

## ISLAND

A botanical basket settled in sea,  
an island of boutique  
in lumentide of jadish green  
surged around with leafy crown  
and a beach white bright and clean.  
An island shape, engaged in leaves,  
vines entwined rocky high  
in the deepest blue of sky.  
Birds and flowers, rustling, singing  
with the scent from nectar  
heavenly sent.  
Flaunting, the humus floor  
butterflies, yellow, red, azure –  
like fluttering stars  
both near and far.

An inlet of mangrove  
backed by mango trees  
nearby water wavy clear,  
with easy breezes welcome here.



Beyond the beach and buried in brush  
an old canoe: weathery, honeysuckled,  
splintery, splotched and carved in figures  
engaged to the gunwales in toiling  
with trays and dishes  
head-high with fruit and fish,  
toiling along eyes wide; mouths  
(the last man pushing along  
is beating a gong) open in song  
as canoe carves on.

See... footprints chipped in the hull  
like wooden gifts  
borne to the island shrine and  
we can imagine the chanting rhyme,  
paddles waving  
as islanders beached this gem  
long while in time.

# HOLD

Something shining, warming in wood  
as we force our way through the scrub,  
sunshine gleaming on the edge of shadows  
under the cliff at noon  
glowing beryl and amethyst wealth  
in the wizardly caramel rough  
of the sandstone shelf.

A galleon illusion for sure rests amongst  
the swells of boronia  
with caravel sides and gun ports slung  
where long, yellow fingers of treasure  
are clung.

Soft sandy gold goes on to show  
seemingly ageless doubloons  
spilling from the cliff galleon's  
hold, at noon.

Last impression...

Leafy canopy sails of a kind  
in the rigging of leaves and vines,  
a rudder's course set in time  
and a faded figurehead  
cleaving the swells of the bush  
as a Spanish  
Ship of the Line.



# HILLY

The hills are here  
and everywhere  
in the sky  
in the air.

Streams come flicker  
among the rocks  
fish go gather  
in pondling flocks.

So the day  
plays on  
like the hill-billy folk  
of song  
fiddle enhanced  
with dancing enchants.

Quaint farmlets  
in knobbly homesteads  
warmly reside with stories inside  
while gazing at hills, a calming sight  
where the paddocks by forest  
grow grassy and bright.

# CRACKER NIGHT

It is Cracker Night  
with bonfires lit  
in paddocks strewn  
with dusty sticks  
that kids collect  
with smeary hands  
and sandy feet  
and their grins are wild  
and their hair is mussed  
they're chewing lollies  
then,  
"Hey, let's go, get lost!"  
And the delight in their minds  
is the simmering appraisal  
of joy to come  
on the verge of their  
cracker night fun.

Matches strike  
paper is lit  
flames lick out  
voices shout

dogs are barking  
and skittering about.

Now come the crackers  
lit from the fires  
bon bon smoky  
with pungent pyres:  
bungers, jumping jacks,  
sparklers, Catherine wheels,  
tom thumbs -  
flashing, banging,  
lashing, fizzing, flinging  
with instant colours,  
a topiary of sparkly shapes,  
spicey and sharp  
bitter and sweet  
with burnt sticks on papery bits  
smoking a treat.  
Then,  
A "WHOOSH"  
from the rockets in bottles  
trailing up and over



into flowers of stars  
and fiesta displays.

The kids want more,  
but the ears of the adults  
have grown heedless and sore  
and they are drifting away  
as red embers go grey  
and are thankfully thinking,  
the next Bonfire Night  
is a long way away  
on Empire Day.

## CAVER

Checking the rope's belay  
the caver then jumps  
offwards, backwards  
into the pit of the cave  
and slowly abseils  
past ledges and overhangs  
with the wonder-filled brilliance  
in helmet light of helictite,  
decorations, glittering shawls, stals  
- roping down...  
cascading gleams  
stars in dreams  
down slow with ledges, niches and alcoves  
of miniature turrets and towers  
petalled with gypsum flowers.  
Abseil on... rope slow and strong...  
Touching down in awe  
to see the crystal mystiques  
encrusting the floor.



## DAWN

The sea brings  
the sound of wavelets  
around the bay  
and the sun is about  
to burst with the coming day.  
The big gum trees  
are wrapped around  
with leaves and bark and  
dwindling greys of dark.  
An egret flies with silver eyes  
and the big black birds are golden eyed  
currawongs flying high.  
The sun quickly rises  
and rapidly becomes  
a coppery gong  
with booming heat  
pounding the dawn along  
as from its molten rim of girth -  
looms the Earth.