

# Racecourse Lagoon, Uralla, New South Wales

John C. Ryan

*I can only believe that it was caused by a meteorite.*

—Uralla settler Morris Melvane, circa 1880

The mares, gone, the hounds, no longer  
Yelping, marsupial shadows, now, sheltering  
Inside sanctorum of lagoon shallows.

Spring seep moistening this hollow from  
Beneath—no meteorite, no heavenly origin,  
Only immeasurable forbearance of waterkin.

Queen Anne's lace filigrees fringes here,  
A hacked-at conifer stands stout afront wire  
Fence—a strange bonsai in mullein hurled in

From distant provinces. In soft swamp abdomen,  
Clover leaves of nardoo float, spores round  
As peas gathered, ground, baked for damper.

I see myself ambling along the ice-age-old lunette  
Who is he? Bucket hat slunk low, stray stitches  
Blowing in tableland wind—breathing out, in.

From the periphery, nothing gleams yet, even so,  
The lagoon is a mirror of me, doppelgänger,  
Our aqueous bodies, our bogheartbeat.