

# Ghosts

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*Joshua Hodges*

The snowgums emerge  
from the fog like  
shadowy pillars—  
headstones for a people  
that now haunt the forest.

Long ago they were driven  
from this place—by a people  
that came in ships.

The white man used the land for  
profit, a land of sheep and steeds.

But this was not a place for sheep—this  
was a place of ice and smoke. But now heat  
and steeds have overcome this place—and  
the ice is all but gone.

The snowgums are greying corpses—but they  
are not grotesque.

They are a sign of what was once here—and what  
can be again.

