

Michelle Taylor

VOYAGEUSE

For Lisa

She's been back five days
but the suitcase is still full.

The dreams remain unpacked,
folded away from the heat

of Brisbane winter. Not even
a cold evening to despise.

Three summers deserted her
with the blink of an eyelid;

their light now creaks through floorboards,
walls. There's no escaping it.

Their skirts blow in the breeze
offshore, flags on pirate ships

plundering the seven seas,
seeking gold and silver.

The thickness of umbrella trees,
giant green pushing at grey

fibro houses, now her only comfort.
No sparkle here. These consume light,

gorge on it. Only darkness shows up stars.
Jewels are found in the centre of town. Glass

buildings rip at the sky's throat
forcing their way into heaven. Gatecrashers.

She sees her bright self in panels
and longs for the darkness of a distant continent.

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