to bring me back to talk of
another land where Grasmere, Keswick stand.

So, years later, listening
to Mahler’s choral symphony under towering
stained glass of Ely I wondered
had you some mystery force to draw
me through another sort
of window back to haunts of certain ancestors
amid Norfolk marshlands
in shadow of carved sandstone
and exalted casements
kingdom of gown and book?

You have, all of you, brought me
some way, then, toward
these window-seats to landscapes where I write
letter after letter home.

ANT NESTS

A backyard child I used to see
ants bring up to the surface
these small fragments of spinifex
or grass, little grains of quartz.

They lay warming in our wheatbelt sun
most of the day until shadows
of mort and kolyung crept across
cooling red dirt to annular nests

that were aureoles among twig
detritus. Sure enough then
with restless questing strength
first one then another black body

climbed out, twitching antennae
to take a heated stone grain, chip of leaf
down under into blue-black gloom
where egg babies waited to be warmed.

Years roll on. Each day I still
scavenge my images, brought
one by one into the sun’s light.
Maybe I can retrieve even now

warmth they once held for us,
when blood on fire seemed to rise
in arteries enough to radiate