

350. CORPSE

I am a corpse  
In your arms  
Cold  
Frozen by touch  
Brain racing  
Limbs limp  
Hang lifeless  
Tired fantasies  
Like porn movies  
Stolen stories  
Secret sex  
Repressed  
Grave lid  
Closes  
Pretending to me  
Now pretending to you  
Deception  
Unmanageable  
Gravediggers  
Wardens keep  
Us apart  
Forever

*7/7/1991*

351. IMPOSSIBLE ODDS

I have no answers  
Only  
It cannot be solved  
Because  
I cannot be honest

*7/7/1991*

352. THE LIE

When I say I love you  
I feel like a liar  
When I make love to you  
I feel like a thief  
When you say I love you  
I feel hunted down  
When you make love to me  
I feel ashamed  
Frozen  
The liar caught  
In the glare  
A mirror held toward  
My own deception

*7/7/1991*

353. AUTOMATIC

I saw a stare  
Like the one I often wear  
When my hand is on automatic  
And your teats bleed  
Madonna mask  
A mother and her child  
A desolate wall  
A mind-mile from  
Nowhere

*12/7/1991*

354. RECIPE

Take the spoils  
The spoils of culture  
Play the instruments  
With mystery  
And two weeks practice (minimum)  
Mix confusion  
And pretentiousness well  
(Most won't tell)  
Absolve us of guilt  
Past genocides  
Present 'Sound Shapes'  
Concert

And the little girl  
Innocent and unaware  
Of the class nature  
Of this gig  
Of the theft  
And vomit  
Sat cutely  
With fingers in her ears  
Stone deaf  
Like us all?  
To perpetrated  
Deceit

*18/8/1991*

355. MAN

What desperate scream huddles  
Beneath your silence?  
So long suppressed  
Withered, impotent  
Transformed  
You sit without speech  
Or animation  
A grunt is all that remains  
Of exuberant youth  
Were you always so enclosed?  
Or are you depressed?

As the other chatters and smiles  
Around the gloom  
Asking rhetorical questions  
Knowing the answers  
But asking on automatic  
In hope?  
Flitting and fluttering  
Around suburban room

*29/8/1991*

356. PILLOW

Do you talk?  
When your head  
Rests inches from hers  
Or has the struggle  
For intimacy  
Deepened your silence?

*29/8/1991*

357. SHAME

When we part  
You miraculously feel right!  
But together  
Frustration grows in me  
Stoked by your nervous laugh  
I crave freedom  
Not from us  
But to explore  
Aspects of me  
I am ashamed of  
But exist daily and  
Percolate through me now  
Because of what we have

To deceive is simple  
I am a practiced liar  
But to confess  
To trust  
To risk  
To smash down  
The edifice  
I have spoken of

*29/8/1991*

358. WET DREAM

These days  
It feels like we can  
Never make love again

Torn between  
Premature coming  
(Shame)  
Taunting fantasies  
(Guilt)  
And your greedy body  
I freak out baby!

Autoeroticism seems  
Heaven sent now  
Not the defeat  
It once signaled

These days  
I wonder why  
We even try?

*29/8/1991*

359. BAD BARGAIN

We made a pact  
Not to fuck  
But are you setting traps?  
Spurred by improving times?  
A lazy laugh  
Feeling more relaxed?

It is not OK  
To pressgang  
My erection  
Into betrayal

A bargain is a bargain  
With two guards  
For the future  
So please beware  
If I am saying no  
Someone is asking  
If I am feeling guilty  
The guilt began elsewhere

*29/8/1991*

### 360. IRELAND

Already I remember Ireland  
With fondness  
Like Vietnam  
A mythical site  
Where musicians are in denial  
About their greatness  
Where poverty is close by  
But unconcerned with dignity  
Where you can play in a pub  
And not feel it's a circus  
Where the dance is important  
And music thrives  
Not by commercial imperatives  
But because it dwells essentially  
In people's consciousness  
Where five sisters sing  
Where a legend sets aside his flute  
To hear a foreigner  
Where strangers meet, sing, drink  
And make love  
Where the elbow pipes are played nightly  
For anybody or nobody  
Because not to play  
Would signal a sadness  
Unbearable in this place

*29/8/1991*

### 361. CURL

Don't touch me  
Let me sleep on the floor  
Give me back my shame  
My guilt  
Let me curl in a knot  
For knotted in misery  
I be  
Me  
Don't touch  
Not from sympathy  
It is hot  
And touching hurts  
Like salt on torn lips  
So please  
Let me be tonight

*29/8/1991*

### 362. QUESTION

Will I go to her grave?  
And for what reason  
One once despised  
Now lies quiet in the ground  
A blood tie urges  
So I should...  
A cold visit  
An empty ritual  
Her crooked mouth  
As I wheeled her through the flowers  
Seething and serene  
Do I go just to make sure?  
To taunt?  
To put my anger and tears  
So long ago released  
Into her bier?

*29/8/1991*

### 363. MEMORY

I loved to watch people eating  
At the bi-monthly council meeting  
Spitting crumbs slurping coffee  
Mouths chewing egos flying  
And no feint-hearted speaking

*27/9/1991*

### 364. KNACK

You have  
The uncanny knack  
Of making me  
Hate myself

*21/10/1991*



365. LAST RESORT

There is safety in aloneness  
I imagine  
I imagine we find a simple peace  
As life falls under the hypnotic routine  
Of daily necessity  
The chance to be old early  
Because in this mad world  
Everything is so fast  
And I feel worn already  
By three lifetimes full  
So to be simply alone  
Violating nobody  
Living my own private law  
Gorgeous freedom  
Like a poem  
Soaring into imagination  
Over rejection  
Beyond muddle  
Into simplicity

*21/10/1991*

366. CRAZY

Is it crazy?  
To want to opt out of an insane world  
Am I psychotic?  
To seek peace among the mayhem  
Is it a defeat?  
To stop the hurting and admit failure  
Is it wrong?  
To search for a happiness within me  
Is it dumb?  
To acknowledge this incompatibility with you  
With anyone  
Is it silly?  
To bury painful things  
Is it perverse?  
To seek help when I know full well the answer?  
Is it wasteful?  
To try to save the terminal  
Is it wise?  
To prolong an agony for pity's sake  
Is it madness?  
To ask questions  
At all

*21/10/1991*

367. PITY SELF

I never used to cry  
I was a big boy  
Now I cry a lot  
When I think  
How pathetic  
I am

*21/10/1991*

### 368. SELF-DESTRUCT

This is truly mission impossible  
And I have a low level  
Of danger tolerance  
Conned like others  
Into a dependency  
Society sanctions

The consequent explosions  
Should shock us to our senses  
You, me or the tape  
May self-destruct  
In thirty seconds

*21/10/1991*

### 369. WHY NOW?

Why impatience?  
Why now?  
What smoulders inside?  
All of a sudden  
Some glowing coal  
Of secret desire?  
Some flattery given  
Or fetish thought?  
Fanning a flame  
Or is hope cold now?  
Do you feel we have lost?  
Searched each crevice  
Each promise  
Only to return again  
Wet and weathered  
Without hope?  
As if impatience  
Could resolve everything?  
Desperate impatience  
I'm afraid must wait

*20/11/1991*

### 370. SEPARATE LIVES

I weave in and out  
Out and in  
Of separate lives  
Feeling uncomfortable out  
Comfortable in  
Roaming the streets  
For feral company  
And seeing the social workers  
Or the quick-fix video store  
Sexual healing!

Lying next to you  
Feeling comfortable out  
Uncomfortable in  
Between your arms  
And assertive pecks  
Roaming the intimacy  
St Kilda streets

*20/11/1991*

### 371. ANNUAL RETURN

You came back  
After one year  
And after the year away  
Hardly anything had changed  
You said, delighted  
The world waited for you  
But can you wait for me?

*20/11/1991*

372. ALL GROWN UP

As a child  
I was bad  
But only in secret  
Swearing, stealing  
Bullying, snooping  
Peeping, deceiving  
Seldom caught  
So I thought

As a child  
I was clever  
Good in public  
A real butter mouth

As an adult  
What has changed?  
Only the burden of guilt  
And the delight of self-punishment  
That two-piece suit of torture  
The ambiguous duet  
The tango that tangles  
Every new turn  
And old trick

14/1/1992

### 373. IMAGINE

Imagine five hundred people  
Dancing the people's rhythm  
Fidel's rhythm, Che's rhythm  
Imagine five hundred Australians dancing  
Who know nothing of Cuba  
Except that it is a crazy little  
Island somewhere in the tropical heat  
With a huge public relations problem  
Or worse  
A human rights problem

Imagine six Cuban musicians on stage  
A different stage every night  
Singing the truth about Cuba  
Making a plea for Cuba  
Romanticising Cuba  
(God, please don't defect!)

Imagine a single unifying force  
Criss-crossing Australia  
Propelled by music and message  
'Fill the ship, let Cuba live, solidarity'  
And if you can  
Imagine the response  
Of all those people who  
In all probability  
Have never heard the word  
Solidarity  
Before today  
But have danced the night away  
And maybe found love  
Made love  
For Cuba  
It is the ship of solidarity  
That needs the band  
As all politics withers  
Without culture  
Think again  
Imagine

*April 1992*

374. INGRATE

Thankyou for trying  
And if you go now  
Tired  
No longer crying  
Leaving me  
With my tears  
Unbinding  
I thank you for the  
Thousand times  
I sat dumb  
In self-righteous stupor  
Sad, fragile, broken  
I say sorry now  
For I too often forgot  
Ingrate I be  
Stupidly

Sorry too  
For words written and spoken  
For all I denied  
Both you and also me  
For the half-heartedness  
Of my response  
Even though somewhere there  
I loved  
From within my dank crevice

And if you should go  
I thankyou at last  
With all my stupid pride  
That ends in regret  
For you are truly the first  
To have left me  
A better person  
And for that I am grateful  
I will not forget

14/6/1992

375. SWALLOW HARD

Back in the beginning  
Alone and little  
The dark room  
Pain  
Once again  
Swallow Mark  
Swallow hard  
Swallow it down fast  
Swallow and gag  
And choke and drown

*14/6/1992*

376. BOOK OF HATE

Too late  
Having lived  
This book of hate

*14/6/1992*



377. BITTER SPIT 1

I have been thinking a lot about why I am still angry with you  
I suppose support and acceptance are the same tossed coin  
The truth is I rarely feel either from you  
(Do I expect too much?)  
Despite the gestures, private and public

Instead there is a smouldering competition  
Concealed  
And your regular disapproval

Over the years  
I have mistakenly tried to appease  
But from now on, I think  
I will just do what I please!

In Greece  
You learned Greek  
I'm afraid that wasn't too politic  
And I shouted out why?  
I look back now and think of those histrionics  
And of all the things you could have done  
All the projects you moaned about never having time for  
But instead you chose that thing  
My thing  
The insecure thing  
And it was soured for us both

I am a flautist  
I play the flute  
For twenty years, maybe more  
Daily, steadily and serene  
An intimate love and small solace  
Within the home we built  
That small personal discipline  
Became a battleground  
Torn between the guilt you imposed  
And my need to play  
Until it became something  
To be hidden away  
Done in private  
Sneakily, while you were out  
Or else receive those disapproving  
And disappointed glances  
And it was soured for us both

"You didn't kiss me on the stage  
After Axion Esti', you complained  
Actually it was no Freudian slip  
I felt no reason to  
For three months

You fought me at every step  
Every decision disagreeable  
Yes you were depressed, you said  
So I begged you to go home  
It would have been easier for me  
And for you too  
But you stayed  
Harassing me for wanting to savour  
What I created  
And it was soured for us both

And remember even before Axion  
Canto General  
How you and B  
Watching my every move  
Every spied stroke of the face  
Cooked up an infidelity for me  
Turning an innocent moment of joy  
Into humiliation  
That didn't feel like support  
Or acceptance or trust  
It felt ridiculous and cruel  
A schoolgirl prank  
And it was soured for us both

In rehearsals in Brisbane  
I would bite my tongue  
As you prattled on  
Not just when I was giving direction  
But often instead of singing  
Quietly undermining  
Disguised as 'trouble-shooting'!  
Funny that other leaders  
Didn't need to trouble-shoot so  
It continued the following year  
That war of silly attrition  
While we custody battled  
About control and ownership  
Of a bloody choir  
Souring it for us both

Even smaller pleasures  
Came under your withering torch  
Like when I sat on the verandah  
And chose to read the news  
Those furrows again appear  
As if I have committed a sin  
Or you launch into a cleaning frenzy  
Just to rub it in

So it becomes hard to find joy in each other's company now  
When so much is sour

And when anger is put aside  
For a deadened heart  
When the partnership we entered with folly  
And good humour  
Has diminished to crossed habits  
And giving each other space

11/3/1996

378. BITTER SPIT 2

'Daddy, Mumma says you don't love her'  
'Do you love Mumma, Daddy?'

That hurt  
The beginning of B as go-between  
The two year old desperate to patch  
What we had already blown up

A two year old  
With the burden of love  
Love the concept  
Hackneyed and mysterious

It could have been quite easy and correct  
To say 'I'm crying because Daddy's mad with me'  
But instead you play the well-aimed card  
And for collateral damage  
B learns my love is not to be trusted  
Or compared with yours  
Ta

11/3/1996

379. BITTER SPIT 3

Berowra  
The terrible argument  
'Maybe we should call it quits' you spat  
It seems stupid now  
One small concession I asked for  
And you fought it bitterly  
Accusingly  
I don't support you  
Then I'm denied an opinion too  
More evidence  
I don't approve  
I don't accept  
I don't support you

So we come full circle  
Each of us expecting  
None of us receiving

From here on in  
I'll do what I please  
No more guilt  
I won't appease  
It may be lonelier  
But it can't be worse

1992/93

380. BITTER SPIT 4

Acknowledgement  
That big empty turd of a word  
In one thousand small conversations  
I acknowledge you  
And because it is you  
And what you do  
I have acknowledged you publically  
Numerously with thanks  
With kisses, with flowers, with embraces  
I've written simple, loving acknowledgement:  
'Thanks and all my love to B & C,  
For their patience, endurance and song'  
Did you hear?  
Did you believe it?

But the simplest acknowledgement  
And the deepest  
Is through work  
Despite all the crap we put each other through  
Time and time again  
I have included you in my work  
So much so that it has become our work  
I have fought for your employment at meetings  
And lovingly lobbied on your behalf

These are actions  
Not mere sound bites  
These are tangible demonstrations  
Of respect  
Acknowledgement of my actual opinion of you

So it is sad when you so frequently fail  
To recognise my very real acknowledgement  
Or worse still, compare it unfavourably  
With someone's feeble flattery

They say we all need respect  
And self respect to boot  
My respect for you is on show daily  
In your involvement in my work  
It is perhaps unhealthy  
But it is a choice I happily make

11/3/1996

### 381. TYRANNICAL HEART

Clutching the stones and grass  
It implores  
Resist peacefulness  
Deny contentment  
Laugh at fulfilled duty  
Avoid satisfaction  
Don't die  
Instead  
Stay a little

*(After Nikos Kazantzakis – Report to Greco)*

*17/6/1998*

### 382. TONGUE

I close my eyes  
And imagine a tongue  
On my eyelids  
Your tongue  
Probing each lash root  
For the hidden truth  
Each tear duct  
For the unforgotten

I close my eyes  
And feel the moisture  
Of your delicate organ  
As it washes away  
A tearful past

*June 1998*

### 383. PLAIT

Our united bodied entwined  
Poetry!  
A pleasure plait

*June 1998*

384. LIZARD

A small stone lizard  
Intricate and proud  
Lace-like claws  
Caressing breast  
Basking in the sun  
Without fear  
Or need to run

A tiny lizard  
Darting in and out  
Patiently restless  
Waiting in  
Tantalising suspense

A remnant lizard  
From a glorious past  
Smiling with  
Ancestral knowledge  
Aware that the future  
Is in good hands still

*June 1998*

385. ETERNITY

Five weeks  
Is an eternity  
For new lovers  
It looms enormous  
Amidst the paradise  
An incredible shadow  
Diminishing slowly daily  
Along ballooning hours  
Driving me crazy with  
Exquisite longing  
And silly hopes  
That five weeks  
Will forever be  
A very, very  
Long time  
For us

*June 1998*

386. SMOKE

I smoke a cigarette  
And you wash over me  
Like the tide less Aegean  
On an ancient rock

I smoke a cigarette  
And you swallow me  
Like a tailless lizard  
Devours a fragrant moth

I smoke a cigarette  
You envelope me  
As the warm moist mist  
Embraces lonely Siros

I smoke a cigarette  
You possess me  
In metaphoric embrace  
Across anticipation's loss

*June 1998*

387. GIFT

A small gift  
Fading scent  
Heartbeat

A brittle gift  
Lovingly meant  
Fracture

A simple gift  
Time spent  
Smile

*5/6/1998*



388. TINOS MEMORY

A Tinos cat  
Brushes my legs  
Confidently  
Nonchalantly  
As Greek cats do  
And I am back  
Kaia purrs  
You sleep  
We touch noses  
An act of complicity  
I think  
She purrs  
I smile  
You sleep  
She purrs  
I get annoyed  
She purrs  
I dream  
A feline dream

6/6/1998

389. BEAUTIFUL SANTORINI

I met a woman once  
On beautiful Santorini  
She was an old bent grandmother  
The kind you see more on postcards  
Than in the flesh on Santorini  
She lived simply  
Among the tourists and the views  
She rented me a room  
That had neither right angle  
Or corners  
And in which it was impossible  
To stand

She told me a story  
Of beautiful Santorini  
A simple story remembered  
Of how for three years  
During the war  
She ate nothing but grass  
And bark  
With a little olive oil  
To soften the stalks  
Stooped by an ageless want  
Could that canny little girl  
Have imagined what  
Would become of her  
Beautiful Santorini

*6/6/1998*

### 390. TRAVEL COMPANION

You wouldn't call B intrepid!  
In fact she's not a great traveller  
She gets grumpy  
Her negative tendencies magnified  
By the weight of her luggage  
And the move on, see this imperative

In her own zany way  
She rejects the superficialities  
Of tourism  
The quick buck  
The fast fuck  
The packaging of culture  
Into bite sized  
Plasticized experiences  
The supermarket encounter

B does this intuitively  
Without analysis or malice  
Expressed in a kind of tender  
Grumpiness

She's not an easy travel partner  
Is our B  
But there are few people  
I would rather be with

*6/6/1998*

### 391. DREAM COAT

Once I built a high fence  
Sadly  
Is was liberating

Once I bought sunglasses  
Strangely  
It was liberating

Once I wore a dream coat  
Fearfully  
It was liberating

*6/6/1998*

### 392. ADJECTIVES

Celebratory  
Riotous  
Revolutionary  
Uncontainable  
Furious  
Fiery  
Invigorating  
Transforming  
Deepening  
Softening  
Trusting  
Creative  
Committed  
Renewing  
Reinventing  
Knowing  
Knowing  
Love

*7/6/1998*

### 393. RIOT

Love is my intimate riot  
My personal revolution  
My uprising against oppression  
I cannot contain it  
Nor explain its ability  
To light a fire  
To burn  
The well-constructed edifices  
The smouldering devastation  
The feces  
Of my life

Then a miracle of regrowth  
All lush and voluptuous  
All scent and sensuality  
Vibrant, heroic  
And free

*7/6/1998*

394. SPRING

Like a tightly coiled spring  
Our love explodes  
Star-bound and free

The spring  
Carefully compressed  
Through deadening winter  
Finds release  
In you and me

*8/6/1998*

395. EAGLE

An eagle soars  
Its cage door  
Left hanging  
Sour and hopeless

*8/6/1998*

396. GREEK YOGHURT

Eating Greek yoghurt  
(Φαγε 10% fat)  
I count the ways  
It reminds me of you  
Muscular and sensual  
Fragile and resilient  
Assertive and vulnerable  
Sweet but never saccharine  
But I romanticise  
I fantasize  
In the end  
You taste good  
And like Greek yoghurt  
You're good for me too!

*9/6/1998*

### 397. SANCTIFY

I want to kiss the distance  
Between the hairs on your neck  
I want to breathe the smile  
As it breaks over your mouth  
I want to swallow each breath you take in  
Each night you sleep  
I want to watch in wonder as your heart  
Your liver, your kidneys purify your blood  
I want to sanctify your being  
And thus be sanctified

*(After Nikos Kazantzakis – Report to Greco)*

10/6/1998

### 398. COMMON SUBSTANCE

Today I have been away from you  
Longer than we have been lovers  
Still incredulous  
I relive each coupling  
Remember each embrace  
I count the hours we have shared  
Glittering like coloured stones  
Gathered together on a gypsy bracelet  
I lie on my back and can taste you  
Smell you, be you  
Transforming spirit into flesh  
And back again sublime  
Through verse marveling  
At our common substance  
Achieved so easily  
So joyfully  
In so few moments

*(After Nikos Kazantzakis – Report to Greco)*

10/6/1998

399. RETREAT

When I lose the feeling  
And old numbness calls  
Comfortable and well worn  
I panic  
The tired mantras click  
I am not worthy  
I can't love  
I can't sustain this  
A miserly solitude is safe

When I lose that grip  
I clutch my hands together  
Noose tight, blood squeezed  
Trying to hold the ephemeral

Then I think of B  
His innocent lesson  
How time deepens love  
And needn't erode it  
And with beauty  
And courage  
The feeling returns

*13/6/1998*