Munibung

Jan Dean
Munibung by Jan Dean

You’re worn down to the word hill.
I can’t resist calling you
a mountain for that special way

it moves my lips and tongue. Elsewhere
you might not rate. Who could guess
you have such credentials?

Part of a volcano, you licked lava, bubbling
from deep within the earth. Perhaps
you swayed to the thunder of dinosaurs.

A sweep of my pencil with a dip
two thirds in at the ridge, just above
those rocks & caves, hidden from view

would draw you from here. Eucalypts
crowd after welcome rain
as if an underground pact murmurs

through their roots: remainders
flourish to compensate for damage
from bulldozers at your base. You

dictate the contours those devils take.
For years I’ve watched you endure
dry winds, fire & torrents. You forgive,

gaze south to our mighty lake, toss
shawls of morning mists
over your shoulder.

Jan Dean’s poetry collection *With One Brush*, which connects art and memoir, was published by Interactive Press as winner of its Best First Book competition in 2007 and short-listed in the 2008 Mary Gilmore Award. Her publication credits include the *Australian, Blue Dog, Catchfire Press, Hecate and Southerly*. Recently her poetry appeared in *The Night Road* (the 2009 Newcastle Poetry Prize anthology), *Eucalypt: a tanka journal* (issue 7) and *Water* (an e-journal of poetry and music) issue 1.