

THE DELVE

(WITHIN THE KAST)

(i)

Heat reflects from antediluvian limestone

hardened over millennia

lifted

grey, weathered

inevitable advance

of the fourth dimension

I climb to an opening

a crevasse in the present

alone, into this mountain of time

descend

by stout rope

enter

there is no light

save for vertical beams

fingers of outside

shafts of known

futile attempt

to probe the gloaming

I leave these behind, walk

passage of disquiet

into the umbra

artificial light

illuminates a sensorium

dome of sedimentary rock overhead

subterranean pondage before me

one shallow, one deep

divided

within the delve

a crepuscular being

I sit, look into the cimmerician pools

two facets of reflection

toward which I cast

(ii)

my thoughts

into the pool of past

into the pool of future

into contours of the karst

continue, along other passages

veins of the earth

lines of song

pulsate myth, feed minds

deliberation

beneath these stygian planes

memories emerge

I discern the cenote of “Thu gee”,

watery refuge of restless spirits

white man takes the water

without thought of entities within

should he fear, for those that have been taken?

should he not fear, those he might rouse?

for they lie deep

contained by these waters

giants, and spirits of the dreamtime

waiting to prey

ripples emanate from my focus

allow me now to walk with the Quinken

beneath northern skies

where, hidden in the dark recesses of the earth

beneath obscurity, within

a canopy of time that has moved on

symbols and signs, ancient painting

preserved in cool dry air of the delve

theatre of rebirth

secret rites in secret places

a fumarole of worthiness

passage for men

to crawl into the light

from a womb of stone

suffer the rites of life

to stand not alone

to bear the marks of men

physical marks of merit

to belong

watched over

painted eyes set upon stone

eternal

for time is their home

(iii)

memories

project into the mere

divergent ripples

impact parameters of knowledge

converge

wash me with myths and legends

to fashion a future

I see a past that has not yet passed

yet to be eroded by knowledge

a new future

shaped by facts

as they evolve, become real  
present new fiction, new myths  
create a new future  
draw on a new past  
the now

*'The Hole' (Thu-Gee),  
"A place of refuge for Spirits and Giants"  
Mt. Gambier, SA.*

*'The Quinken Galleries',  
The gallery where young boys would become men through circumcision and tribal scaring.  
Laura Qld.*