

C.E. Hull

at the adelaide rape crisis centre/ there were alot
of women punching cushions/ puffed up women on flat
brown cushions/ white & cream cushions that need
dry cleaning/ skin coloured cushions for a woman
breast feeding/ & paisley design for fashionable
women/ i hide from the cushions/ behind a black
vinyl lounge/ women & cushions in explosions of
power/ i am frightened of them/ hidden/ some women
are plucking small green cushions from the ground/
collecting them into their arms/ like flowers or
clouds/ ten years to weed this hideous garden/ a
sedated woman muttering/ hating/ falling/ backwards/
she missed the cushions/ she skinned her elbows/
& needed bandages/ women are reaching/ towards
the ceiling/ trying to catch the vaporous cushions/
filled with helium/ there are anorexic dancing
women/ the atmosphere growing weak & transparent/
cushions out of reach for them/ one strong woman/
holds the big red cushion/ crushing it to death/
calling it her husband/ women are frightened of her/
she slit her wrists the night before/ into her heart
of the cushion/ hot blood within/ i admire her hot
strength/ her fight to the death/ there are blue
cushions wet from sadness/ women holding them/
weeping into them/ occasionally chastising/ blue dye

running into their stockings/ like the blue blood
of badness/ purple cushions of spirit/ yellow cushions
of madness/ each of the women/ with her own special
cushion/ to hug/ to escape/ to punch/ to straddle/
to cuddle/ to bash/ to carry/ to masturbate/ i hide/
behind the big orange cushion near the window/ hidden
behind it/ like a sunset fading into twilight/ hoping
it might sink/ me clutching onto it/ no cushions in
the room are black/ none black enough for me/ i
close my eyes & feel better/ to leave the cushions/
to the women of colour/