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# The Return

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## THE RETURN

I often dream about the ocean  
and would like to write  
a long ode to water, because I live  
on a drought stricken flood plain  
next to a sea where a baked delta  
opens between glittering sandstone cliffs  
& the dunes and beaches make holiday resorts  
seem like colonies in outer space.  
Where are the green islands? Where are  
the sticky hibiscus flowers,  
the paddocks full of clover and grass,  
the intricate mangrove swamps  
& the mud that squelches between your toes?  
Instead I am covered in salt—  
the same brother you forgot  
whose wounds were like rumours  
of the rains' failure  
but who returns even so, just as the wet arrives  
after weeks of dry storm lightning out to sea  
& who stands in front of you  
dressed in his flash city clothes  
but suddenly shy, like a stranger embarrassed  
by wet footprints and tears  
& the sudden atmosphere of drama.