

# From the Pit of the Furnace, the Forest Begins to Run

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For SH

The heat of the delirium subsides in waves of cold fusion, only to fission again.

Each time, it's amplitude's peaks and troughs diminish too slowly from the edge of distortion.

Sulphur impregnated chemicals, sucked in to quench the flames, effect uneven time dilations and again and again the outer world disappears.

Feeling back to the very spark which lit the furnace, the very chemical that catalysed, the arachnid's synapses are blocked once more.

In the noisy silence, the will to live, not bravery, not courage, in it's most elemental electrical form, in trying to kill the tumours <sup>[1]</sup>, forces a rearrangement of the furniture.

And pathetic champa tries to do it's little bit.

Cherry tomatoes ripen greenly even as the plain yellow flowers push their vines up through the roof.

The fecund basil sprouts, needing to be plucked, and the purple roses somehow know that, despite their ancient perfume, they won't be picked again.

The brimstone-crested cockatoos destroy the gum tree with abandon and searching on the internet for a wattlebird's name, a Western finds its way to drag the speaker cone, looping, looping like a badly worn bearing squeaking off its centre. <sup>[2]</sup>

Defying this illogic, a graceful Spanish <sup>[3]</sup> lady with the heart of a bull, sits patiently in the driveway waiting for the time when Orpheus' sad songs have faded, and she can find the open road and roar at the Furies by the gates of hell.

Deaf to it all, the old bluedog can't believe his luck to be inside some more and, raw from the heat of the furnace, the heart tries millimetre by micro-millimetre to open itself to grace.

The nuclear furnace in the sky silently chain reacts. The rain was here again today, and an occasional Monkey's wedding. <sup>[4]</sup>

[1] In 1999 Neurobiologist, Dr Harald Sontheimer reported that he has found a way to use the venom scorpions use to paralyse their prey to paralyse and kill deadly brain tumours in people.

[2] The Western Wattlebird can be seen and heard warbling it weird song at at <http://www.michaelmorcombe.com.au/WestWattlebird.mov>, or at <http://www.michaelmorcombe.com.au/birdinfo18.html> if you want to play the file and loop it yourself.

[3] Mercedes is a Spanish girls' name meaning 'grace'.

[4] In southern parts of Africa, people have observed that when the sun appears whilst it is raining, a whole tribe of monkeys will gather in a forest clearing and engage in mass copulation in an orgiastic frenzy. They thus call this sunny respite in a rainstorm, a Monkey's Wedding.