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## The University of Technology, Sydney

### Adam Aitken

### Poetics 101

This cool and pleasant corner of the earth, where due to lack of sleep, too much exercise and cornered by salivating dogs, the fox expired in a fury of blood, viscera and fur. Then the hunt retired to a mouldy drinker where the hunter-poet carried on finding ways to spin that incident in the Uni Bar with the sniffy Yank reviewer who thought his poems lacked a sense of tragedy, despite their darkness. Perhaps travel with a permanent hangover & a split tooth or a torn hand skinning Irish rabbits inside out are indifferent things, so unworthy. One can, however, write of why you write from a *lack of loving ourselves* as mother once said, back in our rural childhood. Being helpful in a Drover's Wife way she dabbed at his skinned knees. Then Dad's advice: A good left hook'll do the trick. (Florence, 16th Century). Such bragging, those wild images of passion the lecturer can't explain, or why the country needs more horses and bullies, all armed for a siege.

Adam Aitken teaches creative writing and theory at the University of Technology, Sydney. Romeo and Juliet in Subtitles, his third collection of poems, was shortlisted for the South Australian Writers Festival Awards.

### Vivienne Glance

## synaptic cleft

when a word reveals itself to me and in a microsecond spills onto the bright page i am swallowed by mystery

from billions of neural possibilities a single chemical ignition leaps across a synaptic cleft tussles with electrical pulses in my spongy brain and steals this word from my blood-dark articulate heart

creation is more than a succession of cellular awakenings flooded with chemical sap

as a tear
a perfect sphere
balanced on a rose petal
reflecting the world
must be more than water
and pigmented carbon
so poetic thought
expands beyond action potentials
aimed along axons
networked through this fleshy structure
that seems to be me

Vivienne Glance's poetry and short stories have appeared in various publications including Short Stories Australia and Blue Dog, and she has won prizes and a commendation in competitions. Her plays have been performed in Australia and abroad. She regularly performs her poetry at readings, and has run performance workshop for writers.

### **Swinburne University of Technology**

# **Dominique Hecq**

# Fire relies on the leaves of gum trees

No sound fits this spectacle No sound but the hiss of fire bark grass searing your world into sheer whorls of alliterations Hallucinations of words resounding with nothing

Following faultlines a gorge aflame furrows erased in granite and sandstone lines of scribble gums forever receding The gorge barring you

Now how could I speak again when syllables shatter on my page turning words inside out when letters hover in the air like the smell of your burning skin?

We were discussing poetics on our mobiles How we didn't need manuals for wordsmiths preferred to work words as an end in itself make a poem fulfilled

in its enaction look inwards
to the materiality of language
on the page and in the mouth
stress the event not the effect
You said good bye

And now I dream that you flit out of my skin your voice doing things Poetic enjoyment perhaps as if to resist the etiolation of language

Don't put individual utterances on show you say Perform their moves of repetition re-use reiteration show your reader the absurd desire to contain ( )

For here is the gum and its inferno remains the grave among blistered roots

the mouthless earth lulling one to leave

If it could speak it would say here is the silence here is the question

Dominique Hecq is the author of The Book of Elsa, a novel, four collections of stories (Couchgrass, Noisy Blood, Magic and Mythfits), two books of poems (The Gaze of Silence and Good Grief) and two short plays (One Eye Too Many and Cakes & Pains). With Russell Grigg and Craig Smith, she also co-authored Feminine Sexuality: The Early Psychoanalytic Controversies. She is senior lecturer in writing at Swinburne University of Technology, Melbourne.

### **Robin Parmar**

## Countdown

In about forty-five seconds there will be a great sound like being locked naked in a room with no door, a room with concrete four metres thick and anodised steel lining, buried half a mile below the surface of the earth - a sound like the void.

In about thirty seconds there will be a non-event, a lack of cause with no effect, a subjective completely free of any object.

In about twenty-four seconds there will be a silence as words are evacuated into the lack of language known only to plants slowly striving towards the sun or mute infants grasping their way across the floor.

In about sixteen seconds time will cease counting, the clocks will stop ticking, your heart will stop pumping, and all will wind down, the very stars themselves returning to the imaginary realm from which the universe began.

In about five seconds I will stop writing and there will be nothing, nothing, nothing, left in the world of words, the poem being done.

Robin Parmar is a sound artist, poet, programmer and theorist, who has appeared at numerous festivals. In 2005 he co-edited and designed Microphone On (White House Press), an anthology of one hundred poets who have performed in Limerick, Ireland.