

11:04-12:12 Thursday, 1st of September 2022

Travis Lucas

the gully is clear fresh & breathes

(Hold it. Hold.)

[You know you'll miss it in six months.]

rush out convalescent home for the severely broken up

little desk rear window-ing

good —no: useful — work last night

been esteemable friday's deadline officially not armageddon

60% earned sleep in &

off you go

sweet potato mash hatchback passenger seat

cold again after microwaving but

helped cook

—good social up—

& (competently) nourishing.

you're not *in* traffic you *are* traffic

jolt carparked

patio tunnel k-mart staff exit trills yonder

(Old life. It's Old life.)

sixteen y/o me anticipates dad's car — scanning left right

Nermal might be smuggled in the back seat sentinel front legs propping

him on the window ledge

pokémon go and snatch the task accomplished

(Hope it's a warmup...)

non-life life-map game & walk

brain tickle ahh

any door's fine for buses now, right?

concession card conspicuous green but buses don't get inspectors (much)

backpack flowery button-up & scuffy converses are enough

stop stressing

Kafka & *Crossbreed* cradles his mutant livestock
adores it even
my son's little face cupped
stone hard neck tumour in- and pro-truding
autonomy melts over the kitchen table keep whispering in case it comforts
'sweet boy I'm sorry sweet boy.'

bus hits a bird on the o'bahn
teenager bursts with sympathy then checks her shock against the other passengers
younger sister maybe finishes off a snapchat caption
14 y/o me splutters vomit over three-compartment backpacks
and between accordion articulation panels
[it's the fastest busway in the world!
—lover's wonderment quote pangs irritating & authentic]
{ah, another cluster of associations to carry cheers ex 3}
((still, not reflex-hating your birthplace was
good advice))

Come on: Career Two, Second Reading.

working five hours get paid one (1) don't they deserve to know?
students are customers after all

Not now. Second Reading.

My Body, Herself.

she (I) is nursing a glowing bundle her death and rebirth devastatingly long
swaddled confidently she dream watches her new mute self
Machado's parentheses are home Getting on detours is being on track
—Delicious,
rich, actually.

take a mo break screen eyes droplet's curve eucalypt leaf

still on hackney stay seated—

what about choose-your-own reality?

not sure they'll grapple still haven't talked demystified publishing but

what to show?

paranoia won't help they are classes not audiences

just this semester's clutch.

Current Career Two Profile: No submissions out. Shit.

almost die like Regina George (dumbass) back up the curb

silence —no, droning— too much.

Need earbuds (corded)

a capital L loser will never forget even a single possession called uncool

(everybody else speaks so easily for the culture)

got the \$50 discount to return the last broken ones seethe the brand loyalty but

one less piece of detritus (in the house)

Grande's *God is a Woman* synths echo in the cybercathedral

bass tickle

Listen: snares v i b r a t e & settle

spiritual stampede choir divine songstress x pop girly

Ideas again, see? Go on

stained glass window catsuit —

File in Career Four sketchbook

— hot red and purple tiles but zoom out and it's sapphire

lavender hair? no, more earth mother — mossy halo and beyoncé caramel

draped unfurling sleeves I reckon

Good. That's good.

email dings: "autism report — password encrypted".

Nope.

shopfront window roadglare reflection biceps might be rounder Cool.

imposing grey-brown stoneraised church

in front:

man

frustrated disabled portable deck chair spruiking Big Issues Can't look.

asian guy in head-to-toe white

beanie sneakers puffer jacket pants: *Man of light*. That's gotta be something.

Breathe again.

(through the grey mask a semi-ex friend's ex-boyfriend gave you

sexy like a ken doll enviable & witty at dinner when

pandemics were only real in melbourne.) You're triple vaxxed.

it's a barrage of openness

Go on, get it down.

rain dots on the iPhone screen — maybe —

(Just keep tapping)

sky interference and fingers slippy streaks refract the

yellow screen blue and green (very digital B and G)

Look

insipid jw.org logo — looks lavender —

unassuming sentries bustle to cover the pamphlets

“why *does* god allow suffering?”

needed to plan something... swipe up look after the body thursday=chest

Won't do it alone, ask Branndon send as text message

Focus:

Count five slides on fingers:

prompt news article hours feedback structure actual work

5:1

— can I?

bounce down rainbow stairs thanks ally employer have you considered I dunno
paying for my gay time?

the girl I waved at three weeks ago who wasn't Dancey
a tickling embarrass-burn I can pocket.

Look away Focus

alright the prompt: state 3 rules of reality
yes, better greet the kids
open powerpoint open set animation two pick one rule. break it.

Lovely.

ding text from Dad:

“Thinking of you given it's now a week since Charlie passed.”

An eye slit in the helmet always turns out to be a wide-open door.
but the arrow strikes marshmallow
life (this morning) an origami cootie catcher
(And noticed it)
honeythick tree sap drizzles over arm hair —salve.

Okay:

Eight minutes to write.

There's time for the rest. Later.

Travis Lucas is a short story writer, poet, tutor, drag queen, support worker, and masters graduate born and raised on Kaurna Yerta; increasingly preoccupied with the absurd intertwined omnipresent. Travis is a long-time queer, a freshly minted neurodivergent, and a forever cat lover, still hanging out for the decade's debut moment of reprieve.