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**Submitting to Limina**

Details about the journal and how to submit can be found at [www.limina.arts.uwa.edu.au](http://www.limina.arts.uwa.edu.au).

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### Words of Little Consequence

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*These poems, written between 2020 and 2021, are examples of expressive writing or more accurately, poetic therapy. They explore themes in the author's life, as they process the repetitive nature of history in, A Historian's Lament; the felt realities of living with a disability in, Forsaken: Mourning Life with Disability; and, coming to terms with being in their late twenties in, Entropy: Otherwise known as Getting Old. These vignettes are meditative reflections on life with a disability, in late capitalist society, as a person reaches closer to being thirty. No substantive conclusions are reached.*

#### **A Historian's Lament**

25.2.20

The world is pastiche  
Imitating our forebearers  
Those who came before us  
People who come after us will do the same  
Are we any further to understanding who we are<sup>2</sup>

Our fashion, our aesthetic, are mere reflections  
We dress like our grandparents  
Are we trying to say something  
To protest the system<sup>3</sup>

We echo one another across time and society  
The weight of the past bears on us in the present<sup>4</sup>  
Are we acting out of free will or is the path determined

We humans, you know,  
prefer the path well-trodden  
It promises us certainty in an uncertain future<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Or are we just a parody?

<sup>3</sup> Has the system got a hold of us? See, for example, Mark Fisher. *Capitalist Realism*. (London: Zero Books, 2009); where he argues that we've internalised the neo-liberal ethic and, ergo, any expression anti-capitalist antagonism has within it – the contradiction itself.

<sup>4</sup> Indeed, an astute reader would recognise this refrain from the *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, by the old man himself, Karl Marx. Full quote, 'Men make their own history, but they do not make it as they please. They do not make it under self-selected circumstances; rather, they make it from circumstances existing already. *The weight of all dead generations weighs like an alp on the minds of the living.*'

<sup>5</sup> UN reports that 2020 is the hottest year on record, they said that last year.

In this path well-worn, though,  
are we ignoring an alternate future?  
Are we not writing a history that rhymes with our past<sup>6</sup>

What if we can imagine a paradise  
A future that can offer a living planet,  
And, dare I say, even peace<sup>7</sup>

Yet when it is all said and done,  
where a utopian future is certain,  
It will appear as a pastiche,  
at least for the next generation...

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<sup>6</sup> Mark Twain once said that history does repeat itself, but it does rhyme – or something along those lines.

<sup>7</sup> This, of course, raises the perennial question of what causes war. Is it the conflict over resources? If so, who owns these resources, is it the barons of industry? What does it imply? Well, you can figure that out.

**Forsaken: Mourning Life with Disability**

6.8.20

My god, my god, why have you forsaken me  
You have gifted me with a curious mind  
Yet there lies my brain  
Your gift came with a noose

I try to speak  
The noose tightens  
I try to sleep  
The noose tightens  
Existing tighter and harder

There is no reprieve  
No quarter, no peace  
You have forsaken me

Will I become a lumpen sum  
No use to anyone  
A deadweight  
A burden for another  
Maybe I will  
I try to sleep  
But the noose tightens

But fuck that, you know?  
Told I will amount to nothing  
Forgotten in the dust bin of history  
A mere footnote in a tome  
That no one will ever love me

I forsake you god  
Bestowed with this brain  
I'll run away from my death  
Ignore this noose on my neck

Yes, it tightens, so what?  
I'll write tomes, many  
Live to understand the world  
Live to love and care for others  
Step on the neck of the powerful  
And persist until I rest, old and grey

**Entropy: Otherwise known as Getting Old**

2.2.21

Entropy, the lack of coherence and predictability  
A gradual decline into disorder.  
I weep the passage of time.  
Entropy deteriorates the present  
Scattering the future  
Life seems to be progressing into mediocrity,  
A gradual decline into disorder

Entropy, do you feel it?  
Reconnecting with old friends  
Our hay day is a bye-gone era  
Connecting these old threads  
They were tightly bound, inertia has withered them away

Entropy, do you feel it?  
I love a woman, yes another one  
She is not like the others  
(I think I said that about the others)  
I wonder if I'll love another soon, I hope not but time will tell

Entropy, do you feel it?  
My friend, how many houses have you lived in?  
Oh dear, how many jobs have you had?  
Oh dear, my love, you are not even thirty yet  
I see you are not the only one, my dear are we okay?

Entropy, do you feel it?  
We have scattered connections across this metropole  
How many of them are meaningful (anymore)  
How many will you pass in the streets and pretend to ignore  
Why must this be so, is it entropy besting us?  
Better still, why is it besting me?

Entropy, deteriorating the present  
And scattering the future

Did you hear they started a family?  
No, but good for them. Entropy.  
Did you hear she moved to New Zealand?  
No, I missed that memo. Entropy.  
Did you hear they bought a house?  
Yes. I live in it, some continuation perhaps.

Entropy, do you feel it?  
Yes and no.  
There are new faces among the old

The old, we seek to reconnect, but,  
Times inertia counteracts our desires,  
I'll see them again, one day  
It is not all doom and gloom  
There will be new faces among the old  
And time will keep marching on