

## **Onwards**

Down the bush, a currawong cried out its name  
as I pushed through ferns past Old Man Banksia.  
Dry bracken crackled underfoot.  
A lizard scuttled under a pile of rocks.  
The bush was alive.  
I breathed in the scent of eucalyptus.

Brown snake.  
Run home to a house next to a tall gum tree with blood-red resin  
glistening down its white trunk.  
A butcherbird cawed.

Over the creek.  
Cross the rotten log to the flat rock.  
Stick figures of a man and a woman, curves of a snake, a bounding kangaroo.  
The rock was alive.  
Aboriginal souls trapped inside.

Slipping on sludge, I caught a whiff of the damp smell of wood  
and felt myself being sucked into an unknown Dreamtime.

Run home.  
Go back.  
But the only option was ...onwards.

131 words