

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

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