

## The Hill at Silver Wattle

The hill behind my room has been there forever,  
or so it seems this early autumn afternoon.  
Even the breeze is resting. Everything  
has been immovable for all of time.

I sit motionless, as though mirroring the hill  
might help me better understand.

A road across the mountain's chest has cut out  
whatever memories recent centuries sprouted,  
and winter after winter rains have whittled fast track lanes  
down to the lake that fronts the house.

A kangaroo appears, then two, then six, then fourteen  
bop in mostly single file across the sloping flank.  
One holds back and pauses at an opening in the fence  
while two stragglers catch up with the crowd.

Meanwhile, the others, halfway down the slope,  
have stopped, as still as sticks. Minutes pass.  
The mob moves on except for one, who in this drama  
turns and hops away the way he's come.

I see an eagle high above the highest reach  
arch through currents. A magpie flashes  
into a large old gum, cabbage moth butterflies  
fly in tandem, and pregnant puffs of dandelion drift  
over what I thought was changeless.