

verschleißt hautnah
was sie meilenweit trennt,
erinnert sich
den sonntagen
als trostloses isolierband,
feucht von prostatistischer
grasspflege,
zu kurz
eine rollbahn für träume,
gaschoren
vom rasenmäher,
kastriert
durch yahweh zeugen
mit wachtürmen im sack,
eine gemeinheit,
orchestral bemalt
vom fingerdruck
elektronischer ignoranz

RAVENSWOOD/BEECHWORTH

When you listen
to the past
you can still hear them
dig
the acoustics are bad
down
the
shafts
drowned by the floods of
alluvial clay
but the sorrow
is distinct
slowing the pulse
emaciating the limbs
listen
to the song
of birds
perching
on the needles

of their picks
as they hail the golden vein
of sunny
rays

WOOD FOR THE ROMANS
(ecological conjectures)

nullarbor
is a plain
latin word
older than rome
conceived
when dreams were
full
of trees
in the shadow
the null
of today
aspirated
the arbor
for the auster
was blowing
sand
to see
if still
the harbor was
full
of trees
as ever
of yore
for the perch-cock
a toe
no wall
for the bee
where the sun
of origin
commanded the dingo
until
white ants
upsat
the balance