

Being Determined

Dad? Dad! Smiling there amongst my son's books,
moustached, short-back-and-sides, barrel-chested,
bald as me . . . the same age, just the same looks . . .

a photo I'd forgotten . . . Good on you!
My sons are off to university,
not the Royal Welch Fusiliers like you,

then me. You won your stripes in bloody mud;
I returned salutes with a swagger cane . . .

and
your last words to me? "You don't know what's good!"
—Mugabe's win the morning that I left—
and five months later you were dead.

No grasping determination so deft
which sent my brothers, then you, to Transvaal,
me to Australia's authentic life.

SELWYN PRITCHARD