

“COTTONMOUTH”



SPIT DICTION

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COTTONMOUTH

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THE MAGIC FLUX

Alan Fyfe

I knew a man called Henry
who possessed a magical flux,
of his own manufacture,
that could facilitate the welding
of any metal to any other metal

Whenever a stranger would ask
how the substance was made,
Henry would gather his co-workers,
stand up on a chair – properly above them,
and recite the following recipe.

Grind a powder from

Two skull fragments from a Neanderthal of either sex
Half a kilogram of blue asbestos
The fingernails of an executed thief
Eight petals from flowers found in Aztec tombs
Rust from Excalibur

Mix with

Two grams of pure Columbian cocaine
The dust from the surface of a mirror
Sand from the beaches of Normandy
Three tablespoons of baking powder
A handful of paint chips from any work of renaissance art

To form a paste add

The tears of your first-born child
Old, white paint found in a tin at the back of a shed
Seawater kept in a jam jar for seven years
Two drops of Jesus Christ's semen

Turpentine

Agitate

There, in the dim workshop,
something explodes like a firework over water.

The point that Darwin missed:

Yes, we are monkeys,
but what fabulous monkeys we are.

PANCAKES

Suzanne Jones

maiden sleepover voyage
her father at the helm
a Sunday breakfast

pancakes

oblivious
I began to seep
maple trees

saplings at least
until
walling off

at sixteen leagues
I baked
my own

called my father to table
called my mother to table
called my sister to table

pancakes

tomorrow I'll call my son
and husband to table
and we shall sit

a veritable sugar house
and eat
our own.

LEXICON

Maria Ainsley

I'm going to write like Shakespeare, she said.

To be or not to be? he said.

Do you actually know which play that line's quoted from?

Yeah, yeah, of course. It's the one with the guy, and the guy... and the girl...um, no I don't.

Hamlet.

Oh, yeah, yeah, now I remember. Studied that one in high school. Everyone dies at the end.

Yes, that and the whole 'what is the purpose of life' thing.

Yeah... so, Shakespeare, huh.

Yes. I'm going to write on parchment with a quill and ink, and because parchment is so expensive there will be no room for error and I'll have to just write in one long flow making any adjustments at the very end.

Go the parchment!

But I'll be able to make up words and sayings and it won't matter because they'll end up becoming part of the English lexicon 'cos I'm so good.

Right, the lexicon. What's a lexicon?

Words. Vocabulary.

Oh, of course. Are you making up words now?

No, I'm not. Lexicon is a real word.

Ok. How do I know you're really Shakespeare?

You don't. But his works (if they were his) are so resounding that it's a side issue, really, who the real author was.

Hmm. So you're going to make up words and maybe write under someone else's name?

Yes. No. Maybe....

I'm going to write like Virginia Woolf, she said.

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? he said.

Ha ha. Actually, that's a good play.

Is it about Virginia Woolf?

No, it's about something else. But Virginia Woolf is cool too.

Who is she?

She was a writer. She said women need a room of their own so they could write and think.

You live by yourself in a one bedroom apartment. You have a room of your own.

I know. But am I really free?

I don't know. Are you?

I don't know. Am I? I got shooed off the neighbour's lawn when I was walking home the other day. Was that because they were being chauvinistic and denying a female's right to walk where she may?

Nah, he just didn't want you walking on his lawn. You talking about the old guy?

Yeah.

Well, it is his lawn. He does put a lot of care into it. Looks heaps better than the one out the front of your building.

Yes. Well, I won't be drowning myself over it.

Cool.

Yep. Well, I'm going to go break down the systems of patriarchy and oppression.

Should get another chapter written tonight.

Go you. Tear down the system for me.

I'm going to write like Jack Kerouac, she said.

Who's that? he said.

What do you mean, who's that? Don't you know Jack Kerouac? On the Road?

Nooo.

You don't know On the Road? Tale of sex, drugs and rock and roll?

No.

Well, you know about the Beat Poets and the Beat-niks?

What?

The Beat Poets? 1950s?

No, I don't know.

Um, well, you know who Hunter S. Thompson is? Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas?

Yeah, yeah, I know Hunter S. Thompson.

Well, Hunter S. Thompson was directly influenced by Jack Kerouac.

Oh, right.

I've been trying to write like Kerouac when he wrote On the Road.

Ohh-kay.

The legend is that he taped together a hundred and twenty feet of paper that would go in his typewriter, so that way he wouldn't have to stop and change the paper.

Right.

And what he did is he locked himself in his house for three weeks and just drank cheap wine and took drugs and wrote and wrote and wrote, and at the end of it he had a novel, *On the Road*.

Oh, I see.

Yeah, it was really controversial at the time. Large portions of it had to be edited out for publication 'cos there was loads of explicit description of drug taking and homosexuality, which, you know, was really not acceptable at the time.

Of course.

Sooo, I'm trying to bang out my novel like I'm Jack Kerouac but I don't have a typewriter and I'm not drinking cheap wine.

Well, not enough of it anyway. Ha ha.

Though I did look him up on the net just now (I was having a writing break) and he apparently said that contrary to popular belief, he didn't take any stimulants while he was writing *On the Road*, just drank loads of coffee. But he did die from cirrhosis of the liver, being an alcoholic, when he was only, like, forty-seven or something. Young, huh?

Yes.

So, anyway, you sound tired and I should keep writing. I'm up to twelve thousand words now.

Wow, that's great babe. You're writing like a beaver.

Yeah, I wanna get another thousand done tonight. Trying to make up for not writing enough yesterday.

Good luck with that.

UNTITLED

Psyche



TABULA RASA

Jake Dennis

Lichen clutch that cliff chip,
that rock jut, that severed bone.
Our hair is wrought with salt.
Blood rushes beneath a sun
the hours will shut off.

The sea gushes forth
while mermaids curl the weeds.
We cannot pare our scalps,
peel the folds of natal clay.
Lichen clutch the rock.

SMALL CHANGE (AND EVERYONE'S BUYING)

David Stavanger

the boys wear tomorrow's hair
upwardly mobile
with nowhere to go

ecstasy in their pocket
credit in their hands

time suspended
under a perspex sky

a spruiker demands that we buy
something *anything* *everything*

the only real thing here
a beautiful girl lost in all this plastic

credit in her jeans
the machines know her name

a hunter stalks the shelves
bottled water strapped to his thigh

it is so dry here
we kiss to wet our throats

the one true thing
an ATM slip

I sit in the 4th row of the movie
a tattooed man with nothing to say

we watch feet shuffle
to an elevator tune

crowds move as one

a sign says: ONLY 6 DAYS TO GO
we will all return in seven

the coffee is 3.80 and tastes like small change

the river bends her back under the strain
of emptied purses

5pm the sky is greenbacks
a cleaner picks up lost children

parents empty bank accounts

outside McDonalds
I am not the only clown

the mall has grown teeth
the machines know our names

having been told what to buy you
we wrap a stick in newspaper

amnesty international
are pushers and I am buying

trying to find a lead pencil
leave with a toy gun

you recall that Santa once kissed you
when the shops had closed

the elves are all stoned this year

the only bargain here

free parking

SATURDAY MORNING *SATURDAY NIGHT*

Browyn Mehan

A woman lounges by her backyard pool
but for gurgling spa pump
and skittering ta-ta lizards
it's a peaceful way
to spend a Saturday morning.

Local boyz loiter
at the bus stop
but for pumping testosterone
and passing doof-doof cars
it's a peaceful way
to spend a Saturday night

Finches dart
into her pool.

The bus-stop boyz peer
into darkness.

She sees her cat
sliding by the pool fence
in a manner that could be
construed as furtive.

They see
Sudanese refugees
(ex-boysoldiers)
sticking close to fence lines
in a manner that could be
construed as furtive.

CITYRAIL REGRETS

Narelle Goulden

At night rave
near the guard
cum na ked
with a blue light

SNAILS

Simon Cox

The rain was falling so lightly
that though eventually drenched
in our jumpers, your fringe flat and damp
against your forehead

the wetness had built up slowly
and over time, and we barely noticed
the slow accumulation of raindrops
as light as thought

until our clothes were heavy
with water, affectionate fingers
of rain running down our backs,
our sleeves pulled up over our hands

and our plans neatly drowning
in the wet eyes of puddles, the night
humid and damp and safe for snails,
the trees little shelter, your eyes bright.

SKIN

Carol Chandler

He stared at his hands, cracked and useless, touching the regions and grooves on his face, pitted like the riverbed, the uneven surface of his arms like the gnarled bark of the trees on the plains with their black and sunburnt blemishes.

His ancestors had come from England, shipwrecked by an iceberg around the Cape on their way to Australia, a spear of ice, like a jagged knife of blue glass, slicing the fragile hull, releasing its catch of destitute convicts, the breaking of the waters, like the birth of a child.

They had arrived in New South Wales and settled in the area where he now lived and as he looked at his skin he wondered about his origins. He had always been known as 'Reffo' or 'Iti' because of its darkness and his sister's skin was dark too, a deep olive texture.

"Your type shouldn't be on the bus, you know," a woman had said to him one day when he was sitting with his friends.

Perhaps she hadn't meant what she'd said but he began thinking about those chinks in DNA that disrupt the chain of identity, deregulating the organism, so that something unpredictable grows. DNA the twisted spiral of life, the mysterious staircase with platforms missing or kicked to one side.

"My mother told me an Aboriginal child was reared by a local settler," a woman from his hometown had confided one day. "The child's mother was an Aboriginal woman who was shot in a massacre in retaliation for another settler who had been speared to death in a dispute."

As he pondered this revelation, he realised that a creeping dread had begun to keep him awake at night into the early hours of the morning, the fear that he wasn't who he thought he was, a disquiet that the doctor had described as a mood disorder but which his wife had decided was only boredom and old age.

He thought about his two ancestors, the one who had been given a chance of a new life and the other who had been dispossessed, his grandmother's people, a race who had lived here since the beginning of time, a secret in the deepest corner of his mind, which had only now reappeared in the disturbing pages of stories and memories waiting silently for his response.

As he prepared the meat for the barbecue his mind became conflicted about his identity, unable to reconcile the two strands of his history. That woman from his old country town had told him that his grandmother was half white. She had gone into service and married a white man. 'They were good people', she said, and the words 'good people' echoed in

his mind as if they were somehow more civilised. Some of his friends, at least, might think of him as belonging to an inferior race. His friend, George, had talked about the natural progression of superior races conquering inferior people and he winced when he thought about how much his great grandmother must have suffered.

He remembered his mother, a proud woman with moody brown eyes. Even if she had known about it she would never have admitted to her ancestry. Ironically, she was as prejudiced as the next person and he wondered if he had absorbed some of her ways, a flaw or a weakness, like a violent temper. Over the previous weeks, word had gotten around about his enigmatic past but people were either bored or sceptical. Perhaps he shouldn't mention it in future but this only added to his depression and malaise, the idea that he was denying a part of himself.

He flipped over the steak with his bullish hands, clutching the spatula as he remembered his last conversation with George, and how George had squinted at him in disbelief. There was a hint of suspicion as if he wasn't quite the same person but then he had continued on with the conversation, even though the tranquil waters had been disturbed.

"Gosh, I don't know you anymore," George had said to him, staring at him with his pale blue eyes. "Convicts are one

thing but Aboriginal is something else."

This distressed him greatly, even though his daughter had been pleased because it meant she had another cultural identity so he resolved to find out more about his past.

"You're the same person you know," his wife said to him, sick of the discussion and his ambivalence. "In fact, it makes you more interesting. Some people found you quite boring before."

Laughing at the insult, he took solace in her words, as he finished cooking the meat, thinking about the river with its smooth and broken rocks just below the surface, that spear of ice that had sliced his ancestor's boat so that he tumbled forth into the waters, reborn in another land on a distant shore. He had managed to locate one of his distant Aboriginal cousins on his mother's side but there was no great connection between them or shared past, nothing but the present. It would have to grow, he realised, and he glanced over at the mango tree he had planted which was now reaching up gradually towards the sun.

OBJECTIVE CO-RELATIVE

(connotations of taking my nephew to Litchfield Park)

Bronwyn Mehan

I photograph him
by the falls
reading the story
I'm writing
using bits of his life.

He turns the page.

I watch for his response, noting:
how gecko-like
his teenage toes grip
the ochre stones
how the legs
of his boardies
have already dried
how his Prince Valiant
hair falls
so neatly forward
as he reads.

Behind him Florence
the great gushing cataract
chills the pool water to the bone.

I'm cold, he says.

In the car
he warms his gecko feet
on the dash.
We stop to take photos
of our shadows
against bitumen and red dirt
- our wide hats and skinny legs
make Mimi people of us.

I watch
his finger poised
as if at a trigger
his camera shooting
the ant work-party hauling a cicada carcass,
blood-red petals breathing life into a dead twig.

These things I steal for my story:
the pandanas strap
at Berry Springs
he takes for a file snake
creek bed churn
he's convinced is shit.

Sinatra sings
as we drive slant
into the hot Darwin sun.

Why not take all of me?

At the airport
I kiss him goodbye
already tearful
over the strange death
I plan for him
on the road back
from Florence Falls.

WINTER

Jake Dennis

He ran after her
across a teeming street
with his jacket moist with rain
over his scalp. It slipped over his eyes,
as he howled her name
like Stanley.

She ran while cars
smashed him
into a doll
and flattened the garden
they planted with lips
into a bloody slate.

A LAPSE IN ATTENTION

Christopher Currie

He has no friends, really. Just people who keep him occupied. He describes himself as hedonistic, because it sounds clever, and it means he gets away with almost anything. He's not strictly handsome, but striking: in the way a good haircut can frame an oddly-shaped face.

He's stacked against a bar, an outside bar that clings to the edge of an inside wall. Those around him listen. Like he's a cash machine, like they need their symptoms of withdrawal. Like they have the privilege of his presence. He's drunk, shape-shifting drunk. Soft and friendly, warm blood. His opinions are salutations to better times, a glimpse into the life he says he's had. The well-cut jacket, the black shirt.

You only have to own a few things, he says out loud, but they'd better look damn good. He's got a theory, you see, that you only ever have to hint. Imagination does the rest. Other peoples', and your own.

He's got a thick ring on his little finger, and a story hanging off it in flypaper strips. It's about a night in a foreign city: a throbbing marketplace, spices and smells, a pair of charcoal eyes. Heat like a king-hit, mosquito nets and midnight sweat. Dawn with coffee and a salt-boiled

balcony. Then the wistful look drains from his face, like his memories have returned to a bottom drawer. But he's drawn them in, and they're hooked, and they buy him another drink.

Every sentence is a new beginning: a seam of words from a sewing machine mouth. He knows what sounds impressive. When he leans forward, he shows his scars. Mistimed shiny lines: skin worms in the dim light. There's a patch of razor burn on his throat that could be a vampire bite. But he's a man with canines. To rip apart the meat.

He sees the one he wants tonight. She's alone. She's cruelly beautiful. She's the only one looking nowhere near him. Sitting by herself at the end of the bar, head turned aside. He wonders how her body folds up. He wonders where her creases are. He wonders how to break her stony skin. Because this is desire. Always wanting more. Not the light, but from where the light begins. Because he sees the chance for another conquest. He sees the chance to take another piece of the world.

And he moves his eyes like a soft sound. Like a wet tear, cutting through nothing. He moves his shark circles. He moves them past her body. He drinks her in; he feasts her hinted shapes and shadows.

She sees him now, and she moves her feline eyes. To rip apart the meat. His urge grows with her gaze, and he feels the swelling of his blood. In his eyes, in his groin. Unusual, this lack of control. This desperation. This weak-willed beggar who's breaking his ribs.

She turns away, and he begins to falter. He loses his focus: a speck of mascara on her cheekbone. He's stumbling, as she moves the skin below her dress. As her inner layer shifts away. As she gets up from her seat. He can sense he's missed his chance. It's nothing, but it's everything, like losing a memory. A moment of promise gone to waste. And no one will ever know, but her. She is his fault line of frailty.

So he turns back to the bar, back to the open slates of more receptive strangers. He leans in close to their open faces, and he starts to tell a story of decadence and scar tissue.

But he knows now. She knows now. That he lives, he breathes, he exists. Underneath all of this, he still shivers in the cold. In his head, like everyone else's, is the distant rumble of death. A fear of the unseen. She knows he is ferociously fallible.

He stares at the light sheen of liquid coating the bar, at the wet patch of foam around his elbow. He tracks his head for far-flung memories. Exotic, syringe-

sharp.

He should find her, somewhere out in the night. He should let her know he doesn't care. But he doesn't. He takes a drink from an anxious hand, and moves himself closer to the warm fire of false familiarity. He opens his mouth. They wait.

RED LIGHTS

Josephine Rowe

1.

Melbourne, it was a little red light
sewn under your skin.

From thirty k's distance
we could still make it out.

Sitting on the rooves of our parents' cars
in outer suburbia

we watched it winking,
traced it along the lit veins of your highways,
in and out of traffic, past the docks and
down blind alleys where everything
that had been said and sold and bought and done
in the lost hours of a hundred and fifty years of Saturday nights
had seeped into the cold stone and left it wanting.

From thirty ks distance,
from as far away as childhood,
it was a little red light
moving under your skin
and we were all meant to be someone else by now.

Melbourne, you promised.

2.

We wait for the lights to change.
The driver of the station wagon
in the next lane
is screaming at the woman
in his passenger seat.
She screams right back.
He gets a hand on her throat.
Their two kids start bawling.
You wind the window up.
We still hear her head
smack the dashboard.
I turn the radio on.
Someone's singing about
Love, baby. Love.
We wait for the lights to change.

3.

You smile like a red-light district –
all neon and promise
of something more tactile,
more immediate than love.

4.

There were nights when I thought
that all that stood between us
and the end of the world
was the light at the end of his cigarette.

5.

We were standing
in a stranger's garden.
You were saying,

You can't do that, you just can't.

But I was watching
the red dawn
spilling over the high brick walls
and into the little ash-filled courtyard.

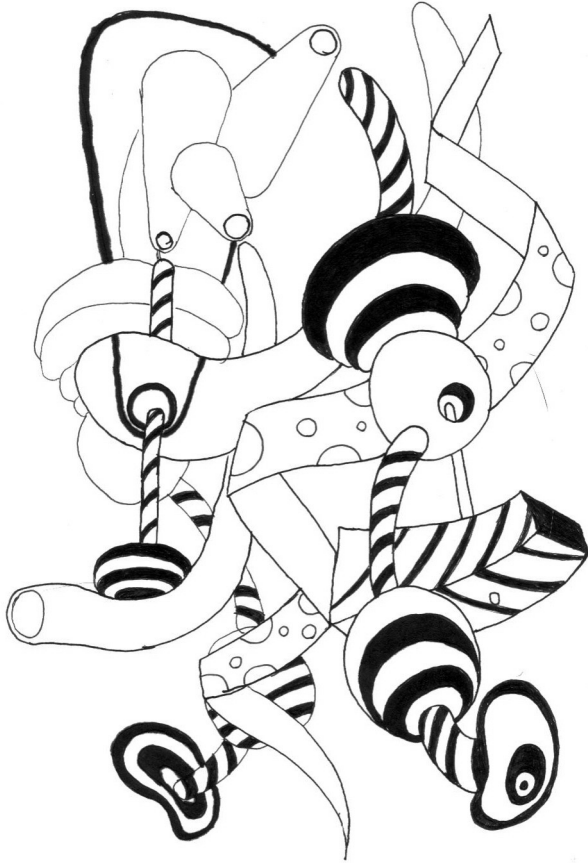
I was watching
the light change on your face.
And now, for the life of me
I can't remember
what it was you said I couldn't do.

6.

There are things
we want to say.
We're just waiting
for the right time.
Ad breaks.
Red lights.
Birthdays.
Eulogies.

UNTITLED

Eric Mitchell



SENSED THROUGH OPAQUE WINDOWS

Amanda Joy

It's hard to understand architecture
when my past is sea and desert.

It could be that these things are not
simultaneous.

When you kiss me and the inside of your mouth is the colour of mulla mulla, it makes
my feet burn. Then, I am standing on the red earth in the middle of the day and a
girl's voice shouts "you look deadly sis".

Beside you now in this rectangle of flowers, in the pocket of my black jersey dress,
my fingers find forgotten cherry pits (I ate them to wash those last words out of my
mouth)

These pieces of memories I haven't known
lie lightly.

Undone by the closeness of the ocean, forgetting returns in pieces. With the skin of
my body resting on the skin of your body. We form small patches of darkness between
us-
As smoke, leaving the fire aspires to a more spacious form.

Today's encased
in yesterdays
Tiny birds in eggshells

THE TRANSLATOR

Alan Fyfe

I am a man sitting on a
couch made in the nineteen twenties, in a room
full of moths. I must write about the moths.

To describe the moths I cannot
look directly at them. I have to focus
on my notebook so that I don't see them.

But, occasionally, one drops
across my eyelid, its long battle with the
electric light lost. I always catch it.

And hold it until its dun and
grey shades disintegrate or intensify;
until it becomes a chrysanthemum.

UNTITLED

Miriam McKenna

Not merely lacking in discretion, but whoring out the personal and the profane like cheap Rolexes under a stained raincoat, Dear Prudence or lack thereof rides the Perspex Pope mobile of emotions past the waving crowds routinely and without embarrassment. Her cavalcade regularly cruises into lovelorn city and while others hasten out of the doleful backwater in inconspicuous tinted vehicles, she parades down main street with the top down and two fat twins on miniature motor cycles bringing up the rear. And like erectile disfunction, or the work of Phillip Roth, the sordid tragedy of it all was so haphazardly entertaining. Docking at Port-noy's Complaint, these vignettes of humiliation and betrayal had the peanut-crunching crowd rapped with Schadenfreudean delight. What Woody Allen has done in the comedic advancement of the neurotic and chronically oversexed, she has done for rejection and dating the emotionally crippled.

Tales of the oxford bound thespian with the floppy mop and Meinkampf grin who uttered those immortal words "Its not me its you", cads and bounders, her first love more pedant than man and who – to quote Christopher Hitchens in response to the death of Jerry Fallwell – 'If that man had an enema, he could've

been buried in a matchbox'. She was, the amorous equivalent of the statue of liberty...bring me your turgid, your morally bankrupt, your huddled mass..turbators, the wretched refuse of your god forsaken sex. Yes, somewhere in the personal Venn diagram of despair, isolation, celibacy and sweatpants, lay the hilarity of heterosexual courting.

The latest addition to the island of lost men, to which most were banished, was the kind of vile misanthrope that could have been found terrorising the dejected soul of Sylvia Plath's burning works. Here was a man that would not only pay the gas bill, but install a bigger oven. This Pied Piper of Shamlin was the consummate scoundrel and libidinous ne'er-do-well, sans the Oxbridge gentrification, pomade and distaste for the lower classes, who felt that pursuing one woman was a vulgar waste of his charm and talent. In the double entendre world of gardening, he was the arrant rake to her useless hoe. Her trust was the cement shoes in this river of love, and like a butterfly kissing an Audi on the autobahn or Caddyshack II; she was always bound for crushing failure.

While Sarah Palin, the withdrawal method, every Dennis Hopper scene in 'Blue Velvet' and polygamy have proved significant set backs for heterosexual detent, miscommunication of just what

exactly the bi-product of sexual relations will be, is certainly a screw in the works. Sex is a very baffling form of communication that can mean anything from “I love you” to “There’s nothing good on TV”, and rarely means the same thing to both parties. Sex in her case was usually preceded by a tender bombardment of adoration, whose value after the act itself, disintegrated faster than the Bangladeshi middle order. She rarely learned her lesson, once burned, twice burned, they were the fox to her crow and she dropped the cheese every time. While this all made for wondrous comedic fodder for P. T. Ful’s travelling circus of the dammed, it was perhaps time, she felt, to cancel her subscription to Gullible and Desperate Weekly, and realise she been all too hasty in dismissing that old adage about free milk and correlative drop in the bovine market.

GOSPEL

Narelle Goulden

Gospel / godspell / gods fell in the gulf between
Our minds and words, where we dwell,
gods fear to tread – do we need to spell it out?
Let's gossip, sip in the goss, the gloss
Of stars that shine, spellbind and blind like bells
That ring and bring us to our knees
If you please, and pray,
God's grace, this graceful gospel that gob-
smacks us all won't fall to gall. Go for a spell,
go well, go shell, no one wants to go to hell

HIS LAST MORNING ON MERSEY STREET

Josephine Rowe

It's just gone ten. A man sits howling dry-eyed on his doorstep, on the ground floor of an apartment building. The building is a crumbling white stucco affair, built during the thirties or forties. Cracked window frames flake paint into a stone window box of herbs and orange marigolds. There is wrought iron outdoor furniture, a plastic watering can on a stump of wood. Fallen leaves are banked around the doorway and strewn across the yard, no matter what time of year. It is late January. Among the dead leaves are feathers, and flecks of blood. The man is howling on his doorstep, openly, the way a three year old howls. His mouth is stretched wide. You can see the lower row of his teeth. He cries without tears, his face hot. Pink rubber gloves cover his thick forearms. Between his knees is a blue plastic bucket, filled with water. Between his gloved hands is a bird, a wood dove, badly injured. Shock has given it an air of calm. It blinks its black eyes slowly. It makes no noise, does not struggle. Even when the man plunges his arms elbow deep into the water, the bird does not struggle, not at first. A black and white mog watches from under one of the wrought iron garden chairs, ears and tail twitching, ash-coloured feathers at her mouth and her feet. The man no longer howls, although his face has not changed.

It remains set as before, like a grotesque mask. You can still see his lower teeth. From the back of his throat there comes a rattle, the bare bones of the earlier howling. The bird begins to struggle inside the bucket, under the water between the man's large hands. He can feel the exposed bone of the right wing clicking frantically, sharp through the pink rubber gloves right through to the centre of his palm.

Oh god, he says. Oh god oh god. The bird takes minutes to die, much longer than the man thought possible. When he finally takes the bird from the water, it is still, the little head lolling on the limp neck. The glossy black eyes filmed grey. He lays it carefully onto the dry leaves, and looks up. At the gate of the property, a small crowd has gathered. A real estate agent explains the history of the building, the advantages of the location. The crowd is not listening. The crowd is looking at the man, at the dead bird, at the bucket. The man peels off his gloves and lays them over the bird, as though to protect it, and steps back into the house. In the safe shadows of the front room he takes a hand trowel from a cardboard box marked garden things, packed three hours earlier. He leans inside the front door, listening to the estate agent, wishing the crowd would disperse.

CONTRIBUTORS

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We're in the 459 Bar of the Rosemount Hotel on the second Thursday of every month (STILL!),

459 Fitzgerald St, North Perth, Western Australia.

You may visit us online at cottonmouth.org.au

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