

Augie March, The Slant

Pity the boy in front of me
He was only 16,
Lifted up my axe then down,
Split his head like a cord of wood.

Not for me the huon pine,
Not for me the ankle iron,
A'resting in the rope'll do me fine.

So they sent me down to Bellerive,
Strung me up to my relief,
I was just a petty thief
Of no account, no import.

Send my love to my sister
In the Female Factory,
Remind her of the day when we drank wine.

May a slant of winter light
Break upon my stone before the night
Ushers in the chill,
I have no sight, I have no sight.

But did they pave the streets of Hobart town?
Lop the old wood forests down?
For the press of King and Crown,
For honey? Milk and honey?