

Edge of the Lagoon

Lyn Reeves

All morning we've tracked through forest
scattered with skeletal trees, and now:
open water gleaming with lights,
a wide sky brushed with one white cloud.

Sunlight's refractions quiver the clear lagoon,
patterning the sea bed with shadows.
Weathered to grey, a fallen eucalypt lies
outstretched in the shallows; wavelets lap its sides.

The tide has brought ribbons of weed and sea grass,
draped them soft as hair across nakedness.
Rippling water bathes the broken limbs
drawing the tree close, then closer in.

Across the bay, the dark glide of swans,
a golden whistler's whip-crack voice, the vacant
hides of out-of-season hunters. And here beneath
my feet: flagrant samphire stars the shore.

Returning through swamp and heath, pursued
by ravens and their alarming calls, I carry
a discarded feather, the bleached breastbone
of a bird and the flickering thought:

we pass through the landscapes of our lives
like sunlight on water, like trails of clouds
that the wind unskeins in a silk-blue sky.