Slater Woodlice

Shaun Salmon
ECU, ssalmon@our.ecu.edu.au

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Shaun Salmon (Edith Cowan University)

Slater woodlice.
Not lawyers,
Creatures
A name from each hemisphere
Contours bent
By time and money

I hang in my irascible toilet
Bug shuffling over a ceramic grid.
My shit blackish
But in a good way
After illness.
Days of sleep
Speechless, infant-connections
Ancient now.
Repelled
By aeroplanes and opportunity –
Stretched out skeins
Trails of not gone back.

Forget the trees,
A playground of roofs,
Snowdrifts of litter,
Woven dome of blackberry –
A second home, those dens.

Phosphorescence smears
The misted street.
That place hooks me still.
They will bury me in the past.
I will fall back
Into fire, a box, the sea
Thinking of these.

How many homes can you have?
None. Splinters.

The shallow rise drops.
A hill of houses,
Curve of town,
Open land, some silence.

We don't choose our ground
Or its contrast –
This gentle corner moment,
The shape slash atmosphere
The not-death we call a winter's afternoon.