

lutruwita/Tasmania is disappearing before our eyes.

But most can't see it.

Beyond the locked gates

where the ancient deep green forests grow

the only ones seeing what is left

are the men who arrive in dozers

to demolish the tall eucalyptus

and everything beneath them.

The people are quiet

as they go about their daily chores

and turn their heads

while the carcasses of the ancient trees

are dragged down the highways

on the backs of the chariots of destruction

disappearing out of view

destined to our human waste bins as tissues

sewage plants as toilet paper

rubbish tips as old pieces of furniture replaced by new.

Let us take a moment to see what is disappearing.

THE FORESTS

where the tallest flowering plants on Earth

loom over the rainforest understorey

flowering in pure crisp white

its pollinating moths painting only the colour white.

Where butterflies, dragonflies, myrtle moth, cicadas and bees

are just a fraction of the insect community

that is a surging force for change.

From the cacophony of the birds in the sunlight

to the stealth of the night owl

to Mother Devil with four pups in her den

to the spirited quoll darting through the ferns

in this stronghold of life.

What we don't see

we ignore

as this stronghold of their ages

is demolished

removed after all time.

For all time.

THE FORESTS

drenched by Roaring Forties rain

and pristine waters that

many millions of impoverished planet Earth's people

can only imagine.

THE FORESTS

that are not ours to plunder.

not ours to squander

in the cause of here-today-gone-tomorrow profit.

Rendered ancient in all our imagining

but disappearing now

stripped bare to

barren hot denuded lands.

If not for these sleeping brave defenders

who will stand between the forest and the dozer?

Who will climb the heights of the tower

the natural tower

holding tight to the swaying giant

to sleep through tumultuous night?

Unlike the forests

the defenders are not disappearing.

They are growing in number and defiance.

These are the ones that see

behind the locked gates
and witness the plunder.

Determined to defend the life-filled
wild forests
of mystical lutruwita/Tasmania.

Few see the spirited defenders ascend the giants at night
and none share their aerie high above
the sleeping fellow defenders
surrounded by dozers
awaiting the dangerous morning.

And the loggers.

I write this as we wait.

A full moon is rising over this plateau graveyard
of the slaughtered ancients.

The summer night air is at 3 degrees.

This carnage will end.

