

**Simon Weppel**

## **Magnetic Mountain**

It was a strange attraction  
That brought us here:  
A glisten from your sullen veins—  
A promise, a signpost,  
And us, deciding to stay.

We marched in lock-step  
To that glorious future,  
His likeness glimmering  
On coarse woollen lapels  
As proof of our labour.

After the red dust had settled  
(at least for a while)  
We asked ourselves:  
Had we been deceived—  
or deceived ourselves?

Today, polyester jackets, unadorned  
Mutely cry out for someone  
To demonstrate a melody  
In the supermarket tills'  
Incessant beeping

A granite sword looming,  
We gaze across, to that rusty field  
Where your funeral pyres still burn,  
Silently roaring  
In a late summer's haze

Now, days become shorter  
And we know that soon,  
Another flock of birds will settle—  
Confusedly—  
Here, with us.