One Last Poem

I was going to write one last poem
but nothing came out,
only lightning & red sand
& a campfire that speaks
at least fifteen Aboriginal dialects
as it stirs the embers with a stick.
Even a whitefella can understand
two or three sentences
if he's prepared to press
his ear to the flames.
The Pintupi have forgotten more than
I’ll ever know about the Land –
its ways & names.
Too much to remember,
other than the warning:
don't eat kuka in the rain.
“Proper cheeky bugger, lightning.”

Today a friend told me,
"everything's a metaphor for something else."
But what I don't understand is:
why, when I wanted to describe you, was
the only metaphor that came to mind
the sound of wind blowing in from the desert?

Billy Marshall Stoneking

* “kuka” - meat