the house is kind
the house hangs back
when you need it to
opulent or monastic
according to your needs
the house does not ask
to be written about
the house is an ark
pale sorrow
    lost to clear joy

timber churches
    come together in the night

the wollumbin would prefer it
if you did not climb the mountain
but you do it anyway

    bird tribes gather
longing for a storm

and through the trees
    a cracking sound
a strange light
you’re waking up
(mount warning)

such’tenderness still

half remembered

always fraying