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Peter Mitchell

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Robinson’s Lookout Lismore  by Peter Mitchell

The first candle-breath of morning
ends the restlessness honeycombing
the sleep of night. Even though
nerves are guitar-string tight, I crunch
over ground webbed with nets of ice
in a cocoon of warm clothes to
the breadloaf of Robinson’s Lookout.
To the west, the penicillium moon
blue-veins the horizon; in the direction of
the ocean, a broken egg-yolk sun fires
the line of earth and sky. Surrounding
hilltops island the sea of mist.

In the sky, three crows suddenly
appear, feathers ruffling like black
holes quivering. And disappearing just as
quickly, they melt into themselves, becoming
distant pinheads. In a punch of energy,
three eastern rosellas missile gravity,
breaking the edges of the currents of
air, ice-cubing the houses below.

Tight, furry cat-balls hunch doormats,
expectations waiting to be let inside
as I return down the road and into the future.

Award-winning writer, Peter Mitchell lives in the Rainbow Region (NSW), writing poetry, short fiction, memoir, literary criticism and a range of journalism. In 2009, his collection of poetry, The Scarlet Moment (Picaro Press) was published.