

Expedition

this is an expedition to the heartland

I come as a girl who timed the break
between waves to cross a beachless bay

I come as a woman who conjures the present
like a hand full of sand running through

I have a spear in this fist
an eye for hidden water

a way littered with mapmakers, timekeepers
picked to the blue by carrion birds

there are no signposts

just sun and shadow

framed by hypnotic ochres
burnt into dusk like a red seal

the fossilised shell
in an ancient seabed

next to the unnamed adze

is the beginning of memory

it becomes clear –

flesh is sand

love the next step

blood opals darkest hue