

To the Bonython Rd ridge in Autumn,

You are the centre of my universe, there where Piccadilly Valley wraps itself around me like some familiar animal, its curling body swatched with coloured copses and vineyards.

Writing this from Melbourne, I can see myself on my evening walk along your back. I feel the breeze in my hair as I watch the clouds change hue in the dusk sky and the evening lights in the scattered homes flicker on.

The beams of a lonely car dance through distant scrub. Smoke rises from a chimney. The shadows of the hills darken and the crickets start to sing.

Special place, you've nestled yourself here, wedged just beneath my ribcage. When I breathe in deep, I feel you press against my bones.

Precious cargo gladly carried by this wanderer