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Miller, Alyson 2011, Asylum (i), *Eureka street*, vol. 21, no. 23.

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Christmas Island crabs

Various | 28 November 2011

Asylum (i)

In the hallway, she holds her breath, waiting
for the voice again that calls from there, and just there.

In a white nightdress, she is a ghost, feeling the walls
as though they are faces, locked tight with stories.

In slippers and night silence, she strains for a whisper that says
'hello, how are you?' and reminds her not to put cans

in the microwave, or to fall asleep in her chair, or to
forget that the most important things have been, and are going.

Somewhere in a drawer, there is a letter that contains
delicate things, and some words about gardens and the weather.

She calls a name and then cries it, trying to force it into
the paintwork like an indent, a foothold.

Alyson Miller

<http://www.eurekastreet.com.au/article.aspx?aeid=29239#.Uh7DHG1BNyl>