B Woodland Walters

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What is wrong with this town?

Looking down the shiny irons essing into the grey hail My fellow passenger grumbled at the 12 minute wait 'In Moscow', he said, 'the trains run every half minute'

'What is wrong with this town?'

On the journey I tallied the sprayed miles, the castoffs The ripped earth, the stumps, the ballast What is wrong with this town?

Out on the Western highway 800 time-sentinels lie beached Together on scraped Earth

Their Red carcasses glistening after rain As dead Whales glisten in a stranding What is wrong with this country?

The Djab Wurrung paint their bodies in protest Can they turn the highway by showing their way? What is wrong with this country?

On the Yunta Track the fracking trucks Bilge their chemicals to split the artesian rocks below What is wrong with our system?

Who didn't read the knowledge? Who fabricated the reports? Who didn't hear the Earth sighing?

Now I can count the grass from Ararat to Stawell As quick as a blink, as quick as a Bullet train What is wrong with our system?

Angry, not insouciant kids Lie in the road; Die-in the road they say Shaking the sleepers and the sightless

What is happening to our Planet?

Extinction Rebellion is happening But will it be enough? Will it be soon enough To save anybody's town?

Currawong

That grey of the south-east
The muffled chink-chink of Currawong
Through mist and stem
Only gum-bark promising light above the boles
The damp blanket of ground
Hiding the odd fugitive
Nodding bells of *epacris* defiantly glow
Jimmy Blacksmith passed this way

In the grey, but not part of it
That yawning silence
Even in summer
Thrumming an unheard Om
Music for a picnic at Hanging Rock

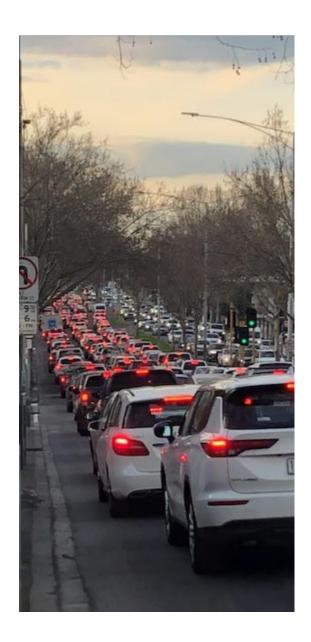
You can hear one hand clapping
In Tasmania
In all air the anguish of the condemned
Dolerite is such hard rock

After impact, on a gun-barrel track
Wind settles sand, cooling ticking metal
Desert eases back to its millennial state
Preachers, poets and drunks stumbled this way

In winter cities at 5, long lines of lights
Making for the sanctuary of home
Informed by shock-jocks
Comforted by entreaties to purchase salvation
Relaxed, smoothed, having a nice day
The castle and TV guiding like sat-nav

Beyond the camps of the grey nomads
At the unvisited edge
The ear of the country thrills to the Dreaming
Always was, always will be
Sing the Currawong
For those who travel quietly
A glimpse, a zephyr, a resonance

The long song until everyone comes home



Flying the Pelican

If only I were a Pelican no need at last for a jerrycan just the sun, the sea and the air he can fly to the rim of the world

Loaded with fish and one Christmas wish that the planet comes first in the final plan

> B Woodland Walters Boxing Day, 2018



Sugar Glider

Was it the Lion Moon
Or the raking staccato of a Possum
That woke me
To the dawn

Stillness outside holding night sounds In muffled hand Indoors, close with sleep A finite Keep

What was that? Another in the room Insistent, a thief? A dreaded Rat?

The sway of a coat-hanger Eased my fear The softest brush That nimble acrobat

I called a half-whispered *Dook* Again, *dook*, silence, *Duk* A tinkle and plop
Then a closer note struck

Tuk came the hello
A musical note
Tuk, she said softer
How does He know my quote?

We exchanged greetings She, from my jacket Stared wide-eyed At this large linguist

I moved slowly So not to insist We *Tuk*-ed and bowed Outside, the mist

She found a vent I, my warm bed Pulling the covers Together we went

To reflect on our meeting An encounter that lent To the day a new prospect Of belonging To Gaia's sweet breath

Gertrude Street

Sitting on a city bench Still the mind in motion Let the tide of humankind Blur to one devotion

All lives are connected
The lives of others lived
What common binding law abides
The Earth and what it gives

Turn the pages over Trudge now through the past Rosie in the dungeon Or rolling on the grass

City streets are sunny City streets are bleak Striving for their loved ones Striving for the sweet

Look into the faces
The tortured and the meek
Earth's disassociation
Earth beneath their feet

Hear the indij singing Hear the loss, the pain Archie knows in Gertrude Street That hope can rise again

> B Woodland Walters Gertrude Street March, 2017

Nillumbik prayer

Some hold land for thirst, some for hunger. Some feel spirit, some see numbers

Land gives life, cast not asunder, Hold not for greed and not for plunder

In common wealth we all are humble Care with love and care with wonder

Our future lies in leaf and bramble

B Woodland Walters May 2018 Dunmoochin