

50. AUTOEROTIC

Your scent lingers
Lying in patient impotence
For my return

Taken off guard
It penetrates, permeates
My body

I resist only in token
For with the sadness of loss
Is also a memory of time

In bitter arousal
I celebrate, consecrate
Embody that aroma

What sniff of suffering
Remains of joy

21/5/1982

51. CONVERSATION

'Does the child know boredom?'
Asks the slave
'Yes, but in that world there is no
Need to remember, for it is not a
Torturer, or even a master'

'Boredom via childhood equals fantasy
An equation-world
Weaving worlds on
Endless looms of snowflakes, giddy trees,
Melon leaves'

'Only with the adult, can I succeed with it
Here its power, its agony is possible
But children are invincible'
Lamented the devil

14/6/1982

52. JULY

A paeon for July
The month of fantasy
Of winter
Of riches
And jewel
Of reclining deceptions
Icy feasts
A bar mitzvah
Mistaken joys
The month when
It is colder when
The sun shines

4/7/1982

53. BIRTHDAY WISH

You have won the battle
No need to fight
I worship your genius
It's outa sight!

Your smile has stabbed me
(I laugh)
This time I'm dead
I have no tears
It's my love you shred

Yes you grate it all up
But it's the pretending that hurts
At least sharp malice is honest
Your treacherous grin subverts

I wish
You were dead
Or maybe me
I wish for soft peace
But get bowel-twisting cacophony

8/8/1982

54. SACKBUT AND CRUMHORN

Those blasted sackbuts
Have stirred me 'gain
Outside me window
I think of me sten-

Ographer at office
Who cooks so wond'fully
Crumhorn sausages
And mash (of course) for tea

Well it's Sunday morn
Sleep-in at last
Those salvos are at it
Diggin' at me past

So me conscience ain't pure
I done some wrong
But I don't announce it with sackbut
And crumhorn song!

11/8/82

55. HOUSE OF INCEST

Forever on the brink
Snatches of one thousand
Snatching thoughts
Teasing a brain
Already taut
Emotional suicide
Confused peace
Hysteria
The destruction of creation
Is you

20/10/1982

56. GONE

Now that she is gone
What lingers on
Crushes me

30/10/1982

57. AWE

Your body smolders like the night
(Driftwood)
Seductively it nourishes my consciousness
(Sand)
Of you I remember only the dark hues of your love
(Eclipse)
Are you there?
Or does fantasy play games with time?
(Sun storm)
I am a child in awe of all that is there for me
(Tide)

1/11/1982

58. MOTHER-LOGIC

Mother
On why she should be home studying
(Not eating ice cream in my bed)
'You're 16 not 26'

Mother
On why she shouldn't get too involved
(With me)
'Don't put all your eggs in one basket'

Mother
On why she shouldn't visit me after school
'You'll have to catch the tram home alone'

Such excerpts from verifiable sources
Indicate the paranoia
And absurdity of
Modern maternalism
In a few years it will all seem
Pretty funny

13/11/1982

59. CLASS WAR

In that stomach churns
Sitting amidst electric people
Brain cells charged
Molecular explosions

Forced to compete
Hidden smiles
Past caresses
Now drive the pen onward

Hands through hair
The chilled comfort of ones' own
Running nose
(Words for snot)

Collective sympathy
From the throat
One cleared
Incites many

Sneeze
Shattered circuit
Glances
Repair the damage

Why do they smile at me?
I am the enemy embodied

All my efforts
To resist blame
At all costs
Are to no avail

I have sold out
Co-opted by a rule
A ruling
A ruling class

I fooled myself
What can I change?
I only disgust
And play God with advantage

Errors:
I said it wasn't important
(Only in retrospect is that so)
I encouraged the cheat
(Penalising the honest)
I trivialized the game
(Crushing the serious)

I lied about myself
(Insatiable ego – the put down)

In here it is different
Only four
Collective spirit

'Aren't you goin' to smoke?'

They laughed
I smiled
Conscious of the riot
Hidden beneath the snigger

'Be consistent'
I moralise
Having unleashed the tiger
(I've never cheated before)
I now expect obedience!

It leaps at my arm
Half instinct
It refuses throat

I am its plaything now
Clotted blood
Resilient prior to death

Birth
What follows
Is decided – judged – condemned
Predatory feline

17/11/1982

60. BLANK PAGE

A blank page
Like my feelings
Now defiled

1/12/1982

61. XWORD

Cxxxxn Cxxxxn
A lonely alibi
Resides within her
Impetuous enigma
Nestling aphrodisiac
Nefarious Semitic
Invincible – sepia
Recoil for fear
Arouses, then I...
Cxxxxn Cxxxxn

5/12/1982

62. SYMPTOMS

I was tired
(She could at least ring!)
Dry mouth
Lying here
Over dinner I felt
Oh so tired of it all
Clenched stomach
Absorbing sleep intravenously
Eyes flicking
No light
Mouth still tight
And feathery
(Ring!)
Gallop brain
(Knock!)
Symptoms
Of stubbornness

8/12/1982

63. EGO

Groan
His boringness
Surrounded by petty
Ego

His own nose out of joint
Fighting for a love
He never had
(Some would say deserved)

Fluctuate wildly
The game demands it
Ignore
Blush
Humour
Only when you see
Your self-importance
Diminish
You lose

8/1/1983

64. CONDUCTORILY SPEAKING

The baton as a phallus
Piercing
Threatening
Waving around in
Uncontrollable erection

Great conductor of history
Great genius
Great masturbator

Clinging to their stick
Deliciously secret
Until the rape
Or some other fantasy
Expose it

The success
The power
The satisfaction
Of a good wank!

23/1/1983

65. SCANDAL

I am scandalised by her energy
It runs free and easy
With her emotions

In marble I stand
Incapable of believing
Let alone expressing
This feeling

The rumble continues
Within me
All this awkwardness
Just might be dishonest

It pours out of her
As naturally as the tan
On her naïve limbs

Can she really feel anything for me?
I eat
Another neurotic
Breakfast

24/1/1983

66. DENIAL

I want to deny myself everything
Only then
Will fear
Die

January 1983

67. CARNIVORE

A strange sight
Perched on the lion's back
Bald eagle
Gorged
The common bond of blood

Carnivores alike
Supremely confident
An outward calm
One could say a
Deceptive placidness
Even peace

Mane and feather
Tipped with malice
The feeble and the young
Are prey
Assault without conscience

In a dream
They stalk me
These accomplices
Smelling my weakness
I shudder with fear

Quietly now
Cornered, waiting
The lion pounces
Wrapping its power
Around my throat

I did not move
I did not scream
I did not fight
A complicit dream

Today I raise the weapon high
Slaying the duumvirate
Avenging the innocent
My throat contracts
I have killed
To preserve life
And liberty's torch

6/2/1983

68. THE SHITS

'I give you the shits'
(Sometimes!)
But you don't understand
That cynical laugh
Or was it the patronizing quip?

Your 'sometimes'
Sinks below the horizon
Of my sensitivity
Like the wry wink of a lovely sunset

I give you the shits
How words undress me
Confidence all undone
Stripped bare
Alone

Cynicism and condescension
Lay curled up
Hopeless and foetal
Naked on the floor

I weep for the 'sometimes'
I can no longer hear
In truth it was never uttered
'I give me the shits'

6/2/1983

69. TELEPHONE

Sometimes I think
That dastardly object
Could become an obsession of mine

Telephone
Even the word rings ambiguity
Verb or noun
It switches roles to antagonize
The unsuspecting innocent

Usually when one feels at peace
It peals triumphantly
Or on the other hand
One waits anxiously for eons
Daring it just to squeak

My frail tranquility disturbed today
I got tangled up in its wires
Unable to say what I mean
Or mean what I feel
Via that puny circuit

So I sound blasé, callous even
Stuffed things up good and proper

I am sorry
But it's not all my fault
That damn contraption
Trapped me again
I was 'telephoned'
An obsessive adjective

6/2/1983

70. TONGUES

Started to feel
Just a splintered thought
Emerge
Already emasculated

Started to feel
Tingling
Like the lap of summer's
First wave
Tongues of delight

Started to feel
Tongues
Tongues of fright
Gulping dryness
And sweating
Tight

Feel?
No!
Scatter for cover
Half-thought returned
Unopened
Stillborn
Unlicked
Still born of fear

11/2/1983

71. IDEA

Eye dear
Ear dear
Eye deer
Ear dire
'Ere dyer
Hair dryer

21/2/1983

72. DREAMING

I am alive
Strangely alive
Seduced by a mother
Of mine or another?

Dreamed of death
Strangely death
Seduced by the other
Necrophilia

Deadened dreaming
Or living hell
Matron bakes a madeleine
Which I ate as well

3/3/1983

73. UNHINGED

Unhinged mind-memory
Floating
Present dissolves into past
Into future
Unlocking secrets
Already whispered

Deafened
Chasing a tail
A wisp
Whisper

Running through the silences
In breathless struggle
The opponent or the whisper
The whisper, the opponent
I trip
I fall
Descending back into
The mire
Of me

6/3/1983

74. HOMO AESTHETICUS

There is nothing in our history
But struggle
Drenched in defeat
It continues

A paradox is history
For destruction does not destroy
But reaffirms the will

The collective will of us
Species-shared
Sapiens
Freedom

A promise then
The seed of history
Water it
Nourish it
Any bodily fluid will do
Ripened
It just might feed us all
Homo aestheticus

10/3/1983

75. ARTIST

MAN BELIEVES IN HIS OWN FREEDOM

His free will
His free choice
His free thought
His free food
His free time
His free art
His free life

MAN CREATES AN IMAGE OF THIS FREEDOM

An effigy
An abstract
An expression
An atonality
An imitation
An order
An ideal

FOR ITS USE SOCIETY BUYS THE IMAGE

Subversion
Propaganda
Oppression
Alienation
Domination
Exploitation
Suppression

PAINT ON ARTIST

22/3/1983

76. TOUR

Sunny Myrtleford
Air that trickles like tears
A melancholy air

Under a willow
Weeping
Listening to sounds
Become feelings

Sun filters through
Pine needles
Clouds
Hungry for blue
Finish the sun

Everything is wet
Strange drought
This

A boy on a bike
Watches me
I am afraid

How many children
Have I fronted today?
Not another performance
Please

One hundred eyes
Hungered by expectation
Excitable
Growing
I am drained dry

He watches
What does he want?
Surely I've
Given enough today
To the likes of him?

Two brimming eyes
Then he's gone
Without a word
Pedaled away
How impolite

3/5/1983

77. SUSTENANCE

The music sustains me
When all else has deserted
A hopeless situation

Move slowly now
Waves become flesh
Pulsing
A rhythm
Embodied

I am sound
Drifting away
Becoming less
Gone

Can you hear me?
I've left my crumbling edifice
Dried and discarded
Now I come to you
Transient and pure

31/5/1983

78. FOR ARTS SAKE

Lurking
In some undusted corner
Is the memory
Of inadequacy

Expelled
From my house
It nevertheless waits
Coupling with rejection
Plotting ambush

For victory
I must sacrifice
This poem

Private
Murmurs of a would-be artist

For too long
Change has been obscured
By words like these

It suits the power-hungry ones
For human particles
To search only themselves
For solutions
When our charged orbits
Posit cooperative
Answers

18/6/1983

79. DUST

Dusting life
An emptiness
Stretches across brain

A familiar fantasy
The great consoler
Teeth gleaming, grinning
Heralding the final equality

No achievement is too great
No failure too wretched
The smile consumes
And sweeps free

16/7/1983

80. LAST STRAW

Gone is the green straw
Your brought and
For months sat
Astride the cold tap

Over the first cup of coffee
(How I now long for your skin-soft touch)
You picked it up
And brought it home
Both ends chewed
Nervously?
By you
(You bruised my lips)

So I left it there
Tap-straddled and cute
Dripping
(Reminder of your breasts, my hands)

A silly symbol
Of us
(Our fantasy in lurid green)
To remain for as long as we

It sat there
(As you would sit astride me, all hips and uniform)
And I would smile and remember you
After you left

It grew brittle
As these things do
And its bright green faded
(I longed to wake beside you)
Twisted by heat and time
Finally I threw it out
(The waiting was over)

For the end had come
With tears fought
And love denied
(Honesty fleshed out)
And time only for the
Purge

3/7/1983

81. REGRET

I played regret
Last night
But the record stopped
Before I could win

3/3/1983

82. SAD NOW

Sad now
Because talk hurts
Sad now
Being is pain
Sad now
No sorrow saves

Apology and regret
Just dressings
Over a sore that continues
To run

Sad now
I cause infection
Sad now
A girl cries
On hearing my voice
And tells me
A part of her dies

Sad now
And self-disgust
For all I feel
Is sad now

7/8/1983

83. DRUNK

Weary eyes acquiesce
But the mouth of jeers continue
She got drunk as a skunk
(Post-coital depression?)
Tongues, lips, saliva
Closed
Disgust-filled eyes
Erection
(‘Can fuck-a-dog’)
Great!

Emerge
Stupor-smiling
Dressed to the collar-bone
Staggering
A song
Her friends hate seeing her like this
Used?
Flicks alternating
Pity and scorn

18/8/1983

84. SOLAR SYSTEM SONGS

Mercury they say is awfully hot
A fireball in the sky
Although science is often mistaken
Would anyone like to try?

Shrouded in clouds of mist
Is Venus, place of love and myths
Now you know that alluring atmosphere
Is lethal, as is love I fear

Mother Earth it's true, is under threat
It seems us humans soon forget
While splitting the atom may destroy and appall
Earth will survive, to laugh at the folly of all
Thus in mastering this happy blue planet
It may, (while laughing last) master us yet!

Mars is considered telescopically red
A color that is war-like, so it is said
A silly concept I have always thought in silence
As most Martians I know think little of violence

Sadly we must pity our largest planet
Giant Jupiter, dizzied by moons of ice and granite
Encircled forever by solid masses
While the king of planets is primarily gasses
As if this paradox weren't enough to bear
It lives with the knowledge both cruel and unfair
That if a wee bit more portly, nuclear fission would take place
Creating a sister sun for our solar system space
Alas in darkness it ponders its weight-gain ill fortunes
Brooding then temper, wild storms curse them coy moons

Saturn too, is a sufferer of distress
For humans only attend to the rings of her dress

Uranus has always sounded somewhat untidy and rude
Luckily planets, unlike rhymesters, aren't nearly so crude

Of the next planet sadly, facts are ever so slight
Embedded as it is deep in the spacial night
Thus to comment here might appear inopportune
Even its name I've forgot...does it end with a tune?

Icy Pluto was the very last to be found
Smallest and furthest it makes hardly a sound
Its orbit you know is so peculiar, one muses
Its elliptical dance is designed to fool ya

Of the tenth planet, it's all a guarded secret
Until a whispering astronomer chose to leak it
Tucked opposite our Earth, night-gazers never catch a glimpse
Yet it is a fun-loving place, full of fun-loving imps
Select people have gone there for over a decade
But the post is slow and most often delayed

August 1983

85. FREE WORLD PRESIDENT

On the television today
Is a man clone-familiar
Faced with a tragedy
His lips glisten with venom
While his face is relaxed
His tongue waxes eloquent
Berating the foe
His hands betray his glee
His mouth is stern
'Lives have been lost
Barbaric
Civilized world
Punitive strike
Avenge helpless death'
Clichés stream forth in righteous furies
Replacing the healing tear
In his eye the stone of hypocrisy
And an unconscious refusal to cry
Words suffice
And weapons to deliver death elsewhere
Meaningful death, this time
As the emperor declares
Hand on heart
Sanctioned by God
To protect the free world

4/9/1983

86. NEWISH AGE

Pretty mind
Setting yourself like Shiva
Or was it Buddha?
You chose
She split
'An alter-ego' you say
How Japanese!
Now North Korea gets a mention
Mustn't forget
Fine exponent of the
Cultural wolf-whistle
The lotus is your oyster

8/9/1983

87. TA ΠΑΡΕΑ

Not shivers of excitement
But convulsions!
Irrepressible
People I want to touch
Throw my arms around
Kiss

'A musician is someone who is
Happiest playing their song'
Well that's not me
At least not tonight

I'm sometimes a sprite
And feel the elfish dance within me
Maybe it's just youth?
'Too good to waste'
(Thanks Joni)

Happiness is dancing to the
Music of your body
Love is mixing it with another
Tonight
What a night of euphoric rhythm

14/9/1983

88. CRICKET DREAM

Dear B,

What a beautiful day! The sun beams down, the jasmine is out and fills the air with the subtle-sweet fragrance of spring. One's body feels suddenly rejuvenated after the long, wet winter. A single cloud scuds the sky listlessly, blissfully unaware of its isolation and loneliness. I'm feeling great, how are you?

You really should shoot down to New York and spend a couple of weeks having a ball, kick up your heels then come home for Christmas, or New Year. Still I suppose if you love the sub-zero temperatures, the six hours of murky daylight, the blizzards, the practice (scraping ice from the reeds before you begin)...then of course stay away! You could lay low in Dandenong for the remaining few months, get someone in Toronto to cash your cheques and send them on to you!

I've got this nasty, annoying itch on the fourth finger of my right hand. Daily as it gets warmer, it grows ever more insistent – it is driving this pen over the pages with feverish energy, as we speak! Playing electronic games helps, temporarily. Whenever I pick some delectable spherical fruit, say an apple or an orange (mostly an orange), it rapidly intensifies (it's not eczema I assure you!) I feel my hand clasp the bare, textured rind. My fourth finger sets up a tremor, then slips down across the side of the transformed orb. Sweat forms, armpit then brow, and I struggle to keep my eyes in focus. All rationality evaporates, I begin to rub now, ball against groin. It feels good, oh so good...

Then splat! I've bowled another orange. No nutrition here. It lies on the floor, having bounced off the wall, bruised and defeated, its stain trickling down like tears, having added its peculiar imprint to a collection of sepia abstracts. This was not the first time for this strange ritual. Perhaps it's a symptom of scurvy? But you know now how much and why I miss you.

1/10/1983

89. WE TEACH ALL HEARTS TO BREAK (L. Cohen)

'You're not a wimp!'
But too late
She had already sacrificed herself
On the altar of
Diminishing self-respect

The act is well learned
Well rehearsed
Demeaning
And undermining
Her love lies in ruins

Our personal tragedies
Litter our brains
The politics gets obscured

No, you're NOT a wimp!
But like the rest
Bred for middle-class consumption
You are atomised
Alienated
A perfect insecurity

And that's where they want us babe!
Oiling the system
You and a million like minds
Blaming ourselves
Redirecting our anger
Inward where it does the
Least damage
And boosts (consoling) consumption
Reducing the already remote
Possibility
For change

5/10/1983

90. SEXUAL POLITICS

Your embrace
Warmed me
But...
I accepted it
As a man accepts
The last breakfast
Before his death at dawn

At what price?
I shouted, shuddered
Thoughts spilling
Trickling down the well worn furrows
Tear-shaped and salty

But at what price
Can freedom and fidelity
Ever be reconciled?

Perhaps the question
Is the deception?
But then what was the embrace?

7/10/1983

91. EICHMANN

Trembling silence
Rain
And grey

Spent
Gaseous abattoir
Then flame

Fragrance lingers
Lingering corpse
Excrete anew
'Tod'

Naked
Acquiesce
Deceived
No, betrayed
By those who must know
Should know
Surely knew?

Mouth twisted
Twitch
Serene fanatic
Scribbling
Disciplined
(My tears of how?)

Eichmann smiles
As far as he's concerned
He is being tried
By a lampshade court
By bars of soap
In a new lampshade state

This human
Who embodies no
Human cell
Made inhumanity
Into an art
Turned people into
Flesh, barely living
Rotting totter

Tracks to death
Resettlement lie
Pacified and ever
Hopeful
That such hate was

Not possible
They came to die

What is this world?
(No hideous fiction)
Where people
Pray to be
Bombed

And I watch and cry
But it will never be enough
Auschwitz is there
'The past is not dead
It is not even past'

(The last couplet is by William Faulkner)

15/10/1983

92. JAZZ

Evocative dancer
Ivory tickler
Being rhythm
As you play

Music is dance
Inseparable
That is clear
Seeing your fat
Fingers sway
So sexy
When you play

And Jazz
That aristocrat
Of musical union
Perfect fusion
Of competition and
Love
Bob smiles
'A rough edge'
For brilliance

Don't 'understand me'
It says
'Feel me, watch me, hear me'
Now!

The conversation livens
Not idle chatter
Faces now etched with strain
Then sweetness
Improvised release

It breaks down
We all laugh
They've been squeezing it
A bit too hard
Bob smiles
It's half past nine
In the morning
And just a smidge too
Early for jazz

20/10/1983

93. INTELLECT

When music tempts the intellect
But nothing else
It denies its own worth

23/10/1983

94. GRANITE

And then she kissed me
Granite
I was a rose
Mauve

We spoke
Breaking
The old wordy silence
Replacing
With the rush of a Polish spring
The untenable
Deadwood

New shoots
Of communication
Miracle
Whispers of green
Moist
Dew kissing
Acid rain

24/18/1983

95. ALEATORIC DEVICE

You take a chance
With random music

8/9/1983

96. MIRRORS

Is mirror architecture
A reflection
Of our times?

8/9/1983

97. HOLE

Torrent
Cascading from your taut body
Reflex muscles perform
This angry
Rush of blood
Swirling through veins in
Parabolic confusion
You hit out inaccurately
At symbols
Not truth

You want to be good
So bad
Oh so bad...
More than a child
A philosopher, a slave
A defender
'Please love me. Oh please
Love me.'
For all I do is aimed
To get it, from you
Whoever

Hungered still
No amount of love can
Fill that hole
You see it but refuse to
Believe it
And as it grows
Demanding and blinding
I hate you sometimes

Incredibly (or maybe not!)
There lives vanity too!
An ego
You preen yourself in secret
Bad medicine
That you say you detest
A shadow of the self-respect
I wish I could give you

Now you're excited once more
For sex/love has reared its promise
For you
Is it the answer?
The final happiness at last?
You see a round hole
I see a square peg
But the child emerges
Innocent

Remembering nothing of past bitterness

'God, we are both so shy'
The likenesses are mysterious
As is life to the child

Long evenings of conversation
You trot out your wares
How impressive
How true
How sensible
How nice you are

But in the end
There's the blindness and the
Insatiable
The hole

16/11/1983

98. FIRESTONE

Suit and tie world
Has surrounded me
I work
Abandon suit and tie
But still refuse to cry

It's far deeper than clothes
I know
(Dry eyed, dry-cleaned)

And are you trapped too?
With passive admiration
Pedestalled prick
Ignoring the sickness
That is everywhere
And as infection spreads
My cool detachment
Yes survival
Inflames further your
Need to be loved

An irony here
For what you admire
Is the tip of my neurosis
And fear

So I read Firestone
For solace
A consolation prize
To make my vision clear
That everywhere needs
A desperate revolution
Feminist in persuasion
Radical in implementation
Then I will gladly shed a tear
And shout a toast with a nice, cold beer

18/11/1983

99. ALL BAD POEMS ARE SINCERE (Wilde)

Paint you a political poem
You ask
Do you mean a slogan?
'Fascist fuckers'
I believe that

Or perhaps something more
Something in rhyme
Let us see...

The Turks want Cyprus
The war has been fought
But onward marches the struggle
We fight for freedom nothing short

I may believe that

Or I might sing a political song for you
Or carve or mold or act

It is not the hoary question
Of content or form
But context matters a deal
In political art

In the here and now
Of simmering capitalist chaos
All art becomes political
Some for us
Others against us

I condemn those artists
Who say they are above politics
And live in their virtuous, vacuous pit
Because the conceit
Is that this art is still political

By saying nothing
In all its hollowness
And wallowness
This art serves the ruling class

And that's why the rich
Support it with their
Mouths and their money

I try to believe that

19/11/1983

