



ANDREW LANSDOWN

WHITE GUM

This white-barked wandoo,
this most-Australian gum,
rises through the air, rigid
with wood, latent with post

and cross-beam. It is fitting,
really, that this eucalypt,
this kinstree to the Cross
of the Son of God, should be

an incarnation of the light
of the sun — the same sun
the world over, the millennia
long. Run your hand up the trunk

towards the limbs you cannot
reach. There are no splinters
in the bark. Go ahead, touch
the wood, the living timber

the nails have yet to pierce.