YENYENING LAKES EVENSONG 1949

This opalescent-streaked horizon
    is what you saw across
    a bushlake where you had swum.

It was sweetwater, unaccustomed,
    and treading water here you awaited
    the hushed rush of wild ducks landing

unheeding of the waiting shooters’ guns.
    But still it is not yet time. Eventide’s
    reddened bandage scarcely wraps

this lowland of lakes and woodlands
and the skies in darkening mauve.

2012

SUN MUSIC

Beginning
    is a red dawn on level scrubby plains
when the mulga tree bursts
into bright Mosaic flame
and the small birds