

Alive

The human mind is,
in essence,
a primal place.

It has a strange urge,
a necessity,
to leave a mark -
to be immortalised, as a
name,
artefact,
theory.
Feats upon feats,
legacies upon legacies.

Scratching
I was here
in black pen on the
peeling-paint bricks of a
maths classroom
on a languid summer day.

Spray-painting
sides of buildings
in the middle of the night
until the sun comes up
so the first cars
of the morning
unearth sudden colour and shape
where there was none before.

And,
Once upon a time,
Seventeen thousand, three hundred years ago,
we once chose to
mix powdered rock into water,
Painting - smearing - across cave walls.
Quinkan, Kakadu, Ku-ring-gai, the Kimberleys -
Kangaroos and hand prints
and people.
Hallows and crannies
of Australia's first
memoir.

- *Tanishkaa Ramesh*