

THE PERFECT INVERTS

(Sarah Hopkins: 'Cello Chi')

If you had the right ear for it
you'd hear thunder of pristine
mushrooms emerge with autumn.

The bunkers and silos open to nose
cones angled to take reverse thrust
of the seeming lethal lithosphere
of the Earth's restraining crust.

Before the crunch of the clay
impacted makes way to sweet
sanctuary of moist night air,
these beauties had perfection
of a pod of pygmy whales
ready to be stranded, keening
on some Southern Ocean beach.

But with their superhuman strength
these bobbing white caps do insist;
nightly to lift-off. In the morning
show as mighty flotillas landed
to wink in the autumn atmosphere.

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