

Michelle Dicoski

Search History & Dreams of Otherness

↵SEARCH HISTORY↵

Gills fivescore.

Ecstasy and economics.

Blackbird twelve ways

toe shoes.

Weeping figs.

Mamie Van Doren aching.

Define bachelor

russet rutabaga.

Rattan furniture care

dog lamp IQ test.

Wonder.

Pin curls corellas

erupting teeth electric fishing.

Butternut squash risotto.

Econovan

lenticular clouds Mary Mackillop

placenta art.

B(if)tek Colorbond

bog people bivalves. Spirit

duplicator Jean Seberg banana
protector.

Vinnie from Young Talent Time.

Pebblecrete Miami
mismatched tea set

Lapland.

Julian Assange

Rill Rill Sleigh Bells

They lived that spring.

Christmas Island asylum seekers.

Define tank top.

Exit Through the Gift Shop.

Click clack Freedom couch

Dalek Tewanin Fabulon.

Charlie Sheen rant red trumpet lilies

Franklin's kite Embarrassing Bodies.

Conan, Man of Destiny. Meat safe.

To think new thoughts we need new tools.

Rapture Angry Boys Sausalito.

I no longer need my own memory.

Hemingway cats.

Barnaby Joyce same-sex marriage.

Define oblong.

Beard styles The Joy of Sex

Kindle Fire the art of forgetting.

Circular Quay mimosa.

Mayan revival architecture periodic

table slouch hat Brussels

two-stroke fuel

flight patterns a murmuration

of starlings.

↵DREAMS OF OTHERNESS↵

I dreamed I woke up as a city.
I was people and houses and office blocks and cars.
A rail system, a government. I straddled
a river. I could feel myself growing each day.
The rich built on my ranges
the poor on my floodplains
the poorest built nowhere at all.
Tourists came to visit me
musicians wrote songs about me
film crews came to shoot in me
because I was so pretty
but also so regular.
I forgot that I had ever been a woman.
I forgot what it was like to dream.
I was such a good city
that I forgot I was a city at all.

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When sparrows dream
they dream they are monuments,
grand ones, in warm countries.
Currencies dream they are cornflakes
cornflakes dream they are asphalt or marbles or stars.
Dogs are themselves, but faster.
Only humans, only some humans
dream they no longer exist.
Only humans, only some humans
dream that they are dirt
and make it so.

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I dreamed I was a revolution.

I moved like bushfire

and sprang from the mouths of thousands.

I had no body, but occupied the bodies of others.

I watched my own possibility

flicker in their eyes

and burn down to their hands

till monuments fell

and people swarmed

I watched myself be born.

Author Bio

Michelle Dicoski writes non-fiction and poetry. Her second book, *Ghost Wife: A Memoir of Love and Defiance*, was published by Black Inc. in March 2013. The memoir examines same-sex marriage, hidden histories, and belonging. Michelle's poems and essays have appeared in anthologies, newspapers and journals including the *The Best Australian Poems*, *The Australian*, and *Meanjin*. Michelle completed a PhD in creative writing at the University of Queensland in 2010, and her first book, the poetry collection *Electricity for Beginners*, was published in 2011. She is the recipient of a Marten Bequest Travelling Scholarship in poetry for 2012-2013, which has funded her travel to poetry events and residencies throughout New Zealand and Europe, with the US still to come in 2013. She blogs sometimes at michelledicoski.com.

Citation: Dicoski, M. 2012. 'Search History & Dreams of Otherness'. *Polari Journal*, 6 (October 2012), www.polarijournal.com/resources/Dicoski-Search.pdf (accessed <insert date>).