

# 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!

# Balmaitis

*(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-ess  
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

