

### **300 Feet**

Dirty grey whispers  
are brushing wet promises  
on the outstretched fingers  
of Flagstaff Mountain.

They pass by, between leaves  
sharing secrets  
and raindrop presents.  
Gifts left to grow fat and roll  
from stem, to tip,  
rest there,  
until fully pregnant.

They drop to stones  
leached of character by  
a million summers;  
to thirsty soil crushed  
under boot, hoof  
and the light tread  
of Dreamtime flesh pads;

to mature grasses  
and vindictive invaders  
spiteful with thorns  
and adaptation;  
all eager to accept such generous gifts  
rarely offered.

Unaware,  
300 feet below,  
we squeeze and waste  
whatever drops remain,  
delighted and extravagant,  
excess now expectation  
and pine for sunshine.

On Flagstaff Mountain,

the clouds are crying.

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