

FROM THE EDITORS

It's getting cold. Coats and sweaters time. We're all escaping in one way or another. Even if we say we love it - the fog pooling in streets in the morning, the trees turning to flame, to metal. Metal can burn you if it's cold enough. We're all escaping in one way or another, and at Prowlings we've chosen words. Words of butter melting, of things coming alive, words still carrying that bushfire and dust summer smell. Fire up the heater, make some tea, and sink into the third issue of Prowlings. We'll make you feel warm again, we promise. And when you're done, visit our website: <http://prowlings.com/>. You'll find an eager email address waiting for your own words, past and current issues to download - and a fervent encouragement to hijack a printer and print off a dozen copies for your friends. ¶

SHELLAC P. S. COTTIER

Shellac is a resin secreted by the female lac bug, on trees in the forests of India and Thailand. (Wikipedia)

Shellac nails wake every night as their woman sleeps. They click and grow legs, which they rub together. They attempt to lift themselves from the second carapace of nail to which they are fused. Frustrated, they secrete eggs which fall, and bury themselves in the woman's skin. Look down lady; see those tiny bumps you thought were ingrown hairs, mere gummy follicles? There are insects growing under your skin, insects that will shine as bright as those ladybird nails that bloom on the thin white stems of your fingers. Lackadaisical dreams now follow. ¶

prowlings

microfiction & poetry



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the contributors

P.S. Cottier (pscottier.com) wakes up. She drinks coffee. She writes. She drinks vodka. She writes. She sleeps. Repeat, and you too can become P.S. Cottier. **Chloe Higgins** writes @UOW & @Tertangala. Organises things @SCWCentre, @WGongWritFest & @PapergirlWG. Currently learning to use Twitter @Chloe_Higgs. **Kate Liston** is a poet and writer from Pambula, where all fabulousness resides. **Hayley Stockall** (hayleystockall.wordpress.com) is a Brisbane-based writer of memoir, and an editor of literary website bumf.com.au.

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WARNING: THIS HAIKU WILL MAKE YOU FAT AND BURN YOUR TONGUE P. S. COTTIER

Manga and cartoon
smooth cheese and wasabi
spreading mayhem

BUTTER OVERLOAD KATE LISTON

resin rides my nostrils
like salt /
dust.
can't clear my head
of carols

MUSINGS OF A LIGHTER KIND HAYLEY STOCKALL

One day
you will climb
to the top of the
tallest tree, and you will
hold the sun in your
cupped hands, and
slowly it will
begin
to
melt. ¶

YOU SMILE CHLOE HIGGINS

You don your sneakers and light a cigarette. As you run down the driveway your eyes notice a bird hanging from the overhead wire upside down. It calls to you, says hello and continues dying. The track opens into a wide field as you inhale grass particles kicked up by each toe you stub out. To the left, an old man cradles a small child, a bench seat has positioned its back to the flowers and its face to a brick wall. You smile. ¶

it's Christmas don't you know
and Santa bloats on verandas
like sausage-
split-pants
in heaty waves a-sizzle
it's board-making peak time
and the bleach and hair
curl butter
underneath your hat
while I drop winter in sweat
you soak
seas in hope
that no-one will drown this season
on the days you're on. ¶