

EARTHLY MATTERS

biology & geology poems

The SCIENCE MADE MARVELLOUS Project

Earthly Matters

Biology and Geology Poems

Science Made Marvellous
for
National Science Week 2010

edited by Brook Emery *and* Victoria Haritos
Project Editor: Carol Jenkins

The Poets Union Inc

© The Poets Union Inc

This book is copyright. A part from any fair dealing for the purposes of study and research, criticism, review or as otherwise permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Inquiries should be made to the publisher.

First published in 2010 by the Poets Union Inc.
PO Box 755
Potts Point
NSW 1335

<http://www.poetsunion.com>

info@poetsunion.com

National Library of Australia
Cataloguing-in-Publication entry:

Emery, Brook; Haritos, Victoria; Jenkins, Carol
Earthly Matters: Biology and Geology — Science Made Marvellous

ISBN 978-0-9805420-2-8

Cover Design by Bird Creative
Cover Image by Ron Oldfield

Printed by Pure Colours Digital Printing, Maylands, NSW.
Printing of this publication is also in partnership with RiAus,
visit them at <http://www.riaus.org.au>

This initiative is supported by the Australian Government as part of National Science Week.



An Australian Government Initiative

Contents

The Animal Book by <i>Martin Langford</i>	4
Stromatolites by <i>Faith de Savigné</i>	5
Pollen by <i>Carol Jenkins</i>	6
DNA by <i>Saskia Hewitt</i>	8
Spinifex by <i>Mike Cooper</i>	9
tardigrade by <i>Meredi Ortega</i>	10
The Pound by <i>Meg Mooney</i>	11
Petrichor by <i>Annamaria Weldon</i>	12
Equus Caballus by <i>John Bennett</i>	13
The Silence of the Frogs by <i>Martin Langford</i>	14
STyXX CITY by <i>t.w.gee</i>	16
“In telepathy, space doesn’t matter” by <i>Benjamin Dodds</i>	18
slater by <i>Rob Walker</i>	19
Fishing in the Devonian by <i>Carol Jenkins</i>	20
And So Good Night by <i>Michael Sharkey</i>	21
Emma Darwin looks back, 1896 by <i>P S Cottier</i>	22
Red-hot with Spiders by <i>P S Cottier</i>	24
Hymn to Commensal Bacteria by <i>Liana Joy Christensen</i>	25
How to Geologise Abroad by <i>Emily Ballou</i>	27
Forms for Rapture by <i>Emily Ballou</i>	28
Credits	30
Biographical Notes	30
About This Project	31
The Editors	32
Cover Image	32

Martin Langford

The Animal Book

Something is wrong in the kid's room.
Someone's been ripping things out
from the Big Wonder Annual
of Mammals and Birds. Like a phone book
in Nazi Berlin: excising this, cutting that.
Where is that wonderful painting
of Cuban macaws in their palm-hollow nest?
The navel-high Cyprian elephant?
Where are the moas that make those New Zealanders
build such stout walls round their gardens?
Or Haast's mighty eagle, that makes them so nervous
at golf? Where are the birds from the islands?
No woolly rhinos? No auk? The passenger
pigeon is missing. And where did the toolache¹ go?
The sly, spotted cat, that once lived around here,
down the back? Like a joke from a Hitchcock interior,
something is wrong with the Wonder Book's thickness –
tumbled aside, with the dolls, and the alphabet cubes –
the bright baby chuckling away, in its bright square of sun.

1. Toolache (*too-lait-shee*) – a South Australian wallaby, last sighted 1939.

Faith de Savigné:

Stromatolites

We began with the earth
nursed on saline, sun suckled
Living fossils shaped as foot stools
Bathed in light-changing tidal movements
Our 600 million year existence
continues in the shallows of Hamelin Pool
By chance

We breathe out bubbles
millions of days stone-stacked
over millennia
Time trapping grains of calcium carbonate
every layer of algae a thousand years
Our reef community exists in watersun caress
but everything must be exact
for evolution is fickle

On this western tip of the continent
sparkling sun patterns
waver with the dugongs and sea grass
Tucked in Shark Bay
the elements come together just for us
Narrowly adapted
never forgetting we may be
the most brilliant creatures
in our pool
but if it dries up
History

We're variables of accidents
within watery blue firmaments
never to be repeated

Carol Jenkins

Pollen

Down-scale gene lifeboat, wind shifted silt,
nose teaser, sneeze bearer, deciduous dust,
anther emblem, furtive clinger, protein panicle,
bee money, corbicula cruiser
twitching yellow, gold-white and red dust

I love the mode of you

miniature lolly bag beauty, purveyor of fragrance,
haploid peddler of running tears, fertiliser,
petal stain, persistent infiltrator,
geologic indicia, independent gamete
that shivers flower quim to the base

I love the sex of you

thecal sleeper, totemic plant shadow,
Laib carpet, ubiquitous botanic ambassador
in topaz, yellow, persimmon and deep
dust of pinkness, diminutive deep grooved
grain with wrinkled rock melon coat

I love the art of you

baby cheezel, spiky mini-pod with
pores, nucleoli, cellulose thickening under
your intine clothed in a Jacobean exine coat,
palynologic mapper of fossil landscape
night rider of the western lyric

I love your logic

metronome of hay fever, wind strategist,
resister of decomposition, pack rat fossil,
paisley print meniscus pond patterner
lying as taxonomic code
in bog, fen, marsh and microscopic

I love the float,
the sink, the grit of you.

DNA

Tart-sweet spirals in the very centre of my blood, my bones
curl, twist, twirl as they speak,
telling in the language of my God
what I should be.

Angels come to greet them with a kiss, listen,
and fly away to build the corridors and doorways
and floors and fittings
and hearths and benches and rooms:
all the beauty, strength and vigour of this
delicate, intricate house.

And in the midst of each room, always,
there they hang,
orchestrating the whole into a grand music,
an opus,
a seventy-year flash of brilliance.

Mike Cooper

Spinifex

Spinifex,
your propagules roll
like soccer balls.
Tufts of leaves arise
at even intervals
along your trailing stems.
Your internodes
as smooth as a needle
slide easily
across the top of the shifting grains.
Spinifex, like a spider astride her eggs;
spinifex, stitch me a gentle dune.
A wombat chews your hairy legs
spinifex, outside Saltwater Lagoon.

Meredi Ortega

tardigrade

perhaps i should have been a water bear

rake-clawed,

moss-fat mote, lumbering along

like a jolly little zeppelin,

always knowing i can escape

the end of the world

in my snug tun state

Meg Mooney

The Pound

After a day and a half
it feels like I've always been here
my swag on shiny, purple gravel
among tufts of kerosene grass
beside a deadfinish bush

black mounds hunch like animals
among the bull spinifex across the track
after all these years looking at rocks
they feel like family I've only just met
and there are others here, groups of dark shapes
half-hidden, and in knobbly rises above the sea of grass

I want to feel the rough skins of these hummocks
hold their heavy fragments
inky faces with splashes of mica
like bronze fingerprints
crystals of uncommon green glass

they huddle down the humps, weather to clay
so the quartzite surrounding them grows into walls
makes a pound, a tiny country of rocks

ridgebacks of creamy pegmatite
line up haphazardly across it
hills of orange-skinned granite
but it's the small charcoal forms
among white grass
that I'm drawn to
reminding me the world's beauty
is often in shadows, and difference

Petrichor

Petrichor, scent of first rainfall on rock,
sedge, sand and trees along this salt-marsh shore
of flooded gums, layers of eucalypt
oil rinsed free releasing its high-pitched tang.

Lower, sultry odours of soaked bark, full
throat-catching cyanobacterial earth smells,
musty geosmin's dark undertones, bank
down the metallic blare of rainstruck stone.

Primal, familiar aromas drone deep
in substrata where soon, lichen and moss
will cast on silent stitches to knit pelts
like coloured maps spread across the wetlands.

Petrichor, nature's soundless mating call
promises new forage. In leaf litter or soil,
seeds and spores stir. Senses, tuned to shifts
of season, lift. Life turns to life and earth
rises like a lover to meet the falling rain.

John Bennett

Equus Caballus

from 'Linnaean Sonnets' sequence, an installation in the Macleay Museum,
Sydney 2007

The jar of liquid fills with light, a hologram takes shape
escaped from a bestiary, skin pale as a unicorn's stretched
in folds, the dainty muscle definition on the hindquarters
tapers to beautiful forms, sculpted hooves, translucent limits.
The body is squashed to fit, chin resting on front legs crossed.
When I turn the jar, he shakes his head, the nostrils flare,
the eyes almost open. Above the muzzle, two flaps lift as if a horn
will emerge (like a narwhals' weighed in gold by medieval quacks).
The umbilical cord floats like the lifeline of an astronaut spinning
into deep space, swimming through ontogeny, life passing before the eyes.
The foetus, gentle and still, is obtained only through extreme means,
but unicorns, fierce and fast, are only caught by cunning.
The best method is for a hunter to lead a young girl to a shady glade,
their habitat; the beasts are spell bound in the presence of a virgin.

The Silence of the Frogs

So many silences.

Wharves. Or the silence of caves.

The silence of big skies. Of forests.

Of sunlight on carpet.

The silence of frogs.

You hear it round Sydney:

wherever the soil has been smashed,

or the billabongs drained;

wherever insecticide's crept, subtle tide,

into slicks where the pathogens bloom –

each distinct silence the shade of an absence –

a graph of what's no longer there.

You can walk through a loose, sandstone talus –

wind in the she-oaks, the black cockatoos

crunching cones; the peace-field of crickets

a torus with you at its heart: you will hear,

if you stop and breathe slowly, the diffident hush

where the bright, red-crowned toadlet once croaked.

Walk out in paperbark swamps at Kurnell –

through a patter of drips, after rain –

while shrike-thrushes start, and then mynahs,

and planes boost their thrust – you will hear,

in that open-air cave, the perfect

and brief non-existence of shy Wallum froglets.

Put on some boots for the leaf-litter – adders

and browns: the absence of burrowing frogs,

in the sun's empty air; the soundless vibrato

of bright green-thighed frogs; the fitful

but vanished staccato of stuttering frogs.

So many silences.

These are all new.

But they won't remain this clear for long.

They won't be so easy to hear
once this cohort of listeners is all silent too.

t w gee

STyXX CITY

I'm a transhuman engineer
a dark electro stallion
a runner from freezer to cradle
scanning chipped skin
of funky up homosapiens
I'm carving
quirked *parkour* forms
gliding metro routes
in skinny leg jeans
and Bonaparte's hat
Like Louis the IVth
I have beetroot cheeks
I'm digitized & silicon wise
but *gumby* plastic when I'm wild
Kanye's slatted glasses filter
ancient fibre optic blaze Erth's glory
I'm surfing, running, *ripsticking*
down the gigs in ur head
I'm a b boy random & sweet beat chanting
...we're feelin' we're feelin'
...we're watchin' we're watchin'
virtual gURLS & b010101s
plié on milk crates
y r we trying 2 enter
institutions of relentless
human endurance?
by pumping *bGH*, '*roid*, *weeeeeed* - *Bill and Ben O tell me NO bro!* *ice*
ice picks prick ur brain
b4 u k**no**w it
ur in a wild child zoo interfaced on stabilising nano>>> neurotransmitters
I'm thinkin'
wot ur thinkin'
...the only way 2 wing *it*

is 2 brave the emoticons
& the wolves of industry!
& *monster colour* ur bedroom sub-rosa & safe?

it's still not freak free!

O I apologize 4 Ah Umm
4 being a *V SOP* ($\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$ now u know y OH is tacked on the end)
& leaving u w/o beacons
SO bugged out

Benjamin Dodds

“In telepathy, space doesn’t matter”

Edgar Mitchell, Apollo 14 Astronaut

he is one of three men in a metal tube
hurtling away at a speed so great

its meaning shorts and fails.
reality spins jettisoned in their airless wake.

inside, banal procedure: diagnostics
and cycled periods of rest.

it’s his turn now.
the tightly elasticised hammock

allows a type of gravity.
he knows it’s a lie, but his overtaxed body

grants it the benefit of the doubt.
sleep will pour in after one last task.

it’s the ideal test to conduct
in stealth, no apparatus necessary,

nothing but a crowded card of numbers
and six minutes of continuous thought.

in a quiet house, a group gathers
around a kitchen table. one will be the scribe.

Rob Walker

slater

never mind king of the jungle
fame's at food chain's other end
you decomposer

under every log and leaf
rolypoly armadillo armies
protected in your sphere

comminuting detritus dismantling cellulose
back to C, N, H, and O
building blocks for bio highrise

with overcast complexion Hell is above ground.
Beware The Light.
Heaven, a warm black earth.

patiently munching whole dead forests
eating Death
shitting Life

Carol Jenkins

Fishing in the Devonian

Try Ellesmere Island when it's green and still attached to Greenland. One fish, *Tiktaalik roseae*, is having second thoughts about the water, it's perfectly clean but there is the attractive ooze of mudflats with morsels of scorpions and millipedes, though you can't say millipedes in the Devonian as there are no fingers to count on or Greek prefixes for one thousand. The fish are inclined to muddiness, mud not being much of a flavour even for Devonians. How they throng up and over the shore on their lobed fins so maybe you don't have to throw a line in, in the classic sense because that *Tiktaalika* is trying its best to get out, get the morning papers and have a neck to look around. Devonian fish come in metres so consider scrupulously the best kind of hook and bait, what kind of gloves you need to get that hook out.

Perhaps don't go out in a small boat built of spongy Devonian wood - not much by the way of secondary thickening though a stout source of carbon. There is a lot to think about in fishing in the Devonian. So, pack thoughtfully.

Michael Sharkey

And So Good Night

Curious right to the end, Lavoisier
ordered a friend to make sure to look close at his eyes
when the blade had just severed his head.

He told him he'd blink if he had any consciousness left.
Doctor Guillotine's engine was quick,
and the head fell at once to the deck:

nothing there for the friend.
But it seems the story's a myth,
circulated long after the death of the man who discovered

that air is a mix of the gases he named.
No, politics got him at length – that and shock
and the lack of O₂.

The last thing he did with his eyes
was to stare at the basket, not blink: blinking
calls things into play that a corpse doesn't have:

muscles working as well as the brain.
Who's surprised that he stared? John the Baptist,
in similar straits, was just meat on a plate.

Like Lavoisier, he'd said enough to get into that state
and who can say what he'd have blinked?
Nothing we read says he turned to Salome, and winked.

P.S. Cottier

Emma Darwin looks back, 1896

12 o'clock, April 23, 1851, and Annie died,
just turned ten and perfect, called to God,
unfitted for a life amongst any but angels.

And yet, that question remained, niggling
into me like a worm. Knowledge, bruised fruit of Eden,
prompts that question; Why? There is no justice,
no compensation, for the death of my beloved child.

Can it be kinder to believe that she simply lost
a fight? Immaculate and gentle, she was no match
for those tiny henchmen, swarming through
her blood, her lungs. Koch's bacillus claimed her,
her gimlet ringlets, shy crescent moon smile,
and she took more than half my heart
as 'she expired without a sigh', eclipsed.

We didn't know the name, back then, nor the shape
of the murdering animals, that stole her breath,
those animalcule assassins,
formed like the lozenges she loved.
But no God of love would invent tiny devils
that feed on a child's lungs, drown her in herself.
Charles saw this earlier than me, that perfection

exists

nowhere

that Annie skipped through life, her short life,
drawn from the same pool as her killers.
They came to claim her, from inside,

because they had grown up linked together,
human and unseen bacilli, child and disease,
holding hands ten million years, games played
out in bodies, games that shall never cease,
hide and seek, and pass the parcel, and chasings.

Far easier when I believed that God fashioned us
from clay, choice dinner sets at heaven's table.

But now, I know,
we are not the prize exhibit
in any Crystal Palace.

Just one of many, changing still.

My shattered heart pulled my mind to a new shape,
and the idea came to fill it, from my restless,
voyaging husband, craftsman at history's wheel.

Annie, he, myself are animals,
loving and loved, no less complete, because we entwine
with dog, with ape, with yes, cruel bacillus, that half killed me
forty years ago, when she danced away, fading, all coughed out.

(‘Expired without a sigh’ is from Charles Darwin’s letter to Emma, April 23, 1851. Emma was heavily pregnant with another child when Annie died and was not able to be with her daughter alongside Charles. Born in 1808 as Emma Wedgwood, Emma had ten children between 1839 and 1856, the last born when she was 48 years old.)

P.S. Cottier

Red-hot with Spiders

'I am at present, red-hot with Spiders...'

Charles Darwin to J.S. Henslow, 1832

I am burning with Spiders, each leg a friction match
to strike a flame. They are forming webs in my mind,
busy weavers; interlocking, strong, well-hung.
Ideas wriggle like half caught flies, too fleet to pin down.
At night the ship's nauseous rocking lulls me into dreams.
I hear their susurrus inside the thin wood cupping me.
Stroked by the hot thread of the red-hot Spiders,
the bright eight-legged sirens leading me on
I wake and swing in this hammock of thought.
Wrapped in silk of flinchless reason;
so hard to ignore this original spin.

Liana Joy Christensen

Hymn to Commensal Bacteria

Creatures beyond counting
occupy the universe of your body
Begot and begat and begat
numberless generations
while in your sky the moon wanes
and waxes fat
just once

Do not be alarmed
Only the smallest fraction
of your tenants will ever
need to be evicted
to multiply in Petri dishes
should you fall sick

As for the rest, most could be
classified as amiable squatters
Ah, but the precious few pay generous rent
in services rendered
if you have the wit to know
that being pristine may bring you
too close to God for comfort
or rather too near the
earth you spurned if you
prefer the secular turn of mind

Being a bodily universe
it would not hurt
for you to cast a beneficent eye
on your domains
because while it remains true
that the tribes of your ear canal
know naught of the clans

between your toes
you are the one supposed to
possess the brains to wonder
And no dweller in deep oceanic trenches
is stranger than those who live
in your intestinal tract
And that's a fact

Emily Ballou

How to Geologise Abroad

He chipped
at hillocks.
Hammer tapped
slaty sandstone
scales of mica
granite, veins
of feldspar & quartz.
Humboldt (of course)
had been here before
but Charles would leave
his own score
the beat of mallet
defeating the cleavage of eons
ferruginous stone
abounding with fossils.
All around him
slow toil: Snow
Volcano, Earthquake,
Thunder Storms.
He could hear the plinging
of little molten tears
red lapilli lava had left
falling through the air,
welding the animals in.

Forms for Rapture

In the ringing forests of Brazil
even the frogs came out for evening song
matched the crickets in chant & lit
by the flashing green matter
of fireflies, recalled to him the bright
heartbreak of Malibran.

Stunned still until he catches
one winged, nocturnal beetle
a pulsing emerald in cupped palms
he watches the light within. Inner
radiance is impossible
to conceal. Beryl & chromium,
chemical organs, forms
for rapture.

Charles studies firefly courtship
the intermittent patterned flares that call out
through the night, marvels at how simple
it could be, not hats & dance cards
just the incandescent flaunting song from afar—
come find me.

He suspects that passion too
gives man new
faculties akin
to the suckered feet
of the singing jungle frog
crawling perfectly vertical
up a pane of glass when captured;
or the larvae of a *Lampyris*:
lumiferous organs
of attachment.

Even when the firefly
is decapitated it retains
its brightness, its shining
sticky fluid & every slight touch
prior to death only amplifies
the intensity of its light.

Credits

Emily Ballou: ‘Forms of Rapture’ and ‘How to Geologise Abroad’ are from *The Darwin Poems* (UWA Press) 2009.

Liana Christensen: ‘Hymn to Commensal Bacteria’ published as ‘Cohabitation 3’ in *PAN, Philosophy, Activism, Nature, Vol. 4*, 2007.

P. S. Cottier: ‘Emma Darwin looks back, 1896’ is from *The Glass Violin*, Ginninderra Press, 2008. ‘Red-hot with Spiders’ was published in *The Canberra Times*, 27 June 2009.

Faith de Savigné: ‘Stromatolites’ was published in *Poetry Monash, Kalliope*.

Carol Jenkins: ‘Fishing in the Devonian’ and ‘Pollen’ are from *Fishing in the Devonian*, Puncher & Wattmann, 2008.

Martin Langford: ‘The Animal Book’ and ‘The Silence of the Frogs’ are from *The Human Project*, Puncher and Wattmann, 2009.

Ynes Sanz: ‘Corrugated Coral’ by first appeared in *Fanny the Flying Housewife & other stories*, Brisbane, Australia, May 2009.

Rob Walker: ‘slater’ is from *micromacro*, Seaview Press, 2006.

Biographical Notes

Emily Ballou is an Australian poet, novelist and screenwriter. *The Darwin Poems* (UWA Press, 2009) was awarded the Wesley Michel Wright Poetry Prize in 2009 and highly commended in the Anne Elder Award.

John Bennett studied physics, chemistry and biology at school and the philosophy of science at University. He worked closely with scientists while at NSW NPWS.

Liana Joy Christensen is a literature major who for years has been conducting a none-too-clandestine love affair with science.

Mike Cooper was born in Tasmania in 1939. He graduated in Science from the University of Tasmania. In 2008 he published *A Gutful of Poems*.

P.S. Cottier has written a PhD on animals in Dickens, a poetry collection called *The Glass Violin* and a short story collection called *A Quiet Day* the latter two published by Ginninderra Press.

Faith de Savigné has had poems published in Australia and the USA and plays performed in Short and Sweet and Playtime @World Bar.

Benjamin Dodds is a poet whose work has appeared in both print and online journals. Before becoming a teacher, he worked as a laboratory technician.

t w gee writes with OOTA at Fremantle Arts Centre. She attempts to meld words to entertain and provoke interest. The poems are from her SF novel - *Erth*.

Carol Jenkins first book *Fishing in the Devonian* (Puncher & Wattmann) was short-listed for the Anne Elder and the Victorian Premier's Prize. She runs River Road Press, publishing audio CDs of Australian poets.

Saskia Hewitt studied science communication and linguistics at University of Western Australia and has been working in children's science education. She has been making up poems and stories since before she could write them down.

Martin Langford's most recent collection is *The Human Project* (Puncher & Wattmann, 2009). He is the editor of *Harbour City Poems* (Puncher & Wattmann, 2009), an anthology of poems about Sydney.

Meg Mooney has been in central Australia for 23 years, living and working with Aboriginal communities for most of that time.

Meredi Ortega lives in WA and her work has appeared in various miscellanies. She believes the universe is the best poem of them all.

Michael Sharkey has worked as an academic and editor of literary journals and anthologies. He has published biographies and several collections of poems.

Rob Walker is a poet, writer and teacher who lives in the Adelaide Hills. His previous work is all over.

Annamaria Weldon is writing about Yalgorup Wetlands during her Adaptation Residency at SymbioticA, UWA. In 2008 Sunline Press published her poetry collection *The Roof Milkmaids*.

About This Project

This project is a national collaborative poetry and science project initiated by Carol Jenkins for the Poets Union Inc working in partnership with National Science Week 2010, The Royal Australian Institute of Science (RiAus), The Australian Poetry Centre, The State Library of NSW, WritingWA, The Northern Territory Writers Centre, Queensland Poetry Festival, The ACT Writers Centre, Friendly Street Poets and The SA Writers Centre, The Tasmanian Writers Centre, The Hunter Writers Centre, South Coast Writers Centre, New England Writers Centre, David Musgrave of Puncher & Wattmann and Judith Martinez of Bird Creative. This significant collaboration sees a stellar program celebrating science in poetry as part of National Science Week 2010, with collaborators hosting thirteen events across Australia involving poets, scientists and the public, with an audio program being broadcast in local and community radio stations and available as a download from collaborators' websites.

For a limited period, from National Science Week 14 August 2010 until 30 November 2010 the three titles in the *Science Made Marvellous Series* will also be available as a PDF for free download from collaborators' websites including the Poets Union at: www.poetsunion.com

The Editors

Thanks to the editors Dr Victoria Haritos, a biochemist who leads CSIRO Entomology Division's Biological Chemistry Team and Brook Emery, Chair of the Poets Union, who have selected the poems in this volume, and the accompanying volumes *Law and Impulse* and *Holding Patterns*, of the Science Made Marvellous Series. Carol Jenkins, as Project Editor, has put together all other text and materials for the Science Made Marvellous Series.

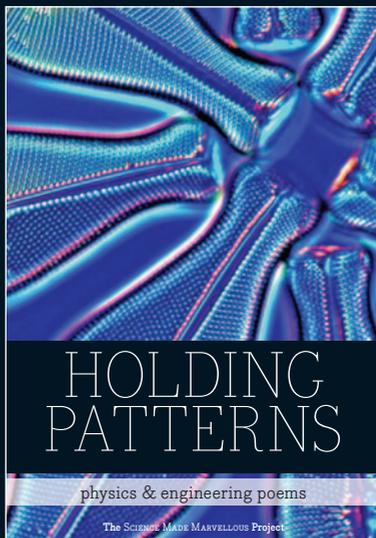
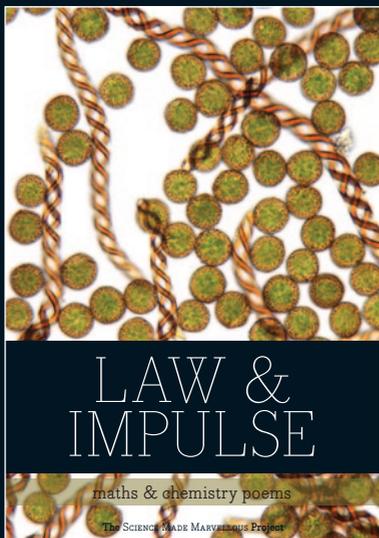
Cover Image

The cover image is a photomicrograph of *Penicillium*, one of many fungi commonly known as 'Bread Mould'. Microscopically the variation in the clusters of brush-like, spore-bearing conidiophores differentiate the numerous species. This photomicrograph has a field size: 0.2 mm x 0.13 mm. The image is used with kind permission of Ron Oldfield.

Ron Oldfield is a Senior Research Fellow, Department of Biological Sciences, Macquarie University. This photomicrograph is part of a body of work that reflects an elegant union of art and science. Technically brilliant, Oldfield's work is a product of teaching and research that has won him the Eureka Prize and many international competitions.

THANKS

The Poets Union gratefully acknowledges National Science Week and the Australian Government for their assistance in funding Science Made Marvellous. Thanks also to those who submitted poems, the scientists whose work inspired the poems and the dedicated staff and volunteers working with collaborating partners in writing centres, poetry organisations, universities and agencies around Australia.



These three slim volumes in the Science Made Marvellous Series show off the rich entanglements of poetry and science. They celebrate science with poems that are concise, witty, observant, wondering, and warmly appreciative. Here is poetry not just as litmus, measuring science's absorption into our lives, but poetry that experiments with science, in all its complex variables and hyperbolic hypotheses.

Carol Jenkins
For The Poets Union



The Poets Union Inc

