

## 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