

Terrain

I am walking
along
a track
uncertain
of terrain
I do not
need
a compass

for instance
I walk
perpendicular
to the mallee
and find other
pointers

the ovulate
sun
river
snaking
to
level
my
confident
heart

I tighten
my grip
on this
stone
skim it
across
the lake

the search
we are
all on
eddies
out and out
until there
is no ripple

and it
all
comes
back
to the
stillness
of
water.

Mother, i.m.

sea wife
salty faced and tanned
under no man

ocean heaves
wind serenades
birds score

spray soaked
she stands
herself
the sea
and memory