

## PORT PHILLIP BAY

It could not be a scene from any coastline,  
I know what my mind's eye captured,  
Sitting on the hot bleached sand,  
Gazing out across the deep blue ocean of Port Phillip Bay.  
In my head, the opening bars of Tubular Bells,  
The receiving of a vision and to write with emotion,  
Needing to float upon a weightless sky.

Knowing my phobias would bring trouble,  
I burned and required sea spray to tame my fire,  
Tubular Bells and Port Phillip 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 compose with a weightless sky.

Point Lonsdale shakes hand with Portsea,  
At the tail ends that make up the peninsula,  
Where Bass Strait engulfs Great Bight,  
Illuminated below the surface, a rainbow coral reef,  
Refracting the light crystalised through blue filter,  
Whales and sharks commanding their territory  
And dolphins laughing as they arc in a weightless sky.

To a place of aqua marble where the sea and sky are one,  
Stretching with the tides, my exile calls without remorse,  
To the shores of Port Phillip Bay and,  
Finally, float heavenly on a weightless sky.