

# Snapshot of Kakadu

By Beverly Farmer (for Jane Moore)

The water has left  
These cracked, high-ledged cliffs and fish  
drawn up high and dry,  
their bones heaved free of ripples,  
have sunk themselves in deep stone.

Shapes burn in the cliff,  
a flow of beings—colours  
of flame, of smoulder.  
Butterflies balance. You draw  
the tossed hot heads of sand and palms.

Spotted butterflies  
flap loose at the cave mouth near  
the hanging spider.  
She steps to unwind a bee.  
The spots settle in the rocks.

What's that small white ring  
in and out of the water  
in the photograph  
of the billabong at dusk?  
Is it the rising half-moon?

The moon was full. It's  
there in the lily puddle,  
that torn white shadow.  
The ring's an egret skimming  
low, mirrored, long wings dipping.

