

review with implications

After Ross et al., 2005¹

elsewhere, a cane is spotted

next to the public pool, still

bloodstained after nine years. they
call it a decontextualized flashback,

sign of pathology. to experience
the memory of the smell of semen

while eating breakfast is to know
how easily jam seeps into bread,

cerebral atrophy. the cane appears
next to a traffic light, & crosses

the road with me, flashing
red. it remembers the taste

¹ Ross, C. A., Read, J., van Os, J., & Morrison, A. P. (2005). Childhood trauma, psychosis and schizophrenia: a literature review with theoretical and clinical implications. *Acta Psychiatrica Scandinavica*, 112(5), 330–350. <https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1600-0447.2005.00634.x>

of strawberries better than i

do. it knows how much a body can

take, the softest parts of my

skin: inner thigh new to touch.

toasts

*After Smith, 1998*²

on my thigh, a hand collects

rust on its edges, burnt crust

to be removed for fear

of cancer. i rise to prepare

departure, white bread tugging

along a blue plastic tag to resist

expiry. it is morning again, astoundingly

simple. a stick in the mud sort of

reluctance, dress bright. i pour

milk into the eggs, and wait

for light to vacate its surface. a drop of

yellow enters, and pools

around my ankle.

² Smith, A. P. (1998). Breakfast and mental health. *International Journal of Food Sciences and Nutrition*, 49(5), 397–402. <https://doi.org/10.3109/09637489809089415>

cloud catching

out of spite, i am nine & melting
the cheng tng he sped across ECP to deliver.
it was raining & his feet left skid marks
on the floor. in front of stone, i dig into my flesh
to find fossilised apologies. i sit and see
a flash of white. butterfly? no, only glasses
reflecting light. at a precise angle, even
i can make fire rise from water
bagged in clear plastic, spontaneous
flame. catching clouds is an act
of faith. there is none here.
only puddles from another rain.

ceramics

*After Connolly, 2011*³

to examine the semantics of ceramic:

(1) coldness to touch, (2) part-bone

for added strength. in his account, Lisa

rediscovered language after allowing light

(not her own) into the living room. her

fragmentary psyche creates an injunction

to silence. in other words, Lisa no longer

needs to remember coherence. in other

words, the urn at the foot of her

bed, stench of breakfast, close

of day. in other

words, she inherits only nameless

fears, a grain of rice

at the bottom of his ceramic bowl.

³ Connolly, A. (2011). Healing the wounds of our fathers: intergenerational trauma, memory, symbolization and narrative. *Journal of Analytical Psychology*, 56(5), 607–626. <https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1468-5922.2011.01936.x>

bus stop

when the road flashes yellow
during dinner traffic, does it signal
a turn or stoppage? the fog refuses
to lift after rain, a mynah waits

for the next bus. shall we allow
evaporation of puddles reflecting
sky, or draw ripples with our bare
feet, scatter light to time departure?

the windows tremble with trees
growing from fingertips tapping against
glass. can our bodies speak
with sounds, turn air into concrete?

this i know: the asphalt remains