

PORT PHILLIP BAY

It could be a scene from any coastline,
But, I know what my mind's eye captured,
Sitting on the hot bleached sand,
Gazing out across the deep blue ocean of Port Philip Bay.
In my head, the opening bars of Tubular Bells,
The receiving of a vision to write and express emotion,
And the need of a young child to float upon a weightless sky.

Knowing my closed crowded phobias spelt personal trouble,
Somehow I burnt inside and required the sea spray freshness to tame my fire,
Tubular Bells and Port Philip Bay
Was and remain, my true ideals of utopian paradise,
The lonely, yet not lonely writer's retreat,
Just lusting for air with pencil in hand,
Being to float upon a weightless sky.

Point Lonsdale shakes hand with Portsea,
At the tails that make up the peninsula where Bass Strait engulfs Great Bight,
Illuminated below the surface, a rainbow coral reef,
Glowing and refracting the light crystalised through the blue filter
Whales and sharks commanding their territory,
But seldom swimming into port,
And dolphins laughing as they join a weightless sky.

I now watch planes fly over Heathrow,
And believe they are taking more writers to my paradise,
To exile without remorse on the shores of Port Philip Bay,
Departing this green and pleasant land as the hymn so rightfully states,
To a place of marble, blue, cloudless, where the sea and sky are one,
Stretching with the tides
floating upon a weightless sky.

The lamp bowls shadowing these grey hard streets
Resemble my tears of lost opportunities,
I needed but one opportunity,
Taken away by a cruel parental wish, hurting, defenceless,
The nightfall on Port Philip Bay with stars raining down,
Blackened picture but not dark,
Sweeping me up
To float upon a weightless sky.

To know the gracefulness of true release,
Is to stand at the court of Port Philip Bay,
Taking its hand

Walking on those same hot sands
Settling down to remember, to listen,
With same pencil to write of the emotion
Carrying me off, floating on a weightless sky.

Was it just a dream seen through a child's eye?

The freshness of sea spray on an innocent complexion
Or sounds of nature right on your doorstep?
Dry barren landscapes tapering away from Port Philip Bay
Perfect for the dry Australian grape and the bounty of crisp wine,
Sheep farming and cattle herding,
Or hissing lawns of houses scattered in the desert terrain,
And wooden beach frontages, drifting to float upon a weightless sky.

Those same bars of organic music
Reliving once more the majesty
The masterly calling from way back when.
Assessing just how far one has come,
Forgiving and not being sad forever more,
Tranquil among the warm, soft, sea breeze,
My last sight where the sea touches the face of the sky
For I will finally float upon a weightless sky.