



Above: Photograph of camp-fire on the Nullabor Plain by Peter Marshall, 2106.

Now present here, the future takes its time.
The brittle insect scrapes at the dry loam;
All is burnt up, used up, drawn up in air
To some ineffably rarefied solution . . .
Life is enlarged, drunk with annihilation,
And bitterness is sweet, and the spirit clear.

Paul Valery - Poet 1871- 1945