MALLARDS AT WOAKWINE CUTTING, PRINCESS HIGHWAY ALTERNATE ROUTE, SOUTH EAST, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Now it is morning
then it was before morning
with they your enemy
standing with guns raised.
Autumn came
startling you by the long water
those first shots a dull
sodding on the air
old bombing a long way off
rolling across the deep woakwine
to me. You rose
from grass by the water
adding your sound a sudden
beating of wings sinewed true
beneath brown and grey
becoming blue.
Alarm and your mentor
lifted you across slate
and grey waters
most of you that first time.
Seemingly you flew
even beyond cloud
dispersing as you went
while silence stayed with me
claiming me, claiming me.
Afterwards now in old
memory now
Mekong fields lie gun-blued
in mist, legging-clad figures
wade, wade and stoop, bending
retrieving bundles of colour,
brown and grey becoming blue,
sinewed a little colder
now, duller now,
in the stillness.