



Wentworth Falls at Evening

Droplets in the late sun,
a shower of silver coin
into the dark valley.

Tracer bullets,
they pinpoint the breeze
in a burst of sparkles
or are pulled out like streamers
curving to forces
that hold the planets in orbit.

Going on, going out, and falling forever.

A mere chalice-full
out of that vast blessing
which pours down the Ganges,
the Rhone, the Rio Negro.

And all day, every day,
these silver globules pour
into the valley where no one watches

Folk have leapt from these heights
to oblivion, wrapped
in irrelevant words of cities.

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In humility and reverence, with awe and wonder, I reflect on the mysteries:

*of water
of gravity
of nature*

*of late suns
of dark valleys
of sparkling breezes*

*of earth's bounty
of earth's beauty
of earth's blessing*

*of this land
of Australia.*