



TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Castaway

Kolkata, you toss me like a broken bottle
in the gullet of a ravenous sea.
No colour, every colour, you gleam
green to gold to black
within one instant: mother, murderer, child.

Before I met you I was whole
and stoppered, full of words,
words that formed sentences...
until you seized me, smashed me
in your jaw of contradictions, slurped
sense out of me like marrow,
made me hollow, jagged, lacking –

At the same time, you offered
new songs, new colours, new fruits
to feed the hungers
I'd never realised that I was aching with,
aching all my life

for

You

like the violent, loving ocean,
you sully me as you kiss clean
my jagged edges
making me glisten, smooth. Now I swim

and swim through the swirling
words tangled like weeds. Now I can be
somehow whole in my brokenness, can love
this city that is so many cities
and no city,
find myself
happily lost, adrift
and wordless at last.

Amelia Walker

Amelia Walker. 'Castaway'.
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 2, May 2013.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>