

Invocation

the rock hardness of the velvet
granite . . . a welling up, swelling
thru dormant layers of feeling, genitals
throbbing, naked to the sun . . . the ancient
black snake turning over on its belly
under Arcoona skies . . . erupting
into vast the day, the deep down
bowels of smouldering coals from
past rituals of fires . . . awaiting the fan
of breath, the colour of flame
in another's unblinking eyes —
a passage of whispering wind, stirring,
hissing thru condition red, a river's
hot flow

—And the flow, the up-surgings
tide of touch and kiss, unrelenting
in its need to spread out upon a shore
of golden wet . . . a going forth into
each other's flame, rising to
the purple glow hum of an all-night
candle . . . a vaporizing of the self unto
drifting white of lucid cold, the morning
mist rising, sliding over mountains
of the moon, merging into
the jade dawn.

And all is so very singing—
humming full throatedly, to the beat
of stride the coals, walk
the loose-limbed winds,
drumming feet.
Shed your skins in a seasonal
shift with landscape's colour. Your eyes
feel much to be against — the inscaped
being's squalor of spirit, loss of response
ability . . .

So what sings the fire:
we are alluvial creatures, alive
in a land of the strangest dreams
we shall ever know. Come dance;
the lizards are chanting.