

University of Canberra

Jen Webb

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

Biographical note:

Jen Webb is a writer and cultural theorist, and Director of the Centre for Creative and Cultural Research at the University of Canberra. She writes poetry, researches creative practice, and makes and exhibits artist books. Her most recent books are *Watching the World* (with Paul Hetherington) (Blemish Books, 2015) and *Researching Creative Writing* (Frontinus, 2015).

After the apocalypse we sent in the dogs. First responders, sounding the air. They moved across the city, finding the signs, barking, beginning to point. Below them, cell calling silently to cell, lay the living. All day the dogs kept watch as we hauled rocks and scraped at the soil, fingers bleeding, shovels blunt. We pulled a child from where the school had been; a nun from the church. Three or four others we lifted from the heart of stone. We worked all day, pouring water on our heads, coughing up dust, the dogs urging us on, til they ran out of things to say. When evening came, they fell silent, and walked away, their tails held low.

(from *tract* 2017)