

## Two Poems

*Elisabeth Hames-Brooks*

### **Cracked Mosaic**

Mosaic of dried mud,  
strangely beautiful like a crocodile's back,  
dreaded nightmare heartache,  
the prostrate fatigue of a dry riverbed,  
the sky's deafness to the earth's heat throbs,  
thirst's bitter cup.

*Both the Australian Federal Government and the Victorian State Government described the conditions facing farmers in October 2006 as "extraordinary circumstances." Traditional rains of winter and spring had failed to arrive and there was the possibility of the worst drought on record. (The Age, 24 and 25 October 2006)*

## Twig

Twig,  
smooth,  
bleached,  
silvery white,  
death's whisper,  
your vitality stolen  
tragically before time,  
debris by the water's edge  
as the tides' rhythm pummels,  
entwined with nature's toll song,  
one of countless ruthlessly clustered  
while life must continue unabated around,  
children will build castles and draw in the sand,  
and search for shells amongst seaweeds of red and lime,  
meander over ruby red flowers strewn close to shore's edge  
and scamper up the wonderland undergrowth of the ocean dunes  
and their laugh will happily sound above the waves' roar along rocks  
but little stick my tear will remember your years of swaying in the breeze  
and whatever the name of the creative essence of Mother Nature's poignancy,  
know that the tides' swirls have washed away a precious and loved part of myself.

*Written in empathy with those who lost a loved one in the Bali Bombings of 2005.*

*Monash University*

*Elisabeth.Hames-Brooks@adm.monash.edu.au*