

John Ryan

I LOSE MY BALANCE STRETCHING FOR WATTLE PODS

custard swathed the hills
of wild mustard sour
and wattles—how we will
prattle about the flowers

now the sky is full of dangles
that jig on woody stalks,
tic at sudden angles
black signatures in chalk

a hundred slits of eyes
hanker to be free,
a hundred slits of eyes
beckoning to me

river burnished stone
dark, arrayed to keel—
to ancient ears, the hone
of seeds pounded to meal

the damper in the fire
its scent of earthen bread
would stet my hungry ire
and leave my digits bled

the blossom has its hue
and leaves diffuse the light
but wattle pods ring true
the chime hung in the height

I grab a bunch of husk
they spin and crenulate
clench up like a tusk,
plant feet and ambulate.