

Corpus callosum

Sometimes I find the cattle creep
between my two minds makes a poor conduit

for whispers and told hard facts, tutelage,
the briefing: on Christmas Island, migrating

red crabs climb a bridge of our devising,
rushing the sluice like polished lava

or confidence; just as somewhere
there's a wolf corridor dividing the politesse

of a golf course; there's an overpass
shaped like an hourglass, mathematically planted

and disguising the road presence. Instructed
to use the scars, the painful adhesions, I agree to trial

but soon abandon the harp traps
after too few bats drop down the taut strings

and into the keeping chamber
on a long Brisbane night. For God's sake,

lend me something – I'm a shelf-cocked book.
My cracked spine opens to the same page

without so much as a dog's ear or a pressed bus ticket,
soft and blurred as linen.

EJ Shu

This poem uses fragments of the following scientific article:

McGregor, M., Matthews, K. & Jones, D. 2017. Vegetated fauna overpass disguises road presence and facilitates permeability for forest microbats in Brisbane, Australia. *Frontiers in Ecology and Evolution*. 5. DOI 10.3389/fevo.2017.00153.

