



every mark — a point of departure



on the crazed earth it might have been leaf
or wing — fallen
frost-brittle



as though in the night a flame
ignites through the friction of wind
against wind



cut out for president



when the great winds blow and there is a face
in every fallen leaf
when the air is filled with the debris of dreams
when the sky greens darkly
when the trees bow before their lashing with
grace
when birds retreat to the calmer depths of their
forest
there is a world . . .



feathered



in the cut of blade and the call
of leaf and grass lie unimagined truths

when lichen is dry, it somewhat
resembles hoary hair. when wet
it clings, strangely



when there is heat
when the wind roars and our ears
fill with the shrieking of orange

beneath all
is the imperturbable breathing
of green



in this pool the moon
will be reflected
when the cloud passes

its most pallid face
will wane and stammer with the (midnight)
plaint of plovers



indigo note
(somewhere between D# and Eb)

wavelength 420-450nm
frequency 715-665Thz

Indigo was classified as a spectral color by Sir Isaac Newton when he divided up the optical spectrum. He named seven colors, specifically assigning them to the seven notes of a western major scale, because he believed sound and light were physically similar.



it flurries, then melts as it settles
too soon
always too soon



memory of frost-burn and sun-burn
lash of rain and wind and season turn



twig, deflected
(of the mineral kingdom, with memories of
others)

the snapped twig, the fallen leaf, the slew of
bark
dust of pollen
dust of dust

It is impossible to overestimate the importance
of a twig — bearing, as it does, the sap from
trunk
to branch to nourish leaf and flower, to feed bee,
or bird or butterfly, to bring joy to the eye, to
bear
its share of fruit-burden, and, when decreed, to
fall — snapped by the storm to such a small
thing — brittle, seared by frost and the flame of
lichen.



when the mopoke calls and snails
raise their horns to bellow at the moon
the tallest trees lean near
to hear the sundering of earth



on such a night, even the stars
seem shaken in their orbits



snow-melt reveals a spare thatch of needles
resinous and glowing in early evening



temper of wind
temper of steel



the curve of this hill
once touched the sky

a hill has no choice but to remain
a hill, though its relationship with the sky is far
from fixed. Gouged. Skewed. It holds fast
laminating lament over lament.



the petals sing more poignantly to earth than sky

each fallen leaf a hand
each flower a face

so many small catastrophes



whirling, the petals roundly whipped
impaled on the unimagined blades of grasses



a black splotch, a slurry of ink, the incandescent
score and scratch of diamond tip — the flesh
of marble has accepted these but will not yield
a name



the petal has fallen silent

the silence
is emptying itself into the world

the birds
are silent

their silence is the most silent

except the petal
which has fallen

silent

. . . *from a Garden*

Brooches and poems presented in *Words and Things* —
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