

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'.
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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