

## Venn diagram

*Dining Hall, Kathleen Lumley College, Adelaide*

after I sent the email that drew the lines

between us

(an artless titration

with respect to

our un-reproducible experiment / avocado end-point)

I sat beside a low-melanin girl; whose ice-shimmer hair curtained

her bowl of chips and sauce

and she told me she worked in a Plant Fibre laboratory

yet before she could explain, I had already conjured:

cross-hatched tendrils

benches knotted to fume hoods

## a machete-proof elastic jungle

Sigourney Weaver, dripping

ectoplasm-steeped floors

toxic smoke

a crashed space-ship

with a chip still warm in her hand, the girl's dark eyes

skidded at mine, as she inventoried:      a hungry goldfish in a bowl

an autoclave

a bubble-eating vacuum

microscopes (of course)    plus slides and slides of gold-

coated plant cells

(like *Midas Was Here*, I thought/bad joke)

oh I said to the boy poet across the refectory table, *I prefer*

*my imaginary tangle*

the girl laughed like a scientist and said

she loved horror / but

not in the lab

***(Quantum Words Science Poetry Prize 2018 – First place)***