



TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Waterfall

Red dirt had become our clothing
and straw hair stuck to our necks.
We were getting used to each others' skin
but it was too hot to touch.

As we walked along the prickled path
the sound growing from babble to applause
our moods followed our feet and the sound
until waterfall, and finally the waterfall.

We showed ourselves how to shriek
cleansing dirt and temperaments
wrong words we'd said last week
all washed away from the tallest rock.

In the end the sun fought to have its way
drying us out too fast, but still the feel
of the waterfall's blast, how it settled
in the pool beneath

reached beyond the desert heat
and kept us cool,
cool as every exquisite thing
in this intense and shameless world.

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