

Watch this Space

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poesis
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Published by Poesis Press, 2024
Bowral, New South Wales
www.poesispress.com.au

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Printed and bound in Australia by Fineline
Print & Copy, Revesby, New South Wales.
Cover image © olly/Adobe Stock.

ISBN 978 0 6459294 3 0

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Out of Nothingness

*Moment after moment everything comes out of nothingness.
This is the true joy of life.*

—Shunryu Suzuki

As I walk, the landscape moves into me
like an image into a mirror, trees appear,
slowly approaching, shifting size, shape,
moving past, disappearing completely

a white cockatoo cuts a sudden diagonal
inside emptiness, leaving no trace, while
brown butterflies jink through a quick quadrille
and are gone. Far-off feet softly slide small

spaces inside boots, a distant shirt sleeve
rubbing up-down rhythms on a hand, wrist
swinging out there in the air. Bird-call, passing
plane-hum gently vibrate within clear space

as sheets of silent cirrus drift and vault
this empty centre, unmoving nowhere



Perhaps one morning

after Eugenio Montale, 'Forse un mattino'

Perhaps one morning a bird would sing,
air lose its dull objectivity
and become a lucent spaciousness.

I would look out of this kitchen cave
onto the profound emptiness of light,
a tidal dream suffusing the awakening trees.

Looking out would be looking in.
This space neither in nor out would be
like a frameless door, vacant sky, screen

filled with the re-assembling shadows
of things, feelings, old patterns of frame
and response I cling to like a diurnal raft.

I would walk out into this clear
mountain air as into a pellucid paradise
of Now that rang with claw and conflict,

birdsong and beauty. Wholly present,
home, I would live, perhaps, laughing
in the absolutely commonplace bliss

of my absence, stripped of self, my self at last.