

Terra Nullius – Stella Griffiths

he shoves his hand deep into the hole
until he feels the muscles at his back elongate
and stretch inside.

he reaches his fingers
towards
the
bottom
but

something brushes past

he flinches

he feels the palm of his hand
being pierced by thin, sharp spikes

his body tenses

but his hand remains in the hole

he feels his fingernails being torn from their place and he feels the blood dripping from where
they once were

finally,

something latches onto the pad of his thumb
digging into tendons
pushing the joint back
until

he feels the dislocation.

He pulls his hand out of the hole
(although it is barely recognisable as one)
the blood from his now gone fingernails

drips
onto the moist mounds of dirt scattered around.

He looks up to his pale faced peers
who peer down at him.

“Terra nullius” he declares.

They nod in agreement
and begin to fill in the hole.