

## Curving for the Coast, Part 2

There's colour coming through the trees from such a long way off  
Colour coming through the trees—it's a hard blue painted soft

And the blue is why you're on this road  
It's a blue that might explode—there's no language there's no code

And you're pulled toward this kind of blue  
Like a spell you can't undo—for the many for the few

There's colour coming through the trees from such a long way off. The air gives itself away. And every ocean you've ever seen now conjured. Inlets and arms are the messengers that send word. There is nothing else this big. Colour coming through the trees. And the long descent. Don't even mention blue. The tides doing all the work. The sound blinds you to any other sense. And there it is. Look as far as you will. Cue the waves ...

All the words you cannot speak are here: torn away, torn away. Rip tides, wind, cloud-chasing. The sand says, 'walk here,' as far as you are willing. Mystery Bay really isn't. Really is. There is nothing else this big. The towns will try to tell you otherwise. Rooms with views and any number of stars above the door. Contradictions abound. The world held upside down for the tourist with traveller's intention. Climate control and other oxymorons are poorly signed.

Roadways cling to the coast with an awkward sense of normalcy and go on and on toward forever—or at least Melbourne.

But not you, no, not you, not you. it's your first trip. Your first little trip. Go on and stumble ... feel the long stretch of humble because your loop is finite and tiny. The ocean will give way to mountains that shake themselves back out into scrub and outback without notice. Only a faded, 'Give Way,' sign nailed to a post to suggest otherwise.

It's your first trip. Your first little trip and you are that small. Unwanted almost. The sun pouring itself out. And all the colours. The sun pouring itself out. And all the colours. The line running out and out. And all the colours ...