

LIMESTONE COAST  
(South End, South Australia)

Have you seen these cliffs –  
how they are fretted and fumed and fraught  
by the sea's finessing?  
how worm-holed and worried and wrought  
by waves never-wearying?

Have you thought  
how the salt-slap-second to hours to days  
to years streels out ... to centuries?  
how under your feet  
the endless etching and whittling of rock  
into rood-screen and rosemary  
and filigree, is Time  
tunnelling into itself?

Here where you stand,  
this ocean-chiselled shelf,  
here was a wind-blown high-blown strand  
of sea-born shell and bone  
pestled to sand –  
a faultless footless dune,  
now under rain and rime  
re-mortared into stone.

This today-trodden ridge  
has been in turn  
island and inland and edge  
as the shore has shifted and strayed  
with ocean's sink and surge  
in a long slow-swinging churn  
of ice-begotten tides.

Have you seen these cliffs?  
Look well, for they will not stand.  
Have you read what is written in the rock,  
the message that the sea  
is scribing into stone  
and shattering to sand?

*Nothing remains  
save change.*