

# Elegy for Leonard Keith Brennan

LSUC R58844 RAN

By Hannah Sky Brennan

Curved we lay in the round room close by creek and trees,  
your roughened skin warm against mine.  
Outside the window, blackwoods and wattles blooming,  
spring rains and creeksong dreaming by.

Your love - sunlight dazzle streaming from raindrop leaves -  
my heart, here, now, your heart pounding,  
galahs tossing by on turbulent song-filled winds,  
calling of your paired heart to mine.

the grey thrush was loud in the blackwoods, and gum leaves  
rattled in the gusting sweet breeze.

In the wide country our love sang into being  
each found other and self and always  
the shared call of our hearts drew your hurt mind  
home, safe from nightmare seas of war.

But a cruel tide crept into our love's harbour,  
sliding down the Mekong of your veins,  
poisoning your diver's lungs, liver and lymph nodes,  
crawling unwelcome to your brain.

When you lay here, dying, warm windows were gusting.  
The scent of blossoming trees,  
the beseeching cry of the darling galahs  
flowed through the hours of your ending.

Slowly the day waned, the gathering night sweet  
with frog song and small chitterings.  
The mopoke called twice from the blackwoods, and then,  
again, I heard it call your name.

I spoke to you, I held your hand and you, you leapt  
through mists of space and seas and time,  
dreaming me into the flowing of your going:  
last passage of our paired lives.

You dived, gannet like, transforming in blue depths,  
filling yourself with sea and sky,  
entering old haunts in your new oneness, my love  
while my body, breathing, took me

Back, till I beached on our bed-shore  
And found your body a pale shell,  
left by the tide, worn by sand and water, exposed,  
beautiful, utterly and forever vacated.

the grey thrush calls in the distance, and gum leaves  
tinkle in the fading spring winds.