

The Bush

In the hush of the waking bush,
Where dawn spills gold on silver leaves,
The earth breathes slow beneath a bush
Of mist the cool night softly weaves.
Gum trees whisper to the sky,
Their ragged bark in ribbons curled,
While kookaburras laugh on high,
Bright heralds of a sunlit world.
Dry grass hums with hidden feet,
A kangaroo tread,
And dust rises in scented heat
Where countless quiet paths are led.
At dust the shadows stretch and bend,
Crimson fades to indigo's sweep
The bush becomes both foe and friend,
And sings the land to gentle sleep.

Cheryl Mackie, Whiddon Redhead