

# at Terramungamine

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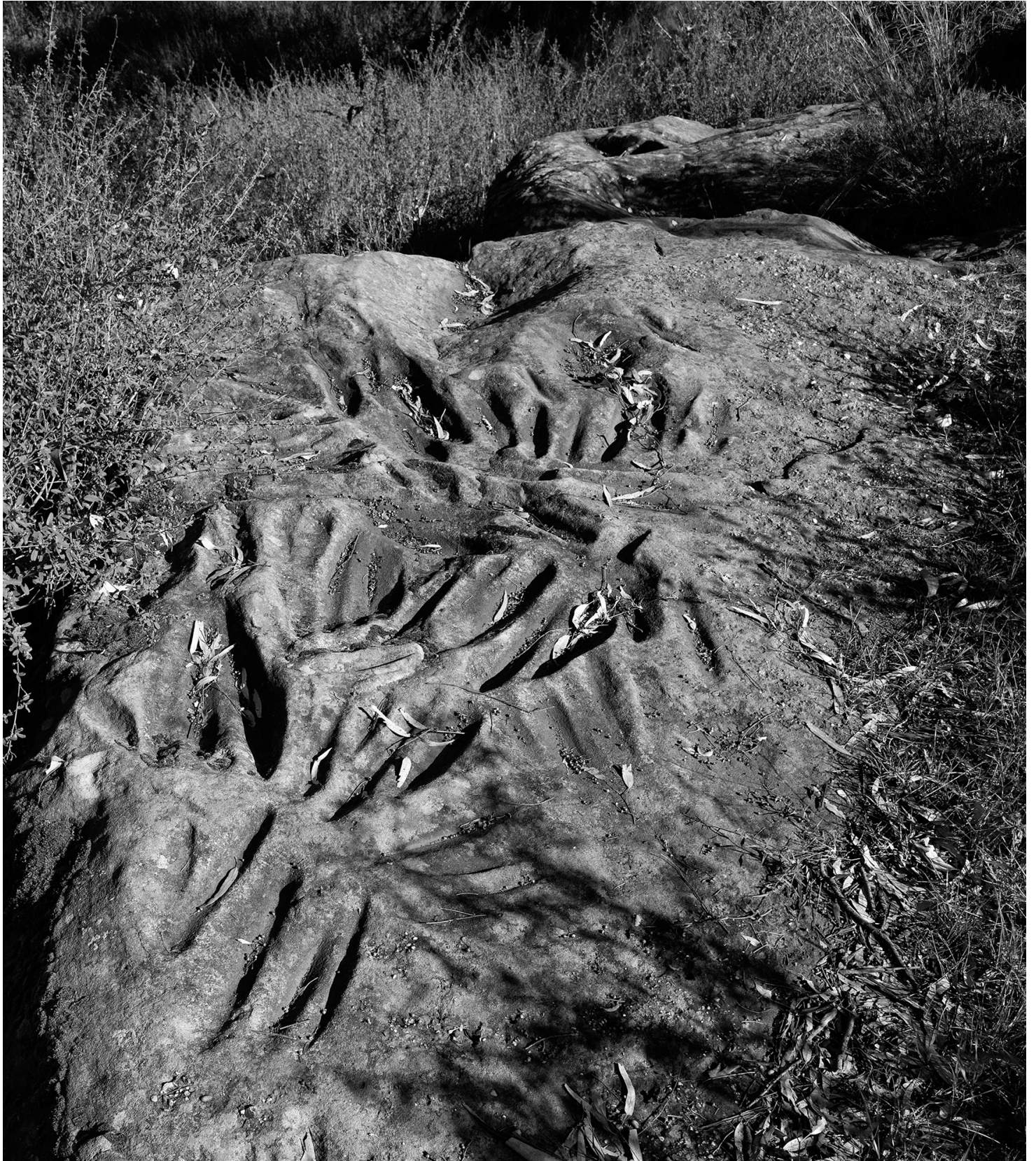
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## at Terramungamine

I sit cross-legged, like a young girl  
come to school on an outcrop of Jurassic,

on an island of Pilliga Sandstone.  
I sit transfixed by a scattering of grooves,

penumbra of long-absent axe-heads, shadow  
of long-vanished spears, obdurate remains

of the patient plying of push and pull beneath  
blue-empty skies. I was born to this earth

long since dreaming itself beside a river,  
where reedy breezes whisper beneath clackerings

of wattlebird, where cockatoos screech, high  
above the water, where corellas bleat obliteration

through the slow aa-aa-aaarrh of crow.  
I sit bewildered, blind to renascent dreamings.

I sit unseeing. Alone.