

Scarred Landscape

by Brenda Saunders

The plane flies low over a curve of red ochre country. Landforms scatter. A waterhole stretches the horizon. Trees flash by in a line of grey. My window lifts to frame the sky, dips to saltpans turning blue after rain. The perspective tilts, pulls a mine into focus. Moving like ants, giant loaders dredge the inside out of the iron ore plain. Tailings bury a world of stillness, reshape a landscape of tussock grass, Spinifex rings holding the desert in place. At a slow angle man-made hills rise to meet us. Blow raw dust into a heaving sky.



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