

Mungarattya

(Moulting Lagoon)

Greg Lehman

If I slumber
It is a restless thing
With changing mood
From light to dark
Cold to warm
Wet to dry.

Your toil
Brings with it
Change.
But like all the times I have seen before
The days will turn.

World out of time
Out of history
Out of night
My kin will rise

And greet the day anew.

Do I sleep while you work?
Has my time expired like the lives of my kin?
Do you think
I am gone like they say?