

nature

nature

can

swirl

like

a falling

leaf

sometimes

turning to

butterfly

or bereft on the ground

turning to

dust

## harmony

in warm afternoon light  
a family group roves the plains  
murmurs delight as  
landscapes become familiar

parrots surge their welcome  
at the old meeting place  
a young woman gathers  
wild fruits and berries

her husband the spear maker  
admires her supple body  
dancing a parody of love  
his older brother teases his idolism

his own wife is still lithe  
an aged Law holder  
the young woman  
her only child

in the shade of gum trees  
the old woman sings clan songs  
as the cooking fires begin  
a wombat gifts his soul

sated now the women  
dissolve down a cryptic path  
under the moon's glow  
gratitude and joy are danced

## morning

ribbons of campfire smoke  
drift to a sunrise sky  
as people begin to rise

the spear maker squats by the fire  
his weapons hardened over coals  
he stands to stretch

his eyes turn to the hillside where  
earthen thighs hide a sacred spring  
three crows circle nearby

he can see the women hurrying  
back from the hidden pathway  
their movements clumsy in haste

he can see his brother running  
from the ochre cliffs signalling  
*get the spears ready!*

fear in their eyes  
the women whisper  
*there is danger here*

in gesture language  
the old man signals *sshhh!*  
*the air is wrong!*