

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 vermilion
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

Anne Elvey. 'she says'.
Transnational Literature Vol.10 no.2, May 2018.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

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