

Grand Final

Dirty silver rain has been falling all day
on the tarmac of Newcastle airport.
I can't remember where I'm flying to
and the others here are also missing
from their lives. It doesn't seem to matter.
We flip the pages of summer magazines
and pause for the haka warrior-tongued
on the TV hanging in the sky's lounge.
I think the birds outside the windows
have flown away, frightened
by the planes which hourly swoop down
from a place beyond the clouds.
But, then, before thought there was black space,
dark matter, the first stars. Yesterday, an asteroid
scattered its fiery stones over Moscow.
We gather them as souvenirs, *les petites morts*
of anonymous galactic destruction.
They burn holes in the news for a time.

Perhaps the birds have flown away
because this is not earth
but a waiting room of ash
contained within glass walls
where we pause in brittle half-happiness
sipping cold beers
flipping our I-phones to silent
as though absolving the invisible gods above
of everything we need, win or lose.
Myth once flew like a plane
through time gathering power as it rose
towards the gods we no longer hold responsible
for cruelty. Now, we prepare to board
though the plane has not come and might not arrive.
We trust the wind beneath these wings
will carry us forward—somewhere quite new.
Somewhere we didn't realise we wanted to go.