

## Spring and all

Gumbaynggirr Country, 10 Aug

Birds are rioting this morning and every leaf  
is wearing sunlight. Hardenbergia drapes  
a lemon-scented tea tree in purple excess, red  
spider grevillea and pink bauera are flowering  
and woolly pomaderris is beginning its show,  
a couple of bees gently forage coastal wattle.  
It's winter, soon it will be Summer's coronation.

Noisy miners hurtle into the geebung to see  
what's going on. A currawong is tugging at  
slender sticks, though the baeckea out front  
are the favoured source of nesting materials.  
I scout round for bluetongues or a snake  
basking in the sun, but so far just the sight  
of work needing to be undone, another history.

A wonga has climbed 20 steps to our front door,  
Why? First visit this season. If I approach, the pigeon  
hops back down, but why walk when you can glide?  
I like the distant intimacy. Does she know that rain  
is forecast for the next few days? Or that I love her?  
The Bleating Tree Frogs' staccato calls reverberates,  
they know that decent rain is on its way.









