

## **Lilium auratum**

stamens quiver  
saffron lily pollen stains  
indelibly

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## **Curcuma australasica – wild ginger**

In shadowed gorges  
erect pink bracts brim with rain  
unseen, turmeric roots engorge.

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## **Delonix regia**

ablaze against thunder clouds  
flamboyant poincianas  
flame red as lust

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## **Terminalia ferdinandiana**

the scent will catch you first  
look up! from leaf axils, long  
creamy flower spikes extrude

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## **Haiku**

lorikeets gossip  
busy brush tongues lap nectar  
from eucalypt cups

## **THE PK POETS**

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work and critique using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at [www.poetrykit.org](http://www.poetrykit.org).

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### **About Kaye Aldenhoven**

Kaye revels in the excitement of the monsoon storms of Northern Australia. She lived in Kakadu National Park for many years, travelled mostly in Asia, studied Botany and Anthropology.

This small poetry collection was developed for Botanica erotica, a joint exhibition of sculpture, jewellery, silk textiles.

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# **THE PK POETS**

## **#10: Kaye Aldenhoven**



Amorphophallus

## **If you were here**

The coming down of the Magela  
after the first storms,  
we chased that front of water all day.  
It surged slowly,  
calm in the surety of its fulfillment  
trickling unevenly into dry spaces  
filling hollows, spilling, collecting  
pushing the debris of the Dry before it.  
The hot sand gasped,  
giggles of bubbles escaped  
as the water soaked deeper.

Beetles dragged their sodden carapaces  
onto the island havens of your legs  
the swirling froth tickled your skin  
you laughed and rolled in the rolling flood.  
The swell of water  
gouged the sand from under your hips  
rolled you roughly along  
dragging you underneath the paperbarks  
the luscious wet warmth  
tangle of sand and water and your hair  
your grazed knees.

In the stone country  
a taut pod explodes, kapok floats  
king fisher dips into dark pool  
the coconut smell of rock fig  
Yamitj calls out from the escarpment  
yams grow  
the waterfall drops, stops, falls again  
Black Walleroo leaps the gap.

Laughing  
sucking mango juice  
the smell of pandanus fruit  
the gurgling cackle of a Koel  
pursued by her male  
golden-eyed frogs on lily leaves

flying foxes vibrate  
then fold their silky wings.

A thousand whistle ducks lift and turn.  
If you were here I'd make love to you.

## **Pandanus Fruit**

On the edge of the floodplains at dusk  
beneath recursively barbed leaves  
shards of vermilion enamel  
drop onto burnt black earth.

Now delicately dismembered  
the knobby sphere  
displays like jewels  
on a jeweller's cloth  
smooth inner membranes of vivid glass.

Stored in a basket  
beside my bed  
glossy cinnabar fruits  
exude a dangerous perfume.  
The floury smell of semen  
penetrates my room.

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## **Magnolia**

hairy calyx splits  
wine dark magnolia  
unfolds to warmth

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## **Full Moon Wakeful**

I watch the full moon  
slide down  
a dome of dark glass.

His silvered body,  
disturbs my peace of mind.

Sleep averted, I wait.  
The moon sets.

At dawn the speargrass flowers  
while we make love.

## **To Prepare for You**

To prepare for you  
I scrub the soles of my feet  
and cut my toenails.  
I wash and brush my hair  
Flicking it out with my fingers  
so each strand will dry fast and sweet  
in the breeze of the ceiling fan.

I smooth oil on my elbows, thighs, and knees;  
brushing oil from my palms  
over my nipples  
so they'll stick to your fingers.

I wrap myself in a silky sarong  
choose a cunning earring  
which will jangle in your bed  
when I shake my hair over you.

Will you notice that I've cut my hair?  
One side is longer than the other  
but I won't neaten it.  
I'll wear the earring on the long side.

I streak perfume through my hair.  
Bought near the Jain temple  
in Udaipur  
palest green scent distilled from a root  
dissolved in oil of sandalwood

Last time I left you  
I could smell you in my hair all day.

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## **Haiku**

Young man stretches  
for hibiscus flowers  
heart-red they grace my bed