

## ESP in the Wheatbelt

Seasonal as once their coming here  
was loss or bliss or change of scenery,  
such draperies or oil on foundered iron,  
pot shots at dawn, or prayers  
said in pepper trees or halfway  
down a well, or the glass  
wandering across the board, names  
spelt out through fog, twitching  
branches of gravel-pit fires,  
wash-away paddocks a semi-landslide  
on gentle slopes, yet carrying  
enough 'externalisation of the senses'  
to make palaver of the emotions;  
cross-country she cried in recesses,  
beneath sole trees in cleared spaces,  
among stepped bricks of broken  
and robbed houses, seeing nothing,  
hearing nothing, tasting nothing,  
smelling nothing, feeling nothing,  
and yet the rush of dirt and blood  
and the mercury dropping  
below horizons, crowding  
off lost or fading relatives,  
hurt and pleased and enlivened  
runs and furrows, the wet 'n' dry  
of a contra-spectrum, disk plough  
scoring black out of white quartz agglomerations,  
sub-currents sprung up like whispering  
circuit boards, a wattle and daub  
of storylines as resonant  
as the hot kitchen, ink welling  
out of the cracks in the bureau.

(from John Kinsella — *Shades of the Sublime & Beautiful*, p 73)