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, 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.

John Kinsella