

Christmas, 1982

By Vanessa Page

We are kiss curls wet under
paper crowns, sun licked noses over
seersucker cloth, and milk teeth
nibbling corners off white Christmas

Skin poached by December and
hands burnt blue in the mouths of
concrete laundry tubs, stretching
for the last creaming soda

In bullet heat, the fig tree is
a tangle of arms and legs and
skinny tinsel is threaded loose
through may bush spindles

We are barefoot over bindii eyes,
blurs melted into photo paper
squares, lips smiling over icy pole
slicks and fossilised in tangerine

We carve our initials deep into
asbestos cement off-cuts for
safekeeping, and bury them with
memories under the mulberry tree.