

## Tillage – Annabelle Fuller

Chains break the ground  
Like the skin of the scum  
On a stock. Iterative, moth at a  
Window. Bee dewing nose  
In its petal's folds, hot as a  
Sleepless pillow. Each disc is a  
Flexing elbow. Wrenched neck  
In the cab to recce what follows.

Nearly the end now. The field cut  
Line upon line like the coveting queue  
Of a farrow. Thistles glitter and  
Scatter. I'd like to fall into a furrow,  
Be full covered over.  
Come now the three-point hitch;  
Come now the harrow.

## detonator – Cia Mangat

on the way up  
the new mega drop  
tower at thorpe  
park your ma  
is kicking her  
feet watching  
the trees below  
shrink & shrink  
& about halfway  
up the wind  
is strong enough  
to rustle the thick  
kodak dark of your  
dad's hair it is 2001  
& they are both  
terrified so your  
ma is holding onto  
her seat as if it  
were a boyfriend  
your parents aren't  
sure if they still count  
as newlyweds at  
110 feet your dad  
asks what's the point  
of all this shouldn't  
we have a baby &  
before he reaches  
the question mark  
a teenager chewing  
gum 115 feet below  
presses the big  
red button during  
the fall your ma  
squeezes her eyes  
shut & screams  
while hundreds of tiny  
socks bottles your  
favourite gold hoops  
the diameter of  
her fingers sing  
in the air around her ears

## Headliners – Cia Mangat

I cut out pictures of beautiful white women in magazines

I cut around each of their fingers

& stick my tongue out while doing it so no one thinks I am taking them too seriously

I cut out their lips precisely

I cut out their names      stick them to my t shirt

I cut out their legs      rearrange them into salads on my bedspread

I cut out their eyelashes      one by one

I prefer cutting through glossy paper so my scissors can glide

sharply around their      hips & elbows

I cut out the heels of their shoes

I cut out their manicures

I cut out the captions describing who they are wearing

I want to spell something out with their fingers

I want to assemble a beautiful white

girl

& glue a microphone to her lips

she will look up

& tell us all that everything will be okay

she has always been in fact beautiful

the only person who has ever told her

otherwise was herself

but I don't

because when her magazine friends slice themselves

into applause

& she smiles

almost cute

I will want to lift my scissors

& cut myself

a way out

through her glossy mouth