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Deakin University

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Clever

Biographical note:

Antonia Pont writes essays, fiction, poetry, and scholarly works, which research temporality, habit, weather, newness, want, silence and creativity in conversation with 20th century continental philosophy. She is Associate Professor at Deakin University in Writing, Literature and Culture, a founding editor of *c i n d e r* journal, a past President of AAWP, and a current editor of *TEXT*. Relevant works include *The Memory Library* (2024), *A Philosophy of Practising* (2021) and *You Will Not Know In Advance What You'll Feel* (2019). She lives on unceded Wurundjeri country.

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imagining one embarks here with unmasked, guileless possibility **fact is** this whole idea of writing's transparent honesty

to that church I don't subscribe **you'll** harvest more from me in silence but since no words no snags conclude from there how ears self-organise how darkness punctuates

masked man in the aisle shook hard his hands working to ferry some things outside a bag to inside of bag **I** couldn't see items couldn't see his mouth thus his face in one piece

intensities of vulnerability of people **walking** around facing it every day taking it out for hoi polloi inspection makes me fold in on myself in ways a paper metaphor can't carry

invention as we know knows no bounds or scruples but it has not invented something to move bruisable tomatoes securely **small** mouths of paper vessels ever tighten their lips

once eye contact made he and I jostled in narrow aisle **earlier** I'd tried to defibrillate the day searching on latest writing technologies to translate in(side) to out(side)

as opposed to what the man was doing with his items (out to in) translation has never been what's on the packet and today any thread of action **jumping** on an intentional line of anything

eludes me **I** fold, like a bag a hand can't hold open at the mouth many mouths invisible since people protecting themselves from sickness accident normal fortune contingency loss

in the car I'd said the way a Freudian nightmare might work as hallucination of a world that horrifies yet allows a wish in there **lithe** fishwish that logically slips in among the detail

and no one will see (since it's in plain sight) **nightmare's** creating of a world in which

there isn't any

loss

in which that particular loss (its secret loss) is logically unfeasible denied

we hallucinated the wrong car park entrance then a queue of cars **you** did time-abacus in your head working out it wouldn't work I got out we unfolded the trolley's hard plastic edges

sun everywhere wetting me defenceless in liquid light its white metal sheen glancing off and threatening even seeing **wind's** cold particles polishing my face one step at a time we'll get there

across the plastic knobbles which help anyone whose vision does not accommodate what the metal sun throws out and on **me** a person whose thread was flapping and whose time

had turned very felted tennis ball **if** you must know

how I experience time in times like these

everybody seemed a visitor (looking in on the idea of eating?) was anybody even shopping for a normal life **cheese** table where it usually is and bread sellers discussing their father's health

not old! swims like my mother! earlier we'd agreed I couldn't go on the long drive not today it's better to keep the ambitions entirely hemmed in **smallest** steps across plastic knobbles

all kinds of blindness **in** a dream you might believe you see the whole picture but point of protection (that aspect which knows no negation) is not at all to see the whole picture

this beautiful talking I can I can **words** (and nightmare retellings) that are a ruse that I do not perceive and I might take it away later for now have to plough on

acquaintance in pharmacy talked up the other end of the store I made as if browsing cheap cosmetics with trolley parked against eyedrops **dawdled** to keep their shy highviz out of earshot

felted ball rolled me onto waiting transport **light** of woman beside in version of cotton purple landed not unkindly on bright-scattered organism's whittled skin on day of soap-rubbed fibres

body's memory ferries us through whole skeins of actions already known well-practised able to lead us bridle-onwards though inner whites of eyes reel desperate image of loneliness **we** animals

hallucinate more of what hasn't been lost in operative detail **finding** exactly objective evidence needed to make sure there will have been here nothing lost nothing lost nothing whatsoever

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