

Gum trees

Two birds race each other across the sky,

Dipping, swerving and gliding.

Finally they stop for a rest on a branch, twittering to each other.

Their voices sound like a thousand musical notes strung together.

The gum tree branches stretch far and wide like thin elderly hands reaching towards me.

Branches full of eucalyptus leaves that still smell rain washed.

The leaves are lush green in summer and a dry burgundy red colour in winter.

They fall gently, slowly, silently until the birds disappear with the wind

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