

When my sight has gone

bring me here often.

We will walk from Glenfyne to Brucknell and back.

Let's stride through light filtered through towering

Eucalypts. We can bump into each other along this aisle

of woolly-tea-tree and bright bracken, on this path cushioned

with ageing fronds, gum-leaves, yellow balls of wattle fuzz.

We will attend to birdsong, hear the pitch of goshawks,

the shrill of golden whistlers. I'll remember the flit of blue

and red, as I listen to pairs of chirping rosellas play tag.

Don't trick me into grabbing Prickly Moses. Stand beside me where

we can hear fairywrens and finches scrabbling under its spikey

branches. We will stop by creeks that know their job is to babble, skip,

shimmy round fallen branches, call out delight as they zoom into drifts

of wide water. When we reach the bridge, we'll scurry to the edge,

let water trail through our fingers, scoop handfuls of it into our mouths,

flick droplets. We'll hang over the rail, elbow to elbow as you stare

into the mirrored image, as I stare into a memory.

I won't see the NO ACCESS signs, but I know where they are.

I'll urge you to guide me through and out along the ledge.

I want to see how mad you get now when I protest

those signs are not meant for us. Don't be soft on me.
Give me the old frustrations, your fury, your reluctant
acquiescence. When we come to signs telling us to proceed
with caution, to dismount from horses and bikes,
hold my hand and scramble the slopes with me.

When we are almost back to the Glenfyne Hall,
we'll nick into an adjacent paddock. I'd like to find
a patch of pastured grass and lie, your arm encircling me,
your lips a breath from mine, my eyes closed
and clothed in warmth, seeing the sky as blue
and you, as clearly as I ever did.

But I know, you are staring beyond me, beyond
the moving clouds.