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To create a new word of the mouth not for its tongue or its ululations but to be that gneiss or halo light landscape

Celan, along the Seine that inters him: lips as stone, moss, snow, Psalms
de Barros, foraging his Pantanal marsh that becomes him
and I, along this scarp, my mouth sour as its acid soil

Out of such reeds, roses, slugs, Hebrew bone
they created new beings and I, one of them
no longer seeing bark striated, course and fibred as my organs grow
dry twigs, flat leafed mull-mulla, gravel as my eyes become
spiky shrubbed, wooden seeded, lizards and the like renewing
unknown umbrous earth: in the sap of Red Gum no longer writing poems but being them