

# 1 Windlogue

like an intangible  
flock of albatross  
morning wind slams  
against the Carbon-  
iferous windshield  
of the range

offering a way  
to trace the coast  
down past  
Yuin rivers  
that pour  
into beaches  
flanked by  
Holocene  
pointbreaks

as if the ocean  
were a mouth  
the seabed lungs  
and cars hauling up  
the Princes  
a bassline of drums  
beating to the migration  
of the Pacific Humpback

or recall that flag  
once flown above  
Sydney's observatory  
    which read 'JB'  
    to inform the city  
the southerly had reached  
    Dharawal Country  
    (Jervis Bay)

    the same observatory  
    in which colonial astronomer  
    William Dawes  
    sought to understand  
    the Gadigal language  
speaking with Patyegarang  
and speaking out when  
    Gov. Phillip ordered  
    First Nations deaths  
    after Pemulwuy speared  
    Phillip's game keeper  
    down by Kamay

    where morning  
    watches the tide  
ease from the mouth  
    of a drowned valley

at Kyeemagh beach  
where wind weaves  
a quilt from sand  
carrying the poem  
off into canyons  
of glass and cement  
to break branches  
from figs and eucalypts  
or imagine itself an ibis  
lifting rubbish from  
over-flowing bins  
if not water whipping  
into a Manly Ferry  
lashing commuter legs  
all the way to Awabakal

## 2 Coastal heath compost (1)

feet track cool morning sand  
as waves break through open air  
and bees heave pollen between  
bright orange banksias small pools  
of green algal forests yellow robins  
darting across a ti tree atmosphere  
that sweet honey scent roots walk back  
to the absolute centre of the sudden  
to a patch of white sandstone  
pushed up through earth's skin  
like exposed bone if not the Permo-  
Triassic kneecap of a diprotodon  
christened with the blow of a Corona bottle  
a raven's caw caught in the engine  
of a *SINGAPORE AIRLINES 747*  
sky's steel baleen sustained  
by the nutrients of a krill-like capital  
the coastal heath trembling body up  
through Salvos second-hand boots  
their memory a Vietnamese bull  
bled out in a factory on Saigon's outskirts  
where to walk upon some sense  
in the constant sensation of movement  
in the commercial nature of each continuous moment  
in which lies the point of some kind of poetry  
or a point at least from which it extends