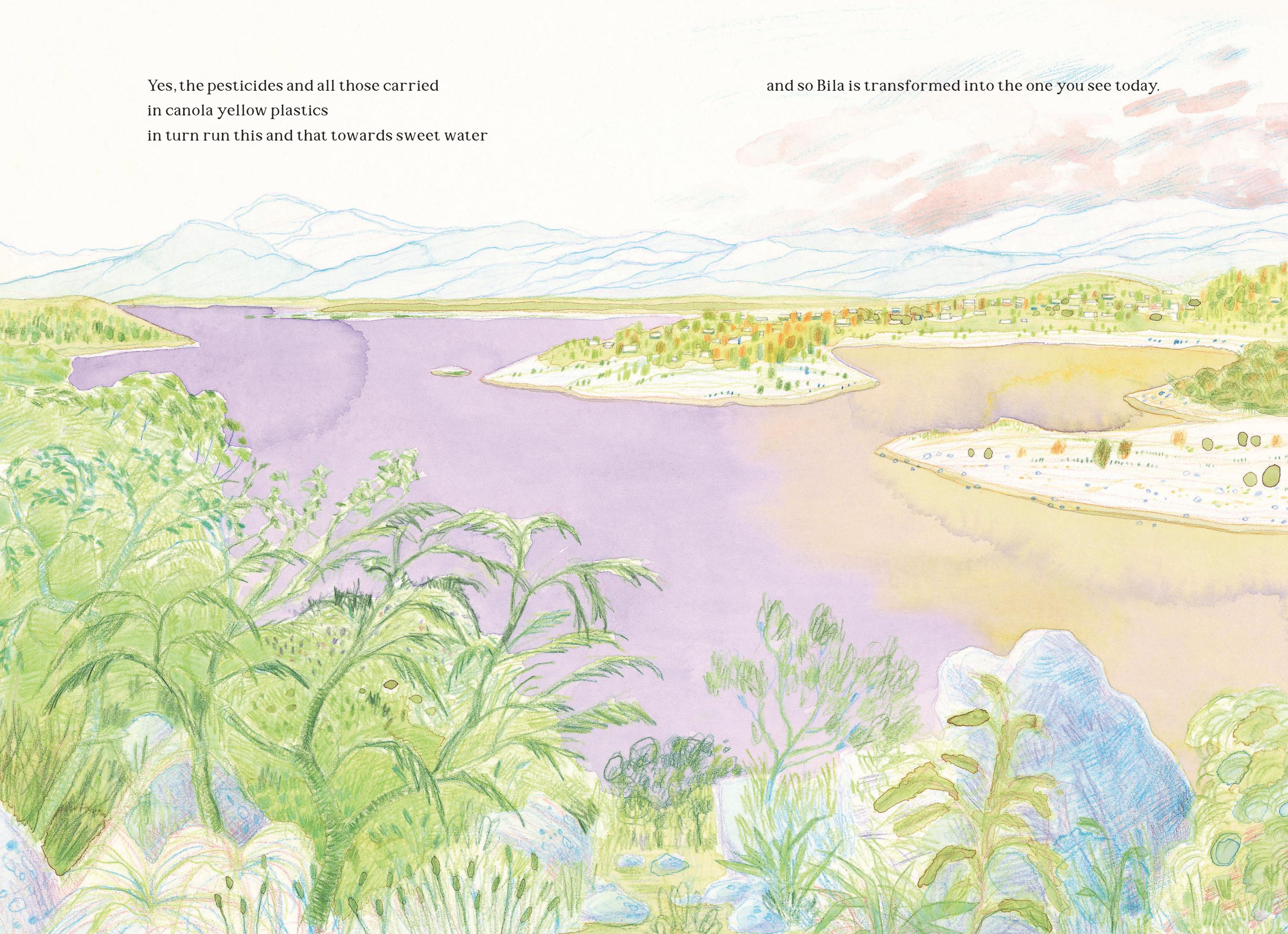


What became of the river who rose up
and called themself human?



Stepped upon the land containing the memories
of snowmelt and wellspring.

Smooth worn stones along their ribs,
and with water curiosity
sought to know more about the humans on the land,
whose invasion of the waters choked the river.



Yes, the pesticides and all those carried
in canola yellow plastics
in turn run this and that towards sweet water

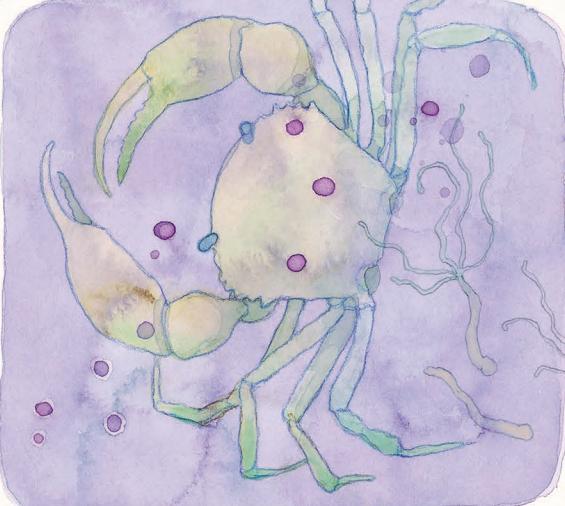
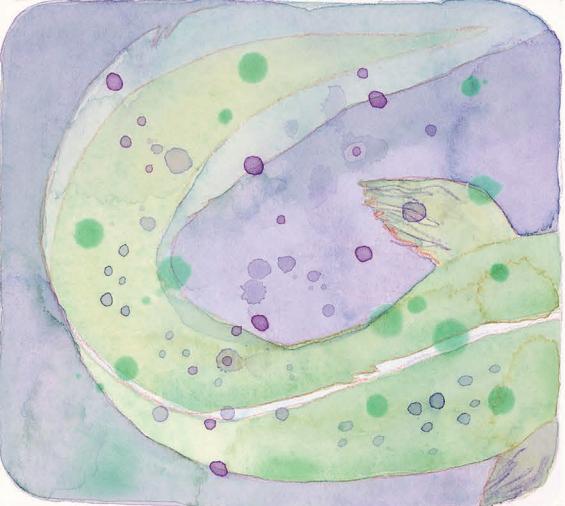
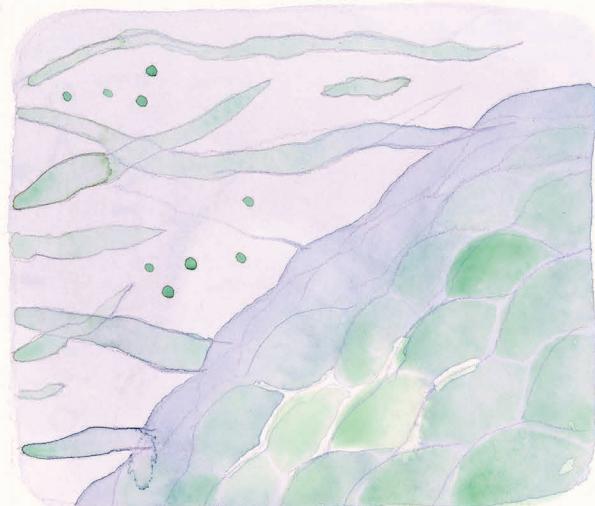
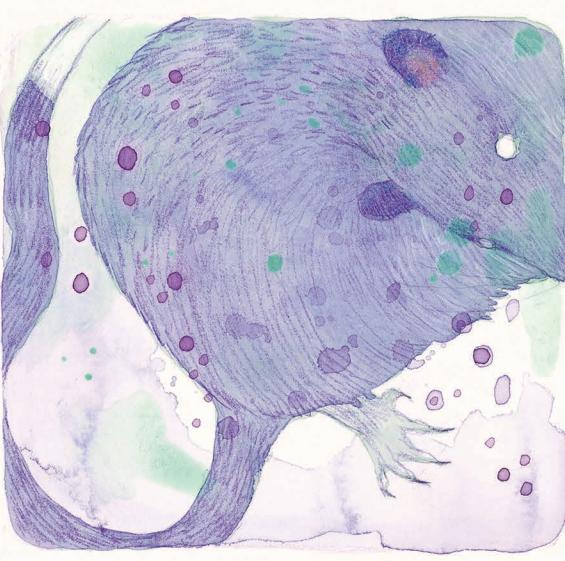
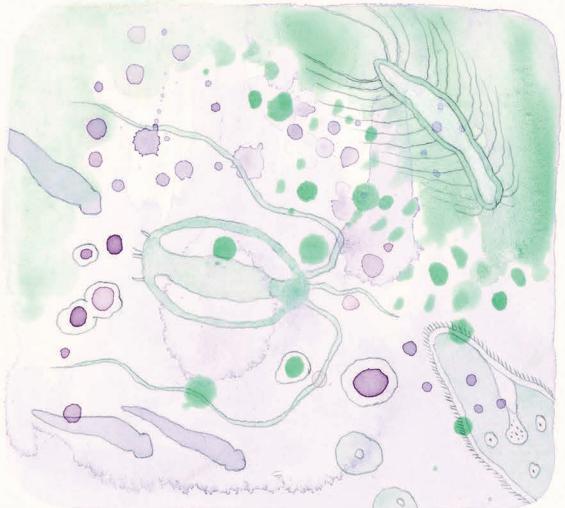
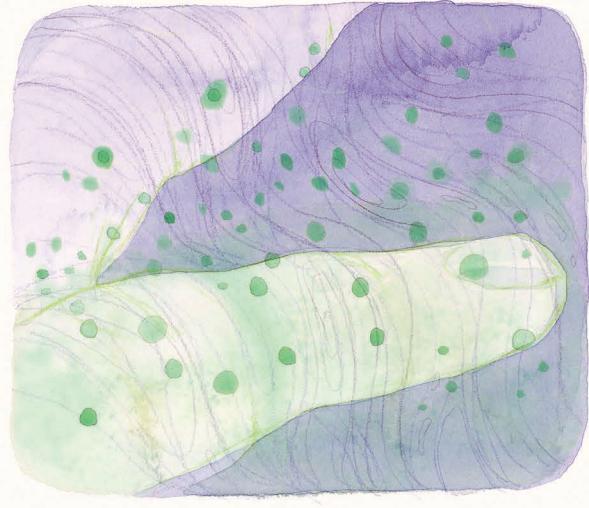
and so Bila is transformed into the one you see today.



Ngarradan watched.

Bilbi and giralang and dinggu watched.

Even bunyip waawii had not seen
rivers walk upon two feet in this world.



Skin shimmering a cool flesh green,
walks tumble-glide over rocks
or else some shifting enormity.
Fish swim under skin
dangur flash of scale along veins, wrist and throat.

Yabi out of sight can be glimpsed in still morning light.
Flashes of tails, fins, scales.
Dawn moon reflected in muck around,
damp cool flesh with the grey mud smell.