

A Valley in New South Wales

A valley in New South Wales, filled with dead ringed trees
and newly built wooden houses, with men picking up rocks in the fields,
keeps reminding me that Australia's frontiers are just outside her cities.

Standing on a hillside near Tenterfield in the mid-morning sun,
looking down across grassy slopes and farmsteads,
cattle and horses grazing, with just a touch of wetness
in the air from a shower the previous day, I remembered
similar places in the Appalachian Mountains,
Mexico, and Fiji, where I supposed that
people might have liked to have lived

always.

A grasshopper crackles in the air.
A cricket gives a single lazy trill.
A rooster crows somewhere.
A cowbell tinkles.

A flock of crows is talking about something
off in the distance below us by a grove of trees
around a deep pool in a stream.

In the brief silences
people sounds can be heard

faintly.



New South Wales

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