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Alyson Miller Published in February 2014 no. 358



Alyson Miller

Alyson Miller teaches literary studies at Deakin University, Geelong. Her poetry and short stories have app

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A Silent Speech by Julia Gillard

In the half-light, we walk through woodlands that keep lost children and old stones, shadowed by pines that seem to breathe small prayers into the wind. Joggers weave silently around tombstones like night creatures and we stare at them like exotic and unreal things. By a bunker that once stored bodies but now stores potatoes, we hear of how a girl died playing hide and seek among the graves, knocked by a falling headstone into cold sleep; folded into the dirt. And how, undone by the curious death, the people of the surrounding village laid flat the remaining stones like a ritual, pulling them out like old teeth and wrapping them back into the safety of earth.

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