

FLUID HOPE

In the burning time of Beruc we welcome the newborn
as they emerge moist and squawking from their eggs.

While parched surrounds with low easterly winds
whip the dust up from the land.

Does the vibrance of the Christmas tree in orange hues transmute?

The cicadas rub into the mix
amidst the saltbushes where the goannas lay their young.

The turbines push on blade after blade
singing a near silent promising song
for all seasons.

Arms across the expanse
up high on the cliffs
so reassuring if only people could be that reliable!

Also express energy, expend pressure
these awe-inspiring giants of the air.

by Gillian Clark