

In Memoriam

For David and Gregg, October 2016

My poor father has paid the last debt of nature.

- Matthew Flinders to George Bass, Sydney, 8 August 1803.

The light is different over there;
The angles and the planes
Confound my eyes and brain with deep-felt misled faith
On north perimeter or in cathedral town.

I lost a father too, a dozen years ago.
I knew the sudden catch of memory and lack
Among the day's demands.

The light is different
But the pain persists alike
For poet or philosopher, or curious wanderer.
Though hemispheres and centuries divide,
In words and photographs we meet
In bright uneasy rooms of memory.

Gillian Dooley