

Third Lunch Alone in Sydney

The Chinatown in Darling Harbor is different, still.

It leans itself against the Quay,

mingling fingers with a polyglot throng,

remembering how long they said

“stay await”

“stay away”

during Yellow Peril days.

I have to wonder, alone at my brown, square table

of steaming beef and tea:

Had Gadigal soil gone fallow here,

waiting for this newcomer to plant itself

a bottle tree – sea salt and fecund seeds –

and birth its own Dreamtime-breathing seers?