

the HARLEQUIN

John Kinsella

Graphology Coda 10: parrot scriptures for Laurie Anderson

I see parrots where there are none
I hear parrots where there are none
I see parrots where there are parrots
I hear parrots where there are parrots

All parrots show me their albino nighteyes in daytime —
their albedo is high and often escapes the atmosphere

All parrots show me a panoply of colours *and* their blank sides —
they are discreet but confident in their showing

All parrots register our mimicry and play it back loaded with subtexts —
they feedback and swallow governance

I see parrots where there are none
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I hear parrots where there are parrots

Just then I was out being garrulous as them — the subject
of my obsession, ‘darlmoorluks’, as a Nyungar elder says, offer ‘protection’

Just then I was out there making a fenceless secure zone
where the tinge of red above a grain-cracking beak might shine

Just then I was welcoming a subspecies of ringnecked parrot, a gambit —
taking stock of heritage and feathers in museum display cases

I see parrots where there are none
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It’s not that they *trust* me but they know they haunt me
It’s not that I *trust* them but I know that I haunt them

It’s a case of like-minded apostasy
It’s all speaking in tongues

It’s an exquisite architecture — sweeps and pendulums, radical cornering
It’s graceful and severe, an impact that startles, that we sadly get over

I see parrots where there are none
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They are finely tuned as the thin pointed leaves of jam tree
They are birds of the canopy and birds of the ground (vanishing)
They are raucous in places far into oceans where humans can't step

I see parrots where there are none
I hear parrots where there are none
I see parrots where there are parrots
I hear parrots where there are parrots

Parrots see me where I am not
Parrots hear me where I am not

In the fruit trees
they are no more
destructive than me

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