

house rabbit.



flighty at the rivers bed
i picked it from the fold of a napkin

the pearl, seated at the tongue
a promise too sweet to swallow





light starts out a leak
this silent place unfolding

into and back out of time
spawning blinking to see

hiiii

there's a brighter warmth taking
a metabolism asking

putting out eyes,
putting on socks

i feel feet charging up

running an open hand along the bricks
have you ever mistaken a wasp nest,
for a random hole in the mortar?

watching this

i know the world is animate
and in some immediate sense fragile,
fixed in its pattern

inalienable from the spine through the
wetting gums

an inheritance

it's the reason for wire netting,
two inches below the soil

my stomach-pit drive

i'm here to burrow



puppy dog, so cute, slayer

i could forgive something so
anxious and needing

for biting a possum as it struggles
against the wanting that rings by design

whimpering, snuffing
through the compost bin,
you try your motions twice a day
breaking up and down the hall

i'm guessing that's your way of laughing

mammalian, you smile
forget custodies, angel

fell
into
your
a nerves
little
door

chirping, humming, off in the sand dune
i am tracing a finger around my navel

the insects and the pussywillow remind me
now of your parents and how the land on
the coast is so kind and at the same time
indifferent

between the river and the hill,
the rockpools and the ducks,
the spell for an urgent outpour,
a gentle admission



smooth wet rock

skin and oil

sunlight strobing

the threat of passing strangers

call of a bird

no good name for anything here

for all of this really

making another stage, those promises

how keenly they're distributed

we stumble out below it

and the violence laddered through

senses sharpen in development
later dull with age

a container expands to size
one day scatters its contents

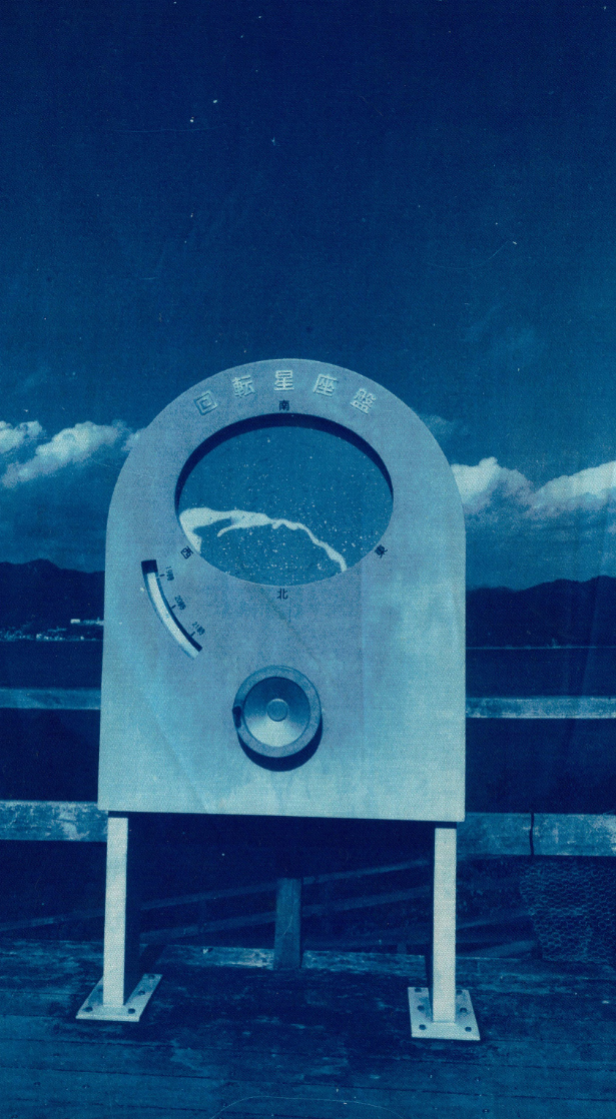
noise renders into melody,
melody brought by wind

the anchor drops;
a 50 tonne chain unspooling,
the crew duck behind railing
as it billows smoke

there are angels stuck in the ballast water,
there is an ecosystem
sloshing around in there









the river is birthing things
that roll around sepia toned,
in floating silt and tannins,
washing out at the bay

i saw fabric under reflections
under kayaks, birds and reeds
a striped collar and heavy wools
their black shoes, kicking almost to surface
one in a blanket, turning like kelp

light fingers under
feeding its grasses
a nice netted scarf there
for a pretty woman

the river showed me a husband
or helped me to imagine him
in all the banks he laid
fabric fucking up soil

this here will do
for a pretty woman

stretched out among clover,
stinking of weeds
dusting ants off of orange cake
oh what are you up to
bug eater, feather trap

it stretches neck between beats
pecks it out, the garden path
soon becomes a clearing
look glass bottle, fake china, fairy
a bone from something
whipper snipper chord
free for the taking!

bird:

“the banks of the creek are crumbling,
the bait is rich, come help us eat!”

over there at the clearing
- a short-legged dog
bursts like a bubble, floating into a tree
the boy chasing bubbles
so young, soft as wax

look, there's the party,
unsure and uncompromising,
leaving pieces everywhere,
free for the taking!



allowing my eyes to swallow the time

its lack of taste

sits too close

there are objects around

that offer some bearing

that look out of place

that say something violent about

paths in life

i think that was poison

a little bit maybe

acts like a cure

TIMELESS

at every stop we made

TIMELESS

fatally overwhelmed

TIMELESS

but lighter than spirit

TIMELESS

in the loose sense

TIMELESS

my dearest friend


TIMELESS

capricious, disturbed

TIMELESS

for all time





trickster skipping round the grassland,
you've grinned at me and said, more times
than i can count

time is a flat circle!
time is a flat circle!
time is a flat circle!

always you, twirling, bravely teasing

i'm afraid there's an arrow to time,
splintering as it bends

bucking over ripples in the asphalt with a
fear of god

our arrow of time is another promise
on some soon-to-be decommissioned tram
car, squealing through the park.

the driver, dropping sand under the wheels

some beach in gippsland

now blowing across flemington road

i've heard this grassland was contrived too
so that the center was risen, convex giving
a sense of far away, over pasture to those
flatlanders milling through it

and truthfully

there's no arrow to this at all

nothing drawn back and sent

it doesn't even go in circles

it's torpid, breathing in and out

we stretch out lithely as its skin



i've never seen a skyscraper fall down

i don't think i've seen one go up
they're breeding and

trickster now you're talking about
destroying buildings

this isn't an in or an out breath

we've got it by the throat

we're caught in its throat

i don't know your friend, really
i just have a million ways that i might
as if an incline is steering
me down toward them

and despite not having met, i expect we
have exchanged something

in these ways I find the web dripping,

on poorly bases
some rambling thing

do these bricks hold rainwater?

fire burning in the old washing machine
sinking shed full of wasps
possum, in the mouth of a greyhound

could i air a thought with you?

i saw a rabbit running down in the back
of the yard,
where our dear bunny was exploring
they went circling around each other
with such a -taut- little dissonance

one of them with a microchip, a bedroom,
the other, with its own pace of feeling,
closer to something teeming, pouring,
beating, i don't know

i think they felt it

that tickle of recognition

though out of step

this encounter made me feel worried about
the web, and how all my endings are a bit
shot, from putting this together,

sometimes a storm sometimes a pile,
in this, finding you
a string of texts once a day,

that tickle again



how when pinned

a little parcel of sinew and fluff

looks dead ahead

palpitating

plays dead and dying

motor spinning

my leg shakes into your waist

my last little kicks

from where the fire changed directions
to where we watched it on the hill
and then in the car
taking the long corner by the cemetery
you reassure me

“there to here,
following the fence line,
i’ve been missing the point.”

no fog clearing or objects rendering ahead


it’s without rule or proportion that these
distances are met by foot

and through illusions in the horizon that
I give in

with a rhyme the journey appears yours, all
painted by story and punchlines



here to the headwaters
oh that’s very very far,
i love you to there and back



i can't rely on instinct, with all this as an inheritance.

these things that spread like germs.

maybe we could work
on something together.

but is your image the same as mine?

i'm still not used to that
being so hard to tell.

what do you steel yourself by,
if not the future?

i thought I had to help myself before I
could help everyone else.

is it so unlikely that we met?

a frenzied murmuration, a magnetic pole
shifting, anchored down, seeking warmth,
in the mouth of the wolf,

may it die!

