

New Poetry**John Kinsella**
Creation Myth ('to interpret someone else...')

Harvest is nigh and the stalks of wheat
bunch against the cutting; the corellas
are suddenly less, and we guess
the shire have been culling.

Wheat stalks are feathers
and feathers are wheat stalks
scythed; blood of the soil, husk-
roads that rattle like beaks

when crossed, unravelling
prayer wheels, stars and crosses,
crescents and signposts
that remain elusive — gleam

of blue-metal protruding
in the macadam. It is hard
to breathe when the air fills
with drawing, so much closer

than writing. I lock in
the images to protect
against storms, which can knock
down the most robust crops

before they've been gathered.
But lightning pushes beyond
the skull's casing: obsessional
as harvest and myth-making.