

Riots in Rotten Hulls

Fortescue Bay, Tasmania

(nothing comes in the mornings but the headlands
grey green bulbous
with forest lonely seaweed swa
ying on the other side, the ocean
is deaf and shouts an answer
me if you want the poem alive)

now in a time when men like
various gorillas discussing renounced
Christ beat chests remember English
has rhyme texture et
c but reading reading is another matter (stop)

they were speaking of a shoreline
the ripped rocks frozen
wrinkled skin hairy they swam
but turning their boat grating stuck
place sucks you up

slap! slap!
one cormorant two taking
off a rusted (once a ship ground
to a halt) skeleton flesh gone where
gone past outwards too with those men

in their boat.
Did you hear me? Nothing to hear to
pray for
when you're lost
in a tree's fibres swirling up gaseous eating
reading yourself.

For this is the age of circularity they
knew nothing but sense
the groaning the grat-
ing the huge sucks slurps of time's
wet tongue icy water claws
it is all that can be done.

Stuart Cooke