

Winter Light at Wallaga Lake

For friends of the forest

A scattering of undergrowth
trails the woodland to a close,
along the margins of a lake;
in sad and silent pose.
And down the dancing distance,
where shadows ebb and flow,
like phantoms from a broken dream;
all soft and silky slow,
the spotted gums grow taller
on spears of wonder bright:
cloaked all around in majesty,
and veils of lustrous light.

For this is where the world is true;
where love and friendship last;
where our colours must be chosen,
and nailed upon the mast.