

ALICE NELL ALLAN

BEING BLUE AT JOURAMA

Afternoon at Jourama. Picnic tea  
on the council table.  
Beside us the innocent creek  
drowning in a painted pool, apparently  
painlessly — with sinister collusion  
from that rock escarpment, angled  
to bar escape.  
Fallen leaves  
seem to sail on the glassy  
surface. Look aside, and  
they've shifted. Stare, and  
they're suddenly still.

A turning of trees' heads, fracture  
of reflected rock. The afternoon  
breeze is up. On cue,  
two butterflies, bluer than seems  
essential, or even wise  
for their safety, soundlessly  
follow an intricate flight path  
along the gorge, foolishly tracing  
the longest distance between two points.

You've brought me here, for  
consolation, but my gaze  
is inward. I do  
register blue butterflies above the mirror,  
pool — not two now, four. But only  
in retrospect have I really seen  
Jourama.