

## the Press

the hut door opens . . .

a voice asks . . . anyone got today's paper?

we offer ours . . . the voice says . . . you're the Press

plane's leaving for Maralinga

we take the air . . .

lifting slowly over agricultural land . . .

drifting west into a violet blaze . . .

following the surgical scar of rail . . .

towards Nullarbor . . . then north

ten thousand feet . . .

the country is red as far as the eye can see . . .

a stubble of mulga scrub across the Earth's unshaven face . . .

an ochre pointillist painting of Aboriginal land

we stand at ease on packed sand . . . lined up in ranks . . .

the air soft and gentle . . . the heat somehow neutral . . .

slow flies investigate our nostrils . . . mouth . . . and eyes . . .

we are wearing dark glasses . . . and facing north . . .

towards the bomb