

Black Cockatoos

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Each certain kind of weather, or of light has its own creatures
Somewhere else they wait, as though they but inhabited heat or
cold

Twilight or dawn, and you know other state
Then if that time they come, timid or bold

So when the long drought wins
Sandpaper harsh, we're still
And the air changed, and the clouds came
And other birds were quiet in prayer or fear
These knew their hour

Before the first fire flash lit up, or first thunder spoke its
name
In heavy flood they came, 'til I could hear the wild black cock
atoos
Tossed on the crest of their high trees, crying the worlds unre
st
Crying the worlds unrest