull-endomed grey lobes I love you;
in brain's homunculus hands I take that thought,
chisel it with word-forms, sand it smooth,
falconiforme complete with wings to soar,
and preen with wax and oils to a sheen.
That worded thought I loose into the world.

Four metres up, white kestrel hovers still
breasted to the wind, stark against
dark leafage and clear sky, our living banner.

Murray Alfredson is a retired librarian and lecturer, and was also a Buddhist Associate to the Multi-faith Chaplaincy Service at Flinders University of South Australia. He has published essays on Buddhist meditation and on inter-faith relations in Theravada, The middle way, In the round, and Eremos; and he has published poems and translations from the German in journals in Australia, the United States and the United Kingdom. His collection, Nectar and light, appeared early in 2007 in a shared volume, number 12 of the New poets series jointly published in Adelaide by Friendly Street Poets and Wakefield Press. He was awarded the High Beam Poetry Prize in 2004 and the Poetry Unhinged Multicultural prize in 2006. He was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in 2008.