

impaled

our land has
ground to a standstill,
starved of sustenance -
like an exhausted
dagga boy* buffalo.

we confront razor-sharpened
choices, either of which
could impale us.
we lie locked in the fear
of our double proposition.

to lift this curfew
may skewer us
on Virus mortality.
to maintain it, may cast us
into an oblivion of unrest.

the horns of our dilemma
are what we look to our
Wise Ones to resolve.
they face an agony of options,
while we stare destiny in the eye.

**Solitary old buffalo bulls are called
Dagga Boys (dagga meaning mud)*

Craig O'Flaherty 2020