

Apparition

after Mikala Dnyer

Bones of these elms contain short stories
crinkled in their arms. This grass has cradled the weight
of woodlands, nurtured by peoples of the Eastern Kulin Nation
epoch upon epoch bustling with life in the surrounds. Now—
paragraphs of buildings diverge and assemble at the edges
of this square. Exclamation marks to ongoing conversations
with expansion and change. Lay down with me and watch
the sky. Notice the world melting into everything spherically.
There are no sides. Only the sun warming the earth at the foot
of the drinking fountain and the ghost of the blue gums shivering
in the wind. We often take awe for granted:
the space between the stars, the notes we don't hear

the moments in between things.

The human being as a tree, the explorer, the barefoot wanderer.
People make great punctuation marks, an endless chorus of ellipses
We imagine these nights here where art frolics wildly in the park
boundless and unfolding

and these possums are under the moon
conversing

until dawn

in the shadows