

HOLIDAY POETRY

(& a few earlier efforts*).

*Except for ZEUS, INDONESIAN HOWL and *merida, november 1992* the other poems belong to a much larger collection which was mainly written during the May school holidays, 2004.

ZEUS

I sometimes envy the family cordiality of the Anglo - American middle classes
when I compare it to the psychological upheavals of my Grecian family history
Which nevertheless goes back to the beginning of time
To the time when Prometheus stole fire for humanity
To the time when chaos was replaced by the universal order of the gods
Who fight and debate amongst themselves
shifting the fates of both men and
women
according to their whims
according to their lusts
according to their jealousies
according to their drunken states
States of mind
States of body
States of soul
and other Aristotelian dichotomies
(tri-chotemies?)
States of divine judgement
States of human error which do not guess correctly the divine moods
To the moods of my father who has the temper of a thunder god
I understand now he is none other than Zeus
I his son
The son of Zeus
Doomed to deal with a god who has the gruffness of a Spartan
warrior
(How I envy the apparent civil manners of Anglo-Australian society)
Hey there's Zeus studying the racing form guide
with the discipline
of a university academic studying the
mysteries of quantum mechanics
Hey there's Zeus picking oranges and lemons from the backyard
Hey there's Zeus taking out the garbage
Hey there's Zeus shouting at everyone in sight

Hey there's Zeus who feeds my mother whose body has totally been worn down by disease and by the hours of hard work and emotional pain inflicted upon her over the long years

Hey there's Zeus watching the footie

Watching the share

market

Watching the parliament

debate

Watching endless episodes of American sitcoms

Watching John Wayne kill all those bad men

from out of town

Watching his grandchildren who play in the backyard created from the life force of his soul which contains enough energy to explode and tear apart the known universe from the suburbs of Sydney through to Circular Quay

It is a mystery to me

as I play with my sister's twin three year olds

My nephew

My niece

on the swings

(There I am pushing them to and fro in time with the rhythm of the universe)

to think of the push and shove and determination of my father who had his family working for twenty years in the milk bar

I'm still on the swing with my nephew and niece

We are all three silent enjoying the midday sun

In a paradise made from harsh toil

Yes it is still a strange realization to me that from the endurance tests foisted upon us by life can sometimes come such tranquillity

INDONESIAN HOWL

(The spirit of Alan Ginsberg travels through Indonesia between July and November 1996).

I

I saw the best travellers of my era destroyed by screaming bemo hustlers,
tricking them to board a crowded rickety bus on the way to
Pandarangdang
ripping them off financially
ripping them off with promises of deluxe luxury
ripping the tops off the backpacks packed untidily on the back of the jalopy
Sly youthful conductors stealing in the reeling heat some of the
possessions of their flustered customers.
Passing the dirty streets of rundown towns and villages
Indonesia welcomes you Australians!
Indonesia welcomes you Greek Cypriots!
Indonesia welcomes you Lithuanians!
Indonesia welcomes you Germans!
Indonesia welcomes you French!
Indonesia welcomes back the Dutch!
Indonesia welcomes back the Japanese!
INDONESIA!
In the hysterical avenues of
Sulawesi,
Flores,
Bali,
Kalimantan,
Malaccas,
Irian Jaya,
Sumatra,
East Timor
the people
must
welcome the Javanese!
INDONESIA!
Burning bright!
Like a volcano in the night!
Krakatau!
Suharto!
Mandarin of this Underworld!
Lets the bemo lords ransack every highway!
Every road!
I see a generation of travellers left screaming in a congested bus,
squawking with the chickens
under a hot orange sun

II

The streams of people at the airport waited their turn in this Balinese Gateway to a Balinese Gold Coast to have their passport stamped under the white hallucinatory glow of the clean airport strobes
Indonesia welcomes you with its clean crisp photos of beaches and rainforest trees and smiling Balinese girls
Bali welcomes you Aussie with Four XXXX pubs and live Rugby League matches from the SFS and Olympics in Atlanta
Welcome America!
Heaven of the World!
With angels cheering in petite little skirts the sporting heroes of these noble games while the people in the hells of Jakarta Bandung Surabaya Ujang Padang look on their television screens and cheer on their badminton heroes while the Devil Suharto with the backing of Heaven spelt A-M-E-R-I-C-A keeps you down in the dust which you came from which you will live in
and which you will return to
ash
ash covers our eyes
covers your skies
the volcano erupts in the night
the hollow eyed female tourist doesn't understand
She doesn't understand why the customs officer won't let her stay in Indonesia
Her Australian passport will run out in less than six months
"But I'm only here for ten days!"
Plead woman plead!
Use the logic of the West!
Use the logic of Aristotle on the East!
Say ten days fits into five and something months more than once!
It is my turn to meet the customs man whose eyes meet my passport which he decides to check out of the many people he has simply let through he decides to check out my visa-less passport and off I go to the room
Two of us go off to through the room and see the hollow-eyed woman plead we show our cash and travellers cheques and credit cards
money talks to Suharto money talks to the lawgivers of the land
money rises above the ash
money rises above the flashpoints of the sweltering lava which corrupts this land
which spews from the mouth of Suharto
yes Suharto you are the cicada which ate Five Dock
you are the cicada which eats Bali
you are the cicada which eats the trees of Sulawesi and Sumatra
you are the plague
and the judge
and the abomination all rolled into one
in the heat your larvae spreads
in the night we smell the stench of your corruption in the concrete of the hotels of Hindu Bali where the priests work overtime with their tinkering bells to ward off your unquenching appetite

your immoral union with Heaven America yes! Let the badminton shuttlecock fly!
(Let that spy satellite see your waving arms Indonesia!) Cheer on Indonesia! Cheer
on!

[February 1998].

[POSTSCRIPT: In April, 1997 after travelling overland for nine months through Southeast Asia, China and Russia (most of the way with a friend [Kristina] who had lent me in Indonesia the biography of Alan Ginsberg by Barry Miles) I reached Amsterdam and walked into a bookshop to buy a copy of HOWL. As the book was being given to me the bookseller said in an off the cuff way... "too bad what happened..."

*"What...?" I pensively asked as I held HOWL in my hands.
"You don't know?... Alan Ginsberg died just the other day..."*

merida, november, 1992

Marilyn. I was awake. We would meet at the *Louvre*...I lifted my body...*Cafe* for breakfast. Names are like icons. Monroe. I walked towards the escalator. Paris. I descended...

“Oooooooh not Marilyn Monroe!” Marilyn smiled at Mr. Castro. The hostel proprietor placed two fingers on either side of his cigarette and lifted it from his mouth. “Your first name is the same.” He smiled cheekily.

“Now you know where I stay.” We bided Mr Castro farewell and walked out onto the sunny street. Marilyn had been to Vietnam. I had visited Cambodia. I remarked how I had met two French lawyers at Ankor Wat.

“One of them was returning to the surroundings of his childhood. His father had been a diplomat. You say in France there is a fascination with many people to revisit Indochina? You are pleased with the French defeat? I once met an American who had seen the crosses at Dien Phen Phu. You crawled through the small VC tunnels which were dug underneath the American bases? The guerrillas would slit the throats of sleeping soldiers? You were with an Australian who shone his torch on the cockroaches which lined the ceiling of the tunnel. He was naughty! You say?”

“In war everyone is naughty.” remarked Marilyn.

“A Vietnamese woman asked you to take a picture of her with her daughter? You will send the woman a blow-up of the photograph? She told you her back was burnt by napalm when she was a child? Yes, it is very tragic the scars on their bodies. Look at that house.”

Marilyn eyed the colonial mansion across the road.

“Yes, that one, it reminds me of a similar building in Phnom Penh. You say the Vietnamese told you they preferred the French to the Americans? In Phnom Penh the elder restaurant owners had such polite European manners. They spoke impeccable French. In the restaurants the cuisines were French. I remember one night we had *soufle*. I wonder if the Khmer Rouge would have killed these restaurant owners over *soufle*? You want to learn Esperanto so you can stay with a Vietnamese family? There is a Vietnamese man in Ho Chin Minh City who can speak Esperanto? Esperanto speakers will help other Esperanto speakers? You speak five languages? In Vientiane I met an old Laotian woman who could speak English, French and Russian.”

We came to a large roundabout with a wide circle encompassing a monument which was in the centre and shaped as an arch.

“I have seen something similar in Phnom Penh,” I muttered. “You say the road has been modelled to look like the Champ Elyees? Walking in this city and speaking to you I do feel I am in Paris.”

PLANET OF THE ARABS

Yes Charlton Heston
You escape from a village
Filled with kebabs
Falafels
Women underneath a thousand cloaks and facemasks
To venture into a desert
By a sea
Chased by old men with turbans
And young men with Kalashnikovs
To stumble upon
That eroded Statue of Liberty
You hear that old sahib laughing
In your head
Everything he said is true
The infidel lost to Allah
Charlton on his knees
In the surf
Washing off that garlic stench
Weeping for apple pie
“You maniacs!”

Test Of Friendship

We parked the car
And saw this guy across the road
At night getting out of his car
And thought it maybe Charles Bukowski
However it wasn't the great writer
Who took in stray cats
It turned out we met another stray
Fenwick
Straying late to get to the Ashfield flat
Where we were all waiting for him
He said he had lost his way
He said he didn't know the doorway was around the side
And not up front
We all agreed
Over wine and cheese and candle lights
Things are never simple in the BIG city
He said that he would like to go away for a couple of days
Perhaps around Christmas time
Say to the Southern Highlands
On his own
Pencil in the days in his diary
And knock back all invites
On that day
And the day after
That day
I thought if I were getting married on one of those days
Would he not then come to the wedding?
Even if I asked him to be best man?
So he could proceed
To enjoy his profound sense of solitude
in nature?
Indeed!
I wonder...yes I wondered-
But I didn't say anything
I didn't want to spoil Fenwick's thunder
As we were all amused
By his musing.
(Phew!
This little mental
Testing is over!)

Stuff

Watchout that the stuff in your head isn't straw from another Parallel Universe you'd rather avoid if you really knew where your head was at...

By the way

An excursion into what you

Think is the Real World

May mean escaping

From what you think

Is an Alternative Universe

Filled with 'culture stuff'

Or 'sport stuff'

Or 'money stuff'

Or 'politics stuff'

Or 'religious stuff'

Or 'family stuff'

Or 'sex stuff'

Or 'race stuff'

Or 'tv stuff'

Or 'environment stuff'

Or 'war stuff'

Or 'health stuff'

Or 'school stuff'

Or 'work stuff'

Or 'death stuff'

Or 'love stuff'

Or 'lonely stuff'

Or 'war stuff'

Or 'happy stuff'

Or 'sad stuff'

Or 'nature stuff'

Or 'shallow stuff'

Or 'deep stuff'

Or 'party stuff'

Or 'dinner talk stuff'

Or 'reading stuff'

Or 'mind stuff'

Or 'universe stuff'

Or 'travel stuff'

Or 'atheist stuff'

How

Much stuff

Is out

There?

A

Lot more

Than

You and

Me

Will

Ever

Know...

Political Condom

(A not so nice sensitive ode to September 11...)

Uncle Sam
Screwing around
in the Middle East
Asia
the Pacific
Latin America
Africa
Why even over in gay *Paree*
and Germany!
Hey Uncle Sam don't you know
you shouldn't let yourself
be exposed to so much disease?
Or as the U.S. Secretary General of Health also warns and
complains:
giving off disease!
Be a responsible citizen!
Think before act!
That's what's suppose to make us different from the
Cro-Magnan
Even though he had no Magnum...
(H.I.V.
Syphillus
Malaria
Starvation
Exploitation
Racism
Cultural Misunderstanding
Total ignorance
Sex Tourism
Military Terror
Genocide
Political Manipulation
Anti-American Protest
Flag Burning
Anti-Democratic Hypocrisies
Hostage taking
Oil taking
Ground Zero
Just to name a few bad, unhealthy things...)
You should look out for these symptoms
After all look what happened to you
when you got caught
with your pants down
without
proper protection!

Lust for Iraq

Here they come
The Great Whore
Is dropping all her little whores
Over the biblical cities
Unzip
Their flimsy suits
Spread their legs
In the streets
Of
Baghdad
Felujjah
Najaf
Kufa
Basra
Covering their heads
To respect local customs
And a religion in middle age crisis
“There’s no need no more
To blow yourself into smithereens
Over all the marines!
Come and get it boys!
The tab’s on Uncle Sam!
We’re all virgins!”
A knowing wink
Peace comes
All
Over
The
Land

Insightful Questions

Does paper come from trees?
Does blood flow in our arteries and veins?
Does the moon go around the earth?
Does the sun rise at dawn and go down at nightfall?
Does the government lie to keep in power?

A Little Ode To Those Who Spend A Lot Of Time On Their Own

I read the title to the Charles Bukowski book of poems:
You Get So Alone At Times That It Just Makes Sense
I read that title before I went over to see my mum
Who spends her days in her chair because of the MS
I cheer her up

East Timor With Friends Like These Who Needs Enemies?

Sorry East Timor for giving you your freedom but stealing your oil,
hey we're much bigger than you so we need more of it you jobless, starving twirps!
Don't bully us around!
So 'sorry east timor' for lying about the numbers killed
And who killed them
but we had good reason
to keep the TNI on side
after all we trained them
(with our very own S.A.S.
but that's supposed to be
a top secret)
they're our friends
and its always been the australian way to stay loyal
what's that you say?
you were loyal to us when over forty thousand east timorese died helping out a
handful of Australian guerillas in the second world war
against the Japanese who now happen to be our biggest trading partner who are now
keeping the Australian way of life afloat?
Hey we helped you out didn't we?
stopped more killing even though we could have stopped it all together
bit slow off the mark but only did it when things started to look a bit embarrassing
sorry about december 1975
but hey we were just as bad on our own who died on the border
we didn't give a stuff about those five journos
what were they doing there trying to find out about the truth?
didn't they know we left the truth to jakarta?
sorry again,sincerely,
but hey there was that coup in Canberra
and that other thing called the Cold War
what were you compared to keeping the shipping lanes open to the Indian Ocean for
all those american carriers, submarines and destroyers?
Sorry about the massacres but you'll get over it
We have.

The Bold and the Beautiful

After watching the Bold and the Beautiful

The Greek gods and goddesses

Look at each other

Confused

Zeus,

(That look-a-like Mosimo),

equally bewildered,

looking thoughtful,

why even philosophical:

with bushy eyebrows raised

stroking a stiffened bushy beard

decides he

as the king executive of Mt.Olympus

must speak:

“After all the adultery,

violent petulance, lust,

shallow sentimentality,

mindless childishness,

greed, hatred, vanity, malice,

vileness, ruthlessness,

treachery

and moral banality

that we’ve gotten

up too

who could imagine

that things

could get

as worse

as this?”

(However,

these divine philanderers

all stay glued

to the

oracle set).

Honesty is the Best Policy

'BANG! BANG!'

"You're dead!" laughs Sheila. "Oh sorry got the wrong person! Sorry about that! Didn't mean no harm! I was just bluffing! It was just meant to be a little joke! I promise not to do it again! Give you some money for the clean up! Just give me one more chance! I really do try to think what's best for everybody and not just FOR MYSELF! Give back the world, yes to ALL of you it's the Garden of Eden...How could you be so mean! So vindictive towards me! After all I've done! How hurtful! It's not fair! I'll get you all for this!"

Sheila, you

Symbol of infamy,

(From the land of imperial boldness and beauty...)

America should have a giant bronze cast done of you holding up a gun, with a mad-dog look in your eyes, smiling,

To replace the Statue of Liberty,

Get rid of all that welcoming the homeless of the world hocus pocus

Have Sheila's gun pointed at the United Nations

It would at least be a more honest statement

of the state of your nation

(Where's my bullet proof vest?)

The Warning that Ulysses Provides

America,

Seeing you are turning more and more into a one-eyed bigot,

Have you ever thought of renaming Washington: Polyphemus?

At least then you might recall that this Cyclops was blinded

By the likes of a 'nobody' such as Ulysses

Hey America, watch out, you might still be brought down!

After all there's a lot of nobodies out there!

Balmainitis

(Lest we forget says the Great Cynic)

Hey let's sit around
And play hippie songs
On our guitars
Then go off
And
Smoke a joint
We're so cool
So free
So 'radical' ...
As
long as we forget
the fact that we
spend the week
working for some
multinational company
screwing people
in some third world country
or for some accounting
firm configuring the figures
for some local factory
laying off more workers
Hey we're young, get lots of money
And think really 'cool' things
Wear really 'cool' clothes
Live in really 'cool' expensive places
What's wrong with that?

Non Profit

When is a prophet not a prophet?

When he is a socket

In some pocket

Of the machinery

Of

Power

Hey smarty-pants!

Don't think about the money!

Don't be like that!

Don't be a non-prophet!

With no go zones

in the head!

With only go zones

in the wallet!

Don't hock your integrity!

Sock it to them!

A Faith-full Son's Call for Divine Wrath on a Mortal Coil...

(No love song here Mr. Eliot...)

My spiritual father is Zeus,
My spiritual mother is Athena,
I will petition to them,
My divine protectors,
To make sure that you understand that you are
Only a puny mortal
Who will make sure
for that reason
That you will never forget
That you are no better
Than a worm...
Yes
Beware the Greek
Outside Troy's walls
Who feels betrayed by cruel fate
And its seemingly impossible aims and demands upon him
(Yes watch out for those Three Fates
Those 'violent *femmes*'
Who desire only
To determine,
and
size up - i.e. the length
and breadth -
of
each
human life)
For one thing it is certain
The Greek's 'gift'
(Yes...as history tells us:
That Trojan horse on hand...
That offer to resolve uncertain war
With certain peace
To find human satisfaction
with no hard feelings...)
Will have
Unsatisfaction guaranteed
With no life on offer back
to the one that will be taken
Oh gods!
(To your irrational divine vengeance):
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

The Devil Rings Me Up In Newtown

I was in the second hand bookshop late morning

I had in my hand William Styron's *The Long March* which is about U.S. Marines in boot camp at the time of the Korean War and which one character Captain Mannix who in his tough belligerent way tries to rebel against the inflexible domineering ways of the army a rebel in 'a generation of conformists' (I got that off the back flap) and who was to me like some modern Achilles (or even an Ajax)

Meaghan Delahunt's *In The Blue House* that is about Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo's place in Coyacan which is in Mexico City and where Leon Trotsky spent some time in his forlorn attempt to escape Stalin's vindictive paranoid endless murderous psychotic mad treacherous cowardly lustful bureaucratic irrational methodical genocidal sleepless callous evil heartless brutish banal cruelty
and

The Greek Experiment Imperialism and Social Conflict 800-400 BC by Robert J. Littman who argues that the city-state always in a state of disunity was a failure and who also claims that Socrates like his most famous pupil Plato believed that government should be left to the experts and not to the people (this was a surprise to me)

I also had a little book about an English soldier's experiences at El Alemain which I did not buy but I deduced had ended up at a place called Zimm Zimm (no it was Zem Zem) in Tunis at the end of the North African campaign and amongst the many things he saw was a ghostly graveyard of destroyed tanks such is the waste of war

When my phone rang

It stopped ringing by the time I got it out of my jean pocket

(Don't you hate that?!)

I checked the Call Info to see that the number that had attempted to contact me was 666

Maybe the Devil wanted to know a little bit more about the books I had picked

He could've been after some tips

He didn't ring back

(The know-all!)

The Great Writers

I wanted to be like the great alcoholic rundown American poets of our generation:

Kerouac

Bukowski

Though I don't think they were alcoholics

Just a couple of writers who could drink a lot

Anyhow I drank a lot of gin

One night

To get some holy inspiration

I'm no great writer that's for sure

Why's that you say?

All I got for my troubles

Was no awe inspiring visit from any muse

But

A

Good

Sleep

On

My

Couch...

What

A

Failure!

No Marxism in Rome

'No! No! Not MARX! Mars Bars! I like MARS BARS!'
Corrected the Neo-Nazi major with long straggly hair
And leather coat
And who looked thirty-something
And who spoke good English
And who was thin and German
I was sharing a room with this neo-nazi in a *pensione* in Rome
He said he was in Rome on 'private business'
He said the Turks in West Germany were the new Jews
They would be vilified in the cause of uniting the two Germanys
He showed me a prized photo of Hitler in a street parade taken by his grandfather
He told me and the two Canadian girls with me that he would stab a blade between
the shoulder blades of any person who stole this photo
Two German women shared the room one night and one of them kept saying
NAAAAZZZZZZZZIIIIII! All night to insult this crazy guy
After all having some red *vino* to drink
He laughed
He said German girls were feisty
He wasn't surprised that gypsies may have tried to pickpocket me in the big Rome
markets
He said he liked Australians he thought they were very resourceful
I displayed my resourcefulness
by leaving this *pensione*
Leaving Rome all together
I didn't want to
outdo my luck

LAST EXIT TO ETERNITY

What a shame
Hubert Selby died today
Hope he found his way to that last exit
in Brooklyn
and made his way
to a calm sea
for his
eternity
all the lost souls he wrote about so starkly
deserve the same chance
to journey
to the
same
stars
in the same
cosmic ocean
which will take him
pleasant floating Mr. Selby
you wise good
down to earth
learned
sailor

GADDAFI

Gaddafi is a good guy now
It's amazing what a barrel of oil can buy you
Like respectability
When last week you were a murderer
Now the West are murderers
Too
Because that is what you are if you betray the victims and become an accessory
anyhow I still wonder if it was some shady Syrian who blew up that ill-fated Pan Am
jet over Lockerbie but who cares now except the poor relatives of the murdered
victims who still live with their nightmares if Gaddafi is happy to sell his oil to buy
our souls

THE MAINSTREAM IS *SO* DOWNSTREAM! OR BETTER STILL IS A BRAIN DRAIN!

I saw Ridge from The Bold & The Beautiful
On Australia's Funniest Home Video Show!
He was so FUNNY holding up those idiot cards
to promote his September song tour!
So vain and spunky hunky!
I'm sure all the girls were over the moon!
Silly billy willy moo-moo goo-goo cows and ducks and pigs and dogs and little boys
and girls and hope-to-be Evil Knievels and wedding couples all falling over
themselves making us all LAUGH!
Who says I don't appreciate mainstream culture?

Medieval Gap

I read
in
the
Saturday paper
there's a couple in the country
who joust with each other to pass the time
I think it's time we got mediaval jousting into the Olympics
It be a lot more interesting than a lot of other sports
and having something
from
the
Middle Ages
would
connect
the
Ancient
to
the
Modern
Just like the Arabs did for us all those centuries ago by keeping copies of treatises of
all that Greek Mathematics which let the Europeans in the end to have their
Renaissance

Mateship

Yeah you Fuhrer
Heard about one of your Gestapo mates in Bielefeld
He asked a Jewish kid if he wanted some chewing gum
The boy said yes
(of course he did)
Your mate stuck a pistol
into
the
poor
innocent's
mouth
Coolly squeezed the trigger of his gun
Blew the kid's brains out
Your mate laughed

Mistakenthon

A mistakenthon says the footie commentator about the performance of the Souths and Canterbury teams playing against each other
Dropping the ball handing over possession
Sounds like a lot of tries are getting butchered from what I can hear over the radio
In the game of life one's whole existence can feel like a mistakenthon
All human history could be viewed as a mistakenthon
The Persians must have felt that when they tried to invade Greece again
after
losing
at
Marathon
Yet if you hang in there
At the end of any long march
There must be some sense of accomplishment
To have achieved something that is worthwhile
Like in medicine or philosophy or ethics or in terms of human respect and self-respect
Admit to our mistakes
and
move
on
It's
our
only
hope

Wolfowitz

Beware of the sweating furious fever of neo-con wolves who in fact really look like gargoyles and bleat their mad ravings in a calm smiling reasonable smooth softly spoken voice...(no moral failsafe here...)

Dr Who poem

Dr Who you are so ahead of the times by so many light years
Why in the seventies you had already worked it out about parallel universes
especially in that show the
Inferno
in another
parallel universe Dante may even may have watched you
he was ahead of his time too

Nauru

A legal-less
gulag for the Canberra Taliban
to bully the victims
of the Kabul Taliban

Island Getaway of the Absolute Inhumane

The salty sea spray of human power corrupts the ambitious ruthless human heart to further erode defenceless human hearts exposed to this heartless evil to rust away to have refugee human souls become damaged goods on the island of Nauru

Wildside

All that shaking camera stuff in wildside with all those wild street kids and wild car chases and wild policemen and wild drug addicts and wild streets and wild deaths and wild doctors and wild female detectives and wild EVERYTHING make you think isn't it good to be calm and boring and live in the suburbs and just worry about the gardening?

Life after Death

This Greek father
can be such a patriach
who feels he has such
authority
divvying his property
to whoever in his family he wishes
expecting his every wish
to be treated as commands
that he has a natural belief
that it is possible for him
to continue:
'ruling
from
the grave'
which my brother-in-law quipped
(I can see it now: family dinners
in the cemetery
showing
full respect
to a headstone
and to the muffled
but booming voice
underneath it)

Happy People

Oh Mr. Kim
Glorious Leader Of North Korea!
I saw your dancing troops
clapping hands with each other
all in circle formations
on a large town square
people so happy
in your happy state!

Happy Dance

We should by like these
African village people
I once saw on Global Village
who all danced around in a circle
in a living room
of a mud-brick house
at the end of the day
grateful to the day
providing it's good
they look healthy
we should all do a happy
dance
and
be happy!

Mass

When you think of 'mass' what do you think?

Church mass

critical mass

mass graves

the human mass

the dark mass within the universe or of the dark mass in our minds

or

perhaps there's

the masses of

masses of particles

of physical existence

which makes our huge populations able to wonder about God while looking at the stars and also wonder about God after looking

at

a

massacre

consider the

increase

in

mass

of

a

falling

object

when

that

falling object

is

a

human

being

who

has

become

a

victim

of

a

falling morality

In Chicago on Anzac Day

I was in the blues den that Muddy Waters played
When I met these two drunk businessmen
Who adopted me as their buddy
They said Reagan was making their country great again
After all that Iran hostage stuff
They were proud to be American
And that Aussies were their buddies

The Theory of Relativity

They say that the Americans spent
a million dollars
to research
to
design
and make
a pen
which would
work
in
outer space
while the Russians
saved their
money
and took
a
pencil

Banana

(Hey Big World Why Do You Keep Slipping On Banana Skins? Why Not Wear Them For Pyjamas Like All The Sensible Children Do?)

I get home and the orangutans

are all sitting around

the big wooden coffee table

in the living room

“Where you been?”

We’ve started the discussion without you!

We’ve been comparing Dostoevsky with Tolstoy

And Pasanak

Can you shed any more light to us on the tragic characterization of the

Karamazovs, Kareninas and Zhivagos

of this world?

One orangutan is holding a novel over his head

While another screams

as he reads

about the Great Inquisitor

“I dunno you know about them as well as me”

I slump onto a spare stool and join the gang

Around the table

Like some tired night

Returning to a beleaguered Camelot

I’m feeling peckish

After tolerating the traffic,

The news of more terrorist

death on the radio

Driving back from Bunnings

Buying a grevillia

And drill bits for the drill

“I’ll put the hammock up for you guys tomorrow...”

I look around at this scholarly crew

I think they think I’m a Philistine and then I say:

“Hey I don’t feel up to dealing with any great literature,

I’m a simple man,

Right now I just want a banana

And a lie down

Or even a panadol

Why not put these books away go up the road

And get a video

“What do you want to watch?” muses one of my learned friends, “King Kong or Planet of the Apes!” They chortle

“That ain’t such a bad idea!” I suggest.

“Better to watch some fake primal horror

rather than some of that real primal horror like September 11

Hey why don’t we ask that big beast Kong

That King of all that is dark in the darkest jungle:

What is it with planes and skyscrapers in New York?

“Good question,” comes a orangutan’s reply, “We could consider that issue in a moment

But best now to get back to Crime and Punishment

It’s the way of the world I yawn

And with that the others look on

As I peel and scoff my fruit

Oh what a hoot!

T.N.I. Complaint

(a short rebuke)

Bulletin! Bulletin!

We put a bullet in you!

Why you say ‘Jakarta lobby’

No good?

Yes, we lob a grenade

At you!

(HAH! HAH!)

Brad

Oh Brad the other one’s collapsing too! Those planes! Look what thy have done!

KAPOW! BLAM! WOW! Come and save me BRAD! Yes CNN is showing it LIVE!

I want to stay alive! Oh Brad I want to survive!

Storm in a Teacup

He said the proper way to make a cup of tea
In his Tufnell park
flat
amongst the bedlam of his kitchen with its piles of unwashed crockery
and William Blake books and classic Polish music
was to warm
the
pot
then
put
in
the
hot
water
for
the
tea
Don't
You
Australians
know
anything
about
civilisation?
Along with his good-humoured sarcasm
he
had
drunk
too
much
Guinness at the Pineapple
and
was
on
the
warpath
like
some
one
man
JIHAD!

Labyrinth

I was at the Greek bookshop with the Free Cyprus t-shirts
near the Tufnell Park
tube stop
that
I found
that
book
about
labyrinths
from
ancient times
to the medieval ages
they
understood
better
than
us
that
life
is
like
walking
through
a
maze
that
can
be
filled
with
Minotaurs
and
other
monsters
to ensnare
kill
and
destroy
us
from inside
thank goodness
for
the
Celestial Rose and threads of love
That can rescue and guide us out

