VISITANTS
To My Wheatfields, Salt Lakes and Salmon Gums

If you were to join me here
in my country, breathing
quietly aromatic oils
of eucalypt and salt bush
on the old bush tracks, goldfields treks,
the old sandalwood trails
the old songlines
of my stolen country!

If you were here
by me in my country
sighting along my arm
letting the yellow-gold
and old green enter
your eyesockets, pass through
the shadowy aisles
to merge with your own country!

If you were here
I would show the way
I have taken through
sixty summers and winters,
of footsteps in the litter
of bark strippings, the shed leaf debris
in the powdery red dust.
And footsteps wet, on glittering
granite domes in a freezing wind.
If you were here
I would show you those ways
through wheatfields, saltlakes
and salmon gums to my country.

HORIZONTAILITY
ON DARTMOOR
(for Anne Born)

it was a bitter wind with rain
among stone circles of verticality
and tussocks bent low, flattened
along sight lines of stone rows
[the email said dear anne]

it was a white gelid fog
upcurling there through barred gates
and around lintel, buttress and arch;
swirling between lichen spotted
headstones, pointing accusations
[the email said dear anne]

above were the masked, starred
heavens, the same constellations
hidden from prisoners taken
from bonaparte’s armies. like
captives of nazis, they made