

J O H N K I N S E L L A

Echidna Photomontage

for JD

Sign wastage is not quill-written,
though feather might visually
correlate—we ask if it's been
hollowized, or tacked down
like skin on a hunter's drying
board—a medley of trouble spots
of this supplanted eschatology.

miniature savage technical growth
in an aquatic dry—urchin, anemone, porcupine fish,
crown of thorns starfish chewing away
at the Great Barrier Reef—adequatio;
style value? or rupture? to engrave
to save to colloquialize the grave—
memory of plough cutting its way

through paddock, through scrub,
 pre clearing, when echidnas grubbed
 for termites, found rabbits at wandoo roots;
 it's that simple, we might call it abbreviation,
 a ceremonial technique: nuzzling, bristling, cutting
 three dimensions like growth—
 boustrophedon, with no references

beyond its limited territory. the sky
 metallic blue, favouring neither left
 not right as vantage point, return
 to disk operation, an orientation of quartz
 and gravel finds, tracked roller, war machine
 imposition, as if habitation and class distinction
 are required—protected with a magic pen,

serial number kept on file at police stations.
 it's about retaining social independence.
 noxious influence spiked with hubris—
 where the third eye travels, I will go.
 Its appearance a fact, not necessary.
 Sand and rock and wry vegetation.
 The risk of extinction. Graphically speaking.