

## *Sydney North Head*

I overheard the dark coast, by memorials of sand  
– here set in stone, there washed by wind –  
whose old wood and metal rattled in the shrouds,  
silver wings lifted where airstreams whistled,  
I thought it simply the water waking.

Although I know the scar on the sun  
will one day fall as the final shadow  
and slide across our Earth as pain,  
at this grand and endless eastern seaboard  
I thought I felt all water rising.

Though we've been trapped in long penury,  
have merely scratched the pure curve of the world,  
I know that others, alone like lovers,  
alone like me, would've paused, and turned,  
when they too heard these waters calling.

I thought it was all time showing

But by my right the great river came rolling  
under our ocean, into the lives of my cells,  
where tides are stilled, abstract as angels,  
until all mass and motion swelled my shores  
and I simply heard all water singing.