

Of Blood, Water, and Home.

For Gary.

Your fingers trace etchings in the rock shelf shading us
as deep in the dark cave behind our backs, ancient whispers;
humidity gathers between my thighs; clings to shadowed corners
of my white conscience.

Shards of sunlight splice the cobalt water of the lake's mouth
where it yawns towards the sea; waves tug a swimmer out beyond
the tideline. The ocean is a snake's hiss in our ears. Sand shifts;
swallows footsteps in the dunes. The squabbling seagull's yelping keow.

In your eyes, people you remember.

In your hair, people you have been.

In your right hand, a spear of stick.

In your backbone, a curve of boomerang.

In your mouth, a father's anger.

In your memory, a mother's gentle breast.

In your gut, remnants of the settler's rum.

Your forearm scarred to silence *yulara*.

- Yulara: Australian Indigenous word for crying/weeping/howling.

