

Scott-Patrick Mitchell

## Beachcombing at the Edge of the Earth

### ↪ BEACHCOMBING AT THE EDGE OF THE EARTH ↪

the ocean licks his palm with stars  
found in wet sand. pooled with a

spume from high noon, his hand  
glistens like midnight. listen to the

light speeding through the other side  
of existence, a high pitched twinkle

that will make the stars disappear, un-  
-seen like the galaxy's gravitational

pull: that is how magical this simple  
act becomes

. each unclenched fist contains  
this: a radial symmetry of legs outspread

: regeneration as an axis that the spiny  
skinned possess: the shape his psalms

make is starlight as he gathers starfish  
to praise

. last night, a storm brought this  
beauty here for him to discover & share

. last night, i didn't realise what mystery  
, serene in its majesty, slept beside me

, but tonight – with celestial chemistry  
fragrant on him – i shall. & i will smile

, in awe, much like the smile i show him  
now

.

## ↳ OROGENY ↴

mountains aren't made: we import  
them from geosyndine dynamic ltd

, a division of the mantle management  
crust trust, who specialise in anomalies

tectonic. please note: there is an  
immense back order of rockery

requests mounting like plates crest, such  
is the poor time management of playing

god

. a standard 7even day refund  
policy applies to all monumental

acts bigger than letting there be light  
. power builds, mountains don't: they

rubble instead. we set sial across  
sima for spring, summer & hiver

, autumn hence forth discontinued due to  
the mohole project & the propensity for

fall to fall down fissures & the  
back of refrigerators: a mole

-hill is cheaper to install & causes less  
damage. in lieu, we give you bureaucracy

& red tape & paper to act like  
glue. from this, stacks can peak

, sleep in cloud bed, thin with air to dizzy  
your head. please be advised: your own

himalayan replica original won't  
be available for dispatch until next

millennia arrives. we make no apologies  
for this since we are busy making ranges

instead. when installing stacked  
vertices, allow to cool or they'll

volcano, & pompeii takes centuries to clean  
up. such care is sedimentary on impact. add

snow cap for dramatic effect & adorable snow  
-men for a little added extra mystique & big

feet

.

### ↳THE HOARDING↳ *for tim*

acquisition is habit-driven. we lose  
ourselves in the collections we let

consume our shelves. if beginning  
is an adoration to covet & summon

, liberation comes through a harsh  
discarding: to give up is to let go &

relinquish that which burdens the heart's  
window. but first love must accumulate

itself, like the heady rush of fresh  
kerbside dumpster diving lust, the

night untouched by anyone else, just  
like the rubbish people have set out

for us

. we  
are wet with a sweat licking us up &

down as we weave streets unknown  
, excited at the potential each new

mound of refuse gifts & yields. this  
sets in motion our need to feel our

lives real with objects we find as a  
togethering: a shared expedition of

roadsides as fields, ripe with harvest  
, wheats & meal

. in time, our hoards  
become more private stores of what

we adore. in jars i gather & split: the  
wist gazing & eye embracing flits: all

manner of handwritten instructions or  
love letters left for the other, at some

point, out in the open: the incidental  
hymns that brim & sing from things

you leave behind, like buttons, twigs  
or bits of string

. a gathering begins  
. crystals tether together inside the storm

glass that is us. a black noise is inaudible  
beneath, but gusts. our love congeals in

-to being: it is our blood, thickening, like  
skin

. at some point, hoardings will break  
: the mass we amass shall infiltrate the

capacity & function each day for itself  
makes. a seething takes place: nothing

is ever contained. forevering is such a  
dirty thought. here, the habitual endears

itself between us, makes space a shared  
experience, each memory taking up a

place. we scream in the suffocation objects  
pile in around & on top of us with. we sink

in this

. at some point, this world we have  
as replicate of the real's face will encase

& efface: it will collapse under its own  
weight

. unless we give it up now – all of  
it, every owned ounce we've found - &  
from it escape, unbound by destination's

ground

. let's flee, unburdened, & find  
somewhere new & begin again to resume

collecting for two, a collection that we  
must complete, make room for love to

consume with lips wet with anticipating  
a fresh kerbside mound to unravel, devour

& exhume. this will be the death of us

.

#### ↪TANK MESSAGE↪

*this is a reminder to drink more  
water.* don't just let yourself go

thirsty from what he keeps inside  
to weep, leak, seep across your

leylines. creek

. as much as you like his  
dipping, go skinny on the skim

-ming and let it come, naturally  
. the geezer has a geyser he can

't disguise, ever. his rowdy  
sound is that of earth spitting

apart so fluid runs down your  
thigh in the aftermath. count

droplets

. fill your tank from him  
. across the scarp, dance. make

your horse waltz. hooves make  
comfortable shoes, as the animal

in you knows to be true. ride it  
hard so a thirst must burst inside

. water hole. subside. but first he  
will spray the soil soaked in land

so it sinks to a deeper bone

. salt  
remains, stains the sheets & pill

-ows with a crust of white rust  
, fucking up the soft bed, yellowed

& compromised. in the wash of  
the wet dew all acts renew, on the

surface. tuck the mattress with a  
deposit of coded sequence that



will neither impregnate or still  
born the furniture or either of

you except with passing on the  
message

.

.

## Author Bio

Scott-Patrick Mitchell is a poet, writer and stylist known for his eclectic art practices spanning the last 15 years, ranging from poetry, photography, fashion, performance and publishing. His poetica - described by John Kinsella as 'new ahead of the new' - has appeared in such journals as dotdotdash, Island, Westerly, Creatix, Cordite, and Cleaves plus anthologies including banQuet 2012, Cottonmouth: An Anthology of New Australian Writing and forthcoming US collection of contemporary Australian poets being published through University of Louisiana at Monroe (2012). As a writer, his work has appeared in OUTinPerth, X-Press, Hype Magazine, DNA Magazine and US-based OUT Traveller. Minor collections of his poetry include the award-winning songs for the ordinary mass (PressPress 2009), where n equals which appears in New Poets 1 (Fremantle Press, 2010), .the tricking post. (Black Rider Press, 2011), and a collection of queer love poems contained in the beautiful chapbook the rutting season (Mulla Mulla Press, 2012). As a performance poet, SPM won the 2010 Perth Poetry Slam and appeared alongside Jennifer Hawkin's in ELLERY'S SS12 fashion parade, held during Rosemount Australian Fashion Week in Sydney, 2011. For words click <http://scott-patrickmitchell.com> but for far out fashion visit [www.outrageous-adventures.com](http://www.outrageous-adventures.com).

Citation: Mitchell, S. P. 2012. 'Beachcombing at the Edge of the Earth'. *Polari Journal*, 6 (October 2012), [www.polarijournal.com/resources/Mitchell-Beachcombing.pdf](http://www.polarijournal.com/resources/Mitchell-Beachcombing.pdf) (accessed <insert date>).