

between the speckled lights

brown Dirt, yellow Dirt, red Dirt
I look for the Dark spaces in the sky
Perhaps, that great flightless bird -
against eyes white, my white skin.

To focus on one pinprick, is to miss every other performer: the canvas itself.

From somewhere humble; a dust-patch West of Murchison,
the great expanse seen best from Shadow,
it is as a wise architect once wrote:

“If you want to know how much darkness there is around you, you must sharpen your eyes,
peering at the faint lights in the distance.”

For it is out here, in the Blackout, in the Dustbowl that these

// spaces between // // the speckled lights //

exhibit so profoundly that most ancient pageantry.

A celebration of the billowing massed curtains,
of the ink and of the coal, the smouldering ash of the sky somewhere southwards.

So between this

brown Dirt, yellow Dirt, red Dirt
I look for the Dark spaces in the sky
eyes white -

this white skin,

Shapes, stories, memories.

Infantile, unknowing, I swallow,
shimmer for a moment,

into this soothing Darkness...