

## 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

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