

ash

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*for Toshi*

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*Summer I*

1

still and heavy  
cicadas whirring –  
the sound of summer

2

eerie storm light –  
dark clouds turn golden  
thunder rolls

3

butterflies and moths flit  
in the understory –  
deep shadows, 41°

*Summer 1*

4

the smell of smoke  
somewhere a fire –  
evidence of things not seen

5

mid-afternoon sky  
green and black come suddenly –  
the relief of rain

6

white evening sky  
hangs over a sleeping world –  
day in night

*Autumn*

*Autumn*

58

the clock ticks  
a dry august wind in May –  
the air sparkles

59

marks without words  
writing without grammar –  
drawing is the heart's  
seismograph

60

a deep blue afternoon sky  
the clouds, white beach-sand ripples –  
the bus, carries me home

*Spring*

***Spring***

*11*

big sky – cloudless, open  
an afternoon wind – cool, strong  
smelling of dry grass

*112*

thousands of pods  
translucent, golden rustling  
in high branches

*113*

kookaburras  
in the pre-morning dark  
the world still, still

114

first thing –  
a cool river wind  
the ferry's gentle hooter

115

a round black seed pod  
from a leopard tree falls  
onto a car – crack!

116

when the mind  
is open and still  
poetry enters

*In Japan*

*In Japan*

151

sitting in Tsukiji  
in the metropolis  
we all make a home

152

*how it feels*  
fish roe in my mouth  
crunchy nori  
cold sea urchin inari

new sheets on the bed  
soft shoes on my feet  
fresh air through the window

holding hands  
walking together –  
how it feels

*In Japan*

162

golden leaf petals flutter  
through lush bamboo  
alive in the cool, mountain breeze

164

high above rushing water  
I stand on a bridge  
it's cold  
everything's moving –  
air, water, leaves

192

*From St Kilda to Kings Cross*  
steam rises from the onsen  
mist rises from the valleys –  
inside and outside  
my body left me

194

escaping on a morning train  
white cat on a wall  
watching

200

*ring the bell* invisible bears  
frighten locals, fascinate tourists –  
the stories we tell

201

I saw a pilgrim  
at Matsuyama station  
and envied his solitary journey

*Summer II*

230

distant Glasshouse Mountains –  
grey silhouettes under low storm clouds  
the fisherman waits

231

storm over Pumicestone Passage  
all grey-green sky, trees, water –  
one

232

koonawarra near the shore  
black necks curved in unison  
heads underwater

233

the lone fisherman  
stands on a sandbank a mile out  
fine rain descending

234

thunder moves closer  
parrots chatter in the gums  
the smell of summer rain

235

after rain coolness  
evening crickets hum gently  
the warm road

236

*Fairweather at Whitepatch*

even before the old bridge  
from his hermitage –  
consciousness revealed

249

a poem is like a Queensland nut  
simple, hard and smooth  
stripped back to its shiny roundness

