

Wobbling Spirals

As the ribbon gets fainter
and metatext gathers its clutch
of woebegones and hasbeens,
the zones changes: more houses,
more sheds, more remakings
in own images. And so I write
notes and paintings, I script
tunes and drawings, I fixate
on ringlock mesh in fence-failure,
its remnant crosshatch stitched
outside my window, a fence
as retainer of a levee for a reservoir
of dryness rolling downhill,
the plunge that should keep
nothing in or out but maintain
integrity of shape for a little longer,
let it collapse very slowly
and safely not as an image
stretched to breaking point.

The time of dust devils has
passed but the interregnum
will be short and they will take
the local into the wider atmosphere
which though broken into pockets
with its micro eddies and currents
will be swept up by the front,
rise ionospherically and chat
with the sun closer, the moon

closer play heat and cosmic
radiation see meteorites
and fragments skip across
the deflector, the turtle
shell we live under, would hunt
and wear down to extinction.

These all the wobbling spirals
we set store by – the little flaws
we put out there to collect what
they might bring back in to us.

John Kinsella