

1. LOVE

Love
Not Oscar Wilde
Or Beardsley
Or even Monroe

Love
My love
Love in a plastic wrapper
The only way it lets me survive

Holes so I don't suffocate

25/10/1979

2. TWO DREAMS FOR B

Her memory stays
Playing with my night-time mind
Tormenting reality
Reality that craves for warmth
Is it there in the night?
That dark reality consoles me
But it teases me also
Giving to me for a few seconds
What I cannot have for a lifetime
To wake
Disappointed
Naked
Cursing
With tears of why

12/12/1979

3. I

I
I ponder
I ponder my loneliness
Its causes
And why it remains

I
I am not surrounded by people
Yet even the ones
I choose to be near me
Offer little

Music, words, people
Meaningless in their ability to fulfill
Utterances of a far corner of my mind
Not my heart

I
I surrender
To my loneliness
Is it the vain search of
A nineteen year old
That always ends in
Pain
I

30/12/1979

4. COLLEGE OF THE ARTS - DOGGEREL

College of the Arts
A place to be
College of the Arts
Security

College of the Arts
A future for Mark
College of the Arts
Need not face the dark

On the dole could
Only lead to strife
On the dole
Wasted talent, wasted life

College of the Arts
Blah, blah blah...

December 1979

5. LIFE

Life

Bubbling, scurrying life

Pain

Biting pain for a fleeting triumph

Anger

The insolence of one so insignificant as you

Revenge

Irrational curse, plotting death

Death

A twist of the thumb, as good as the sword

Satisfaction

I'm not cruel

But

Any ant that dare bite me

Deserves it!

7/1/1980

6. HYPOCRISY'S MASK

What is your importance ant?

Who sent you here?

Your destruction becomes my pleasure

Yet I seek no enjoyment from death

If, in my grandiose wisdom

I refrain from premeditated murder

A time arrives when fate will claim you

For it spells your doom

Those probing jaws

Seeking crumb or seed

But drawing pain and aggression

How cheap your life becomes

How horrid my action

How little my conscience

An ant

A cow

A man

A world

Do I wear hypocrisy's mask?

Or is some life

More dispensable

Than I imagine

Is my own?

7/1/1980

7. DYLAN DOGGEREL

When the wild wind blows
Across friendship's toes

When the sun of a smiling face
No longer promises embrace

When today's sorrow
Will wait until tomorrow

If you cried in remorse
My love may not quell the force

If in laughter you were fond
My love may not respond

If death were on your mind
I may not be kind

Could it be?
I don't need you anymore?

Any of you

21/1/1980

8. BITTERLY

Bitterly

My love grows

All I have that should be gentle

Causes me pain

Gradually

My love grows

Only in dreams is it nourished

Then I awake

Hopefully

My love grows

Maybe tomorrow she will see

That I love her

Carefully

My love grows

I must shield myself from its pain

How strange that seems

Silently

My love grows

To make a sound would be

A tragedy sung

Bitterly

My love grows

A growth stooped in despair

Mutated love

20/3/1980

9. HAND

They would not hold my hand
We laughed and played
I gave them fun
I made them happy
'Go away! Your hands are old and wrinkled'

Alone in a line of pairs

I hated my own hands
'Mummy, why do my hands have lines?'

?

I hated them
But it hurt too much
I found a way

'It's because I'm 400 years old!'
They laughed at that
'Good joke'

I buried my hate for my hands
Now I only hate the people

17/4/1980

10. CREEPING STRANGERS

Thoughts
Like creeping strangers
Interrupt
The turmoil

My mind is a torturer!
Sparing no device of history
It inflicts its sadistic will upon the other

I am spLit
Two live, in harmony not
One cannot contemplate the other
Without salt or sword

My thoughts:
Logical, rational, humane
Justifying, defending, (protecting)

They distract me
But heal wounds?
They cannot

I am speaking, of course
Of my past and my present

Should one dominate?
I cannot tell

15/5/1980

11. OF MUSIC

Saturday night jazz
Now that's music!
Puffed faces aglow
'Who's for another beer?'
Swaying people
All kinds of people
Dancing to a rhythm
That all present share
That is sacred
To time and place

Happy people
Laughing aloud
Numbed
Under the intoxicating spell
Of music...
And beer
'Come on Gus, how's about ole Bill Bailey?'

Trombone, trumpet
Plenty of drums
The sounds that can bury any pain
At least for
A moment

March 1980

12. MUSIC-LOVERS

An 'A' is sounded, the hush begins
The conductor arrives and on the stage he spins
'There has been an alteration to the program, we do regret
We won't be performing the late Beethoven string quartet'

On hearing his words, some sounds of despair
The conductor re-pivots and gives a patriarchal glare
The message is clear, total silence before
The orchestra begins the sublime score

People sit rigid, not a muscle dares twitch
Nothing must distract from that sacred pitch
The enemy is detected, in the throat it grows
All concentration is needed to delay its throes

The slow movement is mystical, pianissimo reigns
Harmony of the Gods, 'Oh how it strains'
Like a crack of a whip, the cough explodes
Angry faces spin fast, and pucker like cane-toads
At a distraction for many, will bring relief and delight
And provide spleen to vent at the end of the night

1980

13. FRIEND

You often see them in the subway
Brave people with maybe a guitar or a mouth organ
I saw one the other night who seemed as happy
To see me as I was to see him

For hours he'd been playing three dollars he'd made
But what the heck, 'it was an off night'
Somehow I was glad it was an off night

A handful of late, late night shoppers scurried past
Sniggering at the scraggy Australian Terrier
That lay by the open guitar case

Two guys on skateboards took a similar route
They made use of the acoustics
But weren't much interested in my new friend's singing

He touched me, however
With the raw honesty of a voice that should have died an hour ago
His music made me think about life and the pain we endure
His song also made me smile

We sang together

A few red-faced people passed
Waltzing to a rhythm different from ours
They tossed us a few coins
Maybe the remains of the night's beer money
'Hey thanks'

There wasn't much banter or laughter
But we were both glad of each other
Glad of our music

I had to run to catch the last train that night
But I left feeling I had known that friend
For many long years

1980

14. OBSESSION

Music dominates me!
It seems obsessed with my brain
Practice
Why?

If I could sit on a rock and just play
I would
I may not get praise on a rock
Is this why I practice?
I suppose it must be important to me

There are moments when the sheer force of music
Wraps me up in a blanket
And smothers my soul with wonder
Like when listening to Bach
I think of the man who could create
Such beauty in praise of a god

Music is many-faced
It presents a different face to me every day
Perhaps that is its attraction

1980

15. RAIN

Soft rain falls
Caressing my eyelashes
And the broken leaves too
Penetrating my body
Exposing my thoughts to myself

You fall and melt
A cycle secure
Nature has no secrets
She alone is our lover
Seduced
I dance in her beauty

Death
Distant
Hides in the rain
Then life is renewed
All have their chance

So much vigor lies latent
Rains untapped are not forfeited
As energy is the eternal
Nature embraces us
Its cycles are our soul

2/8/1980

16. WAIT

Alone in a cell
Darkness is approaching
No escape
My bondage is secure

Your beauty haunts me
My thoughts focus and blur
Your promise is all
Yet you've given nothing

Time is warped
What was an hour and a century this morning
Is now an instant as I prepare for the
Bitter dusk

Your smile has riveted me
As before when you gave me a glimpse of yourself
My heart-muscle pounds when yours seems so controlled

I am awaiting you my gaoler from Gaul
Your unfulfilled promise
Is a leg-iron on my spirit

3/8/1980

17. DECEPTION

Your body kindles the fires within me
Your honesty gives me faith in mankind
Your voice, ah how those exotic inflections fascinate me
Your face expresses a sorrow I cannot measure
Your arms are protecting in their embrace
Your hair, black and coarse, is a symbol of your virility
Your soul extends across the boundary of your being
Your dark eyes communicate your emotion
Your lips wear a lazy grin and a thousand more
Your nature shows sympathy yet unfelt
Your breasts dance to the joyful rhythm of life
Your fingers betray the punishment living inflicts
Your anger is that of one who has not been broken
Your aroma mingles nature's sweetest scent with the sordid smoke of the city
Your posture conveys a sureness of one who has experienced much
Your tears are welcome in a world that has forgotten how to cry
Your skin is infinite under my caress
Your mind is beautiful, in harmony with your heart
Your...

I WAS DECEIVED

1980

18. WAITING

I feel tired
Yet I wait for a friend
I know her sorrow is greater than my patience

My eyes flutter and blur
But my mind is alert
Every sound is transformed into the knock on my door

She pines for another
Who loves someone else
My love is impotent, without it I could at least offer comfort

If she does not come
I will sleep
But there can be no release; my dreams are merely symbols of her

Her smiling eyes
Give little clue
For she is a master at concealing her grief

Love comes in many forms
Pain also
Dearest B, the love I have nurtured is a gift I know you must reject

7/10/1980

19. POETRY

Here I am
Once again reduced to poetry!
These words replace tears
As expressions of my grief

To cry again would be great!
But since that last horrible wound
A scar has formed

My own pain is seldom felt
Yet the play-pain of others
Delights and tantalizes me!

Only my parched entrails signals to me
The depth of my suffering
How constipated will I have to get
Before the tremor and rupture
Release again my feeling self?

It is easy to be happy
Easier still to be cynical

I just want to feel
Human enough
To cry when I am hurt

16/10/1980

20. CHILD

Child of my past
I love you
Haunting me
Again

Now
Possess me
Beauty, reality remote
Object of my fantasy

Child of my pain
You frighten me
Walking wounds
Escape

Today
Love heals
Looming uncertainty remains
Bitter love causes retreat

Child of my pen
I know little
Only feeling
Hope

Please
My love
I fool myself
How I miss you!

17/12/80

21. BITTER BASS STRAIT

As the oceans rise and fall
So I have felt my passion
Her rhythms are as perplexing as the sea
And yet they stem and ebb for me

My love is again focused
How bitter is the water that lies between
Forbidding distance
I've harvested your doubt before

The fire that consumes me
Is only eased by thoughts of water
And the sweetness that is there across it
Contained, I am patient
Waiting the good fire to be lit

Turning in retreat
The spring tide of my passion offers shelter
Tempting me to caress her
She cares little for the love I nurture

Thus the future is mystery
I can neither act as I speak
Nor rely on my friend to justify
I am at the mercy of forces
Greater than my poem

22/2/1981

22. MELANCHOLY CHILD

Melancholy child
Your eyes are windows
Distorted with dust and dew
Shattered ideas filter through

Trusting innocent
You give with a question
Knowledge of us is not distinct
Of yourself, you possess only instinct

Violence occurs
It sends a message of retreat
Sacred trust has been shattered
Shutters down, curtains tattered

No pleasant view now
Frosted tear erodes contorted cheek
The malice you should bear
Is absent from your neutral stare

Melancholy child
Your eyes are windows
Distorted with dust and dew
Shattered feelings filter through

20/5/1981

23. SEWERSIGHDEL

S
SUE
SEWER
SUEZ CANAL

S
SIGH
C I DER
APPLE SIDE STREET

D
DEL
DELICATE
CITADELICATESSEN

27/5/1981

24. MUMMY

Mummy wot is love?

It is drinking too much beer
(Humiliating me embarrassing me)
And still accepting that person's actions

It is making love
And caring more after the act
Than before

It is an equal partnership
Sharing duties and pleasures alike

It is man's dearest gift to another
(Cold dinner on the stove, where is he?)

It is wanting to make someone happy
(I know he doesn't love her...but why?)

It is patience, tolerance, sincerity, honesty, sacrifice, devotion
carepleasuresecuritydesirechildrenforeplaylonelinessroutinehappiness

DON'T ASK STUPID QUESTIONS

(Tears drum the floor...the kettle boils)

Love is a cuppa tea

Mummy, I don't luv you

24/6/1981

25. TEARS OF WHY

A shadow from a dream
Past obsession (love?), long buried
Toying with my night-time mind
Forgotten feelings

She appeared
That ghost of my fantasies
Breathing life
But whittling my defense

Weakened, I hesitated
But spoke
Too soon, too quick?
Could she feel my tremor?

Reddened cheeks
Nervous grin
Why pretend
She saw
Nothing had altered

Such dark beauty
How long will it follow me this time?
Stunned, aimless wandering reality
Cruel comfort of sleep

Tears of why

24/6/1981

26. LULL

Occasionally in a lull
That silent time
That circles
With satisfaction
I feel quietly desperate

The contact of life
Becomes fading silhouette
Must I again prove loneliness
Loneliness, isolation are non-existent?
What does it matter?
Only the biorhythms

Yet even the rhythms are searching
I tag along, almost independent
An onlooker, when pain forbids participation
Burning eyes on burned horror
A dream now forces me to see

Occasionally in a lull
That quiet time after things are done
The weight of a shadow is suddenly crushing
I perceive in a scream, that everything ageless
Has just grown old

1/7/1981

27. LOOSENING

A tear dressed his cheek
Sitting there, almost alone
Time and solitude fused
Words and thoughts mingled

The loosening that wine brings
Was vanishing
(Vanity)
He felt the chill
It was raining

Gripping her hand
Protecting her
Feeling protected
They moved not silently
Not honestly either

The rain had hurried his sadness
Now it was easier to talk
Huh! Speech
Monstrous barrier
Cruel maligner
Dead heart

The car
Broken grip of hands
The drive
Usual nonsense
The end

He kissed her
Saw his love
Alone in her eyes
Felt all of nature
In those lips

He drove on
Alone
Tear stained
Symbol of response

17/7/1981

28. PURE

I have a friend, acquaintance really (as people labor hard and long before my trust gives the nod). He is good. His only philosophy in life is not to impose himself on others. I would imagine even walking on grass causes him discomfort. Of course such an ideal will always get compromised, sooner or later, and it is the effect of such trespasses on my friend that disturbs.

He is driven into a kind of apologetic frenzy, a saint-like humility belonging to another age. In the process he demolishes himself, his respect and his worth. Sensitivity is undoubtedly fine, but to be reduced to pure apology is, I have found, destructive.

Can you like such a one? Easily! He is impossible to dislike! But for those who seek to go further, he is his own foil. When every sentence begins with 'I'm sorry...' an enormous amount of patience is required. All too often I have become blasé and insensitive with his manner. Leading to more reason to apologise and then further transgression.

A few days ago, something snapped. A culmination of events I suppose. It is hard to understand the mind, more so when it is not coping. He seemed almost back to normal last night when he visited. Yes, he was sorry to have troubled us. I'm glad he is better, but I cannot help thinking a lifetime of trouble awaits him.

17/7/1981

29. TRANSITION

From friend to lover
Is the most difficult step of all
So often one is lost in the wake of the other

Why is it love appears so frightening
That in rejection
Friendship becomes a tangled tightening

Mostly the risk seems too great
I bottle up the feeling, settle in
An eternity in wait

But suppressed feeling leads to guilt
Guilt to depression
Only then I discover my love won't wilt

So I offer my tawdry gift
It all seems too sordid
Those feelings, the friendship, the shift

Out of rhythm and distressed
These words for solace
Sexual casualty (dead friend), I should have guessed

28/7/1981

30. PRIMAL

Is it fair?
That a child is born

Is it fair?
That normal is only habit

Is it fair?
That another's pain is transplanted by action

Is it fair?
My tears plead

Can it be?
I had no defenses once

Can it be?
A secret aches within me

Can it be?
Neurosis feeds on submerged pain

Can it be?
My hands bleed

Will I know?
Or forever lost

Will I know?
And at what cost

Will I know?
Or sooner death

Will I know?
Or pass on unhappy seed

11/8/1981

31. CAT

It's true
No matter who I'm with
I'm walking with you
I may talk aloud
But it's you I'm talking to

It makes me sad when
You can't hear
I'm walking with you
But you're not near

The love I fought
Burns my fear

Yes it's true
Please can I be with you?

23/8/1981

32. GREENSTICK

Greenstick love
Snap
But not clean

23/8/1981

33. NOOSA

B, totally fed up with the world has sought respite in Noosa. The sun should do her good. It's all off (yet again) with Z, and while K reaps all subsequent rewards, Z as usual, dithers in delightful hypocrisy, and poor B suffers again from it all and her pitiful lack of strength.

And the onlooker, what of that fool? He as usual surveyed the situation with rational, sensible eyes; offered comfort to his friend, the wisdom of past experience, the knowledge that time does, in most cases close the wound, even if it never really heals.

Then he fell in love!

Of course B new nothing, but sensed all. It grew, and again that struggle between existing friendship and that monster sexuality began.

He told her. She faltered. He said it wouldn't matter; that is, he could douse the feeling (besides he'd done it before with a minimum (?) of damage). And she observed, even more confused and hopeless than ever.

So now she has gone...for a while. Thoughts of her dance constantly, distracting me with exquisite persistency. I struggle in the day to bury the image, while at night; the recurring dream haunts the darker shadows. A dream not of B, but of K and spiders of dazzling clarity but wavering significance.

Death to spiders! I say. It's spring and the air reeks of jasmine and renewal. They will serve the funeral well.

29/8/1981

34. FOOLISH TALK

Is she selfish?
Or have I fooled myself again

I clutch her hand
Surrendering my body then

We mingle arms
Despair and desperation act

I feel nothing
But my love returned in tact

Why does he touch me?
I cannot respond
Death cannot be fond
Death is love's decree

So why does he clutch?
I am imprisoned
A slave to a whim
Am dead to his touch

Is she selfish?
Or am I fooled by her again

I tear at her hand
Surrendering my tears then

Frozen hearted saint
If you could warm to my embrace

My bitterness
Would leave from one glance at your face

4/10/1981

35. CURE

I saw a cure for life today
So immersed in my distractions
So perplexed by interactions
Its profundity seemed quite astray

Only for a glimpse caught by my toe
It would have spiraled away
Gossamer-calm web-like spray
Back to oblivion, to high or below

To be lost among clouds of ewe-like people
And all that is blind to know
Insecure rain and then snow
Marching headlong sheep to ancient steeple

The church grave rings its call to war
While for those I know this excuse is feeble
(And the rhyme's not good, quite unbeliev(a)ble)
I slept right through that sacred law

Missing such an event as this
I set about the daily chore
Whistling a potato, chewing the floor
While outside things were quite amiss

Now here I am, hurtling away
In my own rocky abyss
No more rosary or chalice
Fragments of a cure but unable to say

6/10/1981

36. HATE

Embalmed in hate
Hatred
A phone call from B
Falseness interrupting hate

Corrupt friendships
Although we are not to blame
Something repels me

Death tempts me
Caressing my wounds
Releasing taut feelings

Feelings that cannot
Will not
Ever be words

Hiding
A scavenger of life
Desperate terror

You see
My darlings
In these lines at least I won't pretend
The pain, the competition
The games are not helped by love

For the hate-love we offer can
Only lead to my destruction
Or success

14/10/1981

37. TOUCH

It only takes a touch
And even when that touch
Is really for someone else
It dissolves the hate

A caress is not blind
But universal
In it the womb stretches
And smiles

We forget the agonies of birth
And enjoy, too fleetingly
The many subtle shades of
Foetal love

If we all could understand
The gift of love
The confusion that lingers with
Tomorrow might vanish
As it did tonight

11/11/1981

38. CHILDHOOD

The miracle of childhood
Sustains the most agonizing wounds
And deepest scars
So long at the mercy of others
The little ones
With alarming resilience
Adapt to circumstance

Unwarned, they know love
And fear
Both grow in time
Love is plural
But fear is singular
Here it ripens
Outgrowing cause
Transplanting love

For most
These two giants among human experience
Have their origins in the same force
So confusion beckons
Until that also is consumed
Perhaps this explains the complex
But determined fear we have of
Another's love

18/11/1981

39. NOSEBLEED

I awake with exploding guns
Hungry headaches
Blood, dried and clotting

While my imagination rehearses
(With a meticulous ease only achieved through repetition)
My destruction
My mind sorts out the day's trivia
Into chronological sequence

Obscured by a deep, dark thud
This is not as easy as it sounds
I must eat
But 'musts' aren't so compelling

I turn and scratch (rip, tear) my skin
On blooded sheets
The difficulty of breathing is
Compounded by nostrils stretched
To capacity with solid
Sculpted, angular blood

I ponder the mess
Begin the clean up
One day I will not have to

5/12/1981

40. BOX

How many times
Have I looked at the box?
And yelled
'The bastards'
'The fuckers'
South Africa
Uranium
Springbok
Is it rage?
Or impotence
That produces such cries
Or the frustrated knowledge that
Pacifism
In all its virgin-pure splendor
Achieves nothing

5/12/1981

41. DATES

The thing about dates
Is that they enable you to recall
(Or 'conjure up', if we're to be poetic)
Precise actions over periods of time

This time last year
Vancouver
Today
Caulfield Park and Peake

Both adventures
One in people, planes and distance
The other in escape and myself

Why does my head throb with all
That it confines?

25/12/1981

42. SCUM-DREAM

The voices grow softer
A whimper, whisper
Compared to the thud-ring
Of my heart-lung

Pulse away life
Measure it in blood and veins
In miles of aqueous vermillion
If it is accuracy that is required
Do not count the people

They are haze
All dim and
Still fading
Pass my death laudanum
I wait in readiness

Is that a voice?
A figure?
Be still and focus
But no!
It swirls and eddies
Inner sea of dank memory

Putrid vision
Scum-dream
I tear at my past
And discover you were
Once a friend

But that word
Angry with betrayal
Denies its meaning
Barking obscenities

And I turn to the
Only force left
To extinguish

Yet it remains
The crying thud
Of my heart

25/12/1981

43. LOST IN SPACE

On the first day
You were forward I was shy
You asked the questions
I told no lie

By the second day
Flung together in the scrub
Minds and bush explored
Platonic rub!

A night in the bush
Enflamed a passion yet
Disaster was sown
When bodies met

Contempt on day four
Spread like a grass fire to hate
Words of pseudo-jostle
Malicious state

I tired of your coy conceits
And false strokes by daylight
When by nightfall it seems all
Flirtation took a well-earned hike

Day five we parted
A flame hollowed, now lead
Your address you gave me
Mine...? I lied instead

20/1/1982

44. WEIGHTLESS

A sense of weightlessness
Overcame me
I float in a void
Of love

23/2/1982

45. DREAM

I read your lines
Penned in dust
Obscured by time
Words to trust

What was found?
In that treasure and dirt
Buried so long
Sweat drenched shirt

My nails cracked
As impatience grew
Wearing thinner and closer
Driven onward through

A warming tunnel
As I saw in fright
A little boy
Scared of the light

I read the words
For each one I shuddered
The boy was dead
My eyes were flooded

Desolate life
I know the game
Those lines, the boy
Were mine, me, same

17/3/1982

46. SWAY

Swaying night and dawn
Your sumptuous rhythms
Capture a frightened soul

18/4/1982

47. SILK

B

Your name

Your beauty

Eclipse

Tumbling feelings

Skin surpassing

Clichéd silk

B

Tangled limbs

In torn embrace

Oh soft embrace

Grasping

Someone else

24/4/1982

48. SNAP

Snap

The broken pencil

The fire of a whip

The shattered

Thought

Snap

A pair of jacks

A gripped hand

Or brushed lips

Snap

2/5/1982

49. LATENESS

Blinking
And screaming with his eyes
Starring at loved ones
And those despised
Merging yet formless
Glaring, wishing their demise

Conflict
Ephemeral omnipresent
Gnawing for respect
Devouring, reject
Delectable menace
Insatiable penance
Sacrificial boy

Blindly
A grope of hateness
Insomnia, erotica
Withered strength
At length sleep may resolve
If love makes lateness

3/5/1982