## singing about melon

# Luke Thompson

Singing About Melon

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for sarah

SILENZIO SILENZIO SILENZIO

#### Three Poems

after Lafcadio Hearn's 'Insect Musicians'

'Let us go insect-hunting tonight,' the poet said. 'It will be dark and I have many lanterns ready.'

do not leave the city

cicadas and crickets in bamboo cages

eating melon rind singing about melon

on a spring night Kiriyama hears still, small voices risen from clay

a ghost-song in the far where our parents fied

and at my funeral the cage will open

but instead of insects lizards and birds singing

Sitting in the shade of lime trees on the piazza of Santa Chiara. Swifts scream in the olive grove.

A leaf falls

Rondini silenziosi Rondoni rumoroso

### Mouth

words scatter like birds when I speak

the moon rolls down my tongue

salt on my lips a ship's hull pressed to the sea

each word dressed in Yearners

each word a walking bar

a waking bat hanging from the roof of my mouth

the wings of a parakeet beat in my puffed cheeks

hollow as a lobster

my mouth a bowl, full of seahorses

the sea pours through my teeth

my tongue a river of eels

a sea of eels SAMPLER lapping the shore

words slither up the berm of my lips

spider crabs hammer at my teeth

my teeth a row of uncarved slates

an ulcer in my cheek a moon

an egg on my tongue my tongue a bear my teeth flames in the circus

elephants wearing garters and feathered skull caps circle the sawdust floor of my mouth

a bear in a coloured ruff and muzzle pedals a bicycle

I lace the kangaroo's gloves tying them with cherry stalks

my teeth a troupe of polar bears

with scarred poses

my teach a train of wagons transporting lions, tigers, bears and dogs

releasing exotic birds on my breath

puffins nest in the burrow of my throat

on my tongue an abandoned egg my tongue a murmuration of starlings falling to roost

on my tongue a forest of words

and within it a nightjar churring

my breath bare-beaked rooks

each word
a hollow gall
drops from my lips