

***Talara'tingi***

To lie among flames, to come through fire  
in the shape of a star – (o hope) –

feathery. To push pink past char, woolly  
across heath and open forest, clumping

to blush, jump bruised blue eucalypt  
-hazed mountains lying grazed – (o hope) –

To be given a man's name – *forsythii* – not to be  
named, to be nameless, to know

what it is to be spoken over, spoken  
of, pressed. To open underground – (o hope) –

To come back – hailed by lyre, by whip – from  
catastrophe – after the flicked

cigarette, flash of hand and stripe of dry  
lightning. To follow the drowning – (o hope) –

carrying colour like a blanket. To labour in fire  
'furnished with rays' – *actinotus* – homeless. To go

across razed borders under a burgeoning  
enemy's thunder, after everything

To offer an artillery of fluffy seeds to breeze, open  
velvety bracts high above cousins coasting

silver. To hold dew-nectar morning bright, to soothe  
the wounded. To be wounded, to lie under disaster

– (o hope) – To make something anyway. To turn  
from your moribund cradle into roseate light, into air –

– (o hope) –

**Note:**

*Talara'tingi* is the D'harawal name for the flannel flower. The pink flannel flower grows, rarely, on Dharug and Gundungurra country, only after bushfire and deluge. I acknowledge and pay respect to the traditional and ongoing custodians of these lands and those of the land on which I wrote this poem, the Gadigal and Wangal people of the Eora nation, and to Elders past, present and emerging, in a spirit of hope.