



prowlings

midfiction & poetry

FROM THE EDITORS

We tried something different with this issue of Prowlings, and asked our contributors to write to the theme of *impermanence*. What we recieved was a window to a strange world of transformations, alterations, and evolutions. Impermanence is a process, not a state: while death is, yes, present in almost every piece in this issue, there is not a single word here without a universe of movement in it. Read on, metamorphic soul: this is Prowlings' most changeable issue.

And when you're done, visit our website: <http://prowlings.com/>. You'll find an eager email address waiting for your own words, instructions on how to fold what you're holding, past and current issues to download - and a fervent encouragement to hijack a printer and print off a dozen copies for your friends. ¶

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the contributors

Luna Brown - when i'm not dealing with the side effects of being alive i like to write

Grace Flanagan actually likes Wauchope, and uses temporary tattoos all year round.

Tasnim Hossain is a poet, playwright and performer from Canberra.

Yolande Norris is a writer and producer hiding in Braidwood NSW.

Hayley Scrivener believes the world will one day be ruled by super intelligent drink bottles.

Mark Whittaker - Former Novo, current Canbro. Enjoys things like amperands/singing/stargazing, but dislikes exploitation/incompetence/wastefulness.

KHALU LAUGHS

TASNIM HOSSAIN

When I was a child,

I was afraid of my uncle.

Big, burly, with a laugh like a bellow

That billowed from a mouth open wide, eyes bright,

And a voice that filled the corners of rooms,

Like my father.

Their wives, two sisters, quieter, contained, wise.

Blood doesn't clot in brains

Of men like that

It gushes through their veins

And fills their hearts to the brim.

My uncle's laugh should have filled our weddings,

But flesh and bones

Cannot always hold

What is kept within. ¶

YOLANDE NORRIS

Together, alive, at the same point in time. ¶

*

when you hold down an app on your iphone they all start to shake because they are conscious of the little black crosses looming to their upper left. they are facing their own mortality. when i start shaking i like to count how many teeth i have with the tip of my tongue. ¶

FFO IT I EKEVHS

NMROW BROWANUL

WORK, REST, PLAY,

SHAPE SHIFT

HAYLEY SCRIVENOR

It's closing time and I just want to leave, but there is a shabby old man in the aisles who keeps changing shape. First he's a tree, then an eagle, and now a matching set of Arthur Conan Doyle bookends. It's closing time and I want to go home. "Piss off old man," I tell him. He turns into a fairy wren and flies out the automatic doors. The fluorescent light buzzes. I help myself to a Mars Bar from the display next to the till. ¶

HE COMES IN A 12 PACK

DESIGNED FOR KIDS' PARTIES

GRACE FLANAGAN

The Freddo Frog image on my forearm is fading, his face pockmarked and feet amputated. I'm sorry to see him like this, far from the vibrant icon he was Tuesday. I use him once a year, on my annual trip to Wauchope. Locals can't tell what makes me different- just sense it.

But I can tell you it's for my bleached, blank skin. I feel Freddo should fend off stares- appease them, when they see him at the pool or down at Port. I let it go, though, because I'll leave. Back to employment, education, sunscreen. There's no bookshop here. The Locals keep their superior looks permanently, as well as their Southern Cross tattoos, melanoma and prospects.

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¶ the streets entwined
 I used to hear it all the time
 I used to feel this all the time
 of minds
 cross winds
 to play all night
 their sattelites
 the stars roll out
 to static lines
 the day
 the streets rewind
 roll on
 The days

MARK WHITTAKER
 TIME THE TTY
 SHIT FEEL OI USED I