

100. SEPARATE TRUTHS

In a dream
Towering above us
Yet fertilised within us
Was born a revolution

I dreamt its promise
(Free speech)
Its method
(Liberty)
Its justification
(Popular will)

Later it was written
This revolution-dream
Matched with some event
Called history

But what is history?
If not the mingling
Of events and dreams

Rewritten or re-dreamt
We all chronicle time
And as we all live
Our separate truths
So too
The future revolution

25/11/1983

101. LOVE IN THE TIME OF CAPITALISM

A word or two then
About love

For reasons that mystify me
Many behave as if their own insecurity
Can be plugged by another's
Insecurity
And call it love

Trained to pick up one's vanity
And give it a shake
Then measure it
Against yours
Love!

Take the libido
Out for a stroll
We barter in bodies
The ultimate
Love commodity

Create an image
Or have one created for you
Mass-produce emotion
If the model is not right
Never mind
We'll work on it

Love
Keeps us all thinking
And buying
And buying
And buying...
Indulgent thoughts these
And quite affordable

A universal private nightmare
Is a capitalist's dream
The flowers
The rings
Holidays
Washing machines
The price is right
For love
Is worth always it

29/11/1983

102. PASTURE

Tired B
Already retired
Lost battles now surface
In silence
And your face
Put to fallow

Each cigarette
Accurate pain relief
This job
All jobs
Has killed you
You'll get a gold watch
Of course
Or a cigarette case
With initials embossed
But all that experience
Leaks from you
Redundant
No mop
For the spill

Opposite struts
The successor
Hand poised on chin
Playing with mouth
Keen
Smoke curls interestingly
From his over-elegant pipe

Lean forward B
There is one more
Pirouette
Still to be enjoyed
Succession's craven
dance

2/12/1983

103. MEN TALK

Building talk
Is men's talk
So we sit here
Tugging on each others...

Tie
Every truth
Conceals a lie
With the exclusion
Of all others

2/12/1893

104. MARXISM 101

Who will you vote for?
When Labor self-destructs
Hawke netted in the contradictions
Of idealism, reform and survival
Tangled like all Labor governments
So sadly
None expects them to survive

Who will you vote for?
In disillusionment
The Liberals?
That is
The warmongers, the exploiters, the capitalists
Yes they will sharpen the crisis
But could you do it?

Who is there to vote for then?
Well, no one
Our apathy is not laziness
Or unexpressed satisfaction
But simmering alienation
The pot will boil over
In an instant of consciousness
And action

Labor's flight will end
The poison of pragmatics
And out of those feathers and froth
Will emerge a force
Serious about change
About peace
Radical
And in tune with how we produce
Or how we could produce
With dignity
Facing the problem of distribution
With humanity over profit

Who is there to vote for then?
And where do you stand?
In this struggle
Age old
To make a sick society
Healthy again

5/12/1983

105. BORED MEETING THUMBNAILS

Z

Red faced
Bureaucratic beauty
Slow and bumble
Raggle taggle

Y

Fiery new buck
Vigor
Then squash
(Remember X)

W

Succinct
Or bored
All ignorant
In his financial wake
And wizardry

V

Humble
A child humiliated
In the presence
Of Art
False modesty
For his sort
Monopolises money
And in this place
Artists?

U

Armchair observer
With a few
Two-cent pieces!

T

Speaks little
In alienation
And Marxism

S

Sir S
Seemingly at ease
A snake in a pit

R

Twitch and glance
Shooting
Nervous grins
Will be his downfall

Q

Occasional enjoyment
In knowledge acquired
Laugh of the martyr

P

Dressed in labor clothes
A closet conservative

O

Predatory owl
Hooked nose
And bead-eyes

N

Reasonableness abounds
From on high
Cautious?
Or conservative
A nepot
Preserving interests

M

Over the years
He has grown to resemble
His pet name
Wombat!

L

Confident stutter
Proud of impediment
Like velvet bow-tie
Sets him apart

K

Sentences unfinished
The affliction
Of slow speech

J1 & J2

They sit in silence
Prisoners of their sex
Demur damsels
Spongy leers do distress

I

Eloquent English
Integrity squeaks

H
European supremacy
Steaming pipe
Cynical anger

G
Stern and aloof
Pining for the warmth
Of his ivory-lined
Garret

F
Dances a man's part
Admirably

E
Does he really know
What he is saying?
Or are they lies
From another meeting
Transcribed?

D
A groping mind
Battling an unfortunate
Upbringing

C
Last loud orator
Or eccentric
Can't tell

B
Makes silly signs
And scribbles
Shorthand for magic
And oppression

A
Foreigner perplexed
By our wrangling
From Monash sent
With a yawn

7/12/1983

106 EIINA

Experiment
And die
In fear
Of change
I tremble
But try

Still numbed
By a power
So strong
Only children
Escape it
But not
For long

Cold
Conservatism
Has a chill
Like an
Emperor past
(Uncle Joe?)
We have
No progressive
Clothes still

18/12/1983

107. ROME

Arivederci Roma
Leaving just as the sun struggles
Through the cold morning mist
Trains so silent in Europe
Surrounded by nuns
And a foreign tongue
I smile and wonder
If this is really
Seconda classe?

Mile grazie Roma
As the sun and blue
Remind me
Of home

Behind each torso
Each crowded apartment door
Is a ruin
Old and new scars
Mingle happily
In this city

Dark haired beauty
Sells a paper yelling
'Iran Liberatione!'
The nuns ignore
The ties with God
Unsure

Fiats scamper like rodents
Around alleyway streets
Each corner taken
In Formula One practice and
Behind the counter
The age old disdain
As Romans find a million
Ways not to serve you

'Parle Inglese?'
Non
'Writing paper?' (hands miming)
Non

Five minutes out
Train silently picking up speed
The frost clings hopelessly
To the grass
As the sun demands
A final surrender
Snow capped brothers

Remain defiant and distant
Unable to help their herbage brothers
From such a height

Ten minutes out
And the city dirt has gone
Occasional crumbling ruins (ancient?)
Serve as reminder
Of the paradoxes and
The people

5/1/1984

108. FIRENZE

Firenze and Andrea
Art and history
Secure
Yet sad

7/1/1984

109. AMSTERDAM

Quietly in a coffee shop
Tiring of postcards
And melancholy
Waiting
Always waiting
Eavesdropping
On another exotic mixture
Sounds like German and
Backward English
But course after
The musical cadence
Of Italian

Writing
Always writing
And remembering Florence
Sun, cold
Warmed heart

Trepidation in the air
Expressed by the sound
Of the language
And form
A dangerous peace?
Far more sinister
Than any Italian arrogance
That dissipates when they speak

9/1/1984

110. DUTCH JOKES

In Holland they have a saying
'Like a duck's bum off water'

The architecture is
Prim, proper, protestant
(As are the prostitutes)

The 'Save Holland from Sinking' Authority
Has adopted Maoist methods to keep afloat
Rather than a day of fly killing
A national day of holding water
Or as the Dutch put it:
'Naij-Toog Uireen Nikts'

The last drought in Holland was a disaster
Thirty-three people drowned

9/1/1984

111. CATS

Sensing despair
And not knowing
The cat stalks
As most cats would

A landscape
A fear's cape
A fear to escape

Wiley old bird
Teasing cat
Far too well fed
For anything but sport

She performs
The avian escape artist
Practiced in the art
Of cat-flattery

12/4/1984

112. LITTLE GIRL

Faces of smiles
Then shooting
Hidden grins
What difference!

Now another train
On which I feel at ease
Little girl stares
Her brown eyes
Unsure
Of life's little games

12/4/1984

113. TOUR NOTES (VERBATIM)

'She's not a bad girl, just terribly insecure. I'm studying her closely. She just can't be alone, it's embarrassing; must she ring B when we are recording?'

'Why do you sell your Jewishness? You go on about it all the time. I'm an anti-Semite (he laughs that unmistakably Jewish laugh). You sell it like I sell my masculinity'.

'Stop playing that Beethoven'.

'I'm fiddling like the rest'.

'Well fiddle Stockhausen!'

'Everything is rotten except Germany. Why doesn't he live here if that's how he feels?'

14/1/1984

114. DORTMUND

Hung-over in Dortmund

Drinking coffee

Bitter and strong

Red wine

Ouzo

Mezethes

Tasted better going down

That coming up!

Watching people

In endless queues

Trams, malls, brothels

Are they all the same?

Essentially there for my benefit?

To observe

To learn?

And what if they weren't there?

Follow one

After a while

To confirm existence

And he may be following you

And also realise...

17/1/1984

115. WORK, CONSUME, DIE

Work, consume, die
In a thousand cities
A thousand ways
To walk the same, lame road

An idea
Embryonic
Forces its way
Soft lips
Give birth
To a phrase
A premature
Hope

17/1/1984

116. IT NEEDN'T BE LIKE THIS

The simple utterance
It needn't be like this
Swaddle it
Keep it warm
Incubated
Among comrades
For
One thousand tears
One thousand tired hands
One thousand scowls
Draw the assassin's knife

Poor souls
Despise their lives
But fear change
More

Without clemency
They defend their chains
As a born slave
Not knowing freedom
Defends his master

Weary assassins
Forever performing
Ritual suicide

17/1/1984

117. BELLY LAUGH

A belly laugh
And I jump
What's so threatening
In a laugh?

Reminded of Richard Prior
'Why do I feel the hairs on the back of my neck bristle
Whenever I hear an 'eehaa'?

20/1/1984

118. DACHAU

Young boys with school excursion laughs
What lessons are being learnt?
I wonder?

Cold
Icy pictures
Of efficiency and good order
Deception, tattoos
Heads neatly shaven
All classified and ready

Another boyish laugh
(Hoping it is nervous)
'Is it a real whipping stick?'
A round, wet-eyed woman passes
Pilgrim?

Tour party with white southern accents
Alabama?
Strut about
Tummy reflux rumblings
Examining with strange
Intensity
Reminds me of many I saw
In Florence looking at Da Vinci

A body
Contorted, sexless, discarded
Ribs exposed
A photograph too large
To contain such horror

A man passes sobbing
Into his wet hankie

21/1/1984

119. CIVILISATION

The little children
Of Dachau
Broke a drought of tears
As abstract knowledge
Crystallised
Before my dry eyes
A reality so bleak
So inconceivable
Shuddering
Before my buried fears

This was man
Our culture
Organised to kill
Picture if you will
The absolute monotony
Of death on this scale
Twisted torso and limb
Mutilated shrunken penis
Guarded grin
Trophy shots
Bodies piled high
Like so many gifts
A mountain of sin

This atrocity
Like a Beethoven symphony
Separates us from nature
We tower above her
And sink below
If civilisation is our aim
Then we must abandon
The parlous depths forever
And grasp life instead
Or all tears
Like those grinning skulls
Are vainly shed

22/1/1984

120. TOURIST

Professional tourists
Scouring the globe for bargains
'Eight francs – that's so expensive...
But in Spain – only two pesetas wow!
That's great'

American tourists
Sad to say are the worst
A well-earned rep
Comparing bargains
On the mighty strength
Of their dollar
(If the Aussie was as strong
We'd be just the same)

Blinded by money
Each activity an orgy
Of frenzied shopping
They forget to notice
The poverty and paucity
All around them

Accommodation
'That's about three bucks a night, right?'
'Do we have to pay for showers?'
'Yep, one franc – that's fifty cents, right?'

No wonder they hate us
And look at us with green eyes
Dagger-filled and envious
All hospitality reduced
To dollar exchange

Our greed far outweighs
Any rip-off
Theirs is petty theft
Ours is merciless plunder
The irony is that now-a-days
Livelihoods depend
On these inequalities
We travel
So they can live

23/1/1984

121. INTERLAKEN

Snow
Falling on hot cheeks
Melting in tiny rivulets

A short respite
A flirty snow fight
Coffee
Talk of South Africa
Bread and cheese

Linking arms
And laughing
A smile
Illuminates
The warmth of light

Then sadness and
A small loss
And a memory
Survives

24/1/1984

122. FOOTSORE

They say
Hungry for delights
'London, Paris mustn't miss!'

Sore feet reality!
Saturated with sights
Their meaning becomes
Contrived merely to please
And appease
As stability
Like my feet
Totters

Sitting now
Opposite a persistent
Venetian
For five hours he's graced me
With his unbidden company
And worn a hole right through
My Italian vocabulary
I remain suspicious of his motives
A free meal?
I could run to that!

Is this homesickness?
Or just weariness?
Wanting a familiar touch
Or talk
A knowing glance and
Not having to face the effort
Of once again
Gathering my life around me
To carry about
Waiting for a thief

A traveller dreams
The day of return

26/1/1984

123. GREECE

Already better
Greece
That distant home
Poem in the sun
Incomprehensible
Familiar tongue

Drifting landscapes
And apricot sunrise
Gently revitalise
And exorcise
My weary demon

Like terrible words on paper
Mountains jut from the sea
Impassioned cries for freedom
Resound and echo in plea

A dry and rock-filled terrain
Speaks in blood and whispers
Taunting, seducing Sirens
Greece
I hear thee

29/1/1984

124. PATRAS

Patras to Athens
Already two hours late
Greece
And they sing
On the train

30/1/1984

125. PIRAEUS

Having hoofed it around Piraeus
With masochistic strides
And blown a morning to-boot

Having expended in a single fling
Any residue of rest
Stored from past repose

Having finally unscrambled
The morning's overwhelmed mind
That could not distinguish
Silliness from sense

I partake of the first syrupy coffee
Help to salvage a day
Despite being given but half a cup
And out of luck
No kaimaki

Having humped God knows how many kilos
Over how many circular miles
Wearing holes in shoes and thighs

Having got virtually no-where
On friendly smiles
I will discard these 'having' trials
And plot again
My assault on Athens

6/2/1984

126. RETHYMNON

A rock by the sea
Drenched with sensation
The illusion I'm free

A castle
Storming fortress
A puppy
A dead cat

Tides of history
Etching lines
As fine as lace
Upon stubborn rock
That speaks of grace

10/2/1984

127. VERONA STATION BLUES

Sittin' in the railway station
Gotta ticket for my destination
Pausin' now so unoriginal
Tossin' back aqua mineral(e)

Another blister another train
Cities mingle inside my brain
While away futile hours
Seems such a waste
Then rush about
In such uncalled for haste

Drunk on decisions and all things new
Staggerin' about every sight askew
Coughin' now and getting' weaker
Every day the same but a little bleaker

Travellin' soul I ain't got
Where my legs are treadin'
My poor head's not

Only an hour to go
And I'll be on that train
Sweet sleep then wakin' up
Still gonna have that pain

After *Homeward Bound*: Simon & Garfunkel

15/2/1984

128. NUMB

Scribbling away
Is it mindless?
It does pass a minute
And what is written
May help recall
This emptiness that
Is not quite loneliness
(I trained that out years ago)
Or despair
Just a familiar numbness
To life and events
I'm told are exciting
(Who is doing the telling?
And why aren't I on the next flight home?)
Stubbornness
Like passing time
Feasts itself
Each moment lengthens
Scribbling in the limbo
Between stolid seconds
And imminent departure

15/2/1984

129. SACRE COEUR

Breathless it hangs
Barely cooling the air
Tantalising then straining
Each of your senses in turn

Is it the thousand sacred candles?
Flickering life into dormant marble

Is it the pale but striking hues of stained glass miracles?
Scarcely illuminating a fearful darkness

Is it the subtle presence of incense?
Remaining when all else has gone

Is it the tremor of the air as a distant monk
Performs an ancient, indecipherable monody?

Is it the space, open and warm?
Designed to cradle you, mother and her children

The columns seem to tremble between echoes
And questions unanswerable
For the glory of God?
When all is by the sweat of mankind alone

The fragrance
The stillness
The candles
The marble
The voices
The resonance
The silence
The masterworks

All combine here and in a thousand other sites
To mystify
In other words to fool, my friend

The deception has been grand
Perhaps necessary
But surely now it is over?
I pray

26/2/1984

130. ABSTRACTION

When the church and art
Married
Life inexplicable was the bond
But since the painful separation
And several re-unions
The divorce is settled
It is absurd for art
To continue the mystery
Abstraction is merely the yearning of art
For the high altar given to it by religion
Not its true calling
But withdrawal symptoms

26/2/1984

131. LETTER

In this poem
I want to place the smile
Now stretching within me
I want to capture the transient
Enclose the love

No coincidence then
That the sun timidly shines
Fingering me along with Bath's
Green cricket lawns

Somehow your few brief words
Quaking in my paper grasp appear
As a pact, an affirmation
Impossible to retract

And although I may never re-read them
And the smile they brought
Will most certainly disappear
You can be sure B
The feeling will stay a while more

11/3/1984

132. KISS

A burnt orange sunset
And a cuppa tea
Combine to make me sleepy
Heavy lids mimic
The eyes of a couple's kiss
In the windy lee
Of the river Thames

Dusk and dirty hair
A 'yellow pages' pen
Feeble limbs and fear
Of bowels and diarrhea

I'm sitting, waiting
For a contemporary concert
To begin
Hardly good medicine
For a woeful sinner
Who seems to stumble blind
Stumble thin
Between elixir and poison
Without capacity to distinguish
Just trepidation
And head spinner

14/3/1984

133. FIVE MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT

I was running
Why?
It must have been instinct
For I had already escaped
I ran
Wildly with my thoughts
My feelings sprint too
I tripped
I ran
I fell
Hands outstretched
A charred body
Broke the fall

As if in slow motion
I withdrew my hands
Two perfect fist holes
Like wide eyes
Starred up at me
In recognition
From the blackened remains
Gum-less, ebony teeth
Without lips or cheeks
Grinned anonymously

Mother!
I shuddered
But couldn't tell
Forcing myself to look again
My vision swept the street remains
Mother!
One thousand contorted torsos
Wore her smile
I sucked in air, foul
And covered my mouth with hands
I pulled them away
Violently I remembered
Where they had been
Who they were inside
Mamma
Retching again
I smelled on them
Her scent
Her death

Stumbling on
Drunk, dissolute
A howling wind
Singed my skin
Yet I fell cold

Tripping
On another skull
Lying among the many
Like dried pumpkins
Rattling in the gutter
Then wind stopped
This is peace at last
I said
But a murderous sound
Guffawed as it engulfed me gain

How long had a stood submerged?
Drowning in the din
Gasping for silence
For death to free me

As if not my own
My eyes floated skyward
A blood sun blazed from one horizon to the next
Had it ever been gentle blue
Ever?
Riveted I saw it
Just as they taught us
But so much quicker
Growling
A mushroom devouring sky
Gulping down red
With ravenous ease
Stealing wind, sound, calm
Each skull a silent scream of folly
From the dead
Despised

April 1984

134. SKINLESS BODY

A skinless body
Is beautiful I dream
My fantasy is real
My reality obscene

13/5/1984

135. OBSESSION YOU SAY

An obsession you say
Her face
All eyes widening
That fragile mouth
The breadth of one blinking eyelash

In a trance I see
Beneath those heat-toughened words
Fired by endless meetings
And bilingual politics
Peeping out
A flirtatious spirit

A guarded glance
A flicker of grin
Of course I could be mistaken
That's the charm, the wonder
Of such things
And fantasies are fed by ambivalence
Burn their reality
In flames of lust potential

I daydream about those oceanic eyes
Deepening, drowning
And your sepia skin
All cellophane sadness
A veiled window
Lacy
Where do you sleep?
Behind your detachment?

When you look at me
I am the voyeur

18/9/1984

136. PLAY

You think you can safely
Play the system
And win

But the system has played
Millions like you before
Rigged and riddled

In the end
The damage you do
Far outweighs
Any allowable
Good

21/9/1984

137. IRIS

Imagine her
Engulfing me
With her glance
The gentle blanket
Of iris

10/10/1984

138. IMPATIENT EGO

Life is all waiting
Love
Revolution
And the petty rewards
That daily nourish
Impatient egos

Some have sagely said
'Life is but a waiting for death'
But instead
Life waits for life
As we live a façade
In practice
The motion
Of the moribund
Or a deadly trap
Dangled possibility
Then snap
Clam closed
Desire waits

5/11/1984

139. FLATTERED

'I find you VERY attractive'
You said
And I'm fatuously flattered
Inflated by your harmless words
A hit for the ego
Then deflated and down
Already craving, designing
The next score
Or cold turkey decent
Into self-torture

Sexual games are fun!
The game I like most
The game I play best
(Do you know it?
Shall I teach you to play?)
Is called
Honesty

23/11/1984

140. TABLE

And now the table
Turns
The very dependence
That harassed me
And kept me awake
Or running
Has come back
Laughing
'You no longer need me'
Words I imagined many times
As the sweetest relief
Feel sorrowful
My love rejected
(As I hoped it would be)
And I ponder this strange
Attraction between us
That seems inversely proportional
Now it is my turn to suffer

24/2/1985

141. GLOVES

Well B
So it is happening again
A new thrill
A new mold to cast yourself in

Out with old
This garden glove discarded
As you gorge in the latest delight
Why do I feel slightly soiled
By your opportunism?

'Today I was so unhappy I cried,
I miss her so much'

Hollowed out
I cried too
In love-hate for you
And your reflective
Nothingness

With me
You are me
With others you are others
A tired, hackneyed reflection
Practiced
A gaggle of old spit-gloves
A cracked image of the one
Next to please

You once told me
When people really get to know you
They dislike you
Rather, they see through you
The charm, superficiality
Desperation
The pathetic attempt
At love through
Mimicry

6/3/1985

142. CELLIST

Experimental thing
Play cello
Grunt
One arm detached
In swing

Isolated
But from a few
Sacred initiates
Each traversing globe
Seeking communion
And you

The function of music
You parody unwittingly
While pompously pursuing
Your 'individuality'

You arms swing louder now
Still no-one comes or cares
Why should they?
At it's most benign
'Your thing'
Is elitist and alienating
When malignant
It is aural crime!

4/4/1985

143. KNOWLEDGE

Mark
'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing'
But as for Darwin
(The outpost not the outcast)
Especially those being paid
To be music teachers
No knowledge
Is fatal!

4/4/1985

144. BAD THERAPY (SYMPTOMS)

Sleeping to pass time

More quickly

Slightly syrupy

Pastiness inside oral cavity

Loss of appetite

Jumpiness

(Each sound might be knock's precursor)

Fantasy

(A knock I know will not occur)

Lethargy

Feel helpless

Lack of motivation

Compulsive clock watching

Footstep imagining

Sensory irrationality

Symptoms of obsession

For an occupational therapist

26/4/1985

145. GORMENGHAST

Who was Peake thinking of?
Those people of the bright carvings
Outcasts
Whose art is ritualised
Within the dank walls
Of Gormenghast

While they scratch barren earth
Unaware
In their poverty, their squalor
Of the decadence behind those
Monstrous castle battlements

Nothing remains of their past
It is forgotten
An only clue
Long since rendered meaningless
Ossified and obscure
Even for skillful craftsmen
Yet retaining remnant beauty
Are the bright carvings

Who was Peake thinking of?
Are they the same bright carvers
I see?
Robbed of their land
A living culture hacked
Then pickled
To be viewed from afar
From the safe vantage
Of our mighty European civilisation

A people
A listless child
A faceful of hate
Or a straining smile of despair
All eyes of sadness

Peake describes the women
Of Gormenghast
Whose transient beauty
Fades inexplicably
Too soon
Leaving a dry husk
A body undead but
Devoid of life

Look carefully now
Are those carvers among us?
The withering

As metaphor
Tragically in Australia
(And elsewhere tarnished by colonialism)
For Aboriginal suffering

3/5/1985

146. EXPEDIENT POEM

This is an expedient poem
No less or more
A masterpiece
Than the rest!

Maybe the best poems
Have a touch of expediency
About them
Developed for a purpose
Social or personal
Or maybe both

Even Oscar Wilde
While detesting sincerity
In art
Had a social conscience
Wit being
His earnest weapon of choice

The purpose then
Of this little expediency
Is merely to finally
Fill the book

14/8/1985

147. SACKED

Tell me again
About our wonderful society and
The freedom it allows

The hallowed words
Choice
Equality
Democracy

Oh there are problems I grant you
But the assumptions
The foundations of this dexterous system
Are sound
And true

Yes stemming from our very humanity
The glory of competition
The truth of self-interest
The agreeable free choice

Please tell me again
About this wonderful capitalism
Remind me could you?

For my sixty year old father
A humble carpenter
Took a week of sick leave
The first in five years
He's had pleurisy
He's been sacked

2/9/1985

148. Dear B

Today we had one of those rare days, sunny but cold and very little blessed wind; bright and tingly Melbourne. C visited, she's finally torn herself away from the D addiction and moved into a new house in Bayview Gully. Apparently he wants her back now! (I hear you say B: 'Men, they're never satisfied!'), and for once I agree especially as he asked her to leave in the first place. But alas, too late...she's found another. Poetry!

And so another fragile façade of an ego shatters; dropped on the cold cobbles of self-conceit, love and jealousy.

I have little (well none actually) sympathy for D and shiny admiration for C (as you can imagine), as she no longer performs ritual suicide on the altar of self-sacrifice (for now anyhow!)

Anyway she visited, upset but devoid of self-pity this time, and we spent two hours walking and talking in the crisp, bracing air, quite the nicest thing that has happened all week.

3/9/1985

149. FLAME

Reminding me of another
A distant secret
Rekindles within me
Battered securely
Seven long years
Walled up well
Forever, I thought

A chink (I must admit)
Now and then in those seven
But adequately repaired
Shit! Now blown away
I fear in one warm huff

Naked stands the flame
Her pen
The inner confidence
Lively talk
Laughter
Even deceptive youth

So time for another risk or
Another wall
A great fire is upon me

13/9/1985

