

## Coltrane 'Spiral': Taking the Lead at Jam Tree Gully

(i)

Into the mouth of the sax we fall,  
as we do in the early morning winter  
sun awakening antlion pits beneath  
great ant-hosting York gums  
and ant-raised cones that fall  
into the mouth entry nexus of tunnels  
as we do spiderwebs of funnelling spiders  
and gathering points at corners of the house  
for leaves (swirls – cartoon style  
with consequences), all tractor-haulings  
and plough activities though late  
it is so dry so dry dry dry making  
sand shift and tympani on iron roofs  
to spiral dry into gutters to fill  
an hourglass tank that quenches  
our mirages our winter hallucinations  
our dehydrations doublebass pluck of sentiment  
to remain where water doesn't trace the infinite  
in rural frailty at six minutes and one second  
of illumination of descent to come out  
some other side to emerge impelled  
compelled in web and pit curlicues  
of bark strips from upper branches  
that whorl and makes springs to step  
on ride on high licks of dry dry dry, a grain  
of sand falls and other grains follow,  
gathering in the hollows of dry footsteps.

(ii)

Tim bought Coltrane's *Giant Steps* and *Lush Life*  
at Fopps in Cambridge, though not from the guy  
he would talk blues and jazz with, but rather  
the other guy who didn't think it interesting  
enough to reply, to call & respond, to lift  
mystical on sax runs as Tim did and does  
from Churchill to Jam Tree Gully, saying,  
Dad, do you remember when I played 'Spiral'  
and you said, when turning off the light  
to say prayers and goodnight, you said,  
*It does really sound like spirals...? That*  
*it was spiralling into control. That*  
*you could relate to that? Of course.*  
It was imprinted in me before  
I ever heard it. Before  
I was born. Before  
I was thought of.

John Kinsella