

## Glass

The stained fringes of the shore  
remember the water.  
And the skins of the stones  
sketch their memories of the waves.  
In the silt, the white roots  
of heavy gums, once hemmed  
in ripples, wait, though  
the lake has been dry since winter.

She watches. The cracks  
widen into quietness. She stands  
at a window, a flat, eastward eye  
in a room that hums with the stillness  
of its shadows. By her chair,  
a wooden table where she has placed  
her red and yellow cup,  
her white plate, in the weep of time.

On the glass of the window,  
at the level of her lips, the faint  
fog mark of her breathing – proof  
or a figment, she cannot tell.  
Is this, she wonders,  
how it feels to be that  
man or woman who  
cannot walk while the tribe

travels on out of the weather.  
She moves the cup  
to the kitchen and returns  
to the fog mark of her lungs.  
There is no tribe. The walkers  
are the image of herself,  
trailing away from her.  
She is silent.

She believes the hour  
would say to her: *the day*

*is unfolding, the heat*  
*you hold still joins you*  
*to all I am...* She would touch  
the life in it, the cacophony.  
But cannot move. Time  
slips ahead of her.

She dreams of a hand  
stretching back into the haze  
of her being here. The tremor. Its slim  
breadth, the grip. And the glass,  
finally, thrown open.  
There is drought – all of us  
beside her, the rain of our warmth  
brimming in our chests, not

knowing how to hold her, not  
holding even ourselves. This chance.  
Her lips are the stones. In the dry  
waves of her words, the shadow  
of herself – her eyes, windows,  
her breath on the glass. This  
chance. That we walk away  
or cannot walk, that we let

go... that we embrace.  
Can rain simply end.  
We watch. We tell her...  
We tell her none of us  
are angels, all of us moving stones  
to quench the need for water.  
We tell her, here – palms  
cupped in the air – drink,

drink until the stone grows lighter.  
Hurl what you can into the cracks.  
We wait. We forget. In the vines  
of our own weather.