

Ariel Riveros Pavez

Whilst I was here with you and living on the other side of  
the world...

I am unsure  
how many languages I spoke  
and what algorithmic cycle  
under 5, 8 and 13  
I revolved around

English to touch  
the old fallows  
of Chaucer and  
the mapa mundi of seamonsters

speaking and stretching my arms  
underwater  
talking in the seafarer's currents  
that drowned sailors only know  
like the keys they carry

Spanish, with an embarrassed foil  
enough to walk by promenade  
port and plaza de armas,  
less the concrete quality  
of those who work  
and transact a living with  
the persistent whitecollared  
clerks and managers

close enough to read  
newspapers as poetry  
and poetry as prosaic newspapers  
the crooked cinema of  
otherness  
as otherness  
and the bruised dreams  
left sleeping by English

Mathemata, an open  
algebra where integral  
consistencies internal

were decentered  
where equations  
muttered like Rimbaud  
*J'suis l'autre*

and nominally it was a base 5  
and the hub to the spheres as  
sprawled spectrum  
penta to pata

a genetic Patagonian  
a phantom vault  
without horses  
ancient megafauna as  
morphogenesis  
an inheritance of invisibility  
where a matriarch's thoughts  
by magic, eventuate after  
one moon's passing

and the language that crossed  
the world, linked cells  
reproducing old worlds  
capturing with leaped hands  
the promise of constants  
and the hypnosis of faultlines  
as I looked into chasms  
to say

the abyss itself is a world  
but not one meant for humans  
without wings.

I made those wings and  
there was a ground to the fathomless  
there was no light  
yet in the melee between  
myself and the civilized world  
a purple torch appeared  
and I saw nothing but ground  
and a long flight back to the earth's  
surface, back to the ravines and horizons  
where all there is, is light  
and where the abyss afforded  
me rest

and I smiled  
not fearing creature  
nor monster in any moon's passing.

## Settlement

In the Coogee Immigrant Barracks  
some arrived  
of a time

and history that by view  
was more than different

the stories, wars and angers  
accounted as negligible in the settlement  
“Oh yes, another story, Oh no, that is terrible...”

The histories, well, more the lands of memory  
these simplify when they finally merge  
accounts and recollections

The certificates, licences and permits  
stop rolling. This is our exchange  
the by-laws become twin  
and in the shadow of settlements  
we represented the moorings  
that gave light if we talked under these buildings  
that arch Roman.

Possibly, we may have talked of fugues,  
undigestible discords shared like a quiet meal,  
A fare that doesn't equate to media  
and mass currency  
velvet plates of the generous generating  
valuable marble legacies or observing zakat.

Under city shadows sits the bum  
talking fare  
and memorising timetables for account

Stretching out  
the 8.16 did run late and out of timetable order  
Commuters think “true! School should come to order”  
or “this happens everyday and I've habituated, another redundancy”

The bum is the seat of Parliament as we get to the following station  
The train rests short of the platform

to understand shadows have no source construct  
or building codes is the delusion of the screen

“Monday 19th November, 2012  
there was a fatality on the tracks  
near Box Hill, Melbourne. Trains were delayed  
and the Metlink Network was thrown into chaos.”

That is the account of a day's transit, I remember  
“I have to be somewhere...”  
was a common thought shared  
as Blackburn Station signals processing unit  
worked to get through  
as we sat in this stopped train.

## Diasporosis (in construction)

An animal gasp  
diving into a chemistry of waves

sweat through light prism  
secret carnival of flowers  
a forest blazing with signal

parallax totality  
vulcan commons

sonar ellipsis  
-osis vital sickness

osm-  
mei-  
mit-

lava  
nonagon  
shoes equal

creating a collapse

Ballet  
Battle

drowned a salad  
in imperfect cognates,  
cygnates

“the fabric of genre  
*la fabrica de genero*

*tela del genero*  
the factory of fabric

*uso o adorno*  
use or adornings”

wake mornings  
late mournings

spore addict fire  
sporadic fair day  
diaspora ticket

meal to friendly fire  
as Cesar Vallejo sleeps  
in sea waves of omen.

## Transemio

Your aura, aurora

*llorora ahora*  
to order a water  
*tu hora ahora*

Swore in the order  
*suerte aorta*  
*ahora/sorta*

*Sorda de era*  
soda the airer  
*zorra de oro*  
Laura the roarer

ora-atoria  
tearer the error  
*lora lectora*

orer *teoria*  
or a the warrer  
oarer the awer  
alway/*la ola*.

## Hymn for Kandos

Ten Miles in the shoes  
of the Bush poets  
And the yardbirds sweet  
Clarion my Hymn  
O Lord to the Sky  
And the Lamb and our Child

And the beards of the  
Old working Men  
Of the mine and the dust  
And the wires and the trains  
And the signals processing  
And the pools and the Grounds

Cool off from Imminent Collapse

O Lord

Hear our Prayer  
Hear our Cry  
From the graft of the Trees  
And our neighbourhood dogs  
On the Doc's side service

Save their Hearts  
And their Homes  
Speak their Names  
When they're alone  
And the Streets  
Bless our black cat  
Who's asleep  
And never crossed no-one's path  
And White Park  
And the ramp

The rotunda and the lamps  
Open Veins, open Minds  
Open Cut, Blood of lime  
Hearts of Fire Cut of Stone  
Above the rest  
And below the Earth  
The mountains,

Miss Alice Solomon,<sup>1</sup>  
At 3am, it cross the coldest lake  
Like a crow  
Or vandals on the black dome...  
There are Blood red tracks

In this town  
Going back to the sheds  
Where the Men plied their Trades  
And WH Walsh made the chops and the Bread<sup>2</sup>  
Live and Let Live

And bury our Dead  
Take the Host, Eucharist at this pious service  
I seek your Trust, O Lord, as you have mine

Now and in the Hour of our Death.

Amen

#### Notes

1. Miss Alice Solomon was a dressmaker and milliner in Kandos during the town's formative years.

2. WH Walsh and brothers founded the first “permanent” business in Kandos—a butchery and bakery that traded for around 50 years.