

## **A FRIENDLY WALK      Larerpoonne BAY   of   FIRES**

Near extinct on the mainland  
Men and dogs invade their domain  
Cut off they thrive here

Tiny things, a ball of fluff, delicate, skittish  
Live literally between shifting dune and coming tide  
Vulnerable and blithe to the imminent approach

Stock still they stop  
We look away and in the looking back  
lose them  
They know we are there but prefer to ignore us  
Hoping we will leave  
Them alone

Where are they taking us? Why do we follow them?  
Blind faith silent trust go hand in hand along this path  
What do they know that we don't  
We know birth death hard truths  
They step lightly leave no footprint  
To make their mark, they play with fire and mock scarification  
Our past is unredeemable, burnt and bound

We are led away from all we know our domain to theirs  
masters of our comfort zone  
They carry our burdens we carry theirs  
We do as they say

*Lichen on boulders dimpled orange peel  
Dry mould flowers grey green on almost dead branches*

We must not bring mirrors We will not need them  
Look inward make ourselves anew  
Slough off  
wallets, phones, pin numbers, pass words, credit lines, emails  
and the vanity of being available always  
In touch, important, wanted and needed  
Now out of range

*sea sounds roar in the waves peeling on the beach  
underfoot glassy crunch of blinding white sand and bleached shell*

we come willingly we were not coerced  
we have paid for the privilege  
to enter the pristine and uncorrupted to be cleansed

unused to the elemental air  
we smear ourselves in white greasy stuff  
to protect our delicate skins

Led by wise children we become obedient infants  
Eat what they provide when they tell us to  
Lured by sweet food in bountiful supply  
we do not have to work for it simply appears

Walk walk one step after another  
The food is good for us we eat more than we should  
It slows us down  
we are led inexorably on

They are concerned for us  
Responsible for our destination  
What then? Can we go back  
Alone  
No indemnity can cover every contingency  
Insurance is pointless we came willingly

en route we are instructed in their world  
learn to read signs interpret meaning  
for the unwary and unprotected there will be dangers and shocks  
we must relearn the most basic things old knowledge is useless

We have always chosen our path now led down an unknown one  
along a beach across rocks beside the ocean over a headland  
To a place we have never seen

*The residue of flames embers safety orange  
struts of tung oiled timber make toffee coated bars*

We were not led astray we came willingly to this wilderness  
What did they find when they arrived?

Fires seen lit by those not there  
Less than they thought  
thought more of now less seen  
hardly heard then or now

There is no going back

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