

driftwood mountain by Stephen House

he collects driftwood from the windswept rocky beach
ties it up with rope and drags it through the scrub to his campsite
i gather beach driftwood for my cooking fire

he lives in an old caravan moulded into sand-hill bush
i live in a shabby tent amongst coastal gums

walking today i come across a clearing in the growth not far from his camp
i stop in amazement
see a mountain of driftwood reaching up to the sky
as high as the tallest trees around it
i sink to the ground in awe
drawn into its enormity and beauty
to what i feel it says about him and i living in nature by the sea
i cry and i'm not sure why
i see him sitting in the scrub watching me moved by his driftwood mountain

as the sun sets i stand and wave to him and leave
hike back to my home through the wilderness past grazing kangaroos and emus

at my campsite i make a driftwood fire to cook my food and keep warm
write a poem about a driftwood mountain that somehow changed my life