





*Je suis Australienne.* I walk on, watch well-dressed college students  
ribboning through urban  
corridors. Near my lodgings, I watch two children chase off a skunk  
with sticks. *Pepé le Pew.*  
I'm foreign and heart-sick, thinking of tactile things that centre and  
cradle. Thunderstorms:  
purpling skies. The click of Asian geckos. Rain on tin roofs  
lifting out the steam.  
Cane toad veneers on wet bitumen.

I can't imagine this place under snow,            can't imagine any place.  
The wild is the cold, is  
the wild. The howl of the wind is an SOS. Puffins. Penguins. Otters.  
Bearded Atlantic fishermen.  
*Où est la sortie?* Disappear, to find your way home. All-hour nausea  
swings: a pendulum,  
marking each day of this desperate sentence. When this star is birthed,  
it will be mighty.  
I too, will be recast.