

Bogey Hole

Newcastle, New South Wales

1. Feet first, we descend into sky blue water, my hair a thick plaited crown. Sitting on barnacles and seaweed, the waves crash over the barrier chains in a canon of salt and light. While I'm pushed up against the rocks, you wash over me with the curling sea foam. For a moment, we are a haunting of contiguous limbs, a mingling of flesh and bone. Over our shoulders, wind-driven waves grow into the grey sky.
2. Waves are thrown on rocks and I'm Miranda in all her wild blueness. I stand facing the wind as seafoam spots the sky. We're wordless under the slap and patter of water. When you try a new language, saltwater rushes into the warm cove of your mouth. We submerge, grazing our buttocks on rocks and broken shells, and you slip your legs around me like a ringed flotation device. In the press of flesh, you rise against me.

Hill of the Muses

Under baking orange skies, we ascend the curved stones to the summit. Weighed down by water bottles, my hair is a moist bird's nest on my neck's slick nape. In the shadow of the Philopappos monument, you search for the shrine to the muses, running your hands over rocks like a dream in braille. I step into the sun. I'm a shell ready to be fired, I'm gunpowder in the night. On the crest of the hill, I fit myself into the muses' niches. Filled with men's fingerprints and howlings, the shrine is only rubble and dust. In empty boxes, I'm cast in sunbleached stone as the tenth muse. My name is Poísi. I call myself Anexartisía. I sit on the altar and wait for you to run your hands over my body's nooks, but you don't recognize me. So I take a tiny stone from the cairn as a reminder of ruin and hold it up to the sky. I'm a powderkeg, my words burn through your pages.

Erechtheion

On the stylobate of the south porch, I am the looted caryatid. Kore C, I fill the empty space in the Acropolis museum, the podium, your mind. You marvel at the folds of draped fabric, the stone illusion of gossamer gliding over breasts, thighs, buttocks. But I'm the thick plait roped to my neck. I am braided and crimped. You envisage my hair as a fishtail of intertwined bones, the skeleton you lift out of the nearly transparent flesh you devour. I'm caught at the end of your line, and while I balance one-sixth of the ancient world on my head, I can never reach your right margin.