

# The Grasshopper Man

- Nemargon the thunder-maker  
whetting his axe. Soon  
his storm will crash down,  
every inch of overhang be needed.

His groin is shaped insectwise  
like a clutch of axeheads,  
stone prisms jangling together.  
Sometimes antenna'd and breasted,  
he grinds the stone axes on his knees  
till shivers of lightning leap  
from clashed genitals.

Barginj his wife, the Lightning Woman,  
sprawls beside, in a birth pose;  
her groin is a slot, an open mouth  
fervently pouring out life;  
strained inner sinews  
bind its purse together.  
Her head a skull,  
whose round sockets mimic breasts.

In the Wet, cool season for birth,  
the open cave trembles, walled  
by blue electric sheets.  
A spidery hand reaches out in white  
to touch her electric husband.  
Below, a Gagadju woman squats in birth,  
triangular breasts ripely to each side.

Namandi, the evil one, sprawls above,  
ochre-red, with a dilly bag of harms  
for the mother's heart, lungs, kidneys.

Never touch the late-Spring grasshopper,  
messenger and insect-child of Nemargon  
- his blue and orange mandibles will sting  
like snakes, his bitter whirr explode.