

University of Canberra

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Prose poems, written by members of the Prose Poetry Project, November 2014 to July 2017, compiled by the editors

Biographical note:

Shane Strange is a doctoral candidate in writing at the University of Canberra where he also tutors and lectures in writing and literary studies. His research interests include creative labour and cultural work; subjectivity and creative practice and cultural representations of the city. He is a writer of essays, short fiction and creative nonfiction and now, prose poetry.

Water. Always trickling in my ears like the leavings of a fountain. It pools in my eyes when I sleep. I step across empty baths in winter. I pick old bicycles from the river, and shopping trolleys, and rusted anchors from mud flats when the tide goes out. I search puddles for tadpoles. In summer I watch dragonflies hovering over stagnant ponds hoping they don't drown. Mother told me never to fill the bath above the knuckle of your finger. And a cup of water's all that's needed to wash the plates. She drank from thimbles and trembled at waterfalls. We are mostly water, I told her one day. That made her shiver for a week. The rain gets in now, in the corner of the room, and the plaster is coming away from damp. I find my fingers pruning in dry air, a stream running down my back, and a dripping on my forehead. I hear the ocean when I dream. The waves coming in and rolling over me and taking the smallest piece with them, and again and again and again.

(from *tract* 2017)