

went on a long walk through the bush this morning
the paradigm of me completely opened up
the terrain, colour and texture of the bush changed rapidly

i wasn't out for long and yet inside each moment was endless space
i was reflecting on myself as a serious sensory seeker (meanwhile with hands and
arms covered with charcoal!)
so often i have this insatiable desire to reach out, collect textures through touch and
absorb the very essence of the Australian landscape into myself

it's hot here, today the sun was beating down
it's also very dry as the drought has raged in NSW

(2 out of 3 Bundanon lakes are completely dried up)

i felt dusty, could smell the dry earth and imagined
how my flesh
and later my bones
will disintegrate and disperse into that dust
becoming part of those infinitely shifting grains of matter

beside the quiet shoal haven river
i was thinking also of the Lancelin sand dunes, throwing myself down amongst the
particles

water is a relief

as i turned the corner and found the river i knew i'd swim, i always do
i pour myself into water and it flows through me
human bodies are compiled of much water but I've forgotten the exact percentage

amazing how we are simply the stuff of the universe
and how a lifetime held by and traversing this land - southern, hot, dry and whole -
creates the universe of us