January 2014

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Last night, outside, a young possum
in a predators’ street.
This purity of voicelessness
while chains of language bark at the moon.

I owned nothing there, evening
bustled in the hungers.
The nocturnal spray of intent
beat me back to that affectation of shelter.

Crack of rain,
discord built in glass. The orchestra
that escapes our thinking is opened,
broken towards change.

Then today the downpour ceded
to a restless grey. Sodden white cockatoos
like washing on an optus line croaked in disgust
as summer refuses the rout of April.

An unseasonal fledgling currawong wanders the footpath
in a plenty of heat. Eucalypts flower in a daze.
Crimson rosellas make a last raid on the yard.
They are passing through, a carillon that ignores our ears.

Out of nowhere, a torn season reborn, 32°, our globe is warming.
In dusk I cook, sweating, for friends discussing the rehabilitation of a river.
Oil, garlic. A nutty intransigence of rice. The broccoli falls like some
flare haired hipster to the mix, kicks peppers & pulses.
We fixate on our man-made conflagrations.
Together constitute an approximation of pack,
put on shoes & carry our noise out into a changing world.
Perhaps everything is listening.

There is imminence, a cognition
clustered in one neighbourhood.
On two feet we win the decibel count
but are as always beaten back from an electrical sparking dark

that howls with busy harmony.

-Les Wicks