

Immersion

by Sandra Pearce

After "Aimless Love" by Billy Collins

This morning as I kayaked through the mangroves
I fell in love with the melody of a honeyeater,
and further on with a lone mangrove seedling
rising defiantly above the surge of the high tide.

And yesterday amongst the chaos of papers, books and paints
I fell in love with my studio,
my shelter, my harbour for creation and reclamation,
then later I fell for a rustic bowl of ramen,
its miso perfume warm and welcoming in my hands.

Perhaps this is the best kind of love,
one without obligation, without bitter words,
without awkward silences and tired apologies.

The love of waking up slowly,
the texture of a banksia cone, the intimacy of a poem.

No sharp looks, no dirty laundry –
just the love of paper daisy petals,
a crisp linen dress, mild winter days,
and black cockatoos feeding in a pine forest canopy.

No expectations, no judgement, or natter –
just the joy of being embraced
by the warble of the honeyeater
gathering nectar from waxy flowers,
and for the promise of the mangrove seedling
resilient against the pull of the full moon tide.

After I returned my kayak to the shore
and my feet touched land again,
I lingered for a moment in the shallows.
As I pressed my soles into the patchwork of gravel and shell
I could feel myself falling again,
coming home to the quiet taste of salt and fish.