

# 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.