



IN THE DRINK

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These poems were written and edited on the stolen land and waterways of the Wadi Wadi people of Dharawal Country, and the Cadigal-Wangal people of the Eora Nation. This book was printed and bound on the stolen lands of the Woiwurrung (Wurundjeri) and Boon Wurrung people of the Kulin Nation. Sovereignty was never ceded. Emily Crocker and Subbed In pay their respects to elders, past and present.

Always was, always will be Aboriginal land.

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Stamps for concession cardholders

Nearly in the drink, we are trying
to wash each other's feet without touching.
mardi gras weekend and the last before
you leave. How I can't blame you for all
the trash in sydney. Tent pitched; the pegs slid
easy into sand and the sun melting
into the nuttelex horizon. I smile
secretly, O'Hara-style, at the sheer
inevitable picnic of our lives if we could
just sit still. For once. Pretending
to relish the coarse plants growing out of
the naked dunes. Eyes down, pull through strands
and noose my finger tips. You slip away
in the humidity
like the label from a bottle of draught,
as you list all the things I want for you
too. Things you could drop
behind the microwave
Or jam under wobbly tables.
A bottle-opener worn down to the gums.
Business cards stuffed into empty parts
of both our futures. Sometimes you have to
believe a postage stamp could tear a hole
in the side of your sharehouse. Lest you
suffocate under relentless hoping.
The type you must rip back
from your unshaved knee in
one
quick motion.

Marsh

The stink of ocean swings into the doorway of this old wet terrace. A milkcrate of seaweed gleaned from the beachier side of town swelling in the cold fresh rain. I hear it makes good mulch and that gardening keeps the anxiety back. ‘These times are a matter of preference – usually considered ready when the root is the length of the seed’ says the canadian zine about sprouting and magick. The potatoes, desperate to see in the dark, silently explore the corners of the green bag under the sink. With their mauve fingers and keen sense of smell they can taste right through the particle board to the marsh this place is. Apparently, when poor people could still afford to live here, there was an Agent Orange factory upstream. Friends’ urge us to test the soil before we plant anything to eat. But I’m trying to grow my way out of the habit of pocketing knots of ginger at the supermarket, or the occasional slender bouquet of broccolini eased from the rubber band. You’ve swam in that same harbour all your life. And so far, so good.