THE JUNK THAT 8 K-TOWN (View-Master Haiku Series 1, 2 & 3)

Brenton M. Rossow

Edith Cowan University, brossow@our.ecu.edu.au
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Series 1: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph

eyeballs deep...
outside palace gates
silent petra fang
Series 1: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph

late night
brittle limbs crack -
wet matches

Series 1: Untitled 3, 2017, Digital Photograph

swirling nostrils
summer’s petrol itch
my silent toupee
Series 1: Untitled 4, 2017, Digital Photograph

navajo lipstick
wresting on buffalo grass
car key scratches

Series 1: Untitled 5, 2017, Digital Photograph

rusty lips
singing bullfrogs
catch swollen tears
Series 1: Untitled 6, 2017, Digital Photograph

lamington driver
coconut shaved dashboard
clutches soiled knee

Series 1: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph

lost seamen
alien sunlight...
bedbugs wander
Series 2: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph

red nose
caterpillar rocking horse
nurses below

Series 2: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph

wiggling worm
metamorphosis incomplete
black thoughts

spinning wheels
crushed daffodils provide pillows
dawn awakes

Series 2: Untitled 4, 2017, Digital Photograph

somewhere between
leopard and hovercraft
night beetle rises
inside my throat
softly letting go
down into the deep

lily-white fingers
amongst pussy willows
I rest my breath
Series 2: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph

inside this mouth
300 moldy dollars
never found

Series 3: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph

cotton candy
- 3AM spoon
... headlights
Series 3: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph

rising from earth
brushing aside dirty leaves...
lost wedding ring


soft stamens
wheezing geese touch me
in hakea’s crib

a twenty-cent piece
showers my elephant beer
welcome home leech

Series 3: Untitled 5, 2017, Digital Photograph

exercise yard stories
peeking over the curtain
scabs alive with arms
Series 3: Untitled 6, 2017, Digital Photograph

razorback brother
sleeping bulrushes
... a mad magazine

Series 3: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph

peace be with you
Ned Kelly in okanuis
doors open wide
The City of Kwinana or K-Town as locals often call it, is an industrial port city 40km south of Perth, Western Australia. Despite the presence of Aboriginal sites of cultural significance (City of Kwinana 3), much of K-Town’s bushland is not heritage listed (14-15), and is inadequately protected. As a result, many locations have become dumping grounds for illegal waste.

After spending almost 14 years in Thailand, I returned to Perth in 2014 to study a Bachelor of Creative Industries with a double major in film and video and photomedia. As I had little money, I found myself living in K-Town, roaming the bush with a borrowed SONY NX70 video camera. Lightweight and extremely compact and durable, the NX70 was the most practical camera available to document the junk I encountered during long bushwalks.

My first session taking photos of junk near the K-Town train station led to an addiction. I started to see things within images that aroused deeper contemplation. Absent past owners became unconscious artists. Objects in their adopted environments became creatures with lives beyond previous incarnations. I saw things as representations, serendipitous alignments, but more importantly, a culture addicted to accumulating and discarding unwanted objects, no matter how obscene its scars upon the landscape.

My girlfriend lives in K-Town but won’t go into the bush. She thinks dark magic draws people in. There have been rapes and murders, but it is the objects that remain which tell stories of the absent figures’ past lives entwined with the landscape. 

*THE JUNK THAT 8 K-TOWN* is a meditation upon landscape and abandoned objects. It asks the viewer to dream absent figures and reimagine their deserted objects new relationships with the burdened landscape.

**Works Cited**
