

Smoke Spiralling from the Valley Deep: 'The Dead Adonis'?

1.

Smoke spiralling from the valley deep —
someone is burning off where chainsaws
and heavy machinery have it threadbare —
helix of sight, though we smell more than we
can see, and a mere touch of green on the ground
as dry holds on as far as smoke reaches,
lassoes farmlets. Evening, and sun's
leftovers fail to break the event horizon.
Smoke spiralling from the valley deep.

2.

Smoke spiralling from the valley deep
follows a bonfire's ten-metre flaming —
beer and a cheer squad goading, goading.

A celebration of victory over the world's end.

A parade was held earlier — of scramble
bikes ripping up the valley walls, breaching
the low-in-the-sky winter sun. Apotheosis.

Their exhaust was a version of 'Anacreontean
verse' that doesn't lament but celebrates
the passing of Adonis into the realms
of brute realism — end of basic training.

Pig-shoots down South where tusks
are hacked off and kangaroo-shoots
where icons are stacked at the feet
of 'outsiders'. May crops grow thick.

From over here — this side of the valley —
the spear-shaped flames cast smoke
of great specificity: take heed, take heed!

Smoke spiralling from the valley deep.

I can see a 20-something couple kissing
in the aura of heat — visitors, maybe,

not yet accustomed to the codes
of this valley. To the power of fire,
the violent farewells to beauty.

Smoke spiralling from the valley deep.

John Kinsella