

Augie March, Maroondah Reservoir

To be,
A bee, a moth.
Four wings spread for the soft last touch
Of glory sun,
Remembering blood plums and lips and lemons -
One hundred different suns
In a hundred different heavens.
Spied from a rowboat -
Stroke, nought is spoken,
Before you know it, the spell is broken,
You might wonder where you are,
Floating on the reservoir.
I have counted the notes
We landed here not many years ago
And it was not a pretty song that we composed:

La, la, la, the early bird he knows,
You hang from the cherry bough
When you're lichen yourself, and leave -
The cold cold scent of stone and mulch,
The great stone wall to stave the rush,
To think that peace might be too much,
Waiting for that giant touch...

The lake... the fir-fringed lake -
Placid and ample, birded, breezed and dappled
Through the mountain break,
Through the mountain break,
A moment take, a moment, a moment...

You might wonder where you are,
Perched up on the reservoir,
Adolf in the white hotel,
All this time we've been in hell,
You might wonder where you are,
Perched above the reservoir,
Luis of the lake retire,
Before they set the lake on fire
Before they set the lake on fire
Before they set the lake on fire