

pilgrimages of the short-finned eel

travel west across a basalt
plain, past stony rises, shallow
lakes, woodlandsgrasslands, all
 the scourscar left
 from earthskin ruptures
 the thrust of fire aloft
 tracks of damaged veins

here are penitents
 shot-through with
wattle-gold and green, the
 short-finned eels, on pilgrimages
and penances, contrition-bent
 for massacres' elisions, the
lacrimae of Tarerer, the
 Maar volcano in childbirth

now we tip, we stagger into
 where we've been, remembering
the tremble-tremble, the Great Shuddering
 the soft flight of flat stones
across water, eels migrating to
 the Coral Sea to spawn