

## Original

by rayn *Wednesday, Apr 18 2018, 2:16am*

international / poetry / post

turning back  
into the desert scrub  
like a dingo avoiding a road train,  
i watch

heavy rainclouds  
billow in the blueness not  
yet ready to deliver --  
the postal wind  
has not reached  
its destination to pour  
the wetness and so i watch  
the living territory  
unfolding like a flower,  
dancing in the sunlight

rocky monoliths fixed  
in the ground move  
like clouds in the dreamtime  
which opens for me like dawn  
freeing itself from the confines of night

the desert shimmers in its brightness  
like a variegated gem  
unlocking refracted prismatic colours  
hidden in the white light

i inhale the entirety, free of the poisons  
of the city

i have left it and dying civilisation behind  
to return to the source of my being --  
dead and dying realities are no substitute  
for the living dream of my heritage,  
my skin is comfortable and easy here  
far from the paleness

offered all their precious products,  
unnecessary gadgets and liquid poison,  
i could not trade my soul  
to accept

only a fool would sell their freedom  
for trinkets and lies

i belong here, where the land wraps me  
in its purity,  
it is good to be back home

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3279.html>