Dispersed

Rock of Ages, Maldon

above the sharp lines of the paddocks
   smoke in the blue distance

eagle-height and catching
   my breath in the winter light

I rest on this hill of drought-stressed
   trees, boulders and huddled stones

   a meeting place?  (wayaparri)
   or somewhere no-one went?  (ngalanya)

dry mosses and wind—the land
   seems to have been broken

off from itself
   only a shadow, there,

intangible, just over my shoulder—
   dark pocket of air

or a murmur, unheard, stuck
   between leaf rustle and crow call

as if waiting for a human
   throat to inhabit

Andy Jackson, ‘Dispersed’.
Transnational Literature Vol.11 no.1, November 2018.
the old name of the place
    hidden under rubble

a car drones across the land
    cows bellow to each other

    their clouds of breath
    disperse

Andy Jackson