

JOHN KINSELLA

Graphology Ratio 23; Condenser

Graphology Ratio 23

To say: No season will have me
epitomises the arch way
we construct both ends of “the bargain”;
these rhetorical flourishes
pared back, hardened;
or letting the subject of the line
run free to imagine its own recipient—
the imperialism of naming as you go
and hanging on no matter how much retrospect
disturbs the vision of co-ordinates;
that *mode of address*—not to put
too solipsistic a point on your maps;
no season will have you.

Condenser

The cooling jacket
can't condense all the phantoms
in a condensed book's lack of refrain,
of those extra bits—the wanton insect scripts,
the paw prints we walk over in a rush
to complete a story. From gas
to liquid, we take it further
into letters that will powder or smudge,
blur as the old purple indelible pencil
did on my grandfather's forestry ledgers,
benign-seeming record of hewing and planting,
of rows of pines in place of jarrah,
of differentials in rainfall and temperature,
the forms of verticals as planks or powerpoles,
the lopping of branches. I am spread
across other people's stories without footnotes
or citations for all my "knowledge"
of how they function: mass nouns will do
just fine in losing my reading skills,
those tics of habit and repetition.
When I am dead and buried I will rot down
past the crust into the mantle all the way to the core
where I will be remade molten and compressed.
I will be part of the whole *terra* thing whether
I want to shed angst and guilt or just forget. This crisis
of infinitesimally small particles and realities
of pressure and cohesion and dispersal
analysed by the gross reading tool of gravity
and the sound of solar winds
indexing but with terms getting
further and further apart. *Thus* the staccato
trill of the male red-capped robin calling
me out but wanting me absent from its pursuit
of text, its way of taking semiotics off the page
into more specific but expansive and eternal
forms of literacy—the books sung in each
and every particle of "song," that impression left
on a twig or slender branch after the lifting of small feet,
the condenser valley translating states in its coils;
and that steady drip of answers.