Homeless (or post-Colonial)

Bev Braune

I found him at an open door that could not be closed:
the homeless man who had set himself to task
in search of books of the dead,
sifting the sand of storms
in the corner of a churchyard.
Armed with lapis lazuli eyes
he could see travelled-winters,
he could feel desert-dried kings
marching in his bones.
Now, with the breath of papyrus sheaves,
his hands shimmering
with the paint of gold-leaf pages,
he decorates two headstones
with waiting
as the west waits for the east.