Lookout
Paul South

For Gemma

There is a track, a lane
that takes a turn through the orchard.
Meet me there.

We’ll look across sun-tanned hills
where sheep drift like clouds.

I will rip a bunch of flowers
from beside the railway tracks,
and I will name the flowers after you.
If you are tired, we could lay back
and dream ourselves into the sky.

And when evening’s cool fingers touch us,
take my hand. I will lead you
along the river-bed.

Past the old cemetery, headstones pitched
like buoys on a churning sea.

Climb with me through the spinifex,
breathe in the rising earth.
There are foot holds in the rocky soil.

I want to show you The Lookout,
the far reaches of my world.

And here it is. I give it to you.
The world, a picnic blanket
spread out just for two.