

Kinjarling-Albany Wind Farm

Behatted head needs two hands.
A mob of wind, a current team,
Southern Ocean your field of dreams
A whirling squad leaps onto land
Kicks the sea spray up the cliff face.
You riot of ecstatic gods!
Scrumming round the elegant pods
Invisibly solid, slapping haste -
Birac to Kinjarling summer
You shove the blades from sky to ground
Incessant winds whooshing them round
One after another after another
One after another after another
One after another...

By Susan Ffoulkes