

Tania Bennett

Untitled

Time's footprint in the silken smooth whorls on ancient wood,
Pieces of volcanic rock, curves moulded by the caressing tide,
Clay-coloured mudflats, reaching so far, before meeting the sea,
Rich pickings for the long-beaked oyster-catcher.
Resting atop this, a ribbon of sandy shore,
Bordered by the many hues of tussock grasses,
That shake and tremble in the wind.
On a sunny day, the light cast, so sharp and clear,
As to make pockets of glitter on the mudflats and creeks flowing landward.
Marked by time, but when one is there, seemingly timeless.