

150. BABY-LOVE

I hear the sound
Of one thousand babies
Crying
B is to be a father
(Shattered rhythm!)
C a mother
I hope it's Zen!

13/9/1985

151. SHOCK-JOCK FASCISM

Listen to the radio
Talkback
Middle suburbia
Anglo
Talkback
The cluck of the
Confident minority

A discussion about
The crisis of labor
In Australia
Apparently despite 600,000 dole blud...
Sorry unemployed
There is a shortage of labor

Swallowed whole
Bile rising
The suburban mothers dialed
'Our children'
'Iron becomes steel through fire'
'Discipline in school'
'Make them learn'
'Train for the job'
'Typing in primary school'

The right-wing catch-cries
Reemerge
To tether this
And following generations
Of discontented
To the flagpole
Of fascism

16/9/1985

152. MINE

What of this life?
Of unlit tunnels
Searching
Swallowing hard
As another
Passage of promise
Peters out

Turn around
Enclosed
One frail body
In an endless mineshaft
Deprived even the small solace
Of fellow miners

A distant light winks
But all I see
Is black soot
Illuminated for an instant
On damp walls
Then underfoot
The journey continues
Its meaning
The escape
Indistinguishable

18/9/1985

153. BOUGHT

Please not again
The heroics of the
Working class
It is a delusion fattened
All the more
By those starved of revolution

Yes there can be solidarity
Or even, at a pinch
Class-consciousness
But as Zola reminds
It is most often the sad
Camaraderie of hopelessness

Maybe strength is found
In poverty and ignorance?
But like an empty belly
Moaning and bloated
It seems hollow
A bad echo

Given the chance
How many of your labor heroes
Would gladly swap this brotherhood
For a mere half leg-up
Step on the social ladder?

Without education
Marx remarked
There can only be ignorance
And I might add
Nothing is bought
So cheaply

24/9/1985

154. ANGER

Not only did you forget
The appointment
But you also forgot
What it was for!

Or did you?

Admit once again
You've blithely
Taken me for granted
(The hand that feeds)
There is shame enough in that
But at least not the
Cowardice of deceit
This fool suspects

29/9/1985

155. WINE AID

With the aid of a little wine
We brave ones
Took the paltry path
Without a word
Or a pick-up line
A dozen times
Oft repeated
But different
As always

You slept
Hand on my chest
At peace
(Where can I learn that?)
While terror gripped my flesh!
My muscle thumping
Out every dry breath
Mocking your calm
So serene

Now
Like seldom before
Body forcing mind
Refusing food
A strike to bring down a principle
And to admit the risk
I am in love

29/10/1985

156. ONLY YESTERDAY

Having admitted the risk
I sit here now
Secure
The odd surroundings
Of only yesterday
Are once again
Familiar
My home
That cluttered womb
How strange
That it seemed
Unrecognisable before

I sit here now
With only a memory
A pale pillow fragrance
And that dried and empty shell
Regret

1/11/1985

157. MERELY

Sex
Is merely
The moist
Union
Of illusions

27/11/1985

158. THE PROBLEM IS

'Sexism isn't the problem'
I hear you announce
With those persuasive
Would-be lawyer
Dulcet tones

And as you are a feminist
I prick up

'Capitalism is'

Prick down

Whisper in you ear
'The problem is that men
Seem to make far better capitalists'

8/12/1985

159. NEUROSES

B it is easy to forget
(Or ignore)
That you hurt too

That constant whine
The dry whinge
The barren assault
All symptoms
Of the barricades
You erect
To protect yourself
To conceal from others
Close to you
The extent of the hurt

In a simple moment
I glimpsed that pain
And with a little hug
I saw the damage
You let me do

30/1/1986

160. EUREKA

The glass rhythm
Is breaking
The slender, fluted stem
Alone remains
While splinters shatter
Cut violence

A final toast then
As you depart
Clinking glasses
Laughter
A year isn't that long
Laughter
Shards piercing pump-organ

Friends for a decade
And still no trust
I've drunk down your malice before
Now an empty glass
I let it drop
A tear
Wasted on the floor

4/2/1986

161. BRAIN-ROT IS CAUSED BY LACK OF PHYSICAL STIMULATION

I often find myself wondering
Just what fires you?
Talk, talk, talk
Until all meaning has fled
Naked stands the word

I no longer listen
(Honestly I can't)
I just read your face
For the appropriate response
A smile
A shrug
A nod

I often find myself waiting
For that just-right moment
When I can take you in my arms
We entwine
And there is silence at last
Then your body is like a symphony
An adagio
Calm
Open
At peace

Every time that transformation
Intrigues me
Surprises me
And I wonder anew
That between us struggles
Just a little love

4/2/1986

162. LOVE-SICK

Now that you have gone
The sickness
That like a ring
Symbolised my bond
Has vanished

Breakfast is no longer
A battle waged
Between butterflies and nutrition
But once more
Another monotonous moment

I no longer awake
Languishing in my obsession
Postponing everything scheduled
In one magnificent indulgence

You were the fuel for my fantasy
Your presence inflamed and burned
Strung tense between the gulf
Of you and my perception

Nausea
But now
Instead of relief
Only emptiness
This odd illness
When one mourns
Its passing

15/2/1986

163. SALVATION?

It is an abyss
I stand before
Perched
Not yet ready
To plunge the depths
Of self-knowledge
Where lies salvation
And destruction

8/1/1987

164. CORPSE-LIFE

'I'm oppressive to be with'
Yes
But I harbour a secret
Which deadens the soul
Perhaps you are to blame
That my life is a corpse-ridden
Hulk
Rotting slowly
Slowly rotting
A dry dock of feeling

8/1/1987

165. WALL

You thought you saw strength
In my almost finished wall
Built
(Made in China)
As much to keep me in
As to defend against others

'People defer to you'
Sensing my weak
Determination
To conscript you
For wall construction

'People defer to you'
How magnificent for me!

Unable to fully engineer
Wall demolition
Instead a lizard's crack
My love
Through which I begin to feel
Others and myself
That is real
For which I am indebted
To you

17/6/1987

166. HERE

Sitting here
I am frightened
That what has past
Is also lost

17/6/1987

167. RETURN

I return
To shorter days
Dark by six
And the world around me
Seems as fragile
As the daylight

Encroaching dark
B & Z have split
C a nervous breakdown
D & Y finished
E & X?
F's true love is a 'prick'
G's Spanish affair

I wonder
As I impatiently await
Your first letter
Whether we've build
Something durable?
Or just more of the above

Too early to tell
As nightfall saps will

9/7/1987

168. FIRESIDE FEAR

Sitting by my putt-putting fire
I read again your words
Already too old
They are proof
Of the distance now between
Our feather smiles

Sitting by my fire
I puzzle the dream I had
Feelings mixed by
Images welcome
But confused
A face
A kiss
A giggle
Was it you?

I try to remember
Calmly now
Sitting fireside

13/7/1987

169. OK?

I love you
(It will be ok)
I miss you
(It will be ok)
I cry for you
(It will be ok)

16/7/1987

170. MIRROR BROKE

Time passes
Now slowly
Now quickly
Measured only by
Your letters
Words become tick-tock
Clock

With each letter
A quickening
Of my blood-pulse
As fear grows
Stalking me
Weakly until the night

Is this love?
Can I really be honest?
Are these feelings?
Will I murder you?
And us eventually?

I wrestle with doubt
And try to re-feel the calm I felt
My head resting
Nestled red robin-like
Between your wing and breast

Time will tell
If what today I recognise
As feelings
Are real
Or a cracked mirror's
Vulture

28/7/1987

171. BALLAD OF AN OUTWORKER

Maria

They call you

Your hope, your dreams

Your husband, your work, your son

Maria

They called you

Your hope, your dreams

Your husband, your work, your son

Maria

They call you

Your hope, your dreams

Then they turned to fear

Your husband, your son

Body broken

Dreams gone

So is

Your husband, your work, your son

Live on Maria!

Your survived them all

Laugh like you do for your

Ex-husband, your work, your son

23/3/1988

172. LENKO

Our music is the result of migrants coming here, the shit-work, the frustration, the clash and expression of culture.

Their music is the product of their affluence and their ability to afford to travel over there, to explore places, buy access, buy instruments to bring back to Australia; where for their audiences of like-minded would-be tourists they appear exotic, sexy and tantalising. A taster for what they too might experience on their next overseas jaunt.

Our music is new, restless and a search for change or even a resolution to conflict because it is fired by those moments of supreme joy and bitterness, the contradictions that confront, challenge and sometimes destroys the spirit of every migrant.

Their music is only interested in reproducing (as accurately as possible) the odd snippet; a piece of culture from here, a piece of culture from there, in the same way a tourist brings back a memento (mori) from each place visited.

Both musics are about exploitation. One is rooted in the exploitation of migrants in Australia. The other is the product of, and made possible only by the opening up of new markets for capitalism in general, and American imperialism in particular. Like tourism, it is imperialism in soft focus.

P.S. Why do I feel a deep sense of shame when they add a didgeridoo to their jellybean mix, treating it just as they have treated every other stolen cultural artifact in their lolly-bag?

August 1988

173. ZIRNA

B spoke no English
But the Kurd could play zirna
There was fire in his blood
As he wailed away for over thirty minutes
Inspiring a frenzy of dance
Riveting my attention
In one long circular breath

The other night I sat on the floor
(Indian cushions, Javanese batiks, incense for heaven's sake)
With musos from the multicultural folk scene
Their 'coolness' made me uncomfortable
At the time I wondered why?
Was it just their lack of ideas, their play-acting?
Or the sheer pretention of it all
That turned discomfort into anger
As the night wore on

B spoke no English
And I no Kurdish
But after I played
He shook me hand with a knowing grin
He smiled at my baby-coo kaval
I loved his zirna encyclopedia

Feeling so uncomfortable
I challenged my motives
Was I jealous of these people?
Envious of their success formula?
No! A thousand time no!
Later it struck me that these musos
Never wanted to meet musicians like B
What is there to say to a fiery Kurd?
He's a musician all right
With technique to match the depth
Of his cultural heritage and history
One with passion, politics and belief
The others look pale in his shadow
They are cultural tourists
Learning just enough from as many places as possible
On an instrument they can barely play
That of course adds authenticity
(But they do learn to say)
Precisely

Musicians like B reveal in a breath
The nakedness of these musicians
Privileged and white

B spoke no English
But we swapped phone numbers
And arranged to meet
A promise in the future
To relish
And the others?
I will be glad
If I never see them again

24/8/1988

174. FEELING DAILY

I'm having a quiet and sad weekend. B and I have called it quits. Well she called it actually and I didn't put up a struggle. I think what was always a liquid kind of trust between us evaporated over the last month. So it became increasingly difficult to assume the best, rather than the worst of each other's motives. And when that happens it is hard to move, everything becomes defensive and reactionary, anyway you well know, it's a recipe for disaster! I'm glad she took the decision to end it in a way, for at least we were both recognising the symptoms.

Looking back (ah... reflection), it was a good relationship for me. I learned to sit with someone else's neuroses (for a change!) without getting too panicked by it myself. Perhaps in the end, it was that tolerance or even appreciation of each other's quirks that eventually dissipated and sounded the death knell.

Anyway, I don't feel bitter or angry, just sad and alone. But they are daily feelings and I know they will pass.

4/9/1988

175. CLASS ANALYSIS

Your family was landed
Aristocrats
But now your father owns
Just a couple of factories
As a remnant

Still
Getting what you want
Is in your blood
In the past you may have
Bought it
But your money's mostly gone

Guilt
Is the new currency
So don't let me see you happy
Don't have a good time at mine
Don't ever laugh
And don't admit you cope
To me

Keep being belligerent
Yes I know full well I let you down
I didn't support
I didn't talk
I didn't believe
I didn't do any of the things
I promised I would

I just could not

The sad thing is
The next time we share a bed
Worn down and corrupt
It will most likely
Be out of
Shameless guilt

10/9/1988

176. COMPATIBLE

Compatible love
=
Compatible neuroses

14/9/1988

177. BLIND OBEDIENCE

Large cashew eyes
Low sinewy voice
Mermaid hair
Still the prisoner
Of her mother's whim
Reminding my of B
Compact
Powerful
Arrogant
But irresistible
And friendly to those
Who obey

30/9/1988

178. BORED TUTORIAL THUMBNAILS

Z

Lecturer
Needs to be liked
Insecure tenure

Y

Honest intellect
But slow
On ideas
Hasn't worked out yet
Why he is angry

X

Aging private
Schoolboy
Born to rule
Middle age spread
Too well fed
And talking plum

W

Italian smile
Harmless
Good looks

V

The clown
Of the class
University
Is a pretty safe
Closet

U

Good girl
Going wrong
Gradually

30/9/1988

179. AGON-TALK

Agon – Stravinsky
What book is this from?
What a performance!
The clown now
Serious
Rattling on
Without breath
To avoid
Or not to hear
The very snickering
He is so expert at
And the clown is funniest
When attempting
The serious

21/10/1988

180. SUBTEXT

I am not nervous
No
I'm not
No
I'm not even
A little
Nervous
Never!
I'm not
No
No
No!
I am not nervous at all
I am...
Not
No not!
Nervous
Or tense
(Reading his text
Twirling between twitching fingers
A chewed pencil made dizzy
By one thousand somersaults)
No I'm not!

21/10/1988

181. EMPATHY

My poor one
All year you have
Peacocked your confidence
Feathered with laughter
And quick quips
(Often at my expense!)
But now with
A little on the line
Your insecurity
(Sexual repression?)
Is laid bare
Bald and bland
As a peahen

I would like to help
But how to?
When all is pretend
And defenses
Have replaced you
Even in these rare
Moments of panic
And despair

21/10/1988

182. WHY SO ANGRY?

Why am I
So angry
At this pathetic man?
I shudder even to contemplate
Being so familiar

Why am I
So angry?
At events trivial
On the surface
His inability to get free
From the prison wall
Self-built
His persistent chatter
Mortar for the brick

I am this angry
Because I glimpse
Something of myself
In this creature
So many moments
Like this one
Crawl over me
Ants from charred childhood

So I strain to understand
This welling and pooling anger
Sclerosis in my being
So many pinpricks
Of memory
And fear that it is
Already too late for me

24/12/1988

183. CHRISTMAS '88

The value of ritual
(Christmas 1988)
Is not in its symbolic
Or literal meaning
It is like routine
An invaluable device
To postpone
The explosion
Within us all
(Fear 1988)

25/12/1988

184. COMA

B the clown
B the drinker
B the philosopher
B the smoker

But the jokes aren't that funny
And the booze is numbing your brain
Giving us confused lectures
Or misplaced assertiveness
(Strange, I thought we agreed)

From a mind once clear
Cigarettes passing time
Whittling away life
With little defeats

And now an old man
So young
Digging a cavernous hole
To put a pin
Smiling
Joking
(Awkward)
Lobotomised it seems
I prefer you angry
But alive

26/12/1988

185. MUMMY I CALLED HER

Mummy
I called her
For the first time
Since I was little
And I felt little again

She was crying
And I held her
Crying too

Sobbing
It began uncontrollably
But easily
Naturally almost
Drawn out of me
Uncoaxed
They fell

And with those words
Unspoken for a hostile decade
A truce
Rushed to be declared

Forgiveness and gratitude
As she felt
So small and wet
Shaking in my arms
Mummy
I called her
As if someone else
Had spoke

Distraught from
Another son
(Not the only one)
Causing pain
My own pain
Was resurrected
In an instant of blind
Sympathy and confusion

I went to comfort
And was comforted
Religious
And old feeling remembered
Warmth, love
For my mother
Like in those old photos
Smiling arm in arm
A boy twelve and uncomplicated

That long suppressed feeling
Tidal-waved out of me
Drowning for a minute
All denial and doubt
Her fragile mortality
Vibrating against
My stringy feeling

And my father
(No Noah this one)
Teacher of repression
Sat watching the cricket
Unable to know or respond
Ignoring all prompts
To this emotional deluge

Then I apologised, body aching
For the hurt I had
Rained down on her
And told of my own grief
Amid sobs and snot
Words bubbling out
As if spoken by someone else

Yet it is me
Holding on to her skirts
Without fear
Without dread
That numbing dread
That up until then
Held hands with
My every adult thought
Of her

After the cataclysm
Epiphany
And a cuppa tea
One for us, for dad and for B
Drunk in grateful silence
While a maiden-over was had on the tellie

The moment of complicity
Past too soon
Honesty ebbs away
With each sip
Again scared to look at that face
The old comfort, dread
Greeted and welcomed
But never quite the same
I fear
I had felt that feeling

So long entombed in its bier
I believed it was dead
Stone dead without a flicker
Yet not dead
Just denied
To survive

Perhaps now
I don't need to deny
I cry
I love
I fear
One match is not a sun
One smile not happiness
One tear not pain

The dread is easy
And sustains when nothing
Is there
Replacing a moment long past

Already I don't like to talk
Want to forget
Or fossilise the feeling
Put it away
Embarrassing
As if I've sacrificed something
Maybe dignity?
But more likely I have
Snuck under my own stockade

The worry
What else lurks there?
Untamed, raw and hurting
Do I want it to sneak through too?
Like a well aimed Yorker
Under a too hasty bat?

The people I've hurt because of it
Past lovers (of course) mostly
My need to run
A half step before the truth
I've known for a little while now
Unhealthy truce
Lived easy
Getting good
Learning to pick
Awkward moments
To avoid
So in the end
You also love the dread
For it props you

Like a cripple loves crutches
Or a slave loves a kind owner
And freedom is hard

I love it too
Because I built it
Playing God, it is my creation
It fits so sweet
Whispers kind thoughts
And sifts all risk
Like a sixth sense sieve

I want it and I don't
And no mummy
Can help me now
Only later will I know
If this tiny moment
Is momentous
Or a chink
Ripe for repair

5/1/1989

186. PARANOIA

B
Dealing with every
Little symptom
Like it was the cause
Paranoia

6/1/1989

187. FEAR & LOATHING BETWEEN THE SEXES

Degrade
Soft touch
Use
Gentle caress
Humiliate
Tongue on eyes
Punish
Lingering kiss
Destroy
Submissive sacrifice
Hurt
Loving understanding
Break
'Be gentle with me, please?'

Now do you get it?
My fear?
Of you
Of me
Of us
Together

15/1/1989

188. FRIENDSHIP

B
Did I ever tell you?
Sometimes you scare me
Your gentle friendship
Nudges me
Mostly warm
Occasionally piercing
Challenging me
To be more honest
Than I think
I am

16/1/1989

189. PERSONAL SHADOW

Jung tells us
In his round about way
That the personal shadow
Is gateway
To the public shadow

Last night
I fucked in anger
I wanted to humiliate
Dominate, punish
And hate

Reflection is important
It enables us to become aware
Consciously
Of our personal shadow

So why did I behave in such a way?
Lured into a violence
I didn't want
Alcohol fueled
I took spiteful revenge
On an innocent friend

Fascism
The most public of shadows
Is sustained and fed
By the consent and collaboration
Of myriad private shadows
No matter how piffling

Now in guilt
I repent and regret
As no doubt did so many
Germans in 1945

Our duty and decency
To all humanity
As individuals
Is to know our personal shadow well
And thus bar the way
To collective destruction

16/1/1989

190. MODERN MUM

Fat woman with toddler
And Walkman up high
'No!'
She screams
The whole carriage looks
Then in military step
Eyes down quick as
Toddler pulls on headphone wires
Gets a smack
Toddler screams
Gets a smack
Then (truly amazing babies!)
Smiles
As fat woman gives in
And puts doof-doof
Loud on toddler's head
'Let go now, give it to mummy'
Gets a smack
Toddler cries then
Yells, screams and kicks
But fat woman can't hear
Headphones on
Whole carriage can hear
Thumping bass
Amid tantrum's drum
Eyes down quick
Or else window
Newspaper, book

17/1/1989

191. TO MAKE A PIECE OF WOOD SING

To make a piece of wood sing
A simple tube
Lovingly turned for me
Eight holes long
Three fitting sleeves
Everlasting reminder of my
Craftsman friend and gaida-maker
From Shipka

In devotion each day
I unwrap this simple offering
My mystery
My kaval
Its rich woody hues make me smile anew
As it gently warms to my touch and breath
And I begin to blow

To make a piece of wood sing simply
Gradually, imperceptibly
(I sometimes lament the tempo)
The sounds we produce together
Begin to match your beauty
And your promise to me
This delicate tree
Ringed with antler
Crafted by hands drawing on
One thousand years of
Unalienated labor and love
An homage to times past
Is now a daily part of my meaning
My joy
My life

21/1/1989

192. TIFF

B

You ask me why I'm angry?
The unanswerable why?
Why I don't sleep when I think about it
Why it makes me cry

Well here goes for your why
Even though I'm not sure I know
I will give it and you a go
Because together
These arguments are horrid
I feel like I'm on trial
Forensically defiled
And each time they happen
I get angrier and sadder
As if another small part of us
Has died

I'm not at all used to fighting with you
Nor to feeling persecuted for at least
Trying to be honest
But as your fine, trained mind
Has scoured and soured my 'position'
Seeking illogicalities galore
Loopholes through which to score
Inconsistencies (I adore)
You then spit that word back
Smearing my face
'Honesty - give us a break'
Your Honour
So done over proper
Found wanting ('guilty malud')
I wear it, convicted
By whorey shame

But what shame is there in it?
Honesty that is
It is not a pretty word
Or an easy word
Or a convenient way to live

It comes from a belief in our equality
That oppression can stop
That you have to fight
Be hurt
Risk calamitous defeat
The lot
An honest belief
Don't you think?

B

You know the exploited are always lied to
(How many times you told me so)
Workers and safety
Little boys and war
Hunger
The 'reasons' why the poor are poor

Lying and capitalism
Share the same off bed
And they hardly have to quarrel
So when you fuck-over Z's wife
Who do you sleep with?
And the sheets don't look so red

Yes I hear you well
The heart-rending piteous moan
'We all make mistakes'
'Let he who casts the first stone'
We're in trouble when you give me Bible defense
Because those mistakes are particularly willful
And enduring
And you're right
'It's happening all the time, everywhere'
When you give me that bullshit
I just feel a dull, sorry ache

Because a friend I trust and admire
Plays the oppressor's game
I am let down, angry, hurt
Even though (after three hours squabble)
'Objectively' I understand

I understand we all exploit in this fucking shithole
Even unwittingly
Open a pack of fucking cornflakes
You exploit
As if there is no escape
And if you accept there is no
Escaping it
You might as well
Get a big piece of the action
Then they've got you all Fausted-up
A collaborator
A vested interest in the crime
And in their reaction

So B we're are back to honesty
('No not again' she cries)
It is my crack in the wall
My escape
Because of its connection with

Liberation and equality

Yes you're right
That's a personal thing
And frankly, you don't have to live like me
I'm not Billy Graham
Do it how you like
And between us
As with everything else
We shall see

But I do think it is shameless of you
To attack my imperfect honesty
My humble attempt
While you continue exploiting
Because, among other things
It feels so good at the moment

Intentions count for something
Even for the hypocrite you despise
And I truly know how hard it is for you
(God, after ten years we surely know something of each other)
But perhaps, after all
Attack is not the best defense in this instance
If it is sympathy and understanding
From me you desire

22/1/1989

193. HISTORY

We go back a long way
B
The unresolved tension
Seldom frustrates anymore
It is so much a part of us
Our background noise
But still so hard to ignore

This morning
As I pondered a dream
A memory returned
Fifth form
Uni High
The piano in the hall
You and me and Z
You and Z played me a piece
(Was it Satie?)
The same piece played in turn
By each

I played God
I escaped my origins
I had power
I had delusions
I preferred Z
'More musical' I intoned
Pious, piteously I lied
'More musical' I said

It didn't matter then
That yours was obviously the better
(It had to be, given your diligence compared to hers)
I was taking my delight in the power
You both had invested in me
In my mind I was already fucking Z
But once wasn't it you I desired?

Our queer partnership
Is a tangle of such incidents
And other minor scratches
We both seem doomed
Compelled to add to them
So there no longer is
'A place to begin'
For resolution

14/2/1989

194. COLD REVENGE

I remember another time
B
A time of cold revenge
This time you had the allies
An axis in your arc
Of influence
And you abandoned me
Saw me evil
Called me saboteur
A long awaited moment
A payback
As you loaded up my error
With years of bile and anger
And used those sharpened blades
To pierce me right
While avoiding even a look
While we performed each night
A time you could hurt me true
And you did
By gleeful spite

15/2/1989

195. 'THE TROUBLE WITH MY FAMILY IS THERE IS NO SEARCH FOR
TRUTH'

Discovery of the self
Is important
But if it does not
Lead to the search
For truth
To make change
It might just as well
Remain
Undiscovered

16/2/1989

196. NERVOUS ARCING

What is it about you B?
Your nervous phone voice
Arcing across the line
Makes me nervous too

You wait
Like you've always waited
Like you waited that first night
Lying
Open
Beckoning
Stilled by your own
Inability to risk
What?
Rejection?

I moved toward you in innocence
And recoiled at the spark I saw
I backpedaled smart
But your eyes took hold of me
And in that look
You risked it all it seemed
At last
And I was powerless in its thrall
We kissed

You still make me nervous
'I don't want to spoil your fun'
You said
And now bewitched
I find it so hard to tell
Fun?
Hurt?
Fear?
All tumble delicately through
The dryer call

16/2/1989

197. SITTING WAITING

Sitting waiting

Sitting waiting

Again

Sitting waiting

Trembling

Sitting

Waiting

Old friends

Sitting waiting

In ambush

Monash

Sitting

Waiting

27/3/1989

198. FOOL, ME

B

Gone now
For how long?
I can't remember
Yet still here
In my night-time mind
Playing regret
I remember
The soft calm
Of your body breathing
Closely entwined
In mine

B

The problems
Now filtered out by time
I catch myself
Needing you again
Being hurt anew
Knowing I've been culled
Like the others before me

Yet

A little wine
Brings you flooding back
Your chatter
Your freckled lip
Your peaceful sleep
Your unselfconscious nakedness

Perhaps B

I never loved
Like I loved thee
And was fool, fool me
To throw you off
Like sodden clothes
Without a care
As if a new dry suit
Was draped on my chair

25/4/1989

199. FLEE

It is probably not
All that ironic
B
That you left me only
Betrayal
And three books you borrowed
But never found the time to return
Running
You gave them to me to give back
One for C
One for D
One for E
People seduced by your charm
To give you their precious things
(As I did far too often)
They fell
As I did
For you

You left me
With my stupid, fucking tears
Finally falling away

Take your conceit
Your pettiness
Your monstrous ego
Your meanness
Your veiled competition
And go
Don't tell me you love me
You don't

19/5/1989