

LIGHTING THE GRASS

In the myths of the Greeks
the moon stars animals plants
are all gods
(surely the sunning taipan is a god)
and they all laugh and cry as do human beings
(only I am too respectable to ever cry)
and these things (some of them at least) in the fables
dance naked on the sunny green grass of Elysiun
(we wouldn't allow that)
but assuming we were Greeks
and not just media-morons
the gods for us would be flowers
on say the coral cassia bauhinia tree
with no more reflection
than if they were playing hide and seek —
the wood-nymph Helides would change herself
into a Cooktown orchid
so as to hide from all the spunky young men
except her husband —
Daphne would drop her petals drop her name
would change into a jacaranda tree
so as to keep her chastity from randy Apollo —
Adonis would live on
in some local long-stamened flower
as a sign to comfort Venus who loved him
and Hyacinth of course would have long preferred
to transmute himself into a gorgeous tropical bloom
— the cyclone would be a great god
crazy with lust for Anemone
scouring the seas trying to draw her into heaven
then collapsing over land in rage and tears
— all the fruits would have souls
the heavy-nippled paw-paw the manly banana

the mango coconut pineapple melon
all would be living soul-shapes
perhaps ancestors come among us in changed and fruitful form
— and when the tips of grass-blades
pick up colour in the last of evening sun
we would effortlessly know the meaning they glow with —
or when the yearly yahoos light the dry grasses
we would intuit the proper terror of the fleeing creatures
of souls that bound flutter waddle and writhe
before the crackling advance and flare of Hades —
and not leave it to some softly-demented local author
sitting late at night crouched upon his desk
to put a match to his mind (if not to his hair)
to light the dry grass in his mind
and watch the flames sporadically leaping
scouring bullying over the paddocks
driving out all sorts of spirit-creatures
into the pale moonlight of his reflection.

SHE COUPLES WITH THE SUN

She couples with the Sun
goes rolling in his light
her eyes sweeping over stars
out of darkness
over blue
into his luminous arms outstretched —
her bosom heaving toward him.

Early this morning
I saw the half-moon
stealing across the hibiscus
and knew I could never hope to win her —
she's gone on him
goes rolling around
sunning her every curve —
her every turn a day
her every orbit a year —
inching toward him
till she couples in his flare.