

# the HARLEQUIN

*John Kinsella*

## **Crack**

A crack has appeared near the top  
of the block, running through loam  
from a star picket down to the driveway,  
forming a hypotenuse to all that's right.  
It's a long, narrow crack. It is a crack  
likely opened with the tensions  
of the world, a crack opened by weight —  
the rhythms of feet marching through Paris,  
a crack through death and offence  
opened by the faltering lines of communication  
between people and people, people and God  
whose name is such a decisive utterance,  
between people and States. It is the crack  
of heat, of a flood of rain months ago  
and blazing temperatures since — it is  
the evisceration of fires sparked  
by cigarettes and angle-grinders,  
machinery and arsonists. It is the planet  
stretched, knocked out of shape. It's  
the conservatives in their chilled  
think-tanks exclaiming 'Plot! Plot!',  
declaring the world's as cool as a cucumber.  
It is the crack over which no ant will step  
lest it fall into the closing-up, as if  
it never existed. But I reassure all ants —  
it won't be shutting up shop. It will grow.  
It is the fissure come out of the cave  
and requires no prophet to light its way.  
I watch an old thornbill hop over it —  
a massive feat of adjustment,  
though she refuses to show the effort.  
So local, such a concern to ourselves.

Thank you for reading! Find more at [www.theharlequin.org](http://www.theharlequin.org)