

Sydney to Perth: chasing dusk

even in the air. we breath this land
of dust. a sliced horizon gashed orange
you might imagine the distant glow of fire.
just not this time, the sunset flattens land
already grown flat. I could weep

for a mountain now. but those days
are long gone. just this, a worn
pink continent. eternally making dust.
wallowing in its own drought. the self
pity of climate change

too dry to shed a tear. I almost
hear the earth's curve. almost cross
into a concept through Western Australia
the southern land. from South
Australia. the driest state, the driest.

some histories never change. above
away from the coast, flying into colours of
an Italian ceiling, dust layers float on each another,
like horizontal tree rings. colour grows luminous
tears itself away from earth, to become atmospheric

rings of Giotto blue dust. sky saturates us
drowning tones of cardinal red, the fire
orange – blue. out beyond wind farms near
an idea called Whyalla, (a place I once visited with
my father when road trips were a thing) his gulf

coast's littoral keeps fading into dusk. the horizon

glow always stays that little bit ahead. it likes
that we never reach it, teasing us this surreal moment
spaces between days. cities. lives. an extended dusk
a moment between the movie and the cardboard

stew. blue extends itself now, flexing its muscle: azure
cerulean, clear sapphire, cobalt, royal, ultramarine
navy, midnight, Prussian, indigo. Need I say more? it sits heavy
blue – pressing down dust it grows darker, becomes the cliché
of nightfall. orange has already compacted itself into a thin

horizon somewhere below us. autocorrect is killing my words
wants me to speak corporate, worldly. no space here for
non-linear thinking. for flights of fancy, tipping
the paradigm. just this thought. behind us
we pave night into drying coastal plains. swallowing dust.