

An Illumines-cant Transmogrification of Being: Encountering the Ghost Gum

It unfolded on a dark and stormy evening...Lost in the sheer-fright of night-fire...Echoes of thunder-clap ebbing, the lightning smashed against the virginal and slender lure of its smooth body...

Myrtaceae Eudicots shining in the wilderness of empty screams, the composites of such alluring skin a mystery, in an Albert Namatjira water-colour affinity to glow forever, caught...The leaves in mortal hands rub caustic eucalyptus cologne...How the old-ones collected trail of its blood to render resins so strong...The unique smell of bush-fire would be so lost without its burning demise...

Possessed by incarnate passion the solace of the bush screams with mute insanity...