

Star-crossed
Marcia Hindson

You declare the cows could be constellations
or far-out-to-sea boats if the landscape would commit
to map the angular beauty of their shapes honestly.

And I swear I can see the moon's dreams leap
into their bovine shadows as dawn turns over before
it tumbles into snoring - best friends still - with sleep.

We walk so far through the gloaming, the fells remember
us back to a time when we lived as sporophytes of moss,
fiddleheads of ferns, the mythology of wollemi tree canopies.

And the curlew wakes, hooks its strange,
curved beak through the muscles of quiet so
it cannot run off while we're hungry to explore it.

I could remain in the mouth of this paused breath for eternity,
crouch down into your heart as a squatter, become mycelium.

But the pull of the city already high tides the horizon of you.
Sloshes the harbour walls of our solitude with a tsunami
of memories from the other, wide ocean you truly belong to.

And the cows become cows again as the sun awakens,
illuminates the steady predictability of their heavy haunches.

So we turn at Traitor's gate, walk the familiar way back
to root ourselves ordinary among the separate alleyways
of distant planets. Pollard from each other's orbit again.