First Lines Typed At Jam Tree Gully

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FIRST LINES TYPED AT JAM TREE GULLY

To hold the walls of valley
down-thrust limbs of York gum
liminality, flakes of granite
and lichen scored as sun inland,
glitterati, this Toodyay stone
broken where the building
has opened precipice,
erodability, that movement
where we walk, dislocating
weight of conversation, even
meditation, to contravene
our visibility, perched
up on high, sidereal.

A drawing out, the day
lessens, rampage
of dead and living trees,
entire collapsed structures,
signs of fire as jam-tree bark
blackened crumbles with touch,
all working shadows thin
up the hill, the hill. Kangaroos
stir from their shady places—
the heat so intense at midday
they don't do more than lift
their head as you approach.

In the dirt, laterite smudgings,
hard-baked patches of sand, coarse-
grained breakdown of quartzite
in its granoblastic glory, a sheen
of mica and feldspar configuring
a sandstone past, a declaration
of origins; what grows in what was here before? It demands reconnection or the hill will despoil to its granite core and nothing more, nothing more. Dazzling anomaly of pyrites, breeze sharpened with “fool,” “fool”… welcome here… don’t cling together, give us roots to nest among, cling to.

Common bronzewings heavy across the blank of an arena we will fill with trees: sandy spectacle, where horses rounded on their tails: I see them twitch.

Internal fences down and out. Fewer divisions. To predict a fate, changes sweeping over an old old place; ring-neck parrot feathers no divination. What has chiacked in place of undergrowth?

Weebills are here! And mistletoe birds have been where mistletoe fruits have prospered, have seeded jam trees, where nectar-hungry birds of many varieties test the hardy flowers drooping in swatches from thin, straining necks; the parasitic engenders its own chains of being. I am not asking to be part of it. With time, something will click, I have no idea what. No
second-guessing, despite the weight
of hexagrams, I-Ching. What else
I might read. Weebills are here!

Horseshoes and sheep skulls strewn across the block.
Rare new growth, so late and odd. Fire wardens
watching afraid of vegetation? They have their own
version of prehistory, their own version of growth.

The making of place as a dynamic of couplings,
as if love and trust are omens, odds in your favor.
The sun burns but also fringes the leaves.