

# Children of the Great Divide

(Mayflower 400)

A jewel  
rests upon a berth of earth,  
stands to greet Grandfather Sky,

timber frames sing  
to connect  
a young mind to the world,

here, there is no signal;  
no David Bowie yet,  
just expanding time,

waits like the snowflakes of winter  
as truth will shower down the mountain  
and consume the land.

The soil is dented  
only by  
footsteps towards the future,  
sounds of a drum,

unseen spirits  
do reveal their true forms,  
created by Kehtannit,

this is where they learn  
to fish and sew, seed and tan hides.

What is to come is not born,  
there is no ritual for bleached skin  
washing in the foreshore.

Cries of golden eagle  
signal adulthood will be  
a season like no other,  
a new age; unexplored,  
of suffering;  
of pain,

a nation lined with bodies,  
graves for postholes.

A jewel  
rests inside a treasure chest,  
stands to see crescent moon frown,

timber frames block  
the connection  
of a young mind to the world,

here, there is no signal;  
no David Bowie yet,  
just endless space,

waits like idle dust on a shelf,  
the glide of currents will stir anxieties  
and heighten this flight.

The sea is tread  
fiercely by  
wet hands signing a cross,  
beat across the hull,

visible saints  
cast names to the waters  
in honour of Jehova,

this is when they learn  
to fish and sew, read the bible.

What is to come is unknown,  
there is no colonial handbook  
for sharing unowned land.

Cries of the seahawk  
signal adulthood will be  
a venture like no other,  
a new land; unexplored,  
of hardship;  
of pain,

a nation built on bodies,  
postholes for graves.

**Thom Boulton**