

## Shifting

I wait

to be

Welcomed

standing in front

silently, trace Country

linger

in the margins

with trained eye

measure, assess, count

no signs

wait

disorientated

nature's magnetic forces askew

to understand

connect

I step through the gilded frame

canvas stretches

feet slip across oil

on the other side

dark, temperature drops

a state of estivation

awake

cool undercurrent off the high winds

brings the smell of rain

watch the storm move across the sky

high enough to grasp the stars

from the valley floor

I hear a cry that has  
circled all day  
whee-la whee-la

lone dingo howl  
pulls down the last of the  
a shiver runs down my spine  
like a spool losing its ribbon

light

I sit  
hands rested on knees  
fingers gentle dip into

Country

in my minds eye  
I trace well-worn paths  
the smoke of the gum leaves

inhale

feed on the dark syrup of yams  
listen to women sing  
I drink it all in like sweet water

as the storm is about to swallow us  
and I am lost to the mountains  
imprint granite tors  
with an open palm

whole

push myself back through the gilded frame

standing in front  
orientated  
at ease  
and magnetic forces

aligned