

SEEDS

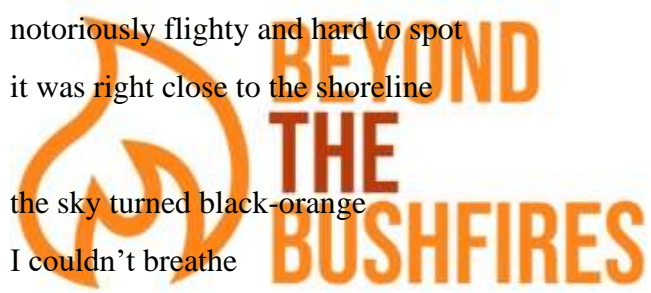
Swimming solo at the rivermouth
ash floating down like snow
burnt leaves falling on the water's surface
an eerie silence from the bush

normally brimming with life
I saw an unusual site
in the smoky air
a lyrebird just there

perched in the tree at the beach house
adaptable, a survivor, amid the chaos
notoriously flighty and hard to spot
it was right close to the shoreline
the sky turned black-orange
I couldn't breathe
I regret that we didn't leave
but we banded together at Fishpen

made pasta and drunk wine
with dogs, friends and family of mine
and shared stories and laughs
To settle our minds

but what if the fire jumps the river
I often thought
thankfully the wind changed
it would be ok



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new growth forming on burnt driftwood
laying gently in the creek bed
rich green life sprouting forth
signalling resilience and renewal of the landscape

releasing the seed bank in the soil
to regrow and regenerate
so the earth could renew itself
and life would start again

hardy wild spaces
reflected in the irrepressible community spirit
made buoyant by love, support and
acceptance to, what is.



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