

beginning rain
a soft wind brushes
the casuarinas

in sparse scrub
the honeyeater's wing
flashes yellow

forest clearing
saplings encroach
the abandoned sawmill

broken bridge
a sapling sprouts
from its planks

rainforest pool
glints of gold
in the orb spider's web

the child shows me
his secret garden—
weeds in flower

quiet garden
listening all day
to leaves

my book forgotten. . .
the changing script
of clouds

in a strange city
even birdsong speaks
a different tongue

soft rain
beneath the white umbrella
her long black hair

moon shimmer
a ringtail possum
scales the banksia tree

plastic playground
my kids climb into
the pepper tree

long day's dusk. . .
in quietness now
the carousel horses

crowded mall
a stranger's hand
touches mine

symphony concert
only the conductor
allowed to dance

afternoon light
grandfather dances
in a shower of leaves

that distant ridge
I'll never climb. . .
autumn rain