

tilt country
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tilt country

a woman sits on the banks of the creek rolling mud into bones
these clay vessels are full of fancy
she hoards chance moments, rare morsels
sweet coincidences of time and space
inside in the evenings she sits by the fire
burnishes the pots with a silver spoon

floodplains bake after the fact
the years laid out beside each other
curling at the edges
the ute rumbles across arthritic roads
brittle bones of the colony polished white by tyres
welts on the country glow in the moonlight

car slipped off the Yarrein bridge
electric green Kingswood —black water creek
rotted rail just a place holder for a limitation
hear the wheels shudder
criss-cross the Cyclone of the cadastral grid
so many edges, so many endings

mother river —her dis(tributaries), her despairs
this tilt country got a hold on us
hold me close (closer) settlement
cut up the land serve it on a dish
in the evenings she sits by the fire
burnishes the pots with a silver spoon

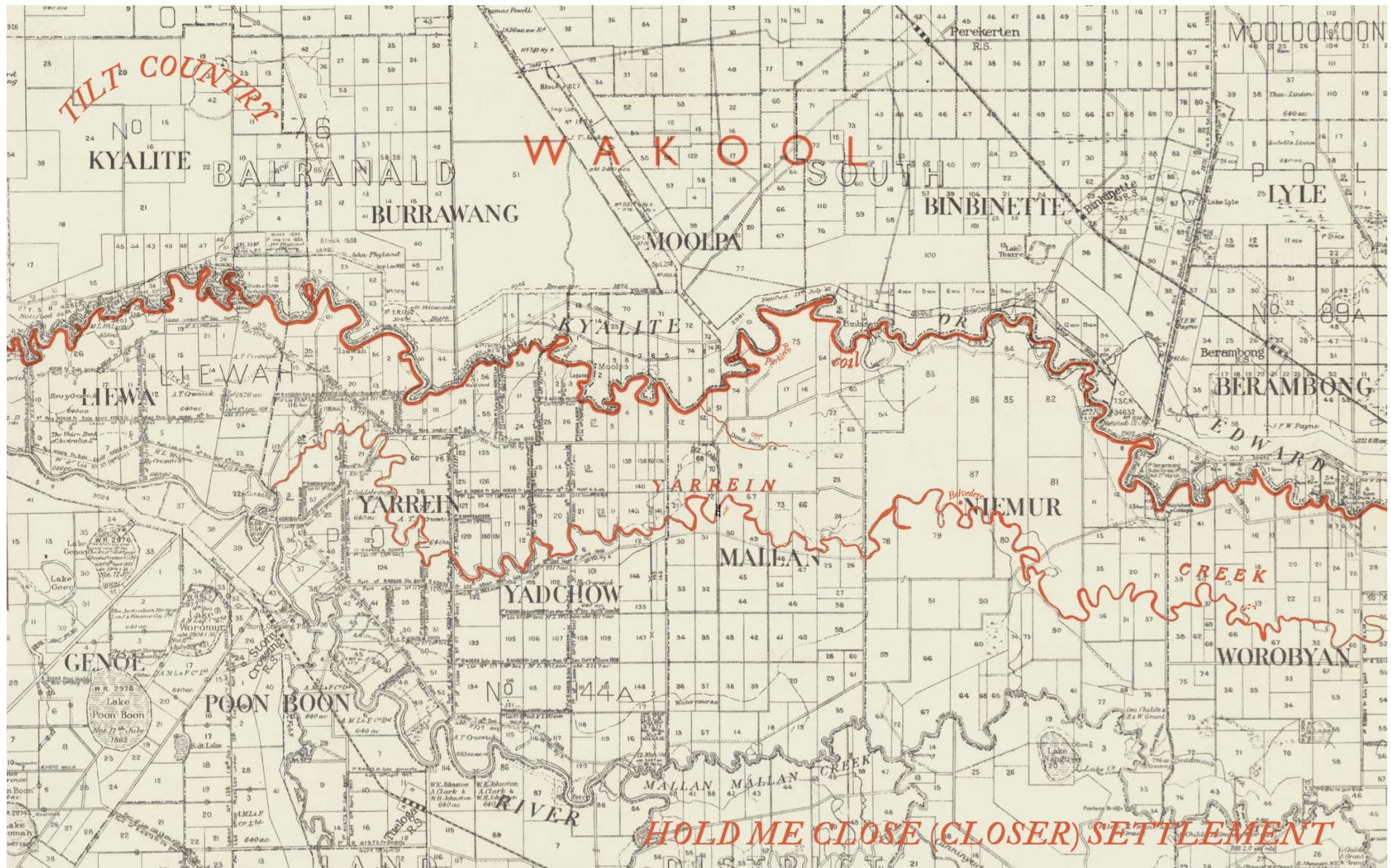


Fig. 1. Fantastic Map #1, 2024 (Verity Oswin). Source: based on Map of the County of Wakool, NSW, 1928, Department of Lands, Sydney, NSW