Helm

I stand at the helm / my shell
spews light onto depth

bound in stillness, ‘we’ goes nowhere
our stalemate’s scratched with

drizzle / what can I see, beyond the
shadows, below the horizon’s

(enormous nests of creatures who have grown from the earth
gigantic basins and domes of such nests, and

the rocky tails of sleeping titans
whose slow breathing sends waves through the crowds)

nothing / if I reach, they’ll recoil
if I stop, they’ll recover, but there’s

a sense, from somewhere down there
where one valley might fold

into another, down beneath the faintest
line against / what

(sloping without seam
to the point where sight becomes expectation

and even dream) there’s a sense (or is it a thought)
of welcome

into the laws they offer, waiting for my will
to see / to submit
Fathom

the land’s black
    whale
emerges from the mist and
    crickets
    frogs
    a full river clatters
    below

low grey
weather in my balcony’s light
    what pleasure
to stand perfectly still

to the north
    Brisbane smoulders
    and embers scatter
down the coast
only Beechmont burns
like the core of the earth

closer to hand, the moon’s
seedy attic could
    be on an old TV set
    or on DVDs I’ve kept
    of a series I watched once
on an old TV set

canyoned with
    yearning, the rest
cries dark

after breeching, whale
sinks back into fog
    what a dream
to follow
but half my compass
    leads to inferno
of all the buried mirrors
   which will be uncovered
by the tide
   which
will melt
   in the next fire

   into a little slit
   of nothing in the eye
   of the python
   who carves a mud

flat into new
   heavens of eggs
   and nests