



Photo Credit: Rocco Rorandelli

(a response to the paper "[Oedipus and Nature's Rage](#)" by Dr Gabriela Dragnea Horvath)

As I walk over the aged bricks here
that pave my urban driveway's looping form,
I see profusion of gum tree blossom
fallen in a long night's storm. But, I fear,
this season's snow of natural procreation
is out-shone by technology unfurled.
It's our obsession with the sad dream world
we alone created. Seems digitalisation
much craved as our triumph over flower
and animal form is lust for power

embodied in conjuring acts. Lower
than this we cannot crawl in detritus we made
of this blue-green orb called Earth. Each decade
worsens; until in this same earth we're laid.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Glen Phillips

Born in Southern Cross, Glen Phillips has taught English for many years at Edith Cowan University In Perth Western Australia, where he currently lives. He is the Founding Director of ECU's International Centre for Landscape and Language. His poetry is represented in 30 anthologies, and over 40 individual volumes. His poems have been awarded prestigious prizes, have been translated into several languages and are object of graduate studies. His more recent books include *Alpi e Prati: Poems of Italy* (2014), *Poems of the Wheatbelt* (2016) and *Crouching Tigers, Hidden Dragons: Chinese Poems* (2016).