

disconcert

once we escape to Echuca endeavour to discard the discordant days for
a while there are trees trees & the birds of winged trees flying our names
high above what is it that we don't hear? I open up my discontent chest
pull out the dysmorphic part place it on an altar of earth & depart yes
walking helps & here is the water the Wakiti Creek & corellas & cockies
& crows & galahs they orchestrate it my rapture & when I return there
are eucalypts humming beneath my skin & the birds & the birds of all the
winged trees sing out from within *laarv! laarv!* & I am a cymbal a song
on a stage with you vanishing vanishing like vibrating air from a gong for an
age a disaggregation a disconcert of loss & I sit here loving I sit here
loving & disappear into a dysphasic key where I am alone & all of it stops &
everything falls like feathers & see God is gone

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