

Moth Graffiti



ust under the surface the moth grub tunnels and
when the tree sheds the old bark new secrets
are revealed, ciphers begging to be broken, sacred scriptures
we read like quantum equations or calculus solutions

Ogmogryptis scribula reveals her soul in the ink-sap of the tree
she maps ancient songlines for us to follow
rivers, gullies, rocky outcrops, spinifex trails, crystalline ranges
her ancient glyphs which we have failed to decode

Eucalyptus haemastoma Rosetta lend me your body
tell me terrible things, let the world finish its inconsequential stuff
What *geheimis* do you share with little sister moth?
Arboreal-cursive teach to me your dreamtime stories

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