

quenda

the racket is a feudal lord—
moon's come out, but he's on the roof
full of beans, tack hammering
as my own neighbour feeds the maw
of a diabolic stump grinder,
turns a tidy heap of hedge
into russet dust submission

*ah, the distress of shrill sounds—
you phone me, we lament
the absurdities that assail the gentle senses*

when the last big bushfire blitzed
Forrestdale, they cursed this house,
the warden would have it scorch
in the embers of its pine tree crib;
spongy mulch of seasons' needles
the tinder that might catch light,
catching now the plunks of grapefruits

*incarnadine with the winter
rain brimming with the lake after
daisy chain of long dry days*

too mandarins slouch with verjuice
and festoon limits of each yard
soon to be lit by the halogen glare
of tellies like hearths flaring. from within
the darkness seems devouring until
my apertures adjust from nonplussed
flitting to ease of seeing while being

*unseen i.e. not in those brackets of time
instead to shake my inside out, meet myself here:
you never walk alone at dusk for fear*

past the plangent bleating sheep
where gate divides bitumen and bush
at camber of lake's southern hip
familiar shroud of western Hills and
savoury perfume of the slough
a smell of mince meat in the oven;
I respire sheafs of paperbark air

*corpuscles of bog, decoupage of fences
foot bones creaking with the contours;
in the lepton moon the track is born*

a quenda then across the sand,
moving swiftly meteoric
probing goblets of night wine
Mnemosyne of black water,
dilating the pupils of the swamp.
when you phone we lament
our endless looking for a quiet home

*bathwater shlurps down the drain
fruit sags and drops as I discern
these alliances of the night: to speak, beget, return*