

Sunlight of Ordinary Days

Twelve Poets of the Peter Cowan Writers' Centre



Photo credit: Scott-Patrick Mitchell

ISBN 978-0-646-57151-5

**Copyright © 2012 Twelve Poets of the Peter Cowan
Writers' Centre**

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior, explicit, written permission of the individual authors who have identified themselves as the authors as covered by all relevant State, National and International copyright laws.



First published in Australia, 2012, by
Twelve Poets of the Peter Cowan Writers' Centre
Edith Cowan House, Building 20
Edith Cowan University
270 Joondalup Drive
Joondalup, Western Australia, 6027
www.pcwc.org.au

Sunlight of Ordinary Days
Peter Cowan Writers' Centre
2011 Advanced Poetry Workshops Anthology
ISBN 978-0-646-57151-5

Editor: John Charles Ryan

Printer: Abbott & Co Printers
21 Glasford Rd, Kewdale WA 6105 (08) 9353 1166

Photography: Scott-Patrick Mitchell and Gary Colombo De Piazzi

For information about ordering: cowan05@bigpond.com or
jryan9@our.ecu.edu.au

Acknowledgments

The Twelve Poets of the Peter Cowan Writers' Centre wish to acknowledge the Centre for initiating and organising the 2011 Advanced Poetry Workshops. Our sincere thanks to John McMullan, Pedro Suarez and all the PCWC Committee Members for the work they have done in support of Western Australian writers. We extend great thanks to Andrew Taylor for his enthusiasm for and commitment to the workshops, and for his important role in designing the year-long series. We also acknowledge the expertise and experience of all workshop convenors including Andrew Burke, Lucy Dougan, Kevin Gillam, Dennis Haskell, Andrew Lansdown, Shane McCauley, Glen Phillips and Andrew Taylor.

Some poems in this anthology have been previously published in journals, performed in public or recognised in competitions. Matthew Hall's 'A Scene from Rush Parataxis' (p. 27) was published in *GULCH* (2009, Tightrope Books, eds. Sarah Beaudin, Karen Da Silva and Curran Folkers); 'Set' (p. 29) in *Overland* (Issue 198, Autumn 2010); and 'Hull' (p. 30) in *indigo* (Volume 6, Summer 2011). Nicola-Jane le Breton's 'Resurrection at Poison Point' (p. 32) was performed with two voices at the 2010 Festival of Voice in Denmark, WA and won first place in the Poetry Slam Championship. Her 'South-West Belonging' (p. 35) won the 2011 Perilously Short (Nature) Writing Competition sponsored by *Perilous Adventures Magazine*.

Finally, thanks to Liana Joy Christensen for allowing us to use the phrase 'sunlight of ordinary days' from her poem 'Eat Me, Drink Me' for the title of this anthology.

Preface

Andrew Taylor

In August 2010 John McMullan, then President of the Peter Cowan Writers' Centre, told me of his ambition for the Centre to run a series of ten monthly poetry workshops through 2011. He asked me if I would put the plan into action. John's idea that the participants should enroll for the whole series seemed ambitious, given how notoriously poor poets are, but his enthusiasm and sound business sense quickly, and triumphantly, prevailed.

I have long believed that many good writers who have reached a substantial level of achievement can benefit greatly from an additional external boost that can push them to a new level. Common enough in the musical world, the idea of the traditional master class however did not quite fit with our resources or timetable. Instead John and I decided to draw on the pool of highly accomplished published poets in Perth, each to give a single workshop, each on a topic of their own choice. There was to be no graded progression, no formal 'course structure'. Each workshop was to be 'a new raid on the articulate' (to misquote TS Eliot), unpredictable perhaps, stimulating certainly.

The Centre quickly advertised for participants and handled all subsequent administration. Applicants were asked to submit a brief portfolio of recent work. I limited participation to a manageable twelve, although more than thirty

applied. Those successful were chosen largely on the quality of their work – all were already published – but also explicitly with an eye to creating a varied, dynamic and interactive group who could learn from each other as well as from the workshop leaders. That this has worked out is obvious in the present volume. I also planned, or hoped, that the leaders too, like all good teachers, might learn from the participants. I certainly have.

My thanks to all those who led the seminars, and to my colleague Glen Phillips, Edith Cowan University's representative on the PCWC Committee and always a source of good advice. And of course very warm congratulations to all the poets who took part. Their spontaneous enthusiasm in producing this collection is a tribute to what they have achieved.

*Andrew Taylor is the author of more than fifteen books of poetry, including *Collected Poems* (Salt, UK 2004) and *The Unhaunting* (Salt, 2009). He is Professor Emeritus at Edith Cowan University and divides his time between Perth and Wiesbaden, Germany.*

Editorial

John Charles Ryan

Participants in the Peter Cowan Writers' Centre 2011 Advanced Poetry Workshops discussed the possibility of *Sunlight of Ordinary Days* well before the last meeting of the seminar series. The anthology that you now hold is meant as a record of our collective accomplishments and directions under the tutelage of eight highly esteemed poets, teachers and advocates of creative writing in the State.

In this short, seventy-four page anthology, there are twelve poets, each with a distinctive style. A considerable energy emanates from each five-page crystallisation. The dozen poets are given brief spaces in which to develop something for the reader—a scene, a recollection, an emotion, an idea. You will find yourself pulled into our galaxies, as word bursts produce collective starlight (and *sunlight*). The alphabetical procession, while greatly simplifying the design of the anthology, also results in the serendipitous arrangement of pieces into a whole.

While heterogeneous and polyvocal, this anthology is also testimony to the devotion of the contributors to their poetries. Some of the pieces show traces of year-long mentoring through references to workshop leaders or techniques practiced. The palimpsestic approach of Glen Phillips is reflected in two poems: Gary De Piazzi's 'To See What Is Done and Do It Again' and Cuttlewoman's 'Badgered (Swampy's Shed)'. These palimpsests contextualise poetic acts in traditions. Moreover, Julie Watts' 'Continuo in C# Minor' is an upshot of Kevin Gillam's writing-by-cello technique, and Liana Joy Christensen's 'Exchange Rate' was prompted by Kevin's line 'I write in red light'.

The American poet W.D. Snodgrass defines style as 'that quality of voice which suggests qualities of mind'. Yet style also suggests qualities of place. It is no coincidence that some pieces in *Sunlight* reflect the placeness of Western Australia, with its three-hundred sunny days a year. Nicola-Jane le Breton's sensuous 'Shimmer at Lights' and John Ryan's (if I may say) hypnotic 'The Pool' are examples of poetry composed to sunlight. Scott-Patrick Mitchell's acutely observational 'shoot the night right through', in contrast, celebrates the liberations and limitations of darkness: ', i freewheel lamp-lit alleys &/ moon-hued lanes, all the places/ traffic cannot easily fit...'

These poems locate a reader in other places as well. Edith Cowan's house with its intriguing 'architectural miscegenation' inspired Liana Joy Christensen's 'The Enchantment of Edith Cowan's House'. Mags Webster's haunting 'Salvage' has its locus in a bedroom, as read through the prismatic metaphor of a ship. Josephine Wilson's 'Black Saxpence' translocates a reader geographically to the expansiveness of the Scottish landscape set against the postmodern two-dimensionality of the Internet. Flora Smith's 'Gypsies in Uzbekistan' stimulates the imagination for places one has yet to see, but to which good poetry can transport: '...in that desert country/ at places where traffic slowed and waited'.

The title of the anthology acknowledges the ordinary while celebrating the numinous in the everyday. Matthew Hall's phrase 'the wilderness of sacral names' from his carefully crafted 'Hyaline' evokes reverence as an attitude towards a place. But the difficulty of faith is the subject of Rashida Murphy's 'Obedience', while her 'Standard Australian English' conveys the often ironic juxtapositions between the sacred and the profane: 'A vermilion mark/ on a holy cow...A blast of prayer/ from a grimy tower'.

You are holding an unusual textual creature, spawned by the 2011 Peter Cowan poetry workshops. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed watching it grow.

CONTENTS

Liana Joy Christensen	
Five Unnatural Haikus	11
Exchange Rate	12
The Enchantment of Edith Cowan's House	13
Eat Me, Drink Me	14
Five Things We Can Learn From Limpets	15
Cuttlewoman	
Scales of Sad	16
Badgered (Swampy's Shed)	17
Lucre	18
The Tree Said	20
Gary Colombo De Piazzi	
Entirely Lacking	21
Road Trip	22
To See What Is Done and Do It Again	23
The Fleeting Moment of Humanity	24
Breaking Free	25
Matthew Hall	
Hyaline	26
A Scene from Rush Parataxis composition [7]	27
Set	28
Set	29
Hull	30
Nicola-Jane le Breton	
Shimmer at Lights	31
Resurrection at Poison Point	32
On Lights Road	33
Displaced Soundscape	34
South-West Belonging	35
Scott-Patrick Mitchell	
corrupt whole	36
shoot the night right through	37
this mill shall explode, rolling down the dough	38
the 1rst poem	39
weather song for instrument strung	40

Rashida Murphy	
In This Valley	41
Yoga	42
Standard Australian English	43
Shifting the Pictures	44
Obedience	45
John Charles Ryan	
Questioning Botanical Forms	46
Morphologies of Water	48
The Pool	49
Smokebush	50
Flora Smith	
Countdown	51
Gypsies in Uzbekistan	52
Time and Aunt Maud	53
Watching Her	55
Julie Watts	
Continuo in C# Minor	56
A Spit of Sun	57
After the Eye Injury	58
Carine at Dusk	59
O Mio Babbino Caro	60
Mags Webster	
Chemistry	61
Colour Theory	62
Cryptic	63
Family Portrait	64
Salvage	65
Josephine Wilson	
Black Saxpence, or Poetry in the Age of the Internet	66
Moving On	69
Nouns and Verbs	70
Notes on Contributors	71



Photo credit: Scott-Patrick Mitchell

Liana Joy Christensen

FIVE UNNATURAL HAIKUS

1

My mother enters
an institution and my
anarchist heart grieves

2

My mother was born
the same year as Hazel Hawke
and Anne Frank

3

My mother gave me poetry
then silenced me
the reverse is also true

4

My mother wandered
all her life, now
her wits do, too

5

The institution enters
my mother
my anarchist heart grieves

EXCHANGE RATE

I write in red light
line of sight sharp
hold you in the cross
hair glare shut
one eye
shoot
a thousand
words dead

I write in red light
two moons set
air thins steel
ticks a death watch
know these words
will live on
unread

I write in red light
pout hitch my skirt
thigh high lean in
How much, love?
no words said

THE ENCHANTMENT OF EDITH COWAN'S HOUSE

Why these wooden shingles on the prominent part of the house frontage? They run vertically in short napped wood and don't overlap. The rest of the span is recessed as per the standard house plan, and done in horizontal planks that are average enough, except for the boxy rectangular column with vertical boards that outlines a doorway serving as a passage from nowhere to . . . nowhere else. Are all writers' houses equipped with such portals? Having come here to learn poetry will I carry away the secret knowledge of how to build in two dimensions simultaneously? Is it possible to dwell well with easy access between this realm and that other which-shall-not-be-named these days? I am tempted to walk through the door and see if it functions like a certain wardrobe or platform-nine-and-a-half. Nailed neatly just in front of the column is a plain verandah post tipsily finished by a finial set at an awkward height, as misplaced as a lamppost in a forest clearing. No faun. No bullnose either. Just the rather twee calfnose over the window surrounded by shingles. Whirling through the air between Mt Lawley and here the house became as tangled and mangled as my allusions. Now here it rests in the pines, in the pines. An unsuccessful essay into architectural miscegenation, it still offers shelter to the odd tribe of writers. A good place, but don't look too closely or you will see that the results are much like A.B.'s successfully separated Siamese twin poem. Only this isn't. Justified.

EAT ME, DRINK ME

The skin we are wrapt in
to begin with is permeable
watch any loved infant
you can see free exchange
between outside and in

Yet as we grow larger
the inner skin dries
if we cease to be
pliantly present

Contracted pores
block energy
and battering down
the doors of perception
with chemical hammers
risks disintegration

Still wonderland flares iridescent
in the sunlight of ordinary days
go ask snakes
I think they know
the way to shed
again and again
coming out tenderly
and bigger each season

No need to go off chasing rabbits
they come to you in the music
of the sixties and lovemaking
and the rush of water on rocks

The supple and subtle snakes
unhinge their jaws
and swallow ecstasy whole

FIVE THINGS WE CAN LEARN FROM LIMPETS

Strength does not depend on size.

§

It can be hard to spot what is rock
and what is not.

§

Some snails are themselves gardeners.

§

Design mines or find cures for cancers
limpets still ride out the tides.

§

Not everything that looks like a limpet
truly is.

Cuttlewoman

SCALES OF SAD (BEVERLEY TERRACE, SOUTH GUILDFORD, WA)

With help from Matthew Hall, Flora Smith, Julie Watts and Glen Phillips

Give me a smile, my love. It never looked so bad, that is true. There is more to this than we can cool or feed or clean. You wipe cold tears with warm laughter, flying the river beneath your canoe. All we wanted was to be together without militia!

I count my fingers. Ten. I have at least digital luck. With thanks I practice an octave of acceptance and crumple at the scrap, a lottery ticket, modest in my pocket. On this dull afternoon all we have between us is this shivering of weather enough to make sense of a gold vinyl coat in Australia.

BADGERED (SWAMPY'S SHED)

*Palimpsest based on John Clare's 'The Badger',
with thanks to Glen Phillips*

When I wake you at midnight and we shuffle off sleep
shambling out to your shed, our den, and you
put up the lantern on the old filing cabinet,
and we laugh and kiss and pass the time...
Here comes the morning demanding an ending—
That old fox morning, beheading night's goose.
Scant poached light falls across the oily floor.
Sniff the day and here's the dog scratching at the door.
The children lope in, with cheerful morning voices,
With clapping hands, burps, complaints, and alien noises,
Baiting our late supperings, our midnight on toast,
Trapping our kisses, and torturing cups of tea with cupid lips.
Why the ancients would depict Love as a child—I cannot scrounge
a purpose. All I know is our nocturnal communing
turns tail, exeunt, and lurks, the werewolf in the wings.
They will weary, the children, surely, before his next lunar cue.

LUCRE

*For Linh and Justin who are wise about hunger and with thanks to
Lucy Dougan and Vivienne Glance for ideas of how to craft this poem*

I. Linh in Vietnam

With what thanks,
she chops and stirs and steams
the small portion is all that can be afforded—
a splash, a celebration.
Another time she watches, empty,
whilst the child eats a handful.
Another time, nobody eats.

Owning the food
Is the crux
Of the matter.

II. Here in my head

It is our skinful
of shame:
When there is not enough to eat,
which mother chooses which child starves?
In what finery, with what guilt and golden robes,
with what light and hasty phrasing, with whose logo,
do we, the fed, squat on carthrones with phonesepulchres
and cappuccino-orbs, mocking
the skinny their most miserable choices?

III. Here, walking

You say,
*Let nature do it, the sifting and the sieving.
Nature takes care of the innocent.*
So handsome is my brown-eyed boy,

the gift, the sacrifice to the whimsical
and erratic rhythms of the years,
the one with the rips and the tears
and the tears.

Me, I am just me,
a girl in a puffball skirt
and a peasant blouse,
frizzeries in her hair.

In the pleasuring forest we walk slowly.
We talk in constantly, regard dirt in insect detail.
It is as if words could fuel us,
fund our next moves.
Compost your vowels, my sweetling.
I cannot stop up the images, the ideas,
tiny timings within words that are
raindrops falling in a cup.
We must have ideas, have ideas, have ideas.
Must feed ideas, feed them, feed them.
They need beckoning, caressing,
Bathing and burping, pinching and prodding.

We walk and wander,
scattering inky parrots under storm clouds
gathering with the tight evening.
We watch as the first stars pop and fizz;
wait as the sun gurgles down amongst the trees;
greet the sky blistering into another morning,
and the dogs need walking.

Every few steps you throw down raisins.
The raisins are wolfed by the dogs.
The dogs leave silver trails of saliva,
A trail to remind me of waste and of money.

THE TREE SAID,

For Lizzie Troup who loves the forest and dogs

The tree said,

*I cannot love
I cannot move my blood
I cannot call the other trees
Must wait my turn to fall
When the plague of
Clearfellers calls.*

So I sat with my soft little dog
In my lap inside the tree
Listening with my whole skin
To the cool hallowing of
My hollow tree kin.

My hollow insides howl.

Gary Colombo De Piazzi

ENTIRELY LACKING

Oh I love you and this grief
that desires to be fed
empties me with its great will.

Oh I love you sweeps
sand storms through my thoughts.
The abrasive desire for you
with nowhere to rest.

You spill my life
through your fingers
tease and corrupt images
flouncing behind my eyes
scripted by demons
that cajole with your laugh.

And me, your voodoo doll
a marionette you have tired of.

I lay on your stage
a tangle of arms and legs
with nothing to animate me.

ROAD TRIP

A waste of time
this twitch movement
spurting life into vignettes
with the pluck & pick
of days constrained
to flicker moments.
Rapid unconnected
strobe moments

pinching staccato eye
with hefted weight
and bear you down chores.
Building, building beyond
what the fingers can hold
on this road trip life
with flicker light dark
winding shadow route.

And in the backward looking
microscope on the elemental
white line journey
filled with half formed promises
and incomplete steps
there is no relief.
The dash and slip away
truck stop profanity
hitch hiker indifference.

TO SEE WHAT IS DONE AND DO IT AGAIN

(Palimpsests on the first and last word of each line of William Blake's 'Ah Sunflower')

<p>1.</p> <p>Ah to see Who would come Seeking those who belong Where people fear to tread</p> <p>Where birds briefly settle And the sky clouds itself to Arise from the blue morning Where lakes shimmer the night away</p>	<p>2.</p> <p>a toss to scramble time and cheat the sun in the recurring clime undo what is done</p> <p>this race to desire wrack against snow with the breath to aspire and the will to go.</p>
---	---

THE FLEETING MOMENT OF HUMANITY

Step outside with no care
collapse each foot beyond
the overlay of doubt
to imprint the hardest surface.

Remnants of passage, of presence
in linear impositions creating
destructing semi permanent
alterations to the land.

Each plain a new canvas
with its join-the-dots impressions
haphazard and spontaneous
interweaving patterns.

Impervious to the land
turn of the hand forges
destruction with the briefest
movement.

Dislocated, relocated people
who come and go
in the rape and looting
building ego artefacts.

Blind to the insignificance of humanity
in the slow weathering of stone
the levelling of mountains.
Unable to see tomorrow in forever.

BREAKING FREE

Outlined buildings
rise above trees like teeth
and the distant hum of traffic
echoing bees on a summer day.

The air with its grime and soot
grates against membranes
with its sandpaper grit

caught against the flow and pull
of wildflowers as scents waft -
seductive.

And on my tongue

the freshness of forest rivers
as this road takes me

Matthew Hall

HYALINE

above the cut of cardinal points
 wind-borne, we survive by the gentle flesh
 and detail and we ourselves
 bear the wilderness of sacral names

distances become emblematic the agate
 breath felled in the moment's arc
 of bone your hand outstretched
 brilliant with love's veldt touch

or how you explain the dark certainty
 of your daughter's laughter drawn
 forward into the occulted myth where once
 you passed through the haulm unaccompanied

the orchard's sounds through a dusty kitchen
 where what was learned before we learned
 to bury this earthen dream outside, the winds, also,
 share this wealth of no necessary language.

A SCENE FROM RUSH PARATAXIS (a history of the Canadian plains)

blooding the dogs to sparrow sounds
histories are grey-sky words
smoke signals the corruptor of hawks
and the hunt through milked streams, stillness
the anaesthetic that defies encampment rings
distances not visible in pale aubade light
earthly flesh of information transfer
feints over wilderness inexorable smoke
communication transmuted distance by winds
of migration having spoken grain by grain
on the tangled edge of the prairie
fire consumes all vastness one is broken
into impelled by the drugs of other histories
the ground idylls in rock paintings
well disposed to particular narratives
fenceless lost cultures diurnal
the lexicon of spear grass
totem poles appear ashen in depthless soil
these scalps hanging from my every hand

composition [7]

after Louis Armand

'scauer' partition
 elemental counter valence
 vaults capacity
 saccade
 petroglyphs in the possession
 of nature
 the lassitude of soldered flesh
 'resemblance of place'
 the winds.
 scarification and the landmarks
 undifferentiated ~~disparate~~
 memories of home

the inescapable escape
 the shores of field
 resinous in light decline
 these tactile and prone
 assumptions

SET

day's thread equivalence

reading the distance

sodium-dark light

a blast of shaking hands

attenuating out forwards

frostlines before you

signals in the heavy wash

the friction of tracks

tracing our sterilized tendons

a path appears

ties across an old wound

the system closes in

still waters emancipate

known surfaces

HULL

after Mark Dickinson

*not even quietude
or lit beneath
the saline folds of water*

*these times now
twist in the cloistral margin
the weight of ring's encasement*

*growth in cream, flax, and rust-drawn rings
nautilus, your many chambered shell
pressed in fissure
where waters flit in tidal suck*

*inclined crag of shelter sways
sands rush, stone-wrasse & anemone
wash in the languorous sprawl overhead*

*in a crevice of porous stone
drawing breath in the craning light
your fractural image*

*in a shallowing pool
clutched to a mollusced ledge
in the upswell, now pearled in refracted red*

*you find both rest and motion
in water's drift. a shell's darkening growth
and roots tethered to still*

Nicola-Jane le Breton

SHIMMER AT LIGHTS

Granite
 has gathered
 this pocket of sea no crash, no rip
 where memory's sediment
 glitters free

Seaweed
 words weave and
 wrap, slip and slap, without current slide
 into tidelines with shattered
 shell feet till

veiled verse
 laps salted, green,
 and breaks into shimmer a glimmer
 the whisper of land un-
 burdening sea

March, 2011

RESURRECTION AT POISON POINT

Stepping across slanted stone,
rimmed by marri and peppermint
and the crenellated calls of cormorant and swan,
the sun slides gold into our bones...

in a clearing the shape of a tear-drop.

Dolerite divided from itself into ancient tools.
Once pleated through crystalline granite—
Now the scattered artefacts of a people
that some say were never here.

“What a convenient way to take another’s land.”

At the quarry’s edge, I sit on a quilted coat
of green and brown moss, stitched with silver
and perforated with perfect blades of grass.
Time splits open and my skin turns black...

Once this clearing rose above a fertile valley.

Gazing at a lizard trap, I remember—
the bright simplicity of a connected life.
My friend stoops over a yamma hole
and tastes again the earth’s pooled tears...

It was a meeting place of many rivers.

Collecting the debris of careless sightseers,
My fingers are pricked by pincushion lilies—
Borya, resurrected out of desiccation,
through brilliant orange into green...

flaming umbilical from the water-deep land.

June, 2010

ON LIGHTS ROAD

This afternoon my resolve
unbuckles
into a full belly
of grief.

An incoming text –
a sound like sunlight
on broken glass,
and I am falling again
in a column
of luminous loss.

Goodbyes are so impossible.
But today,
memory borrows my heart
and cleaves me
from myself.

November, 2010

DISPLACED SOUNDSCAPE

Let maybe-owls or flutter-tongue frogs
plait sound-ropes – silk and polyphonic,
veronese green through grey –
with stuttering of staccato-moon crickets
to titillate the gladdening dark,
displacing and disgracing
hallowed ghosts away.

April, 2011

SOUTH-WEST BELONGING

Southern seas baptise her. Tall forests
cloak her green. Karri, marri, jarrah –
sound their names like psalms
in a landscape that maps longing
into deep belonging.

She is a tannin-stained river of spent
tears, a tangled edge of torn paperbarks,
shedding skins, shredding parchments,
she forgets and forgives lost selves,
might have beens.

Each day, she is embroidered in blossom
through once-burnt heath. By night, she dreams
of stars, their light ungirdled, and salt-white lips
of moon soothing river, inlet and sea...
unpeeling dark and thorny coats, revealing
translucent inner being.

August, 2011

Scott-Patrick Mitchell

corrupt whole

meat flower he consumptively
devours carnality. greed is this

: gorge on four times recommended
dose & the feed it seeds inside your

blood, irrespective of will's sour
strength

. aftermath is pornographic
in portent: any man that can shall

come

, delivering degrees more
degrading than feat he proves

mad enough to complete. shock
& awe mock the whore: disbelief

tinged with disgust is the scent he
exhumes from the rotting wound of

his self-respect as addiction. the
excess is just a symptom of filling

absence with more of nothing

.

shoot the night right through

vagrant city: abandonment is
filthy, stains the following: a

hoarding smeared with smog
& exhaustion, doors made for

revolving, bus shelters with
steel uncomfot built in &

all the places people drag their
soles. wind-filled plastic bagging

, i freewheel lamp-lit alleys &
moon-hued lanes, all the places

traffic cannot easily fit. i hunt the
trajectory of vandals, destruction

- of the self & the cbd & suburbs
surrounding both it & me – is the

only purpose for being currently
, stuck in a perpetual motion

machine of navigating on, empty
, save for a camera full of the night

& how us ghosts make it hum

.

this mill shall explode, rolling down the dough

wheels will make the world turn. a
 revolving globe can yield or burn

. clocks & cogs are deals that work
 : befriend them, even though both

hurt. rise like fresh bread or work when
 night is most dead. zombie the shift. pilot

lights are eternal. trust in flight. some
 people lie. others will never apply

words to realtime. be neither
 . instead, commit to intent

meant & never not reply. prolific
 should become your vocabulary

. learn to say no & when you should
 slow. kin by instinct you'll know. open

windows. cause jaws to floor. balance
 shock with soar. explore scientifically

& adore. share really big thoughts
 . eventually, ignore these rules to

bake new 1nes. burn down my mill
 & build yourself a new version. arson

is only illegal without permission. in
 time, wheels will make the same fate

happen to the mill you create: it is all
 part of the pattern. rorschach knew

this. have matches handy at all times
 : it makes the process quicker to flicker

& ignite

.

the 1st poem

on the night of our 1st
 fight, i found the jumper
 left in my bag by yourself
 after my hasty depart. inhaling
 deep, high note aroma un-
 -known tipped tongue like an
 apology should have. the
 garment's size engulfed like
 stupid temper ignites, but
 black & the absence of
 quenched it calm. you set
 alight my insides, & soothe
 centre with your charm

. inhale you i would if you
 scent yourself to me. i'd calm
 being by taking deep breaths
 , inner filled with the breath
 you could give so fragrantly

.

weather song for instrument strung

bow rain hello, call
 wet gliss down along

spinal

. lick my cheek
 . bone cranium

. crown drizzle. succumb
 me to showering need

. precipitate a greed for
 being lonely. minor

things: like belief
 , fulfilment

, coracles
 from the deep

... gutter off freely
 , storm drains with

deluge toward sea

: drown, aqua lung
 . let the rain speak

, articulate this heartache

.

Rashida Murphy

IN THIS VALLEY

The faded ghost of a hopeless poet may have pointed
to the romance of the mist in this valley
as your finger slides to what becomes of the broken hearted
on this frozen morning
and I turn to talk to the cat and grow roses
and sit at train stations that hum with the people
who walk into my stories
and you stake passion fruit and build cars and daleks
in a large shed filled with old wood and new rhythms
and ideas curl up
with me on the couch with a notebook
and I can't see the future as you do
in a buzz of electric steel angels shining at
the ghost of the poet who may have pointed
to the romance of the mist in this valley

YOGA

Yoga and coffee do not suit
Fengshui wins the day
Lapses are forgiven long distance
The ides of march are spent
In bowling alleys

Calamity waits by the door
In green silk and black lace
Smell of grass in her hair
Thought of you on her lips
Destruction in my head.

STANDARD AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH

A vermillion mark
on a holy cow
A toothless smile
from a legless man
A glass bangle
on a restless hand
A blast of prayer
from a grimy tower

Brides wear red
the dead wear white
Marigolds for weddings
and also for funerals

Ganpati for luck
saraswati for learning
Baby krishna on a swing
sacred thread on my wrist
All this
in standard australian english

SHIFTING THE PICTURES

The man on television
talked about shifting
the picture sounds of memory
so that we may live by choice
not by chance

I chose michaelmas daisies
you chose words
when the articulation of feeling
strikes terror in your heart
chance is suddenly attractive

The sky did not fall
and a star did not die
should I thank you
for the perspective on love
that I drowned in choice?

OBEDIENCE

If we wait obediently
as we've been taught
don't you see then
this anxiety is only incidental
this exclusion is only essential
this blindness is only prudent

We cannot see beyond
the construction of our careful lives
or the terror of our unravelling faith
or the silence of our stripped secrets
or the dilemma of our twinned souls

In all that we've been taught

John Charles Ryan

QUESTIONING BOTANICAL FORMS

First response to Sidney Nolan's 'Paradise Garden'

a draught of water
greatly emboldens, in red,
the vased kangaroo paws—

despite my questioning,
we share homeostatic blood

and the faint yellow tufts
under trident banksia
that were dandelions

so then
when my heart broke

how honeypot flowers
gathered up the pieces and
salved the sore sutures

and oracular blooms
indexed the pitch, pull and pulse
of the arid moon

then landing in
lumen

I collapsed
outside five thresholds to grace
leaning like gravestones

the fragrant forest!
nay, I detected bitter notes
of rubbish, bleach and me

with olfaction
making form, I ask

is this a calamari tube?
a lighthouse at head of land?
stick caught in a flume?

a lemon snail parade?
anthers dazzled in storm light
leaning left—cackling!

a bestiary
born in supernova

as brittle buds burst
apart leaving only these
petals of glass shards?

MORPHOLOGIES OF WATER

Second response to Sidney Nolan's 'Paradise Garden'

watermill

angular blades pump
this purple and burnt lemon
hue through my bloodworks

water strider

bilateral twitch
propels forward through ocean
crimson with harvest

water tree

Kimberley boab
such stout trunk, elephant bark—
bassoon of the night

water chemistry

these sparks sent aloft
by the sure force of water
the machine consumed

water pressure

unleashed on forests
as the dénouement of black
cloud arrangements

water snake

flickers a sharp tongue
testing billabong palette,
its belly swelling.

THE POOL

tropical Cyclone Bianca
agitates
the placidity of the reef

a leathery Italian couple
gabble
in old country terms

pale husbands cradle infants
cautiously
towards their first saline stings

snorkelers don polymer
colours
and transfigure to mermen

the male toilet becomes
grainy
and rank like the beach

onyx sand mounds up
against
the razor-scalloped rocks

sea cucumber cow livers
jetsam
in the littoral shallows

desert mirages sparkle
this iris
of Mettams Pool.

SMOKEBUSH

I touch the crown of my skull—
 a shallow crater
 dibbled out by the surgeon's
 falchion and empathise
 with the planet,
 pockmarked by meteorites

the cicatrix of rogue stars
 collided
 into its tender gyrating soma
 like Chicxulub under the Yucatán
 from space
 daubed in sooty clouds the hue

of a man's beard in middle years;
 shared colour
 of the left-slanted script of
 smokebush before our horde
 staunchly leaning
 in the brusque huddle-together
kwongan season earliness;

then sea scended
 rushed down into the inky pit
 doused the bolide flumed
 up a patois of protea
 for which we lull

now alert for Orpheus
 in the laterite
 creeping up waving panicles,
 essence soaking
 into my nervous nexus,
 stochastic *stoechadis*
 such blossomed
 healing
 interruption.

Flora Smith

COUNTDOWN

For Dennis Greene

He got the diagnosis decades back and began -
estimated employment, his girls' growing

factored in years before a walking frame when
he and his stick might yet reach the corner shops

counted ways he could still write, pale fingers
haunting his keyboard, wasting what words he had left

added days when they drove, too closely penned at home
she striding into distance while he considered carpark swans.

Now manoeuvring his soft bulk in and out of armchairs
he whispers at visitors, vocal chords refusing his commands.

He stretches the night with videos. Sleep may fade
her blue-black circles, fray the hawser-lines of strain.

He draws curtains, looks out into familiar dark
peers at the potted bulbs he may see in Spring,

envies the steadfast, red-capped gnome under his sheoak.
He cannot reckon further, knows neither endgame nor the rules

and so he sits, subtracting stars.

GYPSIES IN UZBEKISTAN

They shun the identifying lens
backs turned in photographs rough shapes
escaping at the corners of the frame.

I remembered them from Rome streets emptying
at siesta time scenery shifted for the second act.

From an alleyway a mother and two children
small hands reaching for our pockets.

We came off best but not before
we had a gobbet of spit in our faces.

*

And in that desert country
at places where traffic slowed and waited
the bread stalls or the petrol sellers.

Children for sympathy and theft an older woman
with a frying pan contents reeking blue-black dark.

Thick smoke snaking in at windows
she demanded payment for this blessing.
Refusal met with yelling, banging on car doors.

Some paid for peace others shouted
and gave chase swatted at the pungent air.

Our foreign ears deaf to this performance
we could only watch the scene play out
observe the ancient drama of a gypsy's curse

and be forever left to wonder what she'd said!

TIME AND AUNT MAUD*

I.

I am so tired
 of watching over others' lives, the ebb of days
 awash with small things and the nights -
 endless card games, crochet, checkers
 and someone at the piano playing badly.
 (They would not teach a woman to play chess.)

Des éternelles regards l'onde si lasse.

I am even tired of water now.
 I did not lack for lakes and rivers in my life:
 even lochs in the old country where they sent me
 when it was clear I would not marry here.
 Why would I marry there? I know
 I have loved trees and water over men.

Passent les jours et passent les semaines.

One at the pension in Naples perhaps,
 but we had a bare three days before I left for Rome.
 So there was home: yet more asking for my hand
 and none of them a mind I'd care to walk behind.

Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienn...

I chose to serve the family instead: a gentle tyranny
 of starched sheets and polished silver, a simpleton sister
 for company, my brothers all out farming or to war.
 Thus my bright penny days grew dull, were spent.

Comme la vie est lente.

II.

She was a beauty once, my mother said of the dour aunt with the rapier mind who ruled over grandpa's household.

My teenage self outgrew them; I graduated, went abroad.
On my return, I found a sweet-faced lady in a nursing home;
she'd shed the skin of things that must be done and we had time,

time to forge the bonds that keep me questioning.

We shared our love of poetry, of trees and water.
She'd whisper snippets - *I wanted to leave, to study
and teach Maths, but father said I must stay home and help.
A woman would stay. It was the way of things.*

Calmly, like ruling a line in a ledger; a life filed tidily away.

Decades on, from a forgotten drawer, a youthful photo
and her autograph book: friendships made
in London, Naples, Rome, a chorus
of admiration from Canadian cadets, from young men
of shipboard days pouring out their dreams

as I would pore over this treasure in search of her.

Trying to cobble truths from jumbled pieces, I cede
more shadows: who were her confidants? what of her secrets?
I have sifted the husks of years, am still no nearer knowing
the sultry beauty in the photograph hanging in my hall.

I had time to love her, time to grieve
at the waste of the beautiful girl with the rapier mind.

And I wonder at how close we might have been

**The French lines quoted are from Guillaume Apollinaire's 'Le Pont
Mirabeau'*

WATCHING HER

In reply to Lawrence Durrell's 'Je est un Autre' and of course, to Rimbaud

I know his watcher on the stair,
the woman who watches me watching her.

Paris in the seventies:
I refused to tour Versailles with you, needing space
sat scribbling for 3 hours at the table in our cheap hotel.
When you returned with tales of the wonderful
I heard her laughter, as he said I would.

Batting down a highway in central Java in the dark
with a busload of strangers: she took notes
but our smiles, loud as our singing, bounced off
rusted walls and she slipped out at the next pit stop.

Useless to question mirrors, he says, yet this is where
I find her most accessible. I will turn, admire a sway
of skirt, a match of colours, then I'll catch cattiness
in sideways eyes, carry her faint smile through my day.

She haunts doorways and stairwells, this we know.
Once I ran after her shadow into an autumn afternoon
found only her signature black handbag on a bench.

She watches as I craft a poem, does not mind
midnights or the cold. She knows next morning
I'll be there revisiting my store and wondering -
how much of her have I encrypted here?

Julie Watts

CONTINUO IN C# MINOR

For Kevin Gillam

A dead man's longing
buried in hollowness of cello
vibrates into being

it quickens and swells
within wooden cocoon
slips like a solvent soul

through looping eyelets
spreads its cries
four corners of the room

tumbles an 18 century pain
into our post modern hands
and we know what to do

hold our breathe
bow our heads
sit in stunned submission

to the blending
his baroque ache with ours
and so on and so on

for as long as someone like you
fixes a cello between their knees
for Bach.

A SPIT OF SUN

and the world bursts
a pollen of people.

Doors fling open
and out the hibernated tumble.

Bikes set the briny air
in motion

and cars sniff each other's mufflers
all the way up the happy coast.

The dog beach is a canine
park cavorting

and the beach cafe
spills its patrons over the sidewalks
and the still-damp dunes.

Surfers disrobe with a rush
and the teal beach pumps out
the apple-skinned waves

that thin and peel themselves
towards the arc of bay
still littered with winter seaweed.

A spit of sun
and the silent rows of houses
are split cocoons

pouring out the scampering limbs
of children and their tart cries.

A spit of sun
and couples walk the streets in shorts
pretending it is Spring.

AFTER THE EYE INJURY

After the dark cell
cotton tomb of bandage
- the shock of colour.

The assault of green – those limes,
clotted tongues of jade
shadows of leaf

touching and not
nestled near and above
and dipping

into whim of air.
The shaft of sun, sheer and stark
translucent film with a curled edge.

The grey green thrusts
of lavender purple-nibbed.
The bowing rose a bony arch

disappearing into tangle of palette:
rough greens and the russet flags
of the newly spouted

rusting wafers orange smeared
and the weighted blood-red
rose-hips - glossy as berries

and across it all the straw
body of a dropped palm sheath
cradled on the green backs

of pallbearers holding
this chaff and grain high
onto an altar of light.

CARINE AT DUSK

Carine at dusk
and the white corellas
are a swooping din

of strident primadonnas filling
the emptying day
with dissonant arias.

From eucalypt to eucalypt
they throw themselves like handfuls of confetti
dropping shrieking screeching out

their unholy vespers
pummelling the late air
with jangled cadence.

As the air chills and the sky pales
they chant themselves to bed
settling in the nougat branches

like white fists of fruit
their pearl bodies pinned
to the olive leaves

fastened for the night
as we scurry home
silent and secretive as ants.

O MIO BABBINO CARO

The final betrayal is done
mixed and given
with blood and milk
honey and hemlock.

The old bird, our father
tipped from his crumbling nest
into the clinical crooks
of strangers

his lucid thoughts
dosed with our vagueness
his wandering ones gathered
and tied in a bow for the vase.

But truth hangs in the room
stark and dripping
bloodied haloes
above all our heads.

Oh our beloved father
let us play Puccini for you
while we taint your spoon
with their gruel.

Mags Webster

CHEMISTRY

strip this rust,
peel orange:
I don't believe
this skin

we are metal
hissing water

let me breathe for you
before we dive.
don't take notes; I'll only

oxidise the words
and you are still
too volatile

breathe out, breathe in.
don't react
until

we are bonded. then
you'll feel
I am made of flame.

COLOUR THEORY

I am barefoot-testing
 edge of story hot
 chip slew of words
 strung-out speak machine

thinks it is a shepherd
 I am the steady whisper
 of its sheep but I am rippled
 soulwax I'll not warp

these pilgrim rhythms play
 in reverse I've travelled
 too far into the raw I'm
 stuck in this boneless slow

flicking the brink with a ready
 flex this touch food voice
 this spit of fire
 I've choked on them before

give me the dark of dance
 a want in bronze

CRYPTIC

The clock wipes its hands of another day.
He fumbles in the dust, unscrewing lids,
folding up crosswords, stacking fifty years
into piles of what to keep and what to let go.
Memory corrupts into anagrams. A cardboard
box gets too heavy to move. He wishes
he could contain more, yet not feel empty,
but this is the debt he carries forward
for turning his back on the leavings,
letting slip what cannot be replaced,
holding close only what he is able to hold.
He knows he could have carried more.

One year later he'll open a book
that hasn't breathed since her hands
last held it. She's marked a page as if
she knew, before long, he'd come stumbling,
calling, wait for me. But still he can't follow
the clues she leaves. Across or down?
The pages blur into gridlock.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

She is Queen of Spades, puts a hex
on the rest of the family, has a room

to herself, gilt-framed and draped,
wrists crossed like raven wings, eyes

carbolic, mouth pecked shut, such
a tiny aperture—

nothing escapes this camera.

SALVAGE

At last, to the room where they hung on longest, sailing the galleon of the bed, jarrah bulwark keeping out the rougher weather. Better if they'd braved the waves, struck out beyond the Kraken. Instead, becalmed, over time the timbers gritted up with polyps and coral, bloomed briefly in a certain light, then started dying bit by bit. She leaves him clinging to the bows, still Captain, but of a foundering wreck. In the end it is easy to abandon ship, even though, not far, sharks move. There's flotsam in the blood. She'll take the mirror with the lattice frame and the cracked antique of the horse.

Josephine Wilson

BLACK SAXPENCE*, OR POETRY IN THE AGE OF THE INTERNET

<|>

I was in Lockerbie last night
 a goustrous sky of flobby clouds
 a baby doodled and dandled to sleep
 the pink of water from a kitchen tap
 when a dreadful thunder and a doofy *crump*
 as when crisp snow yields to the foot—
plouty as when a thing falls and neither bounces nor stoats
 but gouges not wee scugs or a slot here a snub there,
 not even a rabbit's clapper or some muddy
 pouk in the ground—
 why amongst the nookit, sparry, sharpened-up
 words for holes and gaps
 in Johnson's *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 1867
 (accessed 10/11/2011) is there nought for the mark left by
 Pratt and Whitney turbines?

<||>

Hark now the dool-ding of the mourning bell
 the rigg of the hill and the weary recount:
 the man binked over the fence
 like the end of a leather shoe
 a woman still gored to her seat as thatch is bound by straw
 the body in the field
 neither happed nor covered
 nor tucked nor thatched
 not shielded or sheltered
 nor straked nor stretched
 as is done for the dead in the Southern Lowlands.

<III>

Back online
 black sixpence in pocket
 hands in pants
 hitching a ride down.

<IV>

Thatcher picks her way across the fields,
 as careful with her vowels as with her heels.

<V>

There are so many ways this could have gone
 and I did go them all:
 the changed flights and missed connections
 those that almost didn't and some that almost did—
 Kim Catrall was booked to fly but stopped to shop.

<VI>

Imagine that—

<VII>

There are no good fences on You Tube—
 so much for walling out and walling in
 more like a cundy-hole from Pan Am 103 to 9/11
 for a quick taste of last calls from the Tower
 (Note: Check Parental Controls).

<VIII>

The weather is disturbing
the winds blow hither and thither,
six octas the night history fell on Lockerbie
shearing the edges off words
blasting their flinty points
to a generalised stub.

It is hard to write anything these days,
anything in particular
is dispersed across the field
like the feathered seed balls of
the dandelion, *Taraxacum*.

**The Devil's Sixpence; supposed to be received as a pledge of engagement to be his, soul and body. Though of a black colour, and not of legal currency, the person who keeps it constantly in his pocket, however much he may spend, will always find a good sixpence beside it.' (Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language, Aberdeen, James Murray, Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 1867)*

MOVING ON

It's time to move on, children
Leave your father to his leather strap
Your uncle to his sweaty hands groping in the lounge
Leave your mother who drank in the afternoon
(but always cooked roast on Sundays)
Leave your big brother to his rage
Your sister to her finger down her throat
Leave them all to pace around the house
Chasing their tails.

Time to move on, children,
Viscose is back but not even
Cycles of fashion will return them to you
a second time.
It is clear now: they will never say sorry—
Some of them can't even speak.
You are free to drop your hems
Or raise them if you dare.

Go on—
Go shopping,
See a film.
Tell those ghosts to fuck off now.

Open a window.
Shut shop.
You'll be fine,
I promise.

NOUNS AND VERBS

Nouns and verbs cannot help
 modifiers neither
 though there are acts of nature that approximate.

Tsunamis are best:
 the contraction and retch of it
 making things of things—
 homes
 the roads to homes
 the people in those homes.

Oh people, pardon the way I have bundled you
 all together like sticks:
 infants, grannies, pregnant women, girls in Grade 1.
 A habit of language
 nothing more

in that retch then
 no ruins made of pretty parts
 no metonymy
 (please no)
 and none of your metaphors.
 Not now.

Nothing to compare nothing to
 but the involuntary—
 a collision
 a phone call
 a stroke perhaps

And things reduced to things
 like sticks and puddles and rubble and bones,
 oh people, bones.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

LIANA JOY CHRISTENSEN Liana's poetry and prose have been published in literary and scientific journals around the world. She has been an Australian Poetry Centre Café Poet and won the 2010 Peter Cowan's Patron's Prize for Poetry. Her self-published chapbook *Wild Familiars* was awarded an honourable mention in the Writers' Digest International Self-published Book Awards. In 2011 she was invited to be the Biodiversity Poet in Residence at the Flourish Festival, an initiative of the Curtin Institute for Biodiversity and Climate and the Augusta Margaret River Tourist Authority. Her poetry will appear in a Performance Poetry anthology to be published by Fremantle Press in 2012.

CUTTLEWOMAN Born Canberra 1964; brought up London and New Zealand; formative years of young adulthood in Brighton, UK; returned to Australia in 2003. Influences: punk, new romanticism, Shakespeare, science.

GARY COLOMBO DE PIAZZI I fell into poetry as I approached my fiftieth year as a means to escape, resolve, and release thoughts and emotions that plagued me. The sense of liberation and creative joy captured my interest and instilled a desire to explore the power and wonder of words. Whilst I have dabbled with traditional forms I prefer the freedom of free verse. I love to write purely from the heart without constraints of form and syntax, to mix and mesh words to draw an emotion, raise a point.

MATTHEW HALL Matthew is a doctoral candidate at the University of Western Australia and is presently a visiting academic fellow at the ICCC at the University of Saskatchewan. His recent collections are *Distant Songs*, *Royal Jelly* and *Hyaline* (forthcoming from Black Rider Press in 2012). His writing on poetry, poetics and the arts appear in journals internationally.

NICOLA-JANE LE BRETON Nicola helps build creative, resilient communities in Denmark, Western Australia, where she works as a project officer and writing facilitator with the Centre for

Sustainable Living (a project of Green Skills Inc). She deepens her connections with people and place through memoir and poetry and through her involvement in local sustainability projects. Nicola has published poetry, short stories, magazine articles, and a blog. She was accepted into the Varuna Writers' House Longlines prose workshop with her draft memoir in 2007 and shortlisted in 2008 with the early stages of a young adult novel. Nicola recently organised a highly successful Nature Writers' Retreat at the Centre for Sustainable Living, facilitated by published nature writers and local ecologists. She also shared first place in the 2011 Perilously Short (Nature) Writing Competition with her poem 'South-West Belonging'.

SCOTT-PATRICK MITCHELL Scott-Patrick is a doctoral candidate at the West Australian Academy of Performing Arts, where he is studying the process of writing performance poetry and how to disappear on stage through language while remaining in full sight. He is the editor of monthly zine "C O T T O N M O U T H " and forthcoming anthology *Fremantle Poets 3: Performance Poets* (Fremantle Press), due for release July 2012. His latest collection *.the tricking post.* (Black Rider Press, 2011) is currently available as an e-book & free downloadable audio e-book, read by SPM himself. Please see <http://scott-patrickmitchell.com> for further information.

RASHIDA MURPHY Rashida is in the second year of a PhD at Edith Cowan University in Perth. She has published prose and poetry in various journals and anthologies in Australia and overseas. Her novella, titled 'On Equal Terms', was published in 2002 and she is currently working on her second novel. She writes poetry and short fiction in between marathon novel writing in order to achieve a sense of sanity. She doesn't always succeed.

JOHN CHARLES RYAN John is an ecological poet and nature philosopher with a keen interest in the botanical world and the intersection of language and landscape. His poetry publications include *Katoomba Incantation* (Cyberwit, 2011) and *Shadows Behind Scrim* (forthcoming, Picaro Press, 2012), and he will be included in the anthology *Fremantle Poets 3: Performance Poets* (forthcoming, Fremantle Press, 2012). He has also published academic essays in the journals *Australian*

Humanities Review, Continuum, Nature and Culture and The Journal of Ecocriticism.

FLORA SMITH Flora began writing poetry 8 years ago and has been widely published in journals and anthologies around Australia, including *Westerly, Stylus Poetry Journal* and *Famous Reporter*. She writes about people: their failings, hopes and dreams. Her curiosity about people led her to study and teach foreign languages, and to a great love of travel, which she finds a rich source of material for her poetry. She reads her work in various venues in Perth and Fremantle, and believes in actively serving the Perth poetry community. She believes that poetry should be readily accessible to all people, not dressed in obscure concepts and long words.

JULIE WATTS Julie has been published in *Indigo, dotdotdash* and *Creatrix* and was commended in the Tom Collins Poetry prize 2009. As a writer and counsellor she is interested in Martin Buber's idea that 'to become an I, I need a thou'; that it is through our relationship with the other (human or nature) that we Become. Her poems tend to be observations on this theme and the interconnectedness between man, woman, child and nature.

MAGS WEBSTER British-born, formerly Perth-based, now living in Hong Kong, Mags is measuring out her life in words, books, and many coffee spoons. Her poems have been published in various online and print journals in Australia, and her first collection of poetry, *The Weather of Tongues*, was published by Sunline Press in 2011. She is currently at work on a second collection.

JOSEPHINE WILSON Josephine is a Perth-based writer. Her novel, *Cusp*, is published by the University of Western Australia Press. Her performance works include *The Geography of Haunted Places* and *Customs*. *The Geography of Haunted Places* toured nationally and to the London International Festival of Theatre. Her essays and reviews have appeared in *RealTime*, and *Artlink* magazines. She is currently working on a second novel and a performance text.



Photo credit: Scott-Patrick Mitchell