

As We Spiral Pine Tree Mountain

What small herbs of ice and wind
 are carried, glinting, seven spirals
 through a ring, this skin-tingling
 shiver-flickering ruckus of imported
 scent upon us, this space between

our bodies and our shadows
 soft-footed in needles three feet deep?
 I confess I've watched you turn,
 out walking, to check how far behind
 I've fallen, and if too much, fling

yourself to ground, coming home to this:
 this here home country, despite the foreign
 trees whose roots are tangled, like yours
 in mine, dropping down beside you
 in full sweat, the bed of your smile

so worth it, out of breath, that I could lie
 here forever pouring the mountain
 through the pine, not once, but many times
 these past weeks, following the Bogong
 moth, and this—this untranslatable rush

of heat sparked by your hand in mine,
 which shoots the bird in me straight
 up through the roar of history, that trap-
 door floor a canopy unhinging
 the sky in us as we fall, and fall,

and rise in flood as sap inside a tree.

Shari Kocher

Shari Kocher. 'As We Spiral Pine Tree Mountain'.
Transnational Literature Vol.9 no.2, May 2017.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>