

The Arithmetic of Want

Ion Corcos

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Ion Corcos

The Arithmetic of Want

In an apron of woodland, there is no owl left;
the rain falls, catastrophically, tongues splintered
onto farms, index fingers floating on slogans
and town maps. Overspilling dams erase lines.
The emperor rides on his horse into geometry.
Armageddon is near: illicit fires, a pandemic,
and now the sky is ruining purchasing power.
There is no mention of all the missing koalas,
or the logic of origination – sun, eucalyptus, want.
A staff member masturbates on an MP's desk.
The misunderstanding of river and floodplains,
cartels, governments, encyclopedias, grey hair.
St John wrote about the apocalypse in a cave.