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**PASSAGE**

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For my grandmothers, biological and other:  
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## *Prelude*

My feet were fused with a 7-lane highway  
My spine, dismantled;  
a map of bones with no instruction.

The pith of my existence, banished  
to the crepuscule  
while my hands waged war  
left and right

I made futile attempts—  
split the heavens with questions  
turned idols into gods  
placed the moon on my windowsill  
surrendered the sun to strangers

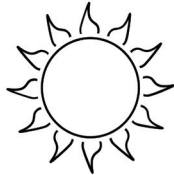
but, the owl light hooted still

Without wings or feet I resolved  
to sojourn in twilight's palm and eavesdrop  
ritualistically, on the susurrations of duality, until

I deciphered its tongue when  
the highway mouth met the lip  
of the sky

Releasing a flock of ravens  
into a new dawn.

*Restless*



—————





*Seduce my restless heart*

untie me  
I am stained yellow  
from yesterday's sunshine

we draw together  
like curtains at dusk  
shed our skin  
at dawn

We belong to yesterday  
but cannot be discarded  
yet

blindly instinctive  
we inch toward the sky  
like caterpillars

these parallel lines  
travel together  
but never meet

Perhaps my love for squares  
has estranged me from my own heart

I am restless

I am restless

I am restless

## *Mess*

The goldfish died this morning, I  
blame myself  
lie to my kids  
assure that I will bury  
versus bin, I

feel the cold snowball  
add another layer  
keep moving  
compartmentalising is my PhD, I

ignore whites, darks, colours  
overflowing laundry  
baskets will wait like patients  
awaiting treatment, I

do not take precedence  
today the dishwasher is gridlocked  
while repairmen go walkabout  
outback, weeds grow at the rate of words, I

spy my manuscript upon the desk  
but writing is as lucrative as motherhood  
vacuuming deserves greater urgency, I

spring clean in winter, attempt  
to alleviate baggage—  
donate  
recycle—but it only awards  
five extra breaths, I

am counting to ten again  
my phone is buzzing  
Though I've switched  
paper bills to email they still win  
the mind game, I

scrape yolk off the pine table  
sweep crumbs and ants  
from terracotta tiles  
blot a rogue tear with my sleeve, I

admit that I'm failing  
to clean this mess  
but cannot entertain  
a pity party, I

put my self on  
the back burner of time  
prepare to cart kids, assist with homework  
cook dinner, tend to emotions, I

am a family home in a treelined suburb—  
two kids  
one husband  
minus, one goldfish.

## *Plagiarist*

If I could go back  
I would not plant a forest  
from roots of trauma

for the future is pre-destined—  
felling of trees,  
one by one until,  
I am nothing  
more than a plagiarist.

*A monster of authenticity*

is imprisoned in my chest

With its claws

it scratches at bars of deception

With its teeth

it gnaws truthful titbits

My chest no longer holds its weight

Ribs break, one by one, as it

hoists itself

squeezes my feeble heart, until

my chest is a pressurised cabin

breathing is dying

piecemeal

This monster of authenticity

has an appetite for freedom,

and I can no longer ignore

its eloquent demands

*Brisbane breathes*

but my lungs gasp

for fresh air. Australia  
is not my bedfellow

Yet here we lie;  
de facto partners  
unwilling to institutionalise  
our union.



## *Identity*

My identity is pegged  
to a clothesline

My value drips  
like a leaky tap

My intellect is bleached  
like cistern and sink

My memory of desire  
is a smudge of dust on glass

My responsibility hems me in  
to margins of domesticity

A territory without sovereignty  
with the responsibility of Artemis  
and no more respect than Eve

## *Chamber*

I stand at the feet  
of a cracked sky  
counting  
its broken clouds

I sit at the kitchen table  
writing  
sonnets to mediocrity

I shelter inside a question mark  
watch the moon  
dwarf  
my bedroom window

My body trembles  
inside this chamber  
My voice echoes  
inside this box

## *Trapped*

I am trapped;  
a parasol of honey  
in a sky full of ants.

I have drowned the sun  
ignited the rain  
fished stars from sewers  
tasted bittersweet  
dichotomy

Now, I tuck the moon into my pocket  
lay a snow-trap for the climactic storm  
that will end the endless summer  
before it burns the clouds alive.

END OF SAMPLE

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