

## ANDREW LANSDOWN

### FALLEN KARRI

The fallen karri,  
its fractured trunk—  
like jaws jagged

with teeth. Jutting  
from the throat,  
a flat fungus—

off-white, porous,  
like an ox tongue,  
choking out.

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### SMOKO

*for John Korn*

Just half-way through  
the jarrah log  
the chain-saw chokes.

He jerks the blade  
from the red wood.  
As if at a joke

the old log grins.  
From its mouth wafts  
a wisp of smoke.