

I only know her by her painting. By Roger Callen

I painted 'Black Rock' near Coonowrin, she painted White Rock.

I painted texture; she, spotted light, knobiness, the round sky

secrets of criss-cross structures, hollows

the story of White and it's bending.

I painted lava, grain, straining fractures, rind;

she, the life of stone, the way it shines on us,

finding a brilliance there, the sparkles in her mind.

I painted dark gaps, volcanic flow.

Hers is full of colour, a happy mountain;

mine, bursting with immanence, brooding.

My stepdaughter's face was very white, her cheek cold to the touch:

still-beauty.