Fire relies on the leaves of gum trees

No sound fits this spectacle No sound
but the hiss of fire bark grass
searing your world into sheer whorls
of alliterations Hallucinations
of words resounding with nothing

Following faultlines a gorge aflame
furrows erased in granite and sandstone
lines of scribble gums forever
receding The gorge barring you

Now how could I speak again
when syllables shatter on my page
turning words inside out
when letters hover in the air
like the smell of your burning skin?

We were discussing poetics
on our mobiles How we didn't need
manuals for wordsmiths
preferred to work words as an end
in itself make a poem fulfilled

in its enactment look inwards
to the materiality of language
on the page and in the mouth
stress the event not the effect
You said good bye

And now I dream that you flit
out of my skin your voice
doing things Poetic enjoyment
perhaps as if to resist
the etiolation of language

Don't put individual utterances on show
you say Perform their moves
of repetition re-use reiteration
show your reader the absurd
desire to contain (

For here is the gum and its inferno remains
the grave among blistered roots
the mouthless earth lulling one to leave

If it could speak it would say
here is the silence here is the question

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