

Poems

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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 breaching, 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