

Divine Proportion

Annunciation: this golden-blue winter light
with endless repetitions of tractors,
revs and reverberates as gear ratios
are tested and crunch the teeth of industry
into soil and ghosts of what has been cleared
and recleared, as looking into night sky
spiral galaxy ploy mystical equipoise tawny
frogmouth swooping tree to tree to hunt down
insect shifts in cold night-clasped air.

What I am doing here in linear fashion
with endstops and enjambment is making spirals
as I have done since early childhood those mal-
functioning oil paintings on boards and canvases
stretched failure to contract and flake and unmake
least perfect just winding out and colour zapped
alluring me – that's what I repeat obsessively
with writing or even when installing wrought iron
spiral staircases that go nowhere though I will
go outside now and carve temporary very temporary
spirals in ingressed yellow sand (building materials)
and the red-brown dirt of *here* (formative, origins)
and photograph-as-poem texts concretions that speak
those thousand words, those thousand words or character
weights as Coltrane zaps his sax to Robert Smithson's
cost-to-the-earth as fallout of the grand scale installation
the 'spiral jetty' at Rozel Point, Great Salt Lake, Utah,
forty-five years ago, to go out nowhere but inside

your own journey which is the cost of course
but only when water levels are too low here
they're always low you'd see it here visiting
leave no rubbish leave no trace they ask
I impose the rest. Even from this distance
those conceptual implosions its
annunciation or residues.

John Kinsella