

I stroll on Wiradjuri Country,  
invited to walk and watch flight of birds  
by traditional custodians.

Unlike my European ancestors in custody.  
They were expected to walk and wield harm,  
to box up birds for museum bounty.

I'll capture these creatures on camera only,  
keen to click and catch calls and charm.  
A kaleidoscope of colour. Taken.

How can I tread here softly enough?  
Kookaburra descends from eucalypts  
and from avian ancestors to laugh at  
my clumsy apology?

I wait and admire feathers -bright blue,  
brought from the sky  
'Welcome' she whispers.