

# Gemma Parker

## Demarcation

The half-Viking returns  
To the country of his birth.  
The voyage is an elongated exercise  
In nauseating mathematics. I watch time,  
Time watches him:  
Will he stay suspended in air  
Or land in a jittery  
swoop?

He is borderless.  
Space, only a game of physics.  
Maps, only delusions of pride.

He is cradled through the swamp of endless night.  
Reality constructs itself anew.  
Is this a dream of being born?

Borders are swept away like cobwebs.  
He lands, ageless, *voilà* and *merci* ready.  
The Empire waits to embrace him.

I watch him carefully. I see the wariness  
In his eyes. I see him crouch low. I see revolution  
Being born. These inked boundaries are freshly wet,  
Wet and ready to smear.

**About the author:** Gemma Parker was born in Gladstone, and is now an ESL teacher at the University of Adelaide. She recently won the Shoalhaven Literary Award for Poetry.