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.
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