

Daniel King

T*POGRAPHY OF THE INSULAR

A yellow petal

detaches from the cassia:

A sulphur coloured butterfly!

Somehow this bush

was missed

By Western Metals

When they levelled the settlement

And stripped all mining plant.

Their lease had run out;

They knew of plans for this jagged

Steel isle of the Buccaneer Archipelago

Where iron ore is so abundant that the outcrops look and smell like hot metal:

A nature reservation.

But what is nature?

Perhaps the Board perceived itself

As just

The final stage of one long evolutionary chain from ape to man to manager

Or naturalistic writer;

For keeping to itself all written plans

It leased the two adjacent islands

And then airlifted its machines:

Conveyors, graders, diesel gauges

Each lump of yellow-painted metal

detaching from the hot dust

Like sulphur-coloured butterflies.

