

**BILL BEARD**

aloose the breeze  
full with song  
the robins colour  
o crimson evening's  
sky

winds sway warm  
summer smiles

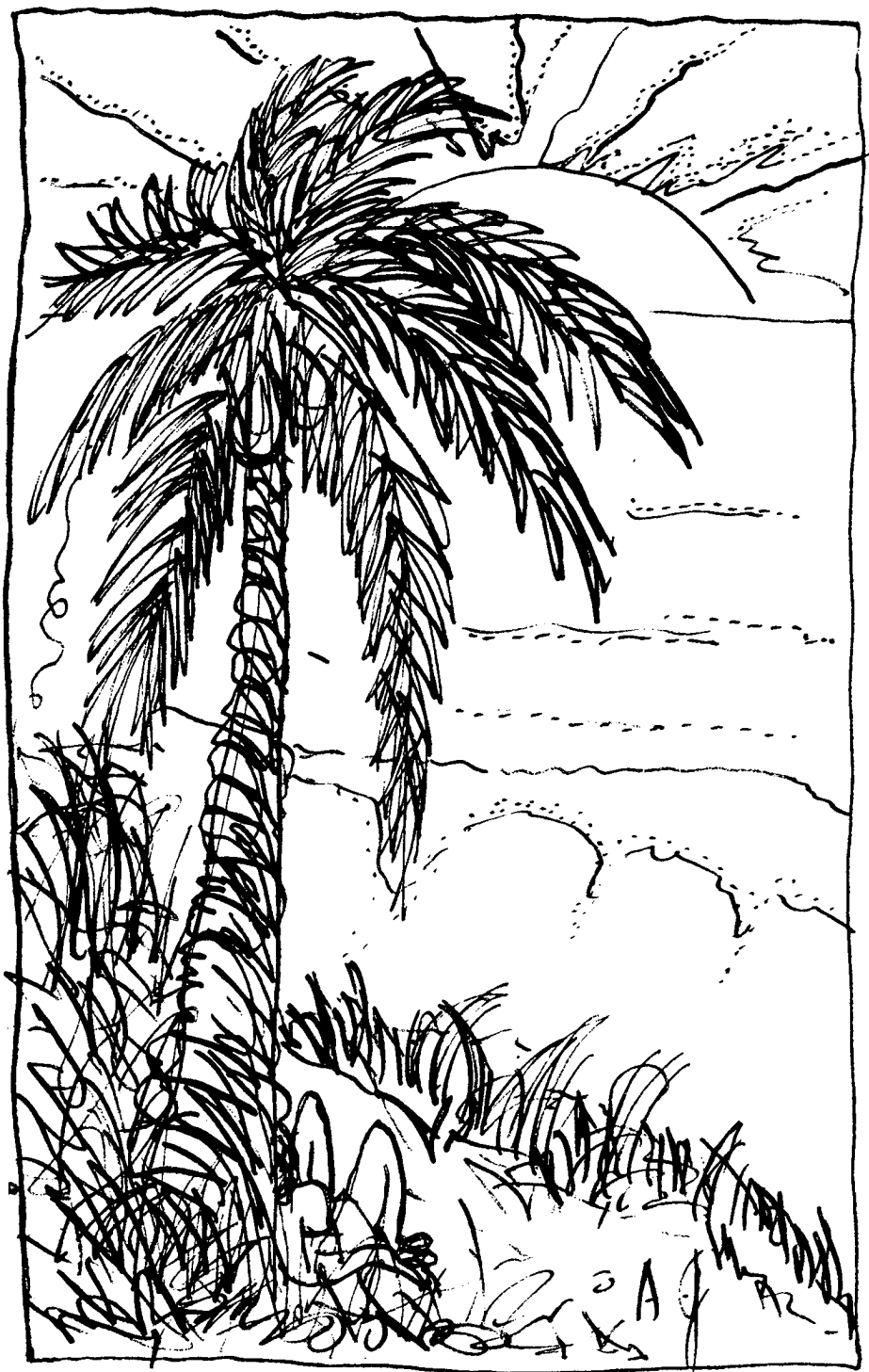
snakes lift their eyes  
glimpse o pilgrim sun

and we sigh  
into skies  
beyond the cool indifference  
of stars,

waiting for the moon  
to wash the night  
in bays of gold,  
porpoise mouth dawns

. . . stray smoke  
from all night fires  
drifts out on touch  
of wind,

passes thru spindrift veils  
and fades  
into clear  
waves of blue  
touch of sky



. . . these the tides,  
moon dreams  
of wet content  
ment

mahogany  
tree dance  
on nor 'east wind

clarity of salt  
in hair, nostrils

toes  
dug in warm sand

sea kelp smiles

beckoning tracks  
shimmering over slow waves

voices calling  
out beyond the headland

. . . these the tides  
so immersed in corroborees  
of wind and sea  
rising suns  
over cabbage palm headlands

that even the very lonely  
stand erect in quiet pride  
and smile  
into the benevolent sky . . .