

# THE QUARRY

**Bruna Gomes**

**Map Anatomy**

I.

Vovó's fingers  
Are soursop-flesh directories  
In the fruit aisle

Mamãe's wrists  
Pave pink guides  
To my guava bloodline

My daughter's unborn fist  
Salutes the passionfruit vines  
Of my destination

My palms lined with these  
Road-maps, roots deep,  
Fit perfectly in my pocket.

## II.

wrist: riverbed of purple ancestry  
heel: cheek of papaya flesh, overripe  
palm: cut-glass chalice collects pulp  
finger: macaw claw to take off, to land  
knuckle: mound of earth to hold seedling  
fingernail: machete slices guava rind. swift.

## III.

train track  
back towards  
east tree  
sinks roots  
beneath ruptures  
ocean body

touring terrain  
wrinkles gulley  
time plain  
with seeds  
my spirited  
fingers aground

destination distances  
*mão* from  
*boca* from  
*coração* blood  
maps ripens  
past life

## The Australian Dream

to love a sunburnt country is to first      rub the land with aloe vera  
recognise that it is burnt      rest it in the shade

white picket fences      unlock homes  
line the jaws of suburbia and gnaw      smelling of seaweed meat  
red and raw throat, turn the boats back      from the ocean of glowing gills

one drunk dream we make sure      the exotic tree abroad  
does not land on our shores      has nothing on our sweet flesh  
with our backs turned, we      blushed in sugar-lip victory

sign invasion into settlement      from farm to football field  
catch hungry man into criminal      surrendered to living the sunny life  
kill black kid into statistic      the sporty life, win again  
slip slop slap your sunscreen      protection from our elders

smear everything in white      their light is warm  
rubbing alcohol until      the burn turns to embrace

everyone is blackout drunk      lapping up the salt ocean  
high on their own      spirit like rainbow  
snake venom      serpent blood