

Mark Young

TERRA NULLIUS

December 1. Supposedly the day on which the season changed. Someone's arbitrary determination after they had shifted hemispheres & found their world turned upside down. A quick fix, rendering the present so it reflected a particular past, done by attaching the familiar to the unfamiliar & throwing names around to overwrite the land. Fine at the time, but pests as pest to overrun it. New grains don't hold the soil together the way the native grasses used to do. & where the traditional owners of the land sometimes admitted six, depending upon what the weather was actually doing, now the seasons come around on the first of the month, every three months, a regular reminder of the debts outstanding on something that was taken, never loaned.

Terra Nullius, *Empty Land*, the principle England relied on to claim ownership of the Australian continent despite the fact that it was already inhabited.

FOR MICHAEL FARRELL

Michael. I have to admit
that even before I
opened *ode ode* I used
the book to swat a couple
of flies that had come in
through the motel door
left open whilst I went
outside to have a cigarette.
That's me all over;
gratifying the body before
satisfying the mind. I
hope you'll forgive me. Will it
help if I tell you that once
the room was empty of
flying vermin & I could
read them without interruption
I loved the poems, especially
that one with its prescient
repeated line: *no flies left*.

FADVERTISEMENT

Let the liposuction vampires
pass by. There'll always be another
train. Better to get home late
than be offered up as sacrifice
to the monomer or polymer of the
amino acid chain. But do you know
what's around the corner? By
the time the sun comes up
there'll be some other fashion
rampant in Boutique City. That's
why you need a Pocket Faddeus,
the simple way to stay *au courant*
with everything going on in the
wonderful world of faddom. What's
in, what's out, what's on the horizon.
No way to change what's already
in your wardrobe; but we
can tell you what you need
to make the most of it. Updated
hourly. Hot-keyed for your convenience.



Mark Young is a New Zealander who has lived in Australia for a number of years. Recent poems have appeared or are to appear in xStream, Tin Lustre Mobile, sidereality & Word for / Word.

Links can be found to my online work at the New Zealand electronic poetry centre (<http://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/misc/online.ptml>)