END OF DRY SEASON POEM

windjana gorge/ a build up within the
red rock at its driest/ baby freshwater
crocs wait in small pools/ still as an
eye-blink/ sharp yellow instinct split
by a black wedge/ suspended between
a glide & a slash/ of leaves that droop
into reflections/ rocky snouts partially
submerged for a breath at the waterline/
the north sky in layers building itself
up/ & a twirl of screeching cockatoos
hanging from the rock face/ their song
is the map of aridity/ of silent deserts
cut off at the pass/ by the plunge of
sheer red walls into sandy river beds/
& western australian plateaus grown
windy with wildflowers/ the rangers
have deserted their quarters heading
south/ to escape the strange high heat
that gives the lungs liquid/ my dogs
pant beneath the car on gravel bellies/
i put some water down & they lie across
the dish/ any moment now/ the sky will
break open/ thundering from cliff face to
cliff face/ bringing down vertical land &
trees grown horizontal/ blocks of walled
water travelling along kilometres of sand