

**Classic Poetry Series**

**H M Green**

**- poems -**

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## **Bush Goblins**

The Locust drones along the drowsy noon,  
The brown bee lingers in the yellow foam,  
Blossom on blossom searching deep, but soon  
Slides heavy-wingèd home.

The vacant air, half visible, complains  
All overburdened of its noontide hour;  
Sound after sound in heavy silence wanes  
At the strong sun's burning power.

Let the strong sun burn down the barren plain  
And scour the empty heaven, and twist the air  
To filmiest flickerings, o'er us in vain  
His hollow vault doth glare.

For us gnarled boughs and massive boles o'er shade,  
And tall bulrushes guard us with green spears  
From the grim noon; our dewy jewelled glade  
Never a footstep nears.

Come feast with us; behold our fragrant store  
Of candied locusts, that no longer drone  
Through summer eves, but transmigrated, pour  
Thin goblin monotone

Through eucalyptine stillness as we rouse  
Our gnomy anthem to the answering trees,  
While gold-eyed toad-guards of our hidden house  
Croak full-fed choruses.

Come visit us; O follow till you find  
In some green shade our secret banquetings,  
Where brolgas dance, and, some great stem behind,  
A hidden lyrebird sings.

Ask of the eaglehawk in the blue air,  
Ask of the chattering parrot, he should tell;  
Fat possum in the tree bole, furry bear,  
Us beast and bird know well.

The silver lizard on the sun-baked stone,  
The green-flecked tree-snake in his circle coiled,  
Dreaming of evil, man, and man alone  
Missed us, howe'er he toiled.

Come feast thou with us; ancient kings of all,  
We are the mystery at the heart of noon,  
Weird unseen chucklers when long shadows fall  
From the misleading moon.

We are the spirits of distorted trees;  
We beckon down dim gullies, far astray,

Till lost, deep lost, the wild-eyed traveller sees  
Dark at the heart of day.

And oh, we laughed about his last choked groans  
Beside the water that he sought so long,  
And oh, we danced about his clean-picked bones  
To a gnomy undersong.

For all the day we chuckle and provoke  
With mocking shapes and noises each bright hour,  
But when dark even from his grave hath broke  
Then are we lords of power.

H M Green