

woomera part 2

~ Em König

just like children i was
casting
spells in ancient caves we
hid used
panty liners between two
cracks in
black
volcanic
steppingstones

for fun we carried
on
44-gallons to tops
of steep
gorges pushed
down watched
them bounce, then
again
and again
they're still

there in rusted
donga pipelines
years apart, she
and I fagging high
up over saltbush
breathing
her
in through
stages

we kissed beside the
boulders
on top, sat basking in a
blister
outback sun making red
faces
while we crushed

roo skulls still tacky,
swollen moist with sweat
furblood
pawprints in mud, coiled
spinal arch
neck twist
splintered vertebrae
this crust is a pain
to remember