

Olgas

by ned *Wednesday, Aug 2 2017, 2:04am*

international / poetry / post

the rolling stones of the Olgas
now frozen in time, precariously balancing,
appearing weightless on rock outcrops
arranged on the redness

i remember when they rolled searching
desperately for a place, a position to prop,
off-balance until the southern land
is shaken from top to bottom
setting the red boulders
on another journey

these are not the devil's marbles
but a tribute and salute to
a timeless land, dry, but ferociously
wet at times
teaming with life then withdrawing
into the starkness of the red desert
dominated by precariously balanced
boulders

u took a path into the crevices
that whistle in low tones and howl
in strong winds

i followed u knowing u would expect it
deep into a fissure u disappeared from sight --
a cave system
illuminated by the sun penetrating through
a ceiling collapse
shafts of light supporting green life
in this moist cave

ur shirt cast aside
then ur bush shorts
i wondered

i called ur name
only echoes responded
i accelerated and entered
a domed cavern -- u had lit a fire
and sat behind it, nude body silhouetting

cavern walls

u sat with knees apart relaxed
waiting, propped it seemed
slightly off-centre

how congruous
moist fissures of flesh
with contoured stone cracks, uneven walls
dripping water laced with minerals

u smiled when u saw me
and spread ur legs farther apart

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2795.html>