

## Fire at the Murdering Hut - Judith Wright.

Judith Wright was a well-known Australian poet. Judith Wright's 'Fire at the Murdering Hut' is a three part lyric. The speaker is the first person 'I' & the listener is the second person 'you'. In the first part Grave speaks, middle Fire asserts & at the end Stone appeals.

I: Grave speaks to Fire. Bush-fires in Australia break out & devastate often and tents with inmates are put out in the blaze. Fire is like a snake hidden under the Grave. It comes out suddenly and destroys. Fire has to come to take the Grave away with its knife like flame-tongue. The Grave is observing silence for over a century without seeing the fire, now the fire is found. For century the fire has left the Grave alone. Now Rose-tree has grown. The Grave has been for too long a time in the drought and in the rain. Now the Fire has come to take the Grave again. Fire will dig the Grave out & wake it. Grave is lying alone.

## II - THE FIRE.

Now the fire is charging at the Grave, because it is one of the dead soul. Dead souls ~~com~~ complaints of the dead soul are whispers to the Fire. Asking the Fire to stamp down under its feet. Grave is shallow like a red-bird. The song of Fire, death is the final message of love. Now the Fire comes to eat the white roses, the dry stone - moss & the bones within its Vault. Neither Love nor death come to death. Flesh does not grow on the bared bone. The dead can not come alive & dead cannot die again. Fire is dancing on the grave like a lover's ghost. Fire is beautiful. Flames are beautiful. The Fire dances on the tree of roses. It means, The Fire burns. The tree chars to coal-dust. Fire is not the lover of Grave and it does not love. But before it goes it kisses the Grave through the rose-root & delves into her breast and tattoo a love message in black stain, as a badge of black plague upon the white breast stone.

### III - THE STONE [SOUL]

Now the cut-stone speaks. Flame seems to be a steel knife. It is cruel in the hands that split the sleep of the stone & marks it with pain. The stone is willing to be left alone, cold, quiet and deep sleep. Fire is the instrument of love, that will eat the stone away. The poor naked bone lies beneath the stone and it looks to be left bare. The stone hears the fire calling on the grave. Fire is terrible, it is the eater of death even. The dead body (soul) lies hidden inside the grave. The fire is going to open (tear) the heart of the body. The stone asks the dead body to lie quietly in the grave. The stone is afraid of the falling of the scorching sun rays & the rain, falling on to beat its breast. Fire does not open the stone's heart. The stone does not wish to be awoken to the cruel day of love. The stone prays for REST.