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Slater Woodlice

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Slater Woodlice

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.