Spring and all

Gumbaynggirr Country, 5 Aug

I sense some modifications, the kookaburras are much more vocal, the tallowwood flowers

failing, and the fimbriata's golden wattles falling open at the start of the drive.

Spring's pilgrimage must be close, but then I realise I don't believe in seasons anymore.

I used to when I was an Englishman, the dead woods being resurrected, daffodils and dogs.

A hundred metres zaps past my wooden legs, Olympians are fifty years behind.

I sense changes inside me I can't put my finger on.

In the morning news, 'Cars kill 10 million native Australian animals a year'.

The world I was pushed onto is diminished, less alive with so many humans strewn around.

Could we start over with a long winter?

Does anyone have an inkling how to begin?

(The Kookaburras do)





Notes:

Caitlin Fitzsimmons, 'The other national road toll: Cars kill 10 million native animals each year', Sydney Morning Herald, August 4, 2024.

'Lifeless in appearance, sluggish dazed spring approaches.' William Carlos Williams, (By the road to the contagious hospital), *Spring and All*, 1923.

In *The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams. Vol. I: 1909-1939*. Ed., A. Walton Litz and Christopher MacGowan, New Directions, 1986, p183.

The famous short poem 'The Red Wheelbarrow' is in Part XXI of Spring and All. Ron Silliman claims. 'Spring & All [is] the defining poem of the first half of the 20th century.' Interview in *A Suite of Poetic Voices: Interviews with American Poets*. Ed. Manuel Brito. Santa Brigida: Kadle, 1992, p162. The book is in fact poetry and prose. 'The book . . . contains twenty-seven poems interspersed by a series of Dada-influenced manifesto-style mini-essays. The idea for these fragmentary essays came late in the project.' Joshua Schuster, 'Williams Spring and All', Journal of Modern Literature 30.3, 2007.