Graphology Appendix 2: spiralling

Control. Answers therein. To math it out.
First pattern I ever drew on paper
and sand. I have many more planned — into
the ochre of firebreaks. Overlap.

Counterplanar. They held it against me:
fitting the log into an empty shell,
looking too long out of Nautilus’s
windows. Pelagic was more than tattoo,
a mysterious island called Plongeur
(where I grew up in proverbial seas
of wheat — confirmed by a meeting with my
cousins, first time in thirty years, and it
slipped back to old ways, old habits, nomen-
clature). I have long sought out dust devils
and stepped into their vortexes — moving
with them over bare paddocks. I migrate
into the heart of a triple spiral.
And my lituus eye — product of witness.
Harmonics of moths hitting night-windows
when targeted by bats we never see —
residue we look into at sunrise.

John Kinsella