



*by Brooke Firms*

Rocks. See?  
Water!  
Don't step on them.

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*by Gary Atkinson*

evolution revolution dissolution  
noise  
less  
white silence  
spun inside a whole

she speaks quiet truth  
outside this dissonance

she screams in perpetuity  
open defenceless eternal

we will rescue her with eugenics  
and a tax on breathing.

*also by Gary Atkinson:*

Bird footprints vandalising  
timeless mud.  
Better build them a walkway.

*also by Gary Atkinson:*

The city in silence, these timeless beings.  
I, cowed, immutable, immovably ignorant.  
Stagnant.  
The complex simplicity  
of these  
eldest witnesses  
to our  
civilised barbarity.

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*by Josh McGuigan:*

Running, water.  
Not here.  
Sun in the sky.  
Happy, laugh.

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*by Kristi McInerney:*

Those rocks  
beautiful,  
lovely to see  
lights that come  
during the day.

A bird on the rocks looks like a vampire,  
the butterflies are beautiful  
the sky is colourful blue.

The rocks are between life and death.

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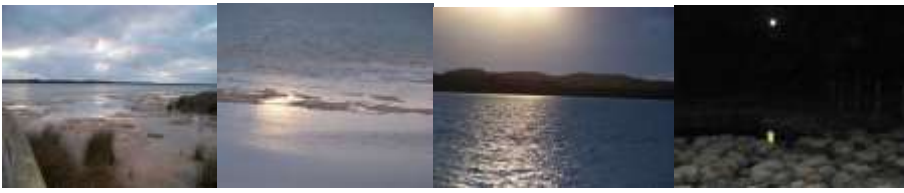
*by Brooke Firns:*

Rocks.  
Water.  
The stones.  
Seagulls.  
Dead woman.  
Germs.  
Oxygen.  
Peace.

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*by Darren Buckland*

Mandurah.  
The rocks are like hearts.  
Bird.  
Water.  
Snakes.  
Trees,  
Yellow.  
Rock.



by *Caitlin Discombe*

Light, shining down on the water  
with the colours blending together  
as one, as the sun  
drops from the sky

as the moon  
begins to show above  
the water changes  
from colours to moonlight.

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By *Kim O'Neil*

“Holy hour by the lake, litanies and incense” Annamaria Weldon

All the patterns from the dark sky linger  
in the shadows of the lake

I remember a country that I know is there  
when beauty includes darkness.

The lake is a wonderful site; the years  
have made it lovely.

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by *Fiona Dipietro* (fragment – full poem will follow by next week)

...wonderful to hear the cold wind blowing,  
the black fog and the noise of the sea.

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by *Dorothy Powell* (fragment – full poem will follow by next week)

Time is what we say we haven't got, find time and you will find yourself.

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FOOTPRINTS *by Melissa Linfoot*

There are footprints on the ground.  
Wondering, wondering who made these prints

What sort of bird made these marks,  
Was it a shelduck or a white faced heron?

Oh what made these marks  
These wonderful footprints on the ground



SUNSET *by Melissa Linfoot*

When the sun goes down.  
the sky goes orange and yellow.

Then the sky goes dark.

Then you know the sunset is over.  
Wondering, when will be the next sunset?



THE LAKE *by Melissa Linfoot*

The lake is a wonderful site.  
Salty in summer, fresh in winter.

Rain fills the lake in winter.

No rain means the lake is too shallow.  
Not good for the lake, the wonderful lake.

The poor lake.



SUNRISE *by Melissa Linfoot*

When the moon goes away light  
shines through darkness  
the sun starts to rise, stars  
fade away, birds  
start to sing, a new day  
is dawning. What can happen  
in the new day? The sunny day?