

The Earth Decides

John Charles Ryan

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TWO BIRDS COLLIDE

a volatile moment
in mid-air,
 rumpus
of feathers splayed
and
blood-striped,
fire ball lifting
and tilting,
 bursting
through silence, clawing
its way
 into space.

CROSSING THE FJORD

crossing the fjord of Bonne Bay
buoyed above the metalimnion
toward the ochre tablelands
in the distance desert mesas
extruded toxic iron masses—
buoyed on a plastic peasecod
slashing salted ocean slices

.
I have found that it is mental
as the lemur wraps prehensile
phalanges 'round a limb, so I
steer the rudder with hitherto
unknown articulations of toes
(proving something about evolution)
the pod nutates with each slash

.
wind hissing saline *saline!* with
each slash, my blood, its—blood—
less in gradient, while under me
a fin whale scuffs the tickle
with its innards, in the fathoms
the clinks of chitin creatures
scuttling the shallows—plumb bob!

.
into underwater chasm. where
I came from is disappearing and
the foreign side is nearing,
nearing, then at midway comes
the sudden sway of pendulum from

indecision to elation, the giving
over that is, at once, being born

and dying over, that is rolling
roiling like the water.

WEDGE ACRES

in the claggy days
of summer my father

cleared oaks and pines
from the triangle of sand

that on a shellacked sign
under the front lamppost

he decreed *Wedge Acres*;
sweat and dust caked

blue jeans as he wrestled
into Archimedean alignments

a series of pulleys and winches;
I sat on the splintering

rim of a newly cut stump,
its concentric swirls burnished

by the hot steel blade;
time-rings gnashed

into a sawdust pile—
cerise with chain grease.

SCYTHING GRASS AT A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

(recalled through a Sidney Nolan painting)

In this image of six blades
that clasp the air
with a coordinated arc,
they are there: a mother & daughter
scything canary grass for straw—

the Restigouche River
glistening its adder's tongue
between Quebec & New Brunswick

the tongue & the painting & the blades
all quicksilver edges, all slicing through
intrusions of sound, through the vibrating
force of flight on flesh, carving out lucent
forms of terranean being in forearm swoops,
graceful, elongated, unadulterated

the mother had long grey hair
that fell to one side with Tai Chi-like
articulations of the scythe over grass
& walked 24 miles every month on
bitumen (or hitchhiked) to town to bring
back everything her family couldn't grow
or churn or sing to life,

sheep's tongue pâté
mush on my tongue & her daughter trampled

a peace sign in pillows of field snow
for Cessnas to regard below, laughing

I see
their prayers to their own earth, reaping
fodder to feed their sheep.

CHAGA: AN ECLOGUE IN FRAGMENTS

I.

strident winter light
 cast on benevolents
 canker charcoal outside
 coffee hued inner

studding paper white
 birch canopy sweet
 carob bitter coffee stark
 amidst cold lucidity

if trees are fount (have
 font) is hieroglyph image
 inscription of *Betula* bark
 around amoebic conk.

II.

chucking roadside rocks
 to dislodge clinkers from tops
 in Adirondack autumn
 swift missed the mark

smashing my own wind!
 screen sighs of dismay resound
 (hope the insurance will pay)
 blame it on errant asteroids

this is no way to wildcraft
 this is chaga and chaga resists

chaga is granite yields itself
only with deft patient tactile

precision breath on tarp grinding
ear of tinder fungus *Inonotus*
to taste sting of forest grain
infuse seeping spring the same.

III.

aggregation of jagged
angles an ironclad Janus
head a shamanic polypore
parasite a whisper: *obliquus*

not gangrenous stealer
but mycelial healer or
adaptogen ulcer stomach
soother of cancer rot

concrete mass hammered
to chunks to pieces to bits
reduced to dust in mortar
body of stone chaga resists

IV.

syllabus of silent signs heave
of forest abrupt groaning limbs
under snow weight woof and weft
of barren lines shimmer then none

fire warmed first floor of three
a short-range aura pipes burst

toilet froze a mini skating rink
tho' shower coffin steadywarm

stepping out you'd turn blue
nose first eyelids lashes brows
spidering ice through capillaries
we wore six layers boots skull caps

even wind choked sauna wood wet
so respite only under covers
and the sparse stars of sleep and
deep dreams that season knows.

V.

if trees are fonts (give
fount) as hieroglyph image
studding paper white
birch canopy sweet

inscription of *Betula* bark
around amoebic conk
canker charcoal outside
coffee hued inner

carob bitter coffee stark
amidst cold lucidity
strident winter light
cast on benevolents.

THE STUDY OF SKULLS

concavities where the eyes sparkled,
jaw that once yawned with daybreak,
cheek bones that deflected a kiss

we are this underneath
and the frame of us
will linger long after

the inspiring skin has gone, supple
mosaic muscle over-girding bone,
a whirligig wind-thrown into the unknown.

MINARET : LEEUWIN-NATURALISTE RIDGE

on each fontanel
I plant my lips
perched atop minaret
of tousled air, singing
like a dulcimer,
and the dim horn
of sea resounds as surf
strikes, stirs
all my fossils of birth.

LEADLIGHT: FORRESTDALÉ LAKE

as an infant, I pored
over the coloured fluttering
ornaments dangling
above my crib

shadows sashayed
through the riffling glass,
which could be why I now wait
on this membrane of lake
for gobbets of sun

behind opaque petals
another infant tosses
fitfully with feverish
becoming.

AMNESIA

foetus in flower
blood racing golden and
ochre in vertical streaks
 of yet;
 in scintillating
dark, the unborn steps
wonky on jelly legs,
 careens
forward, collapses
with arms
outspread, tumbles
 into an amniotic
 chamber,
returns again to sleep
supine
on a bed of wisps.

MUSHROOMS AFTER RAIN

cross-sections of button
mushrooms, groat of earth
clings resolutely to stems,
of musky earth source

and bruises on alabaster
flesh might be CAT scans
of shadowy matter in brains;

or mushrooms after heavy rains

irrupting under lemon trees
in a peripheral instant
forgotten then recalled
ever somewhere else:

what
 capricious
 spirits
move
 you off
 the frame?

WALKING THE WATERWHEEL

buried water arcs the ambit
of the wheel that birls
shadows of the paperbarks;
I have walked this wheel
before through frozen berry bogs
squoosh swash squash

not the mandala of a monk
but a whirling waterwheel;
I round its outer limits
tracing hard lines to the axle,
in the centre and circumference
squelch splosh slosh

thirsty tho' have taken drink
hungry tho' have taken food
sun singing mug and nape
bread soaked in jagertee
brewing whorls of spirulina
splash plash squish

I walk the water wheel
ambling its gambit
a circle made of lines
triangles making spheres
straightforward as crowflight
splish spleesh scrash

THE EARTH DECIDES

dark folds of rain as I
pull into wrong driveway
park the car, knock on the door
to greet myself

bloated 'roo, neon tagged
for disposal, is my only landmark
as the road evaporates near
a round-about

sanctum of movie set post-
production (like ersatz Epcot)
Piara Waters of the sand plains—
suburban phagocyte by

a diesel-soaked verge, bus parked
headlights low, nobody gets off
(nor has ever got off) driver narcoleptic
at wheel dozing

Sikh Temple aside bogan house
under powerlines & guard dogs'
hail-like furore—then!
bandicoot rustle in

dusk chiaroscuro & vapours of candle-
stick banksia—*biara*, the Old Way:
it has been here, always will be,
anyway the earth decides.

THE POOL

tropical Cyclone Bianca
 agitates
the placidity of the reef

a leathery Italian couple
 gabble
in old country terms

pale husbands cradle infants
 cautiously
towards their first saline stings

snorkelers don polymer
 colours
and transfigure to mermen

the male toilet becomes
 grainy
and rank like the beach

onyx sand mounds up
 against
the razor-scalloped rocks

sea cucumber cow livers
 jetsam
in the littoral shallows

desert mirages ensparkle
 the iris
of Mettams Pool.

A VOLUPTUOUS YEAR

I. *Perigee (Brigadoon, September)*

tang of silence in plum dense meniscus
 slosh & ruby shake in crystal thin glass
 swishing—legs stream then frictionless surface
 lips stiff & first sniff, cherrywash, mouthflush
 tannin sting, oakhint, tickling notes rush

then still stained glass, my palate of *Vitis*;
 Malbec, of a thousand names—*Plant du Lot*,
Auxerrois Du Mans, *Côt*, *Pied de Perdrix*—I favour
noir doux (sweet black) *doux noir* (soft black) like
 Brigadoon evening from protea ridgetop

laced with dampness of long-delayed season
 two horses canter moon goads supertide;
 in pistons of thought, wind, meme, reverie:
 Issac Himmelhoch kneels in his vineyard,
 sheds his cravat for your intricacies.*

II. *Syzygy (Mangan Vineyard, October)***

tendrils of jute twine, espalier grape
 Dionysus field sheltered in covey of
 banksia, red gum & karri nursemaids
 Wilyabrup Brook effusing oceanward
 cicadas tic, crow squawks, cockatoos shriek

anima mundi limp sway spidersilk
fruit flows to flower, from berry slush, wine
a voluptuous year—balsamic hints, round
bounty of grapes to body of taste made
plump luminous by moon gravitas

five faint furrows of budded intelligence
poised to dehisce behind velvet of lobes
I slant head cautiously forward to glimpse
and kneel on the earth, aside the burrows—
the sun and the word fuse in syzygy.

*Isaac Himmelhoch (1839–1911) first introduced Malbec grapes to Australia at his Grodno, Vineyard Liverpool near Sydney in 1901.

** A syzygy is a poetic technique, as well as the alignment of three celestial bodies, which in conjunction with a perigee produces a supermoon.

THE FUTURE

in the photos of your weekend lunch oat noodles float like gnocchi
 in tannin broth your mother plucks morsels of gristle with chopsticks
 son gnaws a dark barbecued beef bone sea buckthorn juice half-
 drunk green straw an extravagant tendril twining out of your glass of
 sunset nectar *never worry, my dear one*

I will wait for you with fragrant-flowered garlic greens

dim sum baskets chili tofu sour cherry jewels little mugs of
 beer amber and steady and lazy as the Yangtze through Nanjing
your promise is very precious to me more precious than any gift

here, the wandoo have dropped skirts and gaze timorously twist
 torsos like danseuses sun-dyed thighs flash ruddy buttocks bulge
 quadriceps flex and ease my objects of concupiscence have been
 these seasonal miracles a nudist colony in neon winter flame a
 swallowing of the not-so Great Southern Highway

trending ironically east 15 ks from The Lakes (that once were)
 today the wind is kin to York rain—petulant, inconstant, heavy—but to
 you this metaphor is meaningless *do you mind that I have a son?*

in the West, there aren't the stigmas you suffer but there are
 others

you will learn these vocabularies just as I learn how lichens
 punctuate the shedded skin of wandoo and will learn where to buy
 size 48 shoes in your city and how to recognise the smell of silk
 your heart is clarion and your loneliness is not profound not
 pernicious like mine nor has it ever been

a soft smile that is nuclear *on the street there are many beautiful
 women everyone is beautiful every day is 32–35C* your father,

a kung fu master in Shanghai wears prayer beads and a black shirt
 deftly steers a paddle boat with three fingers melting ice cream
 streams

down the stick you grasp like a fountain pen gushing vanilla ink
 you gaze to your son your pink pants glistening at night I must
 enunciate and listen closely otherwise rain pelting tin obscures
 your sighs silences hesitations sudden lapses into
 Mandarin you don't need my language to know I am not

a figment my pictures are of earth: spindly trees of roofs
 posturing like teenage weight-lifters, females in summer heat with a
 tuft of face staring from their pouches of ivory sand beaches
 Down South cerulean seas butterflies lifted on leaf trampolines

but at Jinghai we will stroll Ming City Wall on Emperor's
 concoction of lime and yellow soil glutinous rice and Tung oil as
 Nanjing irrupts like fire around us

honey-comb apartment sliver sleek bridge over Yellow River *I*
have been alone a long time

now I see a beautiful future waving to me this future, you.

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.

TREE: A POEM IN 24 SONNETS

All italicised quotes used in the poem are from Joyce Kilmer's poem 'Trees' (1913)

The seventeenth sonnet includes phrases from botanist R.T. Baker's article 'On Two New Species of *Casuarina*' from *Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales* (1900, vol 24, pgs 605–11)

The twenty-fourth sonnet includes phrases from botanist David Don's classification of coachwood (*Ceratopetalum apetalum*) in 'Monography of the Family of Plants called Cunoniaceae' from *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* (1830, vol 9, pg 94)

I think that I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree

envoi of casuarine conference
at wellspring of gwydir whisper
into gurgling boorolong bistre
cue of silvereve consonance

I test subterranean essence
and shelter azure kingfisher
my cortex of filligreed fissure
root of medusan tumescence
my progeny elbow for daylight
or idealise tussocky islands
away from bruising epiphytes
near river churning up diamonds
cleft and groaning at full height
I certify your sheoak asylum

cordate leaves of architrave lucent
chewed in ooliths of nocturnal zoon
inured to scathing vibrissa platoon
satedly growing growingly corpulent
listen my disquisition of silicon armament
strangler vines corkscrew and festoon
I gimpi gimpi giant stinging nettle strewn
shadowing vertex of dorrigo firmament
and to my adherents I bestow a living
red walkingstick fruits draping constellation
and to the insouciant I divest forgiving
hollowed tree stanchion dripping sensation
to the recusant who blunders unwitting
a rainforest vision of drifting gyration

prosper I through plurality
nothofagus antarctic beech
my figures primeval of speech
polymorphous lyrebird tonality
idiom am of dendrobium vitality
in mosslivrworte lichnferne pleach
auburn caesurae of fungus breach
terse gondwanan surges of prosody
njahnjah I whet waddawee I djadjadja
toeing your slickest stairs to weeping welts
wyy wyawya I dzeedzee I we bdabdabda
below satinwood seedlings so sweetly svelte
wwhedeetd seese whedeetd I are ulaulaula
all thingsthingsings repeated in everything else

boulderlike I become with time and sun
leaves leather blemished wasps churning
within pimpled-stiff yellowy-greene yaerning
fruite-prise of golden-ring-eyed currawong
frome sprouted-stone creviced-root plumb
warm-wattled yarrowyck earth discerning
well-hydrated hollows centripetal turning
off universe eyland to which a returning
phlerm foraver tioncrea ey plop crock
midpyra formschurp tedli too piary
tundor ershould smidean flocke
valaslowedtemmedbipilary
figrock
e

e
rockfig
dulselourialaeroitsotplg
fare an taighe ceilidh tundor lea
phyteolith nur consynium sceptraclee
fleshfold bò craobh sionnach gobhar frig
purepulling invaerial fraue plait toradh sprig
swills kangaroo cisterns in thorax armature zig
effulgent rondavel of goat and bull paddock
barrened by hoof-tamp then cloven-patter
glyphed rubiginosa staunchly monadic
winter wind I perfuse wasping attar
an imperceptibly balletic
chatter

companionless in needlegrass clearing
a sovereign I kurrajong stance apart from
more gregarious tranche of gangling gum
squat dense arms chest dervish appearing
propped pricked pared yet persevering
orneriest origin of magpie thrum
I do not nor will not succumb
crown-cropped cantilevering
cloistering gossipy cohort beneath
buttery umbels downward breaking
pelvic pincers in stone ileum speak
tunneling suckers fluid uptaking
hawks alert fairy-wren pleak
a poetree unawakening

a tree whose hungry mouth is prest
against the earth's sweet flowing breast

drawn longbow bodily aches
stave careworn splitting from strain
re-receding leaves desire to maintain
the finest bearing from which to slake
heaven-lust-sund-thirst-ruby-star-take
wart-prone plinth mandrake brayn
not infectd I ed but yew by blain
nont I et but yew is ay I fersake
these eons baring wetness
en lonely stark plateau
yr atrocities n gorges
bnksia m beautiful
ey m breathless
anksia m beau

once I gave you everything
when once was something between us
which was ours yes but now you think love
is something about everything and nothing
and nothing about everything but something
so we live as two obscure anythings in the dust
of beingness because of your thinking you must
live with faith in a thinking anything into being
when I said to you once thought is as old as
things seen from bare ledges we climb
and as vast as chiasmas as these as
into the everythings of mind
of the things of love as
loved in time

where is your faith mine is bare before you
mine is grass felted and cloaked around me
mine is the charred hollow bole that lifts me
where is your faith mine is stark before you
where is your god mine is sickened by you
mine is earth under heaven beyond me
mine is flame that destroys and absolves me
where is your god mine is nothing to you
where is your prayer mine is an inching year
mine is blossom borne on a barren scape
mine is abrupt thrust of a floret spear
where is your hope mine is a seed agape
mine is a resinous thought rendered clear
mine is a wholly shrouded earthly shape

I am not divine stop being senseless
are these stigmata not wordly enough
thou who branded on me pulpous and rough
guff of diction and left me defenseless
I am not dumb rather I apprentice
to scripture you worship but only bluff
in words that hiccup injurious stuff
and ever eruct outwardly endless
let me disclose my meaning through presence
suggestive of the whole thing though voicing
nothing but utter quavering pleasance
and a demure quivering rejoicing
my wine-dark furrowing flosch which presents
an eternal conjunction enjoining

we are not two unreconcilable
parties remember that you entered me
then when our bodies seemed infinitely
lured together magnetic pliable
in a landscape forbidding plentiful
I would never suggest eternity
your vision could not yield the clarity
needed for me to be believable
I was not a falsehood then am not still
to spur the desire in you to feel
requires of you a gathering will
to receive the world as an unideal
who are the darlings you needed to kill
where is the fire you needed to steal

granite above meme above granite
whatbird left me herehere me left birdwhat
justheard gust beneathbeneath gust heardjust
planted bones underunder bones planted
canit be long herehere long be itcan
touch of rime overover rime of touch
clutchrim of pure brinkbrink pure of rimclutch
planet below meme below planet
finiche of soil slantslant soil of nichefine
shadow behind meme behind shadow
whineof gorge torrenttorrent gorge ofwhine
below is bellowbellow is below
chineof me still herehere still me ofchine
bellow is belowbelow is bellow

a tree that looks at god all day
and lifts her leafy arms to pray

bloody brilliant place to take a smoko
mate leaning against me in this boneyard
just sip yer cuppa have a look homeward
cos when ya cark it thats whereya will go
no worries theres time but well let ya know
each arvo they rockup grey heads lowered
passed rellies concealed by plastic flowers
mattie and davo bazza and johnno
resting in presbyterian quadrant
thick with blackberries plantain and mullein
thywillnotmine on grave of an infant
damn cockatoos rippin me cones again
kickin the bucket is yer commitment
hooroo ol matey catchya later then

a depth of death I am sans abandon
as slanted sun soothes verbforms in tension
strokes blossom orchid hyphae elisions
were dying greater than remiss of one
were living lightened by the cease of none
the frosted morning foisted a sudden
falling nay to earth tho towards a coven
of boulders I hardened to their contours
to learn I had to spruik their speech in death
advised as such to snatch tongue of lichen
then you would grip a voice deprived of breath
granted the grammar from here to liken
you discern my murmur within this cleft
we transit to death through lives alike in

nor am eye mere spectacle stop being
boorish mye anguish not thy crude pleasure
which slakes thy yearning to gawk and measure
a munted fetish of cruelest seeing
aye clement noons afore vernal freeing
frore organs from ligaments in aether
of aurai anemoi wheeze of zephyr
threades of integument filigreeing
waifing into citadels of nettle
mye gristled bones interlarde this paddock
weeping pustules eye confuse thy fettle
eye selfdisclothe mye mettle sporadic
in bisque pollene nebulae which settle
which transforme thy beein to an addicte

ewe say wee never sing with lonesome sting
 raised in canopies clutching fellowtrees
such living free of grit is graced with ease
 ewe say the gist of loving is to cling
 but ovr aloneness is a twisting thing
 which interpolates tho seldom agrees
 a torrid vice which grips uhs in degrees
pricks uhs from beneath like a rusty spring
 ovr roots poised pendant as a musty wig
theye gesture towards a nothing to enswathe
 nay petrichor to swig nor which to dig
 estranged from ewr tellurian enclave
wee bide the time held captive in this brig
 ovr lonely apogee of forest nave

shiver uncontrollably together
spring you wait not I already began
life is short and I have a short lifespan
spewing pink Im flower after flower
growing older Im each withdrawing hour
shall I encaptivate you where I can
sakuran dweller of the tableland
saccharine reveller with touch of sour
febrific wind blustering the blackness
morning bringing nubile throngs of blossoms
lets gyrate earth spinning on its axis
nightfall bringing agile brushtail possums
lets booze with mirth hoarding fruits of bacchus
his honeyed thrysus set flush across him

outlier
of dangars falls
buloke tough as galls
am gorge iron forged fire
nutsmall darkbrown shiningspire
drifting short samara fuzzalls
am furrowed brittle lorikeet wauls
needling glossy black cockatoo desire
see my heart wood of a deep red colour
see it toning off to pale towards my bark
am massive medullary mother
whose scaly cladodes disembark
not bearing seed I sucker
daub water on the parched
lip of another

a tree that may in summer wear
a nest of robins in her hair

sentinel I dwell in this quadrangle
gone at dusk as they come pied currawong
song cleaves the crisp mucous air I belong
to decibels impelled at odd angle
accessible to larks who embrangle
along my fuguebrisk updraughted headlong
brawn is borne of golden pollen threadsong
falsetto at depth of dark tangle
when by dusk courtyard flush with canticle
and woodswallows croon lunar euphony
even I blush with moonlight in my cell
and all good hollows of me gush dolce
again in every sleeping particle
this harmony awakes to swallow me

comeon ova gimme yer attention
watchyerself mate dont slipnchip a tooth
ya need a phone ya sook then find a booth
ya right bloody mess chuck that contraption
real stunning case of dulled comprehension
useless bludger ya needta hear the truth
breathin heavy like yer in labour strewth
like I forgot to give ya oxygen
shell be right hey comeon ova here quick
yer out fer a little walkabout ay
give me honey-lemon blossoms a flick
me mob of starbursts that spark up yer way
and after that oi then just take yer click
become a fair dinkum paparazzi

devoted I am to this mode being
an ascetic in a dirtless crevice
bivouacked to a gondwanan terrace
disciplined I am to disagreeing
without helmet harness guaranteeing
suction on such crumbly precarious
chasm talus lacking even a tarsus
for traction nor a tongue though decreeing
I found my devotion go find yours too
squat beside me although not for too long
for I now have too many chores to do
the glacial nocturne swiftly coming on
and solitary I shall make it through
farewell and cheers for clambering along

a conjoined duo tethered at sternum
filmy fern fur fused feet and femora
in clique of cryptograms etcetera
we concede not having nerve to stir them
we agree twould be a risk to spurn them
those fellow late cretaceous genera
crisping old muscles like thick tempura
towards one other we therefore turn in
halfdressed chest to chest stomach to stomach
locked in eons of terse conversation
fantasising of some younger hummock
free from the effects of glaciation
perhaps filled with the tune of a dunnock
something other than this speciation

its blooming pandemonium up here
lemme out fast gawd Im suffocating
not havin privacy is frustrating
and bloody chinwaggin is all I hear
stupid creep neighbour like a pupeteer
primping me posing me and dictating
psychotically circumnutating
waxing poetic like william shakespeare
Im an antisocial bloke by nature
wish I was born in an outback wasteland
and who appointed the legislature
up in this gaol of a rainforest stand
breathless in a kind of caricature
of the life of solitude I once planned

calyx limbo five hyphen partitus
comma persistens in paucis fructu
exclaim point petala five abortu
 lineari multifida auctus
 rigentia persistenta nullus
stamina ten antherae processu
cordate rostelliformi infernu
terminatae ovarium capsus
 ceratopetalum apetalum
 multifida apica dehiscens
 petala five lineari semen
 in nova hollandia persistens
from georgius caley herbarium
I coachwood was flung into existence