

NOOSA, THREE VIEWS

I

Where remote Cooloola fears the sun  
and fades among stakes in gloom, inert,  
the heron fishing in the summer twilight  
hears Council tip-trucks dumping dirt.

II

Under the gull  
where waters flatten,  
mangroves sail into twilight

III

A team of cocks roaring for dawn  
had cried down the blue-wren and pee-wee  
nursing the unslaked wound of love  
when the sun slit his yolk upon the peak.

