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Complete poems in one file for ease of downloading and printing
Poetry Editor: Heather Taylor Johnson

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In times of sit-in
Islamabad, 2014

The night is solid black, a reliable mask
never to rumble people sleep stone-heavy

after what happened to their lives, broken bones
wrenched flesh, cameras spied on faces

under the husky thinness of a dolling moon
language did the rest of clubbing

in portable beds drinking from greasy cups
tongue liberated on music under sudden rains

at a distance generators groaned crazily
a parliament of deaf fueled a choric anger

when a nightjar ripped their complacency.
I am born in silence. The fake cries

were of wrapped prostitutes in murky cars
hobbled on green belts, and appeased

my desire of an adventurous love while
mouths were kidnapped, and jagged words

swished like cutlasses, when mosquitoes
pinched earlobes and I chafed knuckles

there was no one to choreograph the climax
with a shut gate of a big house in front of me.

Rizwan Akhtar

Rizwan Akhtar, 'In times of sit-in'.
Transnational Literature Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016.
Catch up

I remember walking through London with you. We’d shared a bottle of wine at The Euston Flyer though the naff kind (since moving down under I’d become a connoisseur). We were raw visceral stripped back to our bones. And we talked about Dad about your breaking and my falling about the space of him in our lives. We bled a little peeling back years prodding old wounds in real time.

J V Birch
Of Ourselves We Are Estranged

In a city named after Christmas, a box of whatever shape can supply enough to life although a large one is preferred, something that may contain a complete guide to separation or astronaut uniform for men who have no exact location: they who show up only to be absented, they who are here. This is not about a city. This is not about Christmas although we want to see Santa Claus naked, exposing our wishes with vulgarity. After all, this is about a box that will make us public. Open mine and watch how our city falls down, trumpeting shreds of enigma, taking revulsion down to our senses. This is the kind of gift we have—tissues of delirium, damaged organs, in troupes, all capable of complaining, detrimental no matter how unobvious, disparaging, destructive—that’s why so much in us begs us closed. This is not necessarily wrong, but this is impossible, love advices then shows our faces in the mirror painted in brown, already broken. Even if we can’t exclaim that love is a gospel, it is our better mouth that talks to people, our temporary eyes that capture the best in us, in every house. And if a beautiful moment also feels how we are demolished, such beautiful moment must know that every house has a room in which tragic men are forbidden to say anything treasured. We are in that room. We are re-thinking that room is not just a room.

You know what could happen and I know what we don’t want to see. This is gospel telling us fire. This is gospel still figuring out

where to exit. This is gospel touching us: it is an alcohol rub, and then a pinch, and then a lash. The uninvited body ends like this: on a precipice that says below you are welcome. Because it is not only that we can sense, but also that we are sensed, our better mouth the skin of a flat tire, our temporary eyes four zones of the same fire. There is a question here but you are afraid it is the irreversible opening of your box. There is a likely answer here but I’m afraid to take it would mean to take away your box. What else then would supply enough to life when we are busted, already believing what we are to keep forever, somewhat a contribution, iconic and so digressive, we involuntarily made ourselves, is a long, spinal rumor that tells we are unreal?

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Đâu my American-born Vietnamese neighbor had his first kiss at 14, his first suicide attempt at 15, and his box in between. I was there when he got it, smiling away at the condom I flushed in the toilet, something he trusted, something I vanished—this might change the question entirely.

At 17, Đâu my American-born Vietnamese brother is what I say to define family—this is the revised question, another question, integral part of the original question, the question that demands some identification because there is always that compounding void whenever we look at each other even in our most honest form, a bodiless body. We touch: we discern: we doubt. What kind of eyes do we have? This has an obvious answer: you will chance us holding hands in a dark alley, you will think to yourself as long as the alley is dark that it can never be always too dark.

B.B.P. Hosmillo. 'Of Ourselves We Are Estranged.'
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This is a rumor about sensing: once, there was a very little box the size of a nose or a month-old hamster. One would say that this very little box can’t be anywhere between valuable and precious. Martha has seen this very little box and Mi Shen has seen this very little box and they’ve never been changed. In different places, they threw this very little box away. In different places, this very little box is meant to be claimed.

This is a rumor about sensing: once, there was a very little box the size of a nose or a month-old hamster. One would say that this very little box can’t be anywhere between valuable and precious—this is not always the case. A lover has seen this very little box and another lover has seen this very little box and both have been changed ever since. He said something nice and a man heard something nice. They slept and dreamed saying nice things and hearing nice things in a city named after Christmas where they’ve been killed.

Now, there is a boy and his evangelist parents in a bright corner of their house. This is after dinner. The boy asks his good father how he finally expressed love to his good mother. The father takes a yellow paper and a pen. The boy blushes. The father draws something on the yellow paper, folds it immediately, and tells his son open this when you’re at the right age to love and then give this to that lucky girl. The boy still blushing, takes the folded yellow paper and goes up to his room. Through a little window and with his little mouth, stretched, a red line like a perfect incision, he checks if the street is dark and empty, enough for Joseph his friend to stand in front of the boy’s house unnoticed. The boy then puts the folded yellow paper inside his underwear, thinking

Joseph will have to get this himself. Meanwhile, the boy’s mother is praying. She begins praying when the boy is locked up inside his room and ceases it when the boy is in a bright corner of their house.

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We are put in a different world, Đau says, a wrong world, which means it is daybreak and I am alone, I can see Đau looking at me, crushing what any future wishes standing, cropping out his heart just by looking at me.

Đau is a question. Yes, he is, the bed or someone says, if you try to answer him, while I’m minutes away from sleep or when masturbating. It is embarrassing to think that he is the focus question, the best way to identify. Because when wound forms an immobile horse that makes up Đau, totally banishing him—spent and so unpredictable—I don’t know why I see the immobile horse as a beautiful, so beautiful body. The more I see this useless animal the more I feel empowered as if I could create what I would live to see unchanging all day, all night.

Lover, what kind of wound do you have that forms a beautiful body out of me?

Đau is a question from some box discrimination left in America. Discrimination belonged to America, but the box is not American. Everybody should know that this little flat in which I live took shape too after someone left, the shape of sky, russet, a dark sky. I don’t know why I’m certain, and everybody should know this, too, that a human other than me holds a moon somewhere in this dark sky, a moon so lambent I can’t wish for another sky, its moon-ness questionable for being too near,
too tangible like a thick strip of flesh
my mouth could spark into. To address him,
that human, to tell him to keep the moon-ness
of this “moon” is to seek first which part in
where I live is the question and which is
America. Like senses, I accept what may
be given: I take nothing for an answer. This is
seeking what I already have. Don’t think
a wound is easy to see.

Where a populous city remakes itself
as a locked up office, a man named Joseph
has a way to enter: through the ceiling,
through a high tendency of falling down.
This man hasn’t eaten for several years and
he doesn’t want to spend his remaining coins
for food, not for anything my sadness, my face
in a fogged up mirror wouldn’t be replaced
by, he says. Before he came in, the secretary
swallowed all the wrong people and wrong
senses that abound in the office to make it
ideal for business operation. Joseph scans
the office with eyes of someone who died
of asphyxia. You shouldn’t have come here,
you who this place cannot invite! Now
knowing exactly which black cabinet contains
the voice that negates him, he seizes it, opens
it with a strong kick. There is nobody inside
yet the voice continues to strike. You
shouldn’t have come here, you who this place
cannot invite! He takes off his dirty pants and
ties the empty black cabinet onto a chair. You
who this place cannot invite! He takes off his
sweated, soiled white shirt and forces the
black empty cabinet into it like a dead pigeon
that is too big for a cadaver’s bag.

Now naked, inimically bare, here, your boss
left what is mine all along, Joseph jeers
at the disappeared secretary the way
a wound—out of cruelty, of form—
remembers, scoffs, and inevitably incubates

B.B.P. Hosmillo. ‘Of Ourselves We Are Estranged.’
Transnational Literature Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016.
revenge that is chiefly experienced by the bearer, always an attack against the self, of the wound.

What is it that Joseph was deprived of and still lingers to? A document? An archive? A datum of his own contact to emptiness, which, if found, might have been meaningful? Let’s imagine what exists that can’t in any way exist. Imagine a hand that easily gets inside him, a path to a feeling, a value.

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There is a rumor about a box everybody knows of:

Yaw the son of an immigrant goes to class always ahead of time, ahead of everybody. He hates coming to class only to find out a cream gum is patched on his chair. Rest assured that everyone hates him, which is not the entire story of his life. Of course, this is not about hate; only that hate creates the box this rumor is about. Ninety minutes after lunch-hour, he buys his food, already cold, pork and something slimy. He chooses the table at the far end of the cafeteria, puts his food tray on it, sits properly, and takes from his backpack a cardboard box, its top with a hole only formed when a knife failed to make a perfect circle however gently done many times. While eating, he looks at the cardboard box, specifically at its bad hole and then talks, *I discovered a quieter place near. Soon I’ll bring you there.* He is the only boy at school who talks to a hole: he believes life could exist inside a cardboard box. Is that really life?

There is a rumor about a box I could see our bodies lying in:

A summer sun shows up and it is not even summer. There is no vacation to speak about but a stray dog sniffing what looks like a makeshift house—scrap woods and broken umbrella and plastic bottles assembled together. Flies come around and out from it. Ridiculous but this is a homeless man’s resource and a dog is sniffing it, its scantily pieced walls, the back of a tarp that makes its door. Flies come around and out from it. Perhaps the train, working like a military lieutenant, or the artificial garden or the new internet sensation has already desensitized people: they pass by this house, the dog sniffing it without noticing this house, the dog sniffing it. But flies come around and out from it. Loyal mourners. How hungry.

There is a wound that is our core, a cavity less known than sex, and it is not a rumor:

From Newark, Đau arrived in Hanoi on time and alone. The trip was relatively smooth, but he was so worn out, he walked slowly toward the crowded luggage pick-up with his hands tightly clenched, his face an appearance of surrender, you know something bad happened earlier, he can’t tell the details. At home, he lay on the floor next to his red suitcase. Then, he took it, placed it above his body, and closed his eyes. Perhaps for some time he was asleep. Or only that kindly, he was murmuring. Then he opened his suitcase and realized he took some-one else’s, a wrong box of personal smog, yet he knew, without a doubt, to whom it belonged. This is not a joke. This is a joke, he says while his mind says my name, a tally of droll mistakes, adlibs. Rapt, he tries to laugh and he laughs. Then shortly, he cries.

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B.B.P. Hosmillo. ‘Of Ourselves We Are Estranged.’ 
Transnational Literature Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016. 
There is a city that has stripped of its name several times. In this city, memory forms those to never be remembered or my hands if those to never be remembered are with me and burning. No seclusion can be any more spirited and crowded than here.

There is a fire and there is one home obtainable. There is still a fire and I’m trying to understand what embodies you. Is it Frozen Dust? Is it Queer Moon? Remembering Wound? Unidentified American? Or this water I can’t hold?

There is this absence and from dreams my body digs a man, the foremost penman of my emotions. There is this partition. There is this wall that is not a wall. There is division and I’m the worst effect of that, a problem with one hand and one knife. To get some sign of earth and kind fabrications, I call my foster family and they say to call them back after they finish praying. What kind of sign is that?

There is a healer and there is discussion of faith, endless, otiose; and along this long procrastination there is neglect, the details to castigate the harm of fire, the broadest blow of intolerance to haze. Whose world is this act of temerity?

I sent my last breath to my last beloved and you know it is a heart of revolt. However little, this heart has a stomach for fire. Underwater where most of his life is to be done, he clears his eyes of sand and thinks, what is this for?

You know most fears of a stranger. You know what crowded means when I’m alone. You know how to be identified, the hopeless fright when you can’t be identified, the public shame of being unidentifiable. You clutch

B.B.P. Hosmillo. ‘Of Ourselves We Are Estranged.’
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your ventral skin like some fluffy animal that has learned to live in you, and you want to keep it living, firm, distinguishable as yours, able to feel—yes, your hand makes sense, you are able, but why do you need a proof of what you are?

You lock yourself up in my room. A desk remains and it will never be the back of a man. A telephone is above the desk, but it only is a collected ash. You shout your name and you open the door into the thinking that someone is just shy to call you. You say the fire is gone, but the fire swallowed me. You go out for a minute, your head turns to the right, to the left, and then you get back inside. Easily a routine: you open the door as if my room is a box of invisible bodies you keep opening since you haven’t seen the invisible yet. You try a random name and still nobody appears. You go out from the room for a minute, for a day, beyond a day’s day right outside the door, your back against the door, then against the burned wall, then you imagine there is no wall, but you, with many questions all founded in houses of longing, can’t fall down. How can you be this so much strong?

Meanwhile, many shadows approaching the room we thought was not just a room, they’re a number significant to restore the view where we said and heard nice things, but it’s a day everyone is running late. There are a lot of reasons to look, some even more vigilant than a technique of finding a virus, but there’s just nothing to see.

_B.B.P. Hosmillo_

The Mentor and My Threshold

He had scanned the sky, a seasoned eagle eye;
Several seasons seen chicks hatch
Although so many were soon snatched;
This was the rain, one rain among many;
In patience he outdid legend’s mongrel
And would settle for the tiniest bone.

Suddenly, the sky was skimmed,
The cloud skulked;
Suddenly, the blighting bleak breeze;
No more signs of a rain,
Not now again;
But there should be a rain,
This was one promise among many;
He could not be wrong;
But seasons slacked and senses waned;

Was he sneaky?
Was this all a trick, the truth?

As a wounding bullet,
Without warning, there’s a crack;
Could this be the cock crow?
The sounds, the signs again and again;
Thick cloud, thicker thunder;
Long lasting lightening;
Stronger synopsis of succor;
All hopes high,
Hail Heaven.

But again the cease;
The bewildering breeze;
For how long?

Now this.

Obinna Iroegbu, ‘The Mentor and My Threshold’. 
*Transnational Literature* Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016. 
What is this?
Is this the cockcrow
To herald the dawn?
Has the cloud returned?
Will the rain fall?

Time and talent make a great tapper,
Yet they never rule out the risk of a fall.
Protracted parturition is a test of midwifery,
But often a precursor of a stillborn.

Obinna Iroegbu
Jus’ Thinkin’

The Storekeeper – Gavin Hood

There is this short film I watch
On DVD where there is not a sound but for
Things moving,
A car rolling,
The door closing, and a single

Shot. All are Black
There, in Africa:
The shopkeeper,
The thief, and
Even the little children who will soon come after
Candies. The director, chatty,
Talks over the silence. And I
Still think: blast the damn bastard!
I relax into buttered popcorn well after
The tool cuts into wood,
Into iron, and into the frontiers of
My peace.

I finally wrote his fate into the palm of my hand
That time he killed the night-watchman.

I think the victim of repeated burglary
Is one smart chap as he lay a trap
Of plain white twine, zig-
Zagging low across the doorway and through
The sturdy black trigger. I anticipate
The stealthy entrance,
The trip,
The tug,
The final boom.

But no one is prepared for after that when
Like someone’s darling

Clara A.B. Joseph. ‘Jus’ Thinkin’.
Transnational Literature Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016.
A three year old raises her little head
First, then drags behind her bleeding
Body, into the vista of my
thought.

_Clara A.B. Joseph_
An Extract from the Verse Novel, *Sonqoqui*

(i) *The Offering*

*Inca Period, AD 1500*

We stand in line from tallest to smallest.
I am a head higher than Eldest Brother
and level with Father’s shoulder, but
I keep my eyes low
to the ground. Mother’s fraught touch,
oiling my hair this morning: Daughter, she said,
*Fear not but carry this always*, tucked
inside my tunic,

now tied with a twist of her hair. Dark
the weave dug up in darkness, the wrap
of the cord once mine, and itchy
this flea on my toe.

The men have come. Lowly, I watch
the broad flat tops of their polished feet.
Father on one side, Littlest Sister at
the end of the line.

Yes, Littlest Sister has been blessed
with great beauty—*Let it not*—I hold my breath.
Salt sharpens the beak of my eyes.
*Let it not be, by*

the gods, Littlest Sister. Regally
the Inca walks our length, walks and
stops in front of Littlest Sister. My
breathless bird—escapes.

*Can’t help it*—look up—imprint of Mother
in darkened doorway—the Inca with extended finger,
tilting the chin of Littlest Sister as if sizing
up a corner stone.

Shari Kocher, 'An Extract from the Verse Novel, *Sonqoqui*'.
*Transnational Literature* Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016.
Shadows spin like eels in water. Mother’s hand bunched at the waist, her time-worn face shut down. I blink. Stand tall. Look straight down the line toward the Inca. Asmoulder I hold the Imperial gaze. The one with the feathers sinks his eyes like a snake through my body. Equal I stand on holy ground.

Exact his hand shall climb my shoulder. Intact my Father shall bow his head.
Meeting La Niña del Reyo
in the voice of Dr. María Constanza Ceruti

Her tomb so very narrow in diameter
and so deep, we cannot reach
her without harm unless one of the team
volunteers to go in head-first
while we hold his feet—closing
his mouth against her musky scent,

the bundle cradled against his chest
we struggle hard to haul them up—
just like a birth delivering this

five-hundred-year-old child to
surface light—silence
falls over us as we

behold her face:
earth-slicked, slightly charred,
the womb-lit ground surpassed,

time a lightning-flood
unexpected surge of love
exact moment she enters my heart.

La Niña del Reyo, or Lightning Girl, is the youngest of the three Llullaillaco mummies, discovered by high-altitude archaeologist, Dr. María Constanza Ceruti and National Geographic explorer and anthropologist, Dr. Johan Reinhard, and their team in 1999. Scientists have deduced that sometime after the live burial of the children as per Inca religious practice, lightning struck the summit of Volcano Llullaillaco, and burnt part of the face and chest of the youngest child, without however causing any damage to the rest of her body. This child was wearing a metal headpiece, which would have helped channel the lightning underground. Unlike the other two mummies, the team were able to view this child at the surface since part of the cloth wrapping her entire body had been scorched, and had fallen open, thus revealing her face. Ceruti has described what she felt upon seeing the face of La Niña del Reyo for the first time. See: [http://video.nationalgeographic.com.au/video/specials/in-the-field-specials/ceruti-mummy/](http://video.nationalgeographic.com.au/video/specials/in-the-field-specials/ceruti-mummy/) and [http://www.wingsworldquest.org/storage/pdfs/Ceruti%20Adams1.qxd.pdf](http://www.wingsworldquest.org/storage/pdfs/Ceruti%20Adams1.qxd.pdf). Last accessed 9 July 2013.

(iii) **Thicker than blood**

*in the voice of Dr. María Constanza Ceruti*

Lightning-girl-child are your bones
child-sister and chromosomes
sister I never had touching mine
or daughter through chrome-lit time
o little daughter however strangely

in the silver-rimmed laboratory we’ve unexpected symmetries!
DNA in frequency perhaps you come from
genetically you turn out to be somewhere near Bolivia
suggestive of an ancestry or Lake Titicaca
that delights me certainly the mountain

chose you early as was the custom
your skull in infant softness o little daughter
shaped to a cone already marked
by flat boards long before they placed
roped to your head the metal plaque

which drew the spark you and your miniature statue
underground fluid as the moon
a silver vein in helix stem
igniting the waters bone and phlegm
that burnt your third eye’s tidal

heart-
flower
humming
little earthling
little sister

Shari Kocher

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2 In a curious coincidence, Ceruti’s DNA, which was collected along with all who worked with the mummies, turned out to reveal ancestral links to one of the children, something neither she nor her family were previously aware of, and a fact that continues to fill her with a shiver of awe.
Journey to Hydrargyros

*a found poem*

A shallow trough of quicksilver
to form an artificial horizon, used for observing altitudes.

In the principal hall stood a porphyry basin
full of quicksilver
so contrived that it could be agitated
by hidden mechanism,
reflecting the rays of the sun with dazzling brilliancy,
and striking with terror the mystified beholders.
New inhabitants may come here
already hardened into the mold of some class;
but they or their children usually soften soon into the quicksilver like consistency of their surroundings

When that heaving, sparkling, jerking mass of quicksilver
at last was captured
shining all through the brown meshes of the net
the younger lads sat down quite exhausted,
wet through,
and happy
Together they looked across the valley,
a wonderful panorama of vine-clad slopes and meadows
starred with many-coloured wild flowers,
through which the river wound its way,
now hidden,
now visible,
a thin line of gleaming quicksilver.

*This poem originated from a Facebook challenge: ‘Flinders took 2 horizons of quicksilver with him on the Investigator voyage. There's a poem in that, surely.’ The original words are from William Black’s *The Beautiful Wretch, The Pupil of Aurelius* and *The Four Macnicols* and E. Phillips Oppenheim’s *The Avenger.*

Robert Taylor

Robert Taylor, 'Journey to Hydrargyros'.
*Transnational Literature* Vol. 8 no. 2, May 2016.
Lines written on the train between Himeji and Shirahama.

Feeling nostalgic listening to old Joan Baez on the ipod. The world plays out as a foreign movie with the wrong soundtrack. There is no hero or heroine and no real plot. Just a cast of walk-on extras. They could be in any city in the world except that mine is the only face that isn’t Japanese. Opposite is Man Who’s Still Sleeping Off Last Night’s Excesses. Enter Man 2 Who’s Heading For The Job He Hates But One Day They’ll Recognise His Talents And His Boss Will Get The Humiliation He So Richly Deserves. Right next to Young Girl Who Has Her First Job And Can Finally Afford The Make-up And Trendy Clothes She’s Always Wanted. And they’ll all make their entrances and exits seamlessly without need of reshoots. Denim-Jacket Uni Student stands shoulder-to-shoulder with the Immaculately-Dressed Businessman he abhors and swears he will never become and doesn’t realise yet that in twenty years he will become him. And they all try to ignore each other and forget the fact that they’re all in the same movie. But they swing to the right hanging from their straps as the train lurches and brace for the complete halt at Mega Station in complete unison, no more independent than a hive of bees.

And the giggling schoolgirls in the skirts they’ve hitched up are old enough to be loud and confident in a group and very aware of their budding sexuality but not yet wary or disillusioned like the Men in Suits who fantasise about high school girls in short dresses on trains.

And some people close their eyes because they couldn’t go to sleep last night and some close their eyes to avoid the eyes of others and some close their eyes to hide the pain. And their scarves muffle out the cold and put a stop to mingling white clouds of conversation and the smoke and steam from the refinery billows up from behind towering buildings as some dodgy remake of 9/11. And Old Man looks with disdain at Feminized Teenage Boy With Bouffant Hair and Bouffant Collar and wonders how, sixty years after Kamikaze pilots, the nation could come to this and produce these slim-hipped, fine-boned fops in hairclips and Boy in Hair Clip just feels sorry for Old Man who’s lost all spontaneity and sense of fun.

The train pulls into Shirahamanomiya. i make my exit. The extras, so inter-related, so separate, so desolate find themselves unable to reach a conclusion

rob walker

My Mother’s Recipes

They were wrapped up in string, photos and the secret to taste buds recipes of past places I’d never been. I pulled them out of their boxes, good memories stored away while life was busy. A cake, I’d start with that.

Buying extra sugar I didn’t give her a chance to say no. With fragrances and sticky fingers filling her kitchen, I dragged them out. I don’t remember the flavour of my history, but now I cooked textures I’d never seen. Maybe that could be my place.

I dug my hands into flour and sugar and butter while she talked in circles, attaching more events as the past got inside her through her nose. She told me of snow that hedged her steps, slushing the streets as it made pictures on countryside trees.

She told me of rose-coloured stone history mostly crumbling, a town that spread fire at any excuse, a man who preached time at the clock in a pink lady coat. She told me of a ruin where they’d sneak to do things the church forbade.

But I knew this already, they’d brought it with them, a home still shared. *But what about the places?*

She smiled and emptied out the details
of her mind for me, the holes
filled up with his smile, blue sky
his hand mixing with hers.

* This poem was inspired by an interview with Australian-based artist Eva Fernandez in where she describes a project in which she is rediscovering family recipes from Spain.
http://www.mycreativeaustralia.com/2014/07/21/photography-art-junk-landscape-fernandez/

Claire Rosslyn Wilson