

# On Beachhead Bondi

Phillip Louie

The surf beneath the Southern Cross swells, cries,  
with bloody wakes of ghosts from war-torn shores;  
it breaks on beachhead Bondi, foams red, roars.

Again. The deep wails: *Have we Jews not eyes?*  
If you strike us, we bruise; hunt us, our cores  
shake; bury slugs in our soft skin, we sink  
to earth. The blessed knives—Sharia's ink—  
carve pounds of flesh. New pogroms at the door.

You—paper Crown—mete out our storm. The brink  
calls home: from their red river—to your seas.  
Police peel back; unarmed hands take your oaths,  
plant feet in sand, stomach slugs, promise peace:  
Never Again. All your hollow vows o'erflow—  
on beachhead Bondi—butchers reap revenge.

