

Emmaus

Do you really

eat with pushers in our street cafes
and did I hear you ask that prostitute
'Love. I'm lost. Which way to Burton Street?
I think I've come to far.'?

Do you really

Side up beside your mates and share a bench
And bottle with them upon a tiny island world
In Taylor Square, there to sit and wait no longer
For a rescue ship from who knows where?

Do you still

Agonise each night as you pass by young guys
Spot-lighted by our cruising hunters craving
Tender flesh, discarding hearts and souls?

Do you really

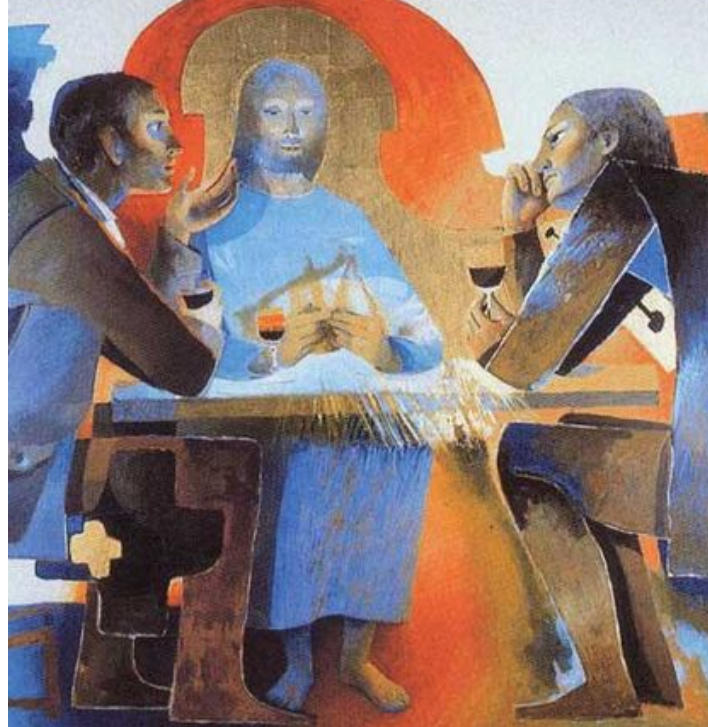
Take the time to pause awhile to read
Unravelling tangled trolleys and tempers before
You wait with us in dawdling checkout lines?

Do I catch

A smile and hear a chuckle as you feed
Your hungry Otto and wheel him out
To bide his time and wait in line to be upended
With all his clones?

Do you really

Shout out BINGO! Look around the sea
Of smiling-disappointed faces, nudge your mate
And say 'You beaut, a tray of meant today!'
And do you still sing and tap and clap
With all your oldies at the centre?



Did I spot you licking ice cream running down
A cone? Your T-shirt hero had strawberry
On his clothes.

Was that you
At our twilight spread before the evening's
'Opera in the Park'? You came with friends of friends.
And did we see you dancing on the waves that night
With the riders on their surging stage?

Do you still tell
Your dreamtime stories where warm and wondrous
Hearts together ask, 'Tell us the stories of our past,
where we came from, who gave us fire and rain
and what the wind was heard to sing.'?
Or do you cry alone in city caves these days?

Have we really
Classified you 'UNEMPLOYABLE'? These fits you take
are scary. Anything might happen. We can't be held
responsible. It's much too tough in business
at the moment. Another burden and the added worry
we can ill-afford to carry. Terribly sorry.
You understand.

Are really
Spat upon by those of us who jeer and shout
And scrawl on walls "Go home to old Saigon, Bombay.
Nazareth...wherever you come from. There's not
Room and food and jobs for all of us.
You've got to go.

Are you really
With us when we're lonely, lost in endless replays
Of our lives, looking for some company
In the letter box, tapping on the road of darkness,
Longing for the warmth of home and a mate
Who hears our crying in the cloister of our hearts?

Do you really walk with us and listen to our stories?

Do you really cry out for our loving?

Do you really?

Noel Davis

