IN THE HOLLOW OF THE LAND
(a palimpsest for Viv’s boy)

This is the story of Yorrrakine Rock in the dead land of salt scalded farms.
This is the story of a ruined house among cactus effigies to decayed dreams. In the land here the stone is signature to glacial aeons. Images—half mile of sheet ice grinding granite
These lovers were sheet ice and stone, receive each other’s straining embrace, melt as the supplication of this shaping of Gondwana.

A dead man’s country, now. You reach a hand under warped veranda boards and see the twinkle of something in the dust. Relic of a fading star, battered pocket watch, unstrung.

Wherever granites nudge above wheat-lands, In death’s delay, the salt creeps slowly up creek-beds.
Other kingdoms thrive on sweet flood-plains waking to spring rains, benign household gods.

Alone at hour night’s south wind is waning. We’re watchful but at peace on igneous shield, trembling with the sheoak, kunzia, tamma bush; tenderness shared with spider, wheeling plover.
Lips that’d utter curse in killing fields, now take kiss of dawn wind. Deep brows of riven rockform prayers untuned by idle chatter. Eyes lift to broken stone of this worn enduring form.

SUMMER TORRENTS  
(Spinedi, Lombardy 1980, a Settina)

Plunge ankle-deep in the clear streams across alpine-chilled stone; delicately you step past wine-dark berry barbs, taste wine past caring; then delicate stone steps lead down to more streams: clear as ever, torrents plunge.