

BURNT DAWN

at the end of the world there will be no reprieves, no last words
no shopping for clothes, no restaurants, cars or movies

at the end of the world there will be no last laughs, computer printouts
feedback loops, or forward planning

at the end of the world there will be no sound, no art, no Olympic Games
bushwalks, Oprah Winfrey, arguments or awkward questions

but at the end of the world
there will still be hope
of covert worlds
returning time
a new unborn beginning

Two spiral staircases stand side by side, and there are people climbing up one and stepping down the other. The ascending staircase is painted white, and the other one is painted black, but a spotlight shines on each. You are at the bottom waiting for someone going up to come down, but those who descend never seem to be the same people. There are people arriving back who look like those who went up, but they do not appear identical.

You stand at the bottom looking at the faces. You are still waiting, day after day. You will always hope, perhaps forever, for one person, only one, to reappear on the downward spiral.

You may feel that your memories are buried

But you are always turning over the soil

When I write

I use the words of others to “seed” my own writing

Textual cross-pollination

Nature is discursive: we cannot experience it unmediated by perception or language.

True

or

false?

The peat bog man, usually known as Lindow Man, found in England in the 1980s, was probably the victim of a ritual religious killing. In the ancient world peat-bogs, like Lindow Moss, were thought to be a threshold between worlds. The community would sacrifice someone valuable in order to appease the gods. Lindow Man may have been a Celtic Priest (Druid), or a King, sacrificed in AD 43-60 as an act of desperation to stave off the Roman invasion.

The Celts didn't think of their gods as sky-bound. The entrance to the other world was in watery places. They honoured the gods by making sacrifices in peat bogs.

They found evidence of pollen from a mistletoe plant in Lindow Man's stomach.

from the seed of the word emerges the whole poem

even if it grows sideways with bent roots

The Tasmanian tiger makes a comeback!!

After 50 million years of evolution, humans hunted the Tasmanian Tiger to extinction in 50 years.

A major breakthrough with DNA replication from a pickled female pup may lead to the first cloned Tasmanian tiger within a decade.

The Australian museum is at the forefront of the breakthrough but some scientists remain sceptical.

Read more tomorrow in the Australian!!

Newgrange in Ireland is a religious monument dedicated to the Winter Solstice. At dawn on the solstice the rising sun shines down a narrow corridor into a chamber at the centre. This has happened without fail for 5000 years.

The mound at Newgrange is decorated with circles and spirals, as well as other shapes, carved into the rocks. The circle symbolises the sun and eternity. Every year the cycle is repeated. But any observer is one year older and inevitably changed.

Newgrange was the product of a rich and hierarchical society. Taxes paid by the peasants supported powerful rulers, priests, architects and engineers. Newgrange was born of subordination, authoritarianism, poverty and slave labour.

(Persephone ate the pomegranate

and
the
seasons
spat
ou
t
the
seeds)

Did you know that the sun will eventually burn itself out, the earth will die and with it all our endeavours?

**This above
all
depressed Bertrand Russell**

Monotheistic religions like Judaism and Christianity tend to view time as linear. For Aboriginal and Neopagan religions, time is circular and repetitive, with lunar (monthly) and solar (yearly) cycles. In contemporary western thought, the cyclic and the linear have continued to be influential, but have also transmuted into the concept of complex systems. Complex systems are non-linear and rhizomatic: they relay indirect, unpredictable effects. A pressure at one node of the system will have consequences at another, because the parts are interdependent. We need to understand complex systems to solve social or ecological problems caused by our own deeds.

Greens try to move away from an anthropocentric, human-centred perspective to an ecocentric, environment-centred perspective. This ecocentric perspective reappraises the human-nature relationship in a less hierarchical way, which does not always see human activity and well-being as supreme. However a totally ecocentric perspective usually proves impossible, since very few people would be prepared to argue that the life of a mouse or a tree was equivalent to that of a human being. A green philosophy will therefore tend to be relative, balancing the interests of humans and nature in any particular issue, and negotiating an ethical position along an anthropocentric-ecocentric continuum.

A woman lies on her back in the dark and listens to her unborn child. There is knocking on her stomach wall: a mysterious morse code.

The woman's body is her ears. She switches on the light, and the knocking suddenly subsides. She switches off the light again. In the dark the knocking starts once more: urgent, pleading to be heard

till dawn when daylight clears its throat and yawns. Then the woman falls asleep at last, and the knocking closes up its fist

will open into dark again, as night time stammers into speech.

One day ash starts to fall from the sky, grey flakes falling and softly falling. They don't melt like snow, but gather in a dark blanket on the ground, the remnants of an invisible bonfire, a hidden cosmic conflagration. You cannot tell what has been burning: it could be flesh or wool or newspaper. But there are a few tiny fragments which are not totally ash, and each has a letter on it.

You put the letters together so they rest delicately on the ash

NTWDRUBDA

Then you reorder them

BNUWRANTD

You try again

ANUBRWDTN

But the letters do not make sense and seem as if they never will. So finally you throw them down and walk away.

Then, for no reason, you look back. The letters have formed into words flickering in the sunlight

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