

Oh how straight the horizon line. The finest of lines is all that divides blue from blue-grey, the divine from the sublime. What is that?

A needle spire jabs upwards, spearing the blue silk. A jagged charcoal line mars the perfect. Between one gasp and the next, the fine scar thickens. More dark jagged edges appear, no longer thick but now softening with shade and light.

Colours begin to emerge. Black becomes grey, grey becomes greens and browns. A sweeping arc of gold begins to glitter behind a white lace curtain. The roar of a thousand miniature lions, mutes soft slapping. Gurgling laughter is drowned by slurping.

Matthew and James reach for implements and instruments. Pristine parchment is soon marred with charcoal.

Lines thicken and thin; smooth and roughen; twisting back and moving forward. Slowly, with painstaking skill, the marks settle into the parchment.

Revelation, revolution.

Old land, new land.

Australis, Australia.