

MIEGUNYAH

Laura Di Blasi

Inspired by the Russell and Mab Grimwade bequest.

“Together we can build a remarkable country, the envy of the rest of the world.”

Lowitja O’Donoghue 1984

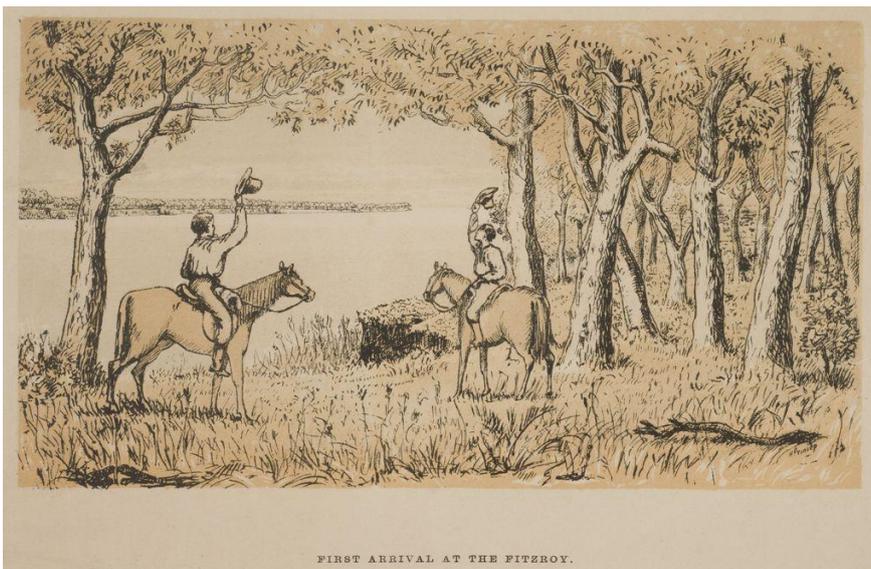
Okimono of an ivory shell

Mouth open, I see
decaying teeth chattering
at their reflection
they remember when
they were polished marble
a fearful empire
soil to roots of a thousand trees
withered and waiting
to snap shut
lay dormant beneath the sea.



First Arrival at Fitzroy

Their hats could easily be
mistaken for leaves
and their arms for branches
but there is something
about them that causes
their brothers to recoil
bend wildly back
huddle for comfort and
whisper amongst themselves
frantically
even every blade of grass
and weed
stands on end
as though waiting for an attack
feeling in their presence
an usurpation of air:
they struggle to breathe.



FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE FITZROY.

Crystal squatting duck with head titled backwards

The tilt is of confusion.
Strange hands had melded him
to stone
'Something more beautiful,'
his Master said
brown feathers and
intricate crown now chiselled
motionless and scarred;
an engraving, a mark
of his new-found whiteness.



Door Handle?

I don't know what I am
opening and closing centuries
dutifully
to become decoration
naked
stretched out on a table
operated on by eyes
that try to decipher me
fear that one day I will be
whole
apart of something bigger
autonomous again



South End of Tasman's Island

The waves move in warning
of a thing come to take us
their backs are aching, heaving
as they carry it towards us

It is even and precise
everything we are not
we are wild
and resemble
only the
smoke
that escapes it

We have no name
though they will try to name us
deemed only movements of sea
can erode or change us



SOUTH END OF TASMANS ISLAND

Paperweight

My vision blurs at the edges
I see that she has been here years
her actions are endless
strange to the boy
an embodiment of duty
her purpose does not serve her
or her family
her heaviness only pleasing
pages that confine her.



Wedding Cup

It is your wedding night
you are made to drink from a cup
that looks just like you
frills and all
you drink from the one that
your tired arms are holding
he drinks from the great one
hidden beneath your skirt
until there is nothing left
and you are empty;
for better or for worse.



Some Contributors to Punch

The teapot stretches his arms
round his relatives
sugar, lemon and whiskey
they look awfully glum
because they have endured a long
tiresome journey

They are only some
because they lost one
the one that makes them *panj*
they are not used to being drunk
in crystal cups
or to wear funny frills and hats

They are not used to being
individuals
dissected and projected
through recipe books
that are sold by reputable booksellers
and call them *punch*:

they hardly relate to their own name.



Melbourne Grammar School

If one was to squint their eyes
they might think us a forest
grey, dark and ominous
however, we are estranged
to brick imposters
children no longer find us
within perfect walls
while we cannot help
tangling and twisting with
every movement of breath
though some of us
creep towards them
hoping to meld to them
become them
not fall like those before

Defiantly I stand tall

though I am mimicked by the spire.



The Hunted

Poised

puppet on strings

Snapping

the howlers beneath

For a moment

the Hunted becomes performative

Jiving with friends

shot at by arrows, the crescendos

The prelude

to the curtain falling

