

Mise en Abyme

One day
I'll give birth to redheads,
those tartan beauties
who exist to absorb
other people's insecurities,
with breadcrumb freckles
and skin that pleads
please, stay far above the equator.
Nesting one inside the other,
my matryoshka heart will deliver
yours the morning news
maybe we'll all wake up today
and you'll catch your first breath
on Ben Nevis winds.
Welcome to the abyss I'll whisper
where every surface is a mirror.

One day
I'll plan my lost urchin pilgrimage,
coordinate the coordinates,
my lungs yearning bagpipes.
I'll learn some symbolic subtlety
and associate those shorelines with
frozen sand and wet kisses
unraveling like a tight weave
of family history,
of ancestors so busy
making (mutating) *Australian*
that they forgot Scotland.
I found a frayed scrap
of fabric in the gutter -
from a flag or a cushion.
A couple more and I'll
sew them together and
pretend that I
feel something
like home.