

Water-Soul*Terra Australis**What of location!**mere between-names are of no consequence,**call me water backed by science & myth(!)**for I have memory and I am invisible:**I am water-soul and I have risen*

and my ambit and soul asks no consent,
 for I am chafe-born born between cloud and dirt,
 struck by lightning birthed of dew,
 my remit quenches the red desert mood.
 And my portent looms beyond your reach,
 where my life-form runs narrow, broad and deep:

although you reproached me my crafting is dealt,
 my life-cycle is indifferent and holds no regret.
 But with stolen permit you built barrage and weir:
 dare you curb me with such contempt!
 for I am the harbinger from the core and from the edge,
 alas! your maps and my terrain do not mesh.

And from computer modes mere crystal ball-games,
 you search for models but you'll never find my range!
 and you grossly dispatched me with miffed disdain:
 though I sent warnings of merciless rakes,
 hence my vengeance won't be contained!
 for my life-force runs free and stakes no claim.

Then with furious heave I crash high and low,
 against your meek-dams I take them in-tow,
 and along with my life-surge and sea-force dread
 I rail against your levees – mere sand-bank mere grates,
 and my deluge besets you though I shed no grief
 for my tempest is vengeful with its widespread sweep.

So my swathing cuts your outback reach
 yet I have no sorrow as you pray & plead,
 besides, I am the guardian who wore your pastoral threats,
now you genuflect but it's too late; be it on farm or bushland stretch,
 be it lean desert, brash city or heath,
 my chaotic candor and presence is driven:
I am water-soul and I have risen