

Tim Collins

FROM THE PLANE WINDOW

(leaving Brisbane)

Buildings like scatters of tin foil,
map lines drawn by blind cartographers,

having a method but lacking uniformity.
Colours trick themselves into shadows.

Perforations of shade dot spot the landscape
flat shades of green, grey and brown.

Things move along welters of track,
the more you look the more they resemble

exposed open pulses running through shallow canals,
gouged empty blood vessels in earth.

Trees dip their roots into soil, mist climbs
the blue, bluer lattice of morning.

Mountains greyish, tired and bumpy, the rough
skin of an elephant. If you look closely

and hold your gaze like gripping a lottery
ticket between thumb and index finger,

you can see the landscape move, watch as
it takes a long low breath; it sucks at clouds,

exhaling darkness, eventually. And all the time
the plane is attached to my winter holiday thoughts,

attached like an exposed opened pulse.

