

*TOM PETSINIS*

**Magpie Calling**

Yours isn't a crow's to-do  
Rejoicing in a rubbish bin,  
Nor screech of a cockatoo  
With crest brightly singed –  
It's the voice of poet-sage  
Singing not of old tragedy,  
Of swords ringing in rage,  
But an innocent geometry  
And its law-abiding lines,  
Of numbers in their prime  
Pining for an ordered way –  
Sing to me, inspired bird,  
Of infinities beyond words  
Only your singing can say.

From *Zero's Whisper*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, 2024