Saradha Koirala’s new collection *Photos of the sky* starts with a declaration; ends in realisation. In between is a journey of reaching across the Tasman, shifting to a new home, reaching a place of disquiet and starting again. The full spectrum of emotions brings with it rain, sweat, tears, wildflowers and the promise of snow.

**Painting on water**

drop seeps to a flat abstraction pulled to a bloom across black-still.

Slow ripple moves to perfection becoming whole from the inside out.

This is no Monet squeezed pigments plastered on white

no trapped fleeting, holding an inimitable flash.

Here, colour-float spreads swirls held fast by not quite meeting capillary motion draws a slow passing and no lasting proof of the once-hovered hue.

Saradha is a writer and teacher living in Melbourne, after relocating from Wellington. This is her third poetry collection after *Wit of the staircase* and *Tear Water Tea*, and has also published a novel, *Lonesome when you go*, in 2016.

**What the reviewers said about Tear Water Tea:**

“Koirala has that knack of creating depth with a simple few lines — she creates images that seem to arise without effort, ideas that quietly lift off the page to settle in the mind of the reader, resonating long after you close the pages.”

*Stella Chrysostomou*

“Zen aficionados might urge us to just live in the moment but Saradha’s poetry suggests that an appreciation of our own experience is not immediately apparent but rather requires memory, reflection, perhaps even the act of writing, to make sense.”

*Harvey Molloy*