

Larapinta (Red Dirt Dreaming)

Imogen Batt-Doyle

A land of vast expanses,
parched valleys, dry, but streaming
with countless muted colours,
awash with red dirt dreaming.

Sheer cliffs guard ancient stories,
their presence gently framing
a path of quiet knowing,
a path of slow un-taming.

I stand atop Rwetyepme in
the fading golden light
as silhouettes of bloodwoods
reach towards primeval night

And eagles soar below me,
tracing songlines with dark wings,
and know I walk upon the spines
of great ancestral beings.

Soft murmurs on the midnight wind
stir mulga on the plain
as sunburnt country sleeps below
and dreams of dust and rain

Dark glassy pools surrounded by
tall river red gums sing
of secret depths that stretch beyond
the edge of everything.

And after lying night by night
beneath the watchful sky,
to wake to ghosts of campfire smoke,
and haunting dingo's cry

And bathing in the pastel sunsets
strewn across the range,
I feel my edges softening,
to welcome growth and change.

I feel the rivers in my veins,
the dirt beneath my skin,
I feel the cracks in ancient stone,
the sunlight rushing in,

I feel a deep awareness in
this great, wide, open space,
and I, myself, becoming earth,
apprenticed to this place.

As so, no matter where I roam,
through forests, to the sea,
The wind swings north and I can hear
the desert call to me,

And in my dreams I find myself
In rusty hues once more,
on rocky trails worn by feet
ten thousand years before,

Immersed in silent sunrises,
and barefoot in the sand –
the deep parts of my spirit held
within this sacred land.

Image supplied by Imogen Batt-Doyle

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