

Intersections of Arts and Sciences at Jam Tree Gully

In the dumping ground that is poetry,
zone of memoir and feelings and sensations
that want reining in, to be gifted on a sonorous
platter, the water in the great tank as low as
we've had since arriving here, the cold front
approaching approaching, wishing-well aperture –
soil, crevices between granites, aquifer
with its radon pulse, overlaying spirals
of acacia whipped up in crosscurrents
of the gully (the approach, the approach),
as everyone can be dazzled by their own need
to get it down, convey, spirals in the eyes,
op-art pin wheel referenced in the prison cell
house (imprison... hypnotic... whatever
fleshes out sound and image as extension
of feeling?), while I am embroiled in 'steep
sky's commotions', an unseen pressure in the stark
blue before hopes are pragmatically dealt with,
O spira mirabilis, water into downpipes,
into tank, reified, this inclemency
would still see the brown (resident) hawk
down to the dot of a mouse (they can't get in,
they can't get in...), and why I need to write
from the collapsing ant-lion's sandtrap,
the *on-dit* that thrives outside the buffer
of noisy silence, glances across tills in town,
as demi-strangers drive by and look a long way
down, where weather will come, where we will
collect rain and pitch perfect watch
the overnight temperature hover
around ten degrees.