

Old Man Banksia

here is the wind
that brings life to the flower
cream yellow

*chalky cliffs resembling
those of old england*

inflorescence bees and honey
honey-eaters perch
antiquities lumpy bark

*an opening appearing
like a harbour*

this ardent sentry guards
a roughened coast
weathered autochthonous

*the appearance
of highest fertility*

the flower golden
browns the myth that nature
conspires against us

*our boat proceeded
along shore*

seed in a bunker
wailing for fire singing
for rain elementary

*in the distance
small smoke rising*

Note:

Italicised lines are drawn from the diaries of Joseph Banks (accessed at <https://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks05/0501141h.html>)