

HOW TO THROW A BOOMERANG



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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