

Stephen Mason

AND NOW OUR TRAIN'S PASSING  
THROUGH A GULLY IT'S CARVED  
AWAY SURFACES OF ROCK

STUNNING BLOCKS OF DIFFERENT COLOURED BLANKETS  
HAPHAZARDLY THROWN  
INTO A STACKED LINEN CUPBOARD

IN THE MIDDLE  
                    FLOWS THE MEMORY  
                                    OF A RIVER

NOW FROZEN  
STREAMS OF GRANITE  
            LAYERS SASHAYING  
                            DOWN  
                                    A LINE  
OF JUDITH WRIGHT'S  
    (LONG-BEFORE-TIME LOST DAY")\*

ADORATION BOWS IN MY HEART  
    BEFORE THIS EXPOSITION  
            OF GENESIS  
                    GEOLOGY

\*FROM "ROCK" ON PAGE 414/382