

INTO THE DESERT

by
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A DRUNKEN MAN ON HIGHGATE HILL:

Along the dark wet lanes of golden light
A midnight tippler lurches towards the night.
Bold on earth's edge, against the city's glow, he stands
And signals silence.

Universes cease
Their clamorous gyrations. All is peace.

Then, with wide-sweeping hands,
He wakes to crashing concord the massed bands
Of all creation; till, reverberate,
Tremble both earth and superstructed dome.
Leading some mad gay march, with pride elate,
Man, drunk with heady power, goes singing home.

Lord of all harmony, he grunts his raucous bars
Where street lamps blaze far brighter than the stars.