

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.