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TEXT poetry

Lucy Alexander

2 poems

Skull

Just beyond your sideways glance there are always suspended constellations. They are whirling axis data motes, thoughts thrown, spun on pitch-slide of now, whole galaxies of petrified bones forming pinhole lights that sting their way through the skull you are sealed in. They hover – looking a distant purple-green from so close and seem promise something beyond the stifle of love, outside the cotton-wooled mind, each one a tunnel to a new possible, each one a kiss on your solid brow.

Pinch

Never relative the ones you love, never love the ones you study, never open the door if you know who is there and be sure to love the door. Always pinch the bigger half, if you can carry it. Always love your relatives and study them for uncertain opportunities. Always look through the crack between the door and its jamb before you open it fully – it will be a relative, a witch, or nothing but the wind. It will always be hard to tell the difference. Always take a pinch of a dream if you find one. Pinch dreamers. Never choose an aqua coloured door that is blue. Never argue it is green. Never love the aqua wind. Always prefer the certain door. Never study a pinch, never dream the wind, always

wind the relatives, always pinch the study. Always, always without fail, love the witch.

Lucy Alexander is a writer and poet. She works from a studio at Gorman + Ainslie Arts Centre. In 2019 she was a HardCopy non-fiction stream participant for her quirky manuscript 'Calling Your Dog'. She also received an ArtsACT grant to be mentored by Isobelle Carmody for her work of fiction 'Mela's Aqueduct' in collaboration with digital artist Paul Summerfield. Her poems have recently appeared in Cordite and Meniscus and reviews in Verity La. She lives in a happy menagerie with her four kids and loving husband.