

POEMS FOR RIAUS

by John Kinsella

PERPETUAL MOTION ODE TO DAVID UNAIPON

More out of thin air
more out of nowhere
an everywhere
and legend has it
legend is how
we listen to tales
our people our speech
telling unity over loss
over cosmic inflation
over patents flowing no
models to work
their way to work away a
ploy of words
a first or second law
whose law is eternal
whose law radiates
whose facts persist in waves
who grips thermally
and dynamically
who coheres walls
of capillary bowls
makes law of conservation
of energy of hot and cold
makes richness from emptiness,
glows silent as light
energy fountains
from absence or silence,
motivating cold space and
entropy on the rise where
ice melts

and heat adds fluctuations
like birth and light
as called out of thunder out
of lightning
out of rain
as blades cut
the circle as perpetual
as wool off the sheep's
back work conversion
who wants loss
who wants side effects
O inertia
O loss of friction
to roll roll roll roll
as energy given is energy
taken in the first place
but know flowers and
know oceans know people
speak for people
never stop speaking never
take energy just give and
give
gatherings of light and
dark where language
is made and the wheel
turns against the grain
driven

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MOTION

I have carried with me the formulas for
one-dimensional motion wherever
I have travelled or stood still - whatever
trouble or good luck or surprise

has upset my balance I've confirmed
my presence by imagining a body -
my body your body or any body -
time elapsed and distance travelled

initial velocity final velocity
and acceleration, always recalling
moving in a straight line rumbling
through the one plane of city

or country in the present or the past pulled
up to make sense of here and now and the
tree or building or how
and why I move between, fast

or slow, these points of my existence,
our making contact as variables
shift and change but motion enables
us to make stories, to make sense.

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EREMOPHILA LONGIFOLIA

Why do the emus
stop here? Because of weeping
emubush which offers its
glabrous and ripe fruits.

Why does emubush
give up its fruits to emus
so readily? Because seeds
need emus' bellies

to announce new life.
Emu flocks triangulate,
plantigrade attitude or
simply flat-footed.

Why is solitude
the subtext of emubush?
It wishes to multiply.
Would have company.

Desert-loving - true.
To rise up into the heat
and droop, rivulets of tears
where there is no rain.

Is it a mimic?
Does it heal our loneliness?
Some of us know and some don't.
Respect it, respect

emu and the smoke
across the plain. Emu prints
point both ways in different
ways, Eremophila hairs

brushed by the dry breeze.
But here is one plant alone,
eremitical - who will
end its solitude?

Why do the emus
stop here? Because of weeping
emubush which offers its
glabrous and ripe fruits.

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BRAGG'S LAW AND SOME DIFFRACTIONS

Wavelength angle plane spacing
a child I collected crystals
and planes of atoms
and reflected on natures
and knew them aligned
and properties
and patterns
predicted as my bones
broke through falling
off a skateboard onto crystal
wavelength angle plane spacing
and I bought whole numbers
to wavelengths of rays
to angle between incident wave
and crystal's surface
spacing layer spacing atoms
and praised n as integer
constructive as bone-knit
healing as knowledge I hobbled on crutches
foundation belief that skateboarding brings risk
Wavelength angle plane spacing
bright light on photo the doctor showed me
and I showed friends bright light is highlight
in-phase whereas out-of-phase they fade
or are lost reading patterns of x-rays
reflected in crystal where planes of d
are constructively influential
lattice of crystal diffraction
and transfer, diffraction and transfer,
to wave an atom struck as clouds or my broken foot
wavelength angle plane spacing
will move which angle I step out on
which particle no diamond in the rough
will challenge or table salt heaped up
chatting around the table we take for granted
as a shadow blurs forgetting
what stood in its way - skateboard... surface -
short wavelengths the spectrometer
I used as the storms cut me off
alone working school holidays
wavelength angle plane spacing

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AFFINE RATIO OF THREE PARALLEL BURNING WINDROWS

What transformations in materials
Look the same across the plane
Of paddock, rotating and shearing
Sparks as flames lunge orange
Into stormy fodder,
Trace element injection,
A race, we'd think as each approaches,
Passes, then drops behind the other,
A change in distance and same ratio
Gears as citation, quotation
Borrowing oxygen to make flames,
Track dead growth in dry paths
Veining our old year, our almanacs, desire
To make new arteries, to help grieve
The sewing into cells
Of those we didn't know,
Soil moving through ancestors, Blown
as dust, raining down on us, Manifold
flames tracking like transverse Snakes
natural as smoke and clouds, Smothering
and choking in the valley, Ancient form
of farming clearing
The way for genetically constructed
Canola, an aberration on aberration
Curving windrows and burning up the hill
Casual as the season; and when burning's
Ended and bets are off or collected
Some take back what they've promised,
Bad debts like shot fired into clouds of corellas,
Collinearity done and dusted
To coset country cottage subspace,
Company reps standing
At the perpendicular,
Brushing away the smoke.