ADD PENETRANT TO PREFERRED BROADLEAF HERBICIDE & DEVASTATE THE WILDFLOWERS

an overabundance of lupins scours the Mackenzie Country
scorched pestilent amid shallow rabbit digs & wildling pines
glacial sediment pigmenting lakes blue as the cyanide
-spiked bliss balls we cull wallabies with
Ferafeed 217: Peanut Butter Classic
local farmers are obligated
to eliminate the lupins although a few plant them on purpose contentiously
providing forage fodder for merino sheep in the high country
they're pretty these weeds
deep rooted & pernicious shedding
protein rich seeds & a kind of shade that only other unwanteds can live beneath

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in a carpark on the shore of Lake Tekapo
the rabbit gets shot over and over again
yet will not die

amateur photographers lined up like a firing squad
as the rabbit hustles into the lupin thicket

where I crouch low unspotted by the throng
their lanyards & itineraries
to snap up unpopulated scenery
in a picture I will not send you
snow-capped peaks etcetera & of course the noxious pastel tapestry
a cheap pixelated sunset
an aestheticized bruise
plus a rabbit that poses for me like warm taxidermy
half the sun cupped in its silky earlobe
blood vessels ignited petal pink

I expect the photo could win an award at the A&P show
if they hadn't banned pictures of the bloody lupins the lazy ease
of such inconsiderate loveliness

the tour bus moves on the rabbit and I remain

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all humanity's accomplishments
are due to a six-inch layer of topsoil
& the fact that it rains

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& where it won't rain we irrigate
until the green believes us
crop circles patrolled by centre pivots
unparching the lucerne the clover heiracium
this false precipitation this sunshower of effluent
rainbows glinting from the fine spray of shit

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so much depends on
whether the sheep are hungry enough
to tolerate the taste of toxic alkaloids

as the lupins bloom out the summer in their splendid blushing colonies
both the planters of lupins & their weedkiller neighbours insist
that nature should take its course
but they can't agree on what nature means:
conserving shriveled unpalatable tussock or letting slip
the lupine war on the landscape floral battalions

whose thorns do you prefer
sweet briar rosehip or matagouri

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the lupins lend their purpleness to prose & I am ill equipped to be alone
with this sentimental glut
unearned emotions a too-easy picturesque
florid & fecund & phallic all guzzle & loll
choking the riverbed with sex
ovaries & stamens orbicular pods naked waxen stems
little pink hoods yielding like skin inside out
fallow on linens which still reek of cross-pollination
I suppose you could say
I haven't buried the hatchet I am still swinging it
in my splintered fist I am building a tiny house with it in the Mackenzie Country
because I cannot live inside you

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meanwhile the lupins wring out their bright disaster of seeds
in the riverbed & propagate downstream