

Coorong

we drive west along the Great Ocean Road . . . heading into the sun . . .
sun rising . . . sun high . . . sun setting . . .
an arc of fire through dark glassess . . .

the air burning . . . tarmac perspectives melting into layered haze . . .
the road . . . sometimes there . . . sometimes not . . . always changing . . .
to the north . . . still forms of land . . . solid . . . immobile . . . stretching away . . .
to the south . . . silver water . . . breaking white against the distant shore . . .

mile after mile . . . the engine's steady pulse . . . following the road . . .
a hundred miles of coastline . . . endless curvatures of light . . .
blue curvature of Earth beyond the ocean's shimmering rim . . .
amoeba shapes of numberless lakes . . . salt marshes . . . snaking creeks . . .
and birds . . . a million silhouettes against the sun's reflection . . .
dark negatives against the light's perfection . . .
dark negatives in ever changing flight . . .
against the ever changing light . . .