

**metanoia: from cape naturaliste**

I.

despite the lighthouse  
studding the Cape's old rostrum,  
I toe southward from  
behind lax chain link into  
my oblivion  
of sand billows and limestone  
sabres fraying shore;  
over-shoulder, for the nonce,  
the muted optics  
of the Fresnel lens, late noon.

II.

on the second night,  
I quaffed tepid Quininup  
fluids and all but  
heaved up swamp registers of  
sludge ferment and then  
the opalescent moon splayed  
open opal dunes—  
red sand blowouts where birth wails  
first entrained to sea,  
precipitated bird forms.

III.

in Biljedup vale,  
the fitful gurgle was mine,  
not the brook's, I climbed  
Rube Goldberg stairs above cliffs;  
by abseiling paths,  
stopped in the shade of faces  
made stone long ago—  
Whaleback, The Womb, Joey's Nose,  
objects of prospects  
crystallised on maps, in minds.

IV.

snug in chrysalis  
of an eider feather bag,  
I lipped tank water  
from the Moses Rock Camp stash;  
an echidna shrieked,  
became half woman, half snake;  
each and every shape,  
throbbed some way on the last day—  
me included with  
the breathing myths that live there.

V.

a surfer/brick layer  
careers his ute—"you'd better  
step it up mate, I only  
go one way out of Gracetown!"

### three peaks triptych

#### i. la montagne a les yeux de nombreux

bluff knoll watches  
each and every finger flick  
every twitch of the eye

*bala mial bula mial*

his eyes many eyes  
watch the alluvium  
of north-stretching  
Bremer Basin: sentinel  
of the sedimentary.

I flick bread crust flakes  
into a bivouac of plastinated  
shrubs, into a bevy of  
slope-hungry bushes,  
*mial bala mial*  
the staccato of autos  
duodenum of road car lot  
a vestigial tissue  
bursting into the pink

inflamed irradiance  
of bottle brushes' late  
blooming so, measuring  
its own metes and bounds,  
so registering its own  
cadastre between grazing land  
and mountain, limina transected

by an impetuous bitumen  
tube. it goes as such  
and should be readily noted:  
the choir of darwinia eunuchs  
of the autumnal

light

is castrated  
let them grow let them

sing, eternally nodding  
against the white  
organs of  
granite.

ii. *il ya scandale dans l'air*

quiet on the spire  
of toolbrunup peak  
& a wedge-tail catching thermals  
catching *djeran*  
windy season before winter  
sandalwood sweat a sweet  
fiery distillation time-lapsed  
between the desert and here.

*western shield ten-eighty*  
*harboured by poison pea*  
*gastrolobe to woylie*  
*shielding thee*  
*shielding thee*

on this solitary crag  
on this scree-strewn slant  
scent carried on the  
old limbic corridors  
of the brain, fire-oil  
fused in the fury and fragrance  
of the hemi-parasite's flesh:

the scandal of *santalum*.

plants await sleep too  
a reprieve from  
the permanent view to the  
*porongorups* positioned  
for receiving light, holding  
rubble at the chute-top  
the cold settles in  
lowering sun  
a time to go.



---

iii. *plantes comme les plantes - une convocation anonymes*

mt trio in the morning  
sore calves and a calling  
of several unknown birds;  
north, tires reeling, supersonic  
spinning of wheels, I shift  
from rock to rock, mountains  
irrupt out of the grazing  
land like boils

on the back of the sheep plain,  
plant consumes  
word cells diffract  
into asexual new tongues,  
a nouveau lingua belly rising  
as adipose ripples under shallow sea—  
Hume peak holds the  
western-most corner

clover-like triangulate plants  
sweetfern-like toothed  
& hemp-like, bay laurel-like,  
sprout from the stem  
(highly unusual)  
ephedra-like whorls of spikes.

huddled in below gust-line  
we talk our trade: *animalia-plantae*.  
have history, make ranges,  
brood, surveil, we are emblems  
(there are guidebooks to us)  
beside cairns up here,  
we duck the wind and  
the aster-like bursts of angst.

before names,  
chthonic associations,  
presence  
now defined:  
an anonymous convocation  
of palm-like fingers holding  
a coarse line of air.