

Flows

Jill Jones

how did we get by
with only our
dry tongues
down by the riverbed
dusty as clowns
or lost children

the sounds of stones
the long dry ache of them
a watery shimmer
reminiscing about
mud and lake

the procession of trees
that find deeper wells

but here sliding around
cracked banks
crazy like the sun

*

the stream continues
re-entering
its own spectacle
stumbling down the cliff

watching it leap
like that

from its cold and terrible
veil

over
black
gleaming
sandstone
shadows

falling water
constantly passing
becoming lost
in the valley
like a rainbow

a moment
out of the mulch
before acreages
bleached
with drought

*

the river trades
doubt
heavy metals and slicks hauled
down to bedrock and seaways

it passes to widening shoals
of revelry
coloured waste, bobbing
and slithering

it gets difficult

the more open it gets
filled with oils
and horns, ballast and keels

discarded
as if water
is
enough to carry
the shiver
of ancient degrees

The Sun Within

Jill Jones

Wet sand shimmers
 as planetary motion
tidal unfolding
into the gone world
 and the coming world

vast shivers open in
hidden channels and crevices

there's a relief of ochred heat
 vertical shadows
or a brief figure
 not alone
in the sea's ground

the sun is now
 within
the medium
 of all light

this is not a picture
but a presence

light in light
 from light
 to
 wards

something

Poetry: *Three Poems* by Jill Jones

just beyond
and also here

in this earth bright ground

- *after 'Wet Sand, Anglesea' by Clarice Beckett*

Water Memory

Jill Jones

A flicker of verticals
of home lights
is drawn across
water's memory

of colour

Every difference resolves
then shifts

There are so many ways
to cross from here
simply by seeing

Every tide, leaf and rock
takes on
so many shades of the world

Dark comes to you
like rain or sleep
expanding into night's caves
of thought and breath

And the bliss
of each day's air
touches you

All doors are open

- after 'Reflected Lights' by Clarice Beckett

Jill Jones' most recent books include *Wild Curious Air, A History Of What I'll Become*, shortlisted for the 2021 Kenneth Slessor Award, and *Viva the Real*, shortlisted for the 2019 Prime Minister's Literary Award for Poetry and the 2020 John Bray Award. In 2015 she won the Victorian Premier's Prize for Poetry for *The Beautiful Anxiety*.