Kinka Beach Poem 1

Kookaburras, stormbirds call the clouds down
over my new beach. I watch the tide limp out
the low-tide sound extending the reach of the land and

Tides turn — I think of storms, of summer, as first
raindrops fall
I remember where I've been, to Mossman, where the river
floods;
bamboo creaking in the rapids and singing in the storm.

You say: "I couldn't stand
a stand of bamboo
too close to where I am"
I say:
"Bring back that northern sound."

This beach is too silent when the tide is out.
While storms brew, teetering on the tropic
we wait on the sand for the moon to bring back the water.