

Time on the Reserve

Louise Oxley

i.

the zoologist speaks –
between my boots a scorpion
moves unheard

on the tendril
of a blue love-creeper
a resting wasp

a line of ants
to the ancient grasstree –
distant smoke

ii.

in a new lagoon
the plink of banjo frogs
ten years silent

water-ribbons
flattened by the flood
raise flower spikes

by still pools
the last shotgun cartridge
sky blue

iii.

two saplings
over scattered bones –
timekeepers

pink orchid
in cubes of wombat dung –
an outstretched hand

smooth fungus
crowning leaf litter –
our shadows pass