

Space Invaders

Dropping in from 12 o'clock high,
you will barely notice our arrival.
Being neither green
nor of unduly small stature,
we blend easily
with the streetwise procession
of Friday night diners, party goers
and good-natured drunks.

Once we are here,
molecule by precious molecule,
we will infiltrate your haemopoietic stream,
until your body fluids flow as thin as solar wind.
Like bamboo beneath your finger nails,
we will reduce all communication
to compromise and distant comets,
adrift in the cloying starlight.

Already you can see the places we have been:
the sea cliffs fallen away,
ocean currents reversed,
corals faded to desert stone,
and cyclones following our path
across land-locked harbours,
over clouded mountain ranges,
to your humble fragile abodes.

But for the moment,
we are sitting unsighted
behind the silvered glass of the Spiegel Tent:
where now are the acrobats?
the tumblers?
the flying trapeze?
where now the sawdust?
the tattoos and scars?

Ian Gibbins. 'Space Invaders.'
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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

For the moment, we imagine
the quiet hum of an air conditioner
bathing us with cool relief,
redolent with strawberries,
raspberries, milk-sapped figs
the welcome fruits of your earth.
For the moment, as you can imagine,
we are sitting pretty.

Ian Gibbins