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,
etire collapsed structures,
signs of fire as jam-tree bark
blackened crumbles with touch,
al 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.