

Parallel process

It could have been Queensland, a tree-house studio,
a tea-room quaint with doylies and china: imagine,
in the heart of the Daintree. Watching shadows play
at night, leaves brushing against the tarp; waking
to the early morning screech of galah and parakeet.

Do you remember the bindweed we threw across
the creek, like Tarzan and Jane, to avoid the crocodiles?

It could have been canvasses and charcoal,
the slime of oils, the pungent turps, that drive
to recapture - over and over - until time slows -
and the air becomes silk and breathes itself -
and new life moves through you.

It could have been our child, who listened
entranced, all freckles and redblond curls,
as you told your monster tales, and a stingray
drifted over fluorescent coral, and baby sharks
played beneath the glass bottomed boat.

*And if I'd missed the flight,
if I hadn't returned?*

That life together we dared not risk,
dreams on in us - like a Golem
waiting for our command.