Submerged

Freya Davies

You wade down the street, eyes shut against the grit

    your hands dance (like seagrass) with your skirts in the wind,

as if to ward off the light seeping through the cracks in your squint

that dream-stealing daylight

No, you’re not mad (not sad) just a little submerged. With your coral-bleached skin

    and your subaqueous eyes. Round glasses (like portholes)

perch low on your nose, and as you open your gaze to glance over the rim

the daylight floods in—it’s surprisingly kind! —that grief-stealing daylight
Dear Waratah is withering her garden’s too close to the sea
why doesn’t she just build a sand-pit moat and plant some dune grass?
imagine
in time the Ocean will lap at her gate in a storm; King Tides will
become Queen Tides bolder and braver than before
the Sun like a myth will persist and devour…skin and leaves and Earth
will crumble and ruin, and when the Rains come the soil will be too parched to
drink the wild will mimic the urban; water will divert to gutters and
drains of fractured clay all the Rivers have been dammed (damned)
And her love won’t do a thing her lips will crack her breasts will
cave as will the ground beneath her feet whites of eyes will swallow sky
her tears will evaporate before reaching her chin; not even salt will endure
and her remnant care, almost extinct, will still seem…premature
misplaced
to some, whose feet never leave their shoes or bathroom tiles,
whose eyes never leave their screens

Freya Davies is a postgraduate student with a strong interest in French-language writing from the Pacific region. Her research focuses on how contemporary Oceanian authors represent and respond to histories of colonial violence and environmental harm—she often finds these lines of inquiry intersecting with her own process of creative and critical reflection.