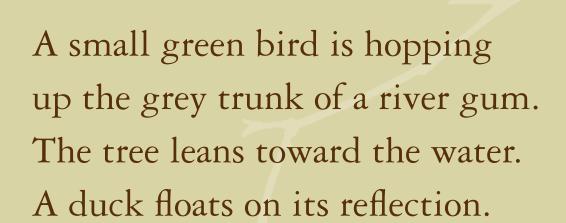


By Andrew Lansdown



The climbing bird knocks a fleck of bark into the water. The duck inspects it then paddles away. The Chinese poet Tu Fu wrote,

"After the laws of their being all creatures pursue happiness." Watching the birds, the dragonflies, it occurs to me that Fu

is quite wrong. Apart from man, all creatures simply *are* happy.

No duck ends the day with regret.

We alone aspire to something

Other. And we alone fall short.

Andrew Lansdown (b. 1954) was established as one of WA's finest poets by the early 1980s and achieved exceptional output in both poetry and fiction over ensuing decades. His work was translated into several languages and won the prestigious John Bray National Poetry Award in 1994.

