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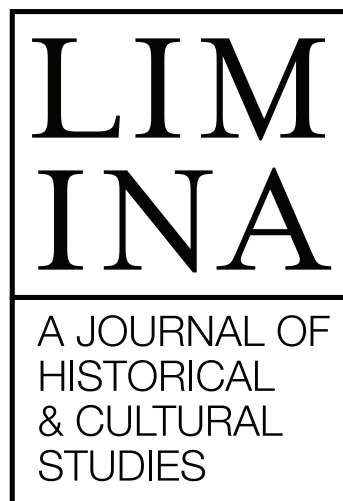
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Submitting to Limina

Information regarding the journal and how to submit can be found at <https://www.limina.arts.uwa.edu.au/future>.

Cover Image

UWA Japanese Garden, Perth, Western Australia. Photograph by Rebecca Repper.

Omniscience

Kerry Greer

Deakin University, Vermont College of Fine Arts

I want to tell the ants: there's nothing here
For you guys. I make myself unavailable to
Their burgeoning colony of needs, a flat land
Devoid of saccharine, inhospitable as drought
Or ice-cold draughts of Clorox.

*You can pass through, soldier, that's alright.
But we're in ketosis round here. You'd best
Shoot on through if you know what's good
For you. I find a few stragglers, hopeless
In a silo of stevia, lucky not to have been
Suffocated by this lie: all that's sweet
Is not sugar, is not substance.*

The scouts sent to the kitchen countertop
Are optimists, fossil-hunters. They hound
Down on a scent: maybe mashed banana,
Maybe honeyed fingerprints left by a hand
That would cup ants gently to protect them
From a bike tyre, that would tally each one
To infinity as a brother. He has left a trail
Like the steps of Machu Picchu for his disciples.
They make of him a god and, like our God,
They're chasing something they don't know—
Most have never met him face-to-face—but
They know he's good, know he rains ambrosia.

One afternoon, their god returned from the cold,
An ant scaled his heat pack (Amun-Ra, my sun).
And I, fallible human, heated it. Nuked it in fact—
Oppenheimer's fool—made enough fission
To split my living room into WWII with
An apparently non-radioactive microwave.
I knew I'd made an error, irreparable,
To have dropped that bomb, that broken and
Hallowed vessel into the lap of a vengeful god
On his heat pack, unwitting murderess.

Frankly, I worship him too; I'm as much
A devotee as the ants are. Now I wipe around
Their fragile, forceful bodies, hoping they leave
Without much trouble. I can lie to the ants.
(This home is full of sweet things.)
But I can't lie to their god. What he loves,
I love too. You've never seen magic
Until you've seen the way he loves
A thousand tiny, unceasing silhouettes
As if each one was the most divine,
The most inimitable snowflake,
Cut from the cloth of the night,
A miracle unfolding like paper dolls,
Sacred geometry on a scale of atoms,
Star into sun into star, my son.