

# The Rock

The Rock has exits and entrances  
womb-shaped vacuoles  
birth-caves and spring-caves,  
V-shaped notches where life and water flow  
like syrup from notched bark.  
There are Dreaming spirals in white ochre  
as if paint could make the rock's spiral nipples flow  
with fresh broods of euros, hopping mice, and yams.

Above that jigsaw rockface  
lives a timeless Snake  
that has no need of us or the world.

But it can be sung  
- sung, till water flows from its body  
in vast sheets down from the baking Rock  
to the black rivers of Uluru  
- trails of dead algae spout from the rim  
of a dead waterfall  
that in rain-time belches a town's water supply.

The brief river falls from the Rock  
in a flawless series of fluted shoals,  
drilling the sand  
to a reservoir, hectares broad,  
sand-roofed.

The Rock's lizard-shingles  
are flaked by millennial frost.  
Spinifex bushes mark the cracks  
like hairs in an armpit.  
A long plate creaking loose  
is the Dreamtime Goanna climbing the Rock;  
- one day he will split, leap back.  
When he lands astonished on his spine  
he will, in a second, rejoin that Dream  
where everything happened  
and happens again.