

The age of reason

...no one knows the dark beauty of waiting for nothing
Louis Aragon

High sun Champagne vineyards
the child conducts an off-track
story of chocolate ants
moving

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swats stray insects licking
her father's face stone-like
on cracked clay

Spanish border dipping sun
guitars strum
to the singing of women
clap-clapping of castanets
tap-tap-tapping of heels
buzz-buzzing of mosquitoes

nothing bares the moon better
than the sky adrift in black

the child practices seven
times tables cocooned in light
foliage where the heat drops
in a tangle of dream-like
shadows flowing through
diaphanous spiderwebs
at the exact point of loss

she wanders
 under the fig tree
stones scarabs lizards all
scurry away in heated absence
offer some sense
 of no real
 consequence
the dark
 deepens further

Dominique Hecq
Writer / Literary Critic
Melbourne, Australia