she says

a grassed stretch
between apartments and Swan
seated in shade there
(a wagtail courts her) she wishes
for the sleep
of seasons her old burnout has
woken so
she says home
is a page number missed
a finger scroll
(the wagtail is still courting)
she says tomorrow
is cousined stone
fingers cupped around
a succulent bloom
in vermillion
and greyscale with all the letters of a name
dispersed she says it’s a
bell brought from Kent or a tower
     Uno (you know)
rocking and tumbling by the quay

Anne Elvey
A climate of mortality meets Melbourne winter

who’ll leave a cedilla to compost
unwritten in stone

where old breathing forests are gone to fossil drives who’ll

wonder if bacteria can work rock as caves were

painted in Lascaux or if it happens that the other were to think

as we who make books of trees a potpourri of matter who despite

the improbability will hope that we might not have

done this thing and find on a morning

crisp with winter sun it’s unimaginable all is not well

who’ll bookmark a future that happened yesterday

Anne Elvey