

POEM

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After the Cyclone

I sat
in the posthumous research laboratory
writing poems
in between the fish larvae formalin-fixed
for microscope eyes

I was diligent
observed, noted, discriminated
identified and questioned

I looked
as much as I now listen
to the magpie geese influx
on my eye tunes app
from where I stood last September
for an hour and
could not leave could not
move
as undead life
undid me

But no silent spring this one
cicadas and channel-bills are in the messmate trees
yesterday the new contact zone was 47.3 degrees
Celsius scaled incremental change
as do lexical degrees of
atom bomb
carbon bomb
bomb cyclone

Outside at first light
a downy magpie is learning
to sing back to a patient parent
in the cool after-storm