

# Homeless (or post-Colonial)

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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.