

## Dingo

The late desert sun glints across your yellow hide  
As you leave the track ahead and pause beside,  
To turn on me the long, unflinching stare  
I've come to expect from your kind.

What does that look say, wild dog?  
Does it ask of your brother with the bone-white hair?  
I saw him last night, north of the Alice  
Where a road train driver had flung him,  
And there was a dry trail of darkened blood  
Beside the corner of his dead mouth.

Or he was hung head-down from a  
White square post near Widgiemooltha,  
One hind leg drawn through beneath the tendon of the other,  
His scalp stripped bloody the length of his red-muscled back.

Perhaps I know your secret, dingo,  
What lies behind those almond eyes:  
Of the centuries when your packs and mine mingled,  
And how the loneliness may grow now  
From the absence of either;  
Of why your uncertain howls come so often  
From just beyond the last flickering reaches of my campfire.

There are too many of my kind now, old friend,  
And your kind and mine are on different sides again.