
MY SOUTHERN SANCTUARY

Chris Trott

Eyes gaunt, the look of tarnished dreams, pulse gently through his face,
Raised in the Southern Hemisphere suffocating in a northern place.
The spiteful force of Europe's winter solidifies his spine,
Berlin a pit of black tooth expressions, a frozen city in decline.
Steam from foul breathed officers crisp in the static air,
A shriek from a mirror eyed raven stings his gut full of despair.
Visa battles not won and months of waiting crease across his brow,
The uncertainty, the heartache, the empty pockets, when did the wall come down?
Ice and wind replace an outside venture 'now' with 'later',
More daily trips to the *Ausländerbehörde* (Foreign Office) and always these goddamn
papers,
Another 'No', an accented plea leaves a bitter mouth,
The steely mask of non reasoning spits '*Du hast noch keinen Platz gekauft.*' (You
haven't bought a place yet.)
Yes it tarnishes your dreams this mark of 'Foreigner' on your passport,
But to change a life with ink and rubber apparently requires no humanistic thought.
Bureaucracy strangles this country, not new, it's widely said,
Another stamp, 'Should I sign here?' will someone cut the bloody thread?
A yes or no that's all I ask, I don't expect a lot,
But dangling carrots and empty promises force a man to adopt...
Thoughts of faraway places, surrounded by the sea,
My life, my home, my family, my southern sanctuary.
And then a note, a bud of life, found within a folder,
'See you soon. I love you.' Heart ashes begin to smoulder.
And gradually a flame arises and erupts into a fire,
A Polish smile clears his mind, the dampened spark of love glows brighter.
Time lost and tears shed, slip from a lovestruck shoulder,
A youthful burst of lust for life colour his smile golden.
'At what past time did the leaves return?' he notes with shocked surprise,
The awaited sprout of greenery escaped his distracted eyes.
For winter has removed its grasp and his heart has now been won,
A stunted dormant sapling warmed gently by the sun.
And now the summer chorus rises, the choked Spree begins to flow,

Berlin ****ed city of white nightmare winter bathed in an afternoon glow.
Black tooth expressions fade and the sun defrosts his spine,
A vibrant city emerges, summer Berlin one of a kind.
The jaded entertainer rises fit to be a king,
Energised by warmth and fuelled by smiles of the capital awakening.
So damned Berlin of wintertime I'm afraid you're doomed to failing,
You'll never crush this optimistic dreamer, lucky enough to have been born an
Australian.

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