

Augie March, Owen's Lament

Level your fretting. I won't be forgetting the flush of your face
When I lifted you level to me and a wattle tree framed your body.
In whispers welling with the dope of a new Spring
You said "Kill me a dynasty or our love won't mean a thing..."
A bullet for a diamond ring.
A favour promised
A promise delivered and more to you -
It's only a war I'll be back to your shore before you know I'm gone,
Then I'll cover you body.
And if you have to go please go lightly,
Keep it to a foxtrot whether he's a fox or not.
Keep it cold, keep all your heat for me -
I'll be needing it for when I'm cold you see?
Let your children remind you of me
Whether by another or by the ghost in me in you -
There goes my baby.
I would think of you and a palmtree would cover your body.
You - in love and war we are bound by a law,
it goes to you and then to yours to recover my body.
She bound me up and hugged me
'O how the mother loves thee'
She covered my body
In a ragged flag and bloody -
O not on your life.