

## HOW TO THROW A BOOMERANG



*Timoshenko Aslanides*

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If you understand the flight of returning boomerangs,  
nothing in aeronautics can ever elude you.  
Match your boomerang to your handedness and throw  
at your desired horizon, flat edge outward,  
say thirty degrees off vertical, the elbow behind.

It will lift as a wing on airflow principles,  
but spin as a disc that yields to gyroscopic precession:  
that obdurate desire for the perpendicular  
when force—this excess lift that breasts the double-arm spin—  
persuades the boomerang to turn for home.

Then briefly it spins the faster as it loses altitude;  
briefly it hovers before it drops to your hands.

Throw one over a flock of waders, if you're hungry,  
and make a cry like a Wedge-Tailed Eagle, or Hawk;  
the birds will rise from the swamp and fly to your waiting  
friends, lethal with non-returning boomerangs.

Or simply throw for the thrill of apparently lawless flight;  
catch the return and dreams are tangible.

## FIVE POEMS



*John Kinsella*

### PIG MELONS

As children we dashed  
their brains out,  
the insipid flesh  
drying like chunks of pork  
over the yellowing paddocks;  
this murder bringing  
further ruin to arable lands,  
choking the native flora  
with spilt thoughts  
encoded as seeds  
that bided their time  
spitefully  
until the rains  
washed away the tracks  
of our games, our conflicts,  
percolating beneath the surface,  
throwing ropes  
that crept out,  
securing the meagre  
fertility of the place  
with their rituals  
of bondage.

### WATERBAG

The heat warping  
eyesight and rising  
in shimmers over stubble  
already charred to the ground  
the temperature  
in the waterbag

drops—slung beneath  
a cold blooded wandoo  
searing air rips  
moisture from its pulpy skin,  
rapid evaporation  
inducing such a chill  
at the core  
of the canvas goitre  
that the world  
is turned  
upside-down.

WARREN

His name  
*was* really Warren,  
that rabbitier  
with the bad leg—  
the pain that made him bitter,  
that drove him cursing  
out onto the Nullarbor.  
stocked up with liquor,  
ammunition, his dogs.  
That drove him into the place  
where space was the inside  
of a tin humpy, and not  
the outside world  
which was an endless field  
that resisted definition,  
where the only focus  
came with the sharp lines  
of the horizon, the wicked  
teeth of his traps, or  
the breath that fell  
in the moment before  
he squeezed the trigger.

TERRAFORMING

*for Jeremy*

A prey bird flies  
suddenly  
cedilla in its grasp  
with carrion anonymity,  
thwarting pacts and boundaries  
as cold fronts and accrued  
ordinance  
encrypt with rumour;  
the ruffled field a plough's scamming  
profit in scannable lines of sowing,  
as legend or grand design,  
pinpointing a subject,  
having the presence of mind,  
the evolutionary  
tact to ignore  
the glowing reports of order.

TRANSLATION

*for Tracy*

out of the fog comes the blackbird  
its chatter as solid as its body  
blurred only by the effusion of moisture,  
the lowness of a now that's neither  
dusk nor dawn

a suspended light that refuses  
dilution, almost an equivocation  
like the presence of the bird,  
the missing verb that drives the metaphor  
though not quite