

## Spring and all

Gumbaynggirr Country, 5 Aug

I sense some modifications, the kookaburras  
are much more vocal, the tallowwood flowers

failing, and the fimbriata's golden wattles  
falling open at the start of the drive.

Spring's pilgrimage must be close, but then  
I realise I don't believe in seasons anymore.

I used to when I was an Englishman, the dead  
woods being resurrected, daffodils and dogs.

A hundred metres zaps past my wooden legs,  
Olympians are fifty years behind.

I sense changes inside me  
I can't put my finger on.

In the morning news, 'Cars kill 10 million  
native Australian animals a year'.

The world I was pushed onto is diminished,  
less alive with so many humans strewn around.

Could we start over with a long winter?  
Does anyone have an inkling how to begin?

(The Kookaburras do)



