

Reflections at Tidal River

in the shifting haze and dazzle
of auto-windscreen glass
slender white metallic clouds
flow down to Earth

passing like fish below the surface
of a steel framed pool
where twisted tea tree leaves hang low
in sky reflecting back as midnight black

everything is upside down and inside out
I watch my body walk across the sky
beyond an airlock, alien in space
where sulphur crested cockatoos
fly through my face

and who is real
the watcher or the watched
who dance the same yet different dance?
is life as solid as it seems
or is it just the glance
of insubstantial light on glass
that brings some substance into dreams?