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RUSTY FICUS

In this province of currawongs and goats, I am watching.
As you cross the fence and enter the field, I am watching.

I am the cornea of this winter field preparing to enclose you.
Tell me, is today the day when the southerly wind is blowing?

Tell me, is today the day when the stacked stones will topple?
I was once water flowing around stone. I hardened in my waiting.

The ribbons of tumbling water calcified to ligaments and bones.
My leaves agreed with the stones, sand, stars and sun watching.

The grazers stave off other trees. Goats manicure this foliate gloss.
When will these inner fruits ripen? My wasps will cease their waiting.

From this rock-strewn rise, I shepherd the slow flexures of seasons.
New families come. Children mature. They leave. I am left waiting.

See my purpling air roots spider darkly as venous blood. Lean in.
Soothe this calloused skin with your touch. Breathe in. Watching.