

in the event of an emergency landing,
learn to dance. take frenetic waters
out of bowls that tremor.
invite them for a waltz. make tea.
know that liquid takes the shape
of its container – make
room for the highest of crests and
the lowest of tides. make
room for black tea and coffee mate, then
room for tea dust that marks the bottom
of your tea cup.
know the exits closest to you and
know you will also have to
cry; do with the speed
of scrambling seas.
upon touching ground, do
as the men will and kiss the soil.
your heart can benefit from
holding on to home.

head east. here are the routes
for home, for now. keep all organs on
your body before safekeeping in
room service cutlery.
take your travel blankets and
fold them into tea towels –
some meals will require
a placemat and then cleanup.
know this: tram seat covers will have
bodies etched on them. learn to read
the thousands of maps
those creases have created.
learn to build bedrooms in moving vehicles.
remember that starched white
sheets match better when not
underwater. the place for
discarded takeaway
is beneath the porcelain sink.
take the tea towels
and in the morning
head for home.
this is rarely a place for tea

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for two, and bakelite does not go

with breadcrumbs.

207-361 flinders street

here is the address for furniture gone
bad. it will be four minutes before
it turns into a new week. you will spend
tonight in a room much too yellow, so
escape it for chrysanthemum buds by the train
station. you will meet an alan adler
whose fingertips have long painted
the frozen seas of titan on
the walls of old photo booths. learn:
his number for repairs. if it's a broken
part, then it can be replaced. come with
cup noodles. come with rose tips. come
with enough propinquity for intimacy.
but know that until the trains move again
everything will remain cold; everything
will be quiet. everything will be a christmas song
played in july.

37 swanston street

sweetheart, i promise this works. bury
your pain in sputnik prose; in suntanned
tea; in saltwater brews; in the heart of
a grandfather's home; in the 30 minutes
you will spend choosing all the right
words;

in the space you will make all
the right turns, for someone so lost.

this bears repeating: waves make crests
and carry on, even if in the cusp of
your very hands. there is no reset button –
this is as close as it gets.

in the event of an emergency leaving
make tea for takeaway. bring it through
quixotic moons that listen to tides bearing
hundreds of secrets. relive last lunar landings
in van gogh dusks. allow water to rush
into satellites like lactic sea.

remember that places turn into prayers
upon repetition.