

Kimberley Station

Kimberley station
been there hundred years
wait'n longtime for
cleansing of the Wet

Liquid sun exhausted from day's
journey melts in horizon heatwave
watery shimmer of
yellow, orange, red silhouettes
boab and ghost gum promising
relief in postcard deception

Chorus of frogs joins cicada's
relentless scream as tea is served
under verandah light whirring
with moths and burning mosquitos
while slowly turning fan disturbs
just enough thick air to remind
weary station workers of the
oppressive heat

Over beer and beef
Tales and opinions are played
casually like cards piled
higher and higher as
one story trumps another
dealing friendships and myths
late into the blackening
isolation as storm clouds
cauliflower in towering
threat and humidity
deepens, presses, clings till
skin opens and you are
awash in sweat returning
grime and tears to blacksoil
sighing the stories of
ghosts from blackfella's camp
longtime empty beyond
the stockyard

Each evening the same 'til the
unbearable breaks sending thick
slabs of water crashing down
with terrifying lightning
and thunder

Next day steaming earth
releases water
back to sky and it
goes on the same 'til
the end of the Wet and
the Far North settles down
In restless wait for its return

And the station still stands
and the camp is still empty
as offspring cling to the
edges of Kimberley towns
and the earth still whispers stories
and the cleansing does not come
for it never does
'til sorry business is done