

by Cass Lynch

# syrinx

syrinx

by Cass Lynch

you magpies are showing off again      singing in the peppermint  
trees      warbling joy in resonant song      two songs really  
    its the syrinx      that forked voice box you've got  
koodjal wort      two voices at once      an aria for this world  
    and the next

we stand on double river Country    two bilya flow down from the hills  
    Djarlgarro Bilya and Derbal Yerrigan    the Canning and the Swan  
like the syrinx    they combine and sing    a coupled song into the  
sea

I open wide and say aaaaah    just one voice in here    a larynx tube  
    that shoots the breeze    half throated    winyarn wort  
no mirrored hymns that fill the air

koorl koorl      you've got two voices, the magpies say    not two  
    throats but two tongues      two languages      one from the  
new world    and one from the old and the always

high above in Darling Scarp    concrete dams hold our rivers and  
    tongues by the tails      but Serpents made this coastal plain  
a water syrinx    where rain poems fill dry waterholes  
    and myrtles bloom      for a shower of song

**FINAL 4/6/24**