

## Accidentals

### why this?

poetry is expressed light  
 full of impact  
 forced to be that way  
 by some constraint -  
 once the price of a  
 sheepskin  
 - now (space being  
 limitless)  
 the price of your  
 time  
 what is of value to  
 you?  
 my bile?  
 my vaporous breath?  
 if i could put all my  
 thought  
 in one word  
 what  
 would it would be?

i don't want to play  
 there really is  
 something  
 i have to say -

- if only those  
 lunatic words that  
 are buzzing  
 around us like a  
 cloud of flies  
 could be cleared by  
 one clean squirt of  
 verb

- and if i could  
 express it  
 otherwise there  
 would be no  
 need to attack  
 the keys

but for the sake of  
 dogods  
 i try

Someday  
 I'd like to -  
 Today

\*\*\*

**handsback**  
 range of hills  
 form a claw  
 with ivory veins

hairs mussk stick  
 eucalypt trunks  
 grow ant-dotted leafs  
 along thin yellow  
 ridges

squeaking crickets  
 hail a storm  
 and blow fly zoom  
 in slow clouds to  
 surround the  
 fountain town

where man and woman  
 perform  
 in perfect symmetry

cus in the land  
 of dust  
 cus 'n cor-blimey

### gloamings 21-26

after many years  
 it revisit.  
 the Lonely,  
 .hold my head  
 under  
 because of  
*the beauty there*

a cold shout  
 in my eye  
 rich in words  
 poor in sound

i see beneath  
 the green world  
 where truths lie  
 purple in bliss

"see you soon"

and as i spoke  
 the words  
 broke  
 into a thousand  
 hearts

i know  
 it is immanent -  
 te panic.

everything  
 subscribes  
 to te turn  
 and is  
 lost

### Instant fantasy

These are not all my  
 own work  
 i have borrowed  
 deeply  
 from time  
 and i owe much to  
 the wind  
 that blows through  
 the crooked hooks  
 of trees

every thought is real  
 in the world  
 of my imagination  
 and probing  
 intimately  
 i find  
 room for all our  
 fantasies  
 but cannot find  
 the one

to whose fantasy  
 i owe my own reality

**when i am drained**  
 i feel my feminine  
 side

when the thorn is  
 removed  
 that keeps me awake  
 then i am subdued  
 and i can love you

**dry as the mouth  
 of ied piranhas,**  
 their asses easily  
 famish  
 the plywood brain.

autoism, rude farm  
 animals like at  
 gettysburg or a  
 school of twenty  
 fishes flowing apart  
 and together again.  
 formaldehyde  
 panthas wasting  
 spasticity,  
 geranium anteaters  
 consuming foie gras  
 plasma - i am  
 overlooked by pink-  
 aspects of rodeohides  
 and wolf packs in the  
 round, baring and  
 snarling teeth all  
 fantastic to the  
 scarab mind. the  
 saros and silences  
 pick apart my soul  
 and foist bad god on  
 itself  
 a lapsed man posits  
 a frank ogle a frank  
 gestation - initiated  
 in times of panic and  
 friendship -  
 into gas now  
 posing like gaolers  
 faint passion, faint  
 poison faint  
 romance it strikes me  
 as anger or a figment  
 or an epistle  
 following after the  
 white sugar cart  
 loaded with cadavers  
 is wheeled into the  
 scrub

**pismire**  
 you can perch on her  
 all you insects  
 that consider her  
 tasty or divine  
 and she'll not  
 swot you

you can rest  
 on her  
 and she'll move  
 carefully  
 trying not to disturb

although of course  
 she could  
 grind you to paste  
 or flick you away,  
 mortally injured

it is not her desire  
 it is not her will  
 to cause you harm

in this respect  
 she is like others of  
 her kind  
 only when they are  
 dead

**Plinky desires..**  
 Plinky desires song  
 she has song

Plinky desires hotty  
 she has hotty

Plinky desires the  
 kiss  
 she has the kiss

Plinky desires the  
 cuddles  
 cuddles she has

Plinky desires more  
 and more!

Plinky desires more  
 and more!

### so close the book

the one that  
 demands your  
 attention  
 go outside  
 stoke the firepit  
 & burn those words.

the trouble  
 with learning  
 is it is all so old  
 so old  
 that all that can be  
 learned  
 is yesterday's idea  
 when right here  
 the new way is  
 dawning  
 and everything is  
 clear

you can perch on her  
 all you insects  
 that consider her  
 tasty or divine  
 and she'll not  
 swot you

there was a time  
 when words  
 were dear  
 and princes had  
 poets  
 at every ear

but now the word  
 is free to roam  
 it don't need poet  
 to find a home

but poet needs word  
 its all he's got:  
 no word, no food,  
 - the poet's lot

**anti-poem**  
 i hate poetry  
 most of it  
 not that i've read  
 much

tired of tired words  
 lying on the page  
 trying to be clever  
 - whatever

i don't write poems  
 either i just  
 put down  
 whatever comes to  
 me

**we are someone  
 else's aliens**  
 in a dark room  
 on some other planet  
 children  
 cross their legs  
 and hold  
 black onyx eggs  
 waiting  
 for the moment  
 to arrive

a sound emerges  
 from a tear in space  
 sounds like radio 3  
 one child lifts an  
 antenna  
 bent into a fork

**poet is the poor  
 artist**  
 of this date and time:  
 it only costs some  
 pen and ink

to make a little  
 rhyme  
 and what does it cost  
 to think?  
 or compose a line?  
 upon the page,  
 lain bare, alone  
 poet is the poor  
 artist of our time

the painter needs his  
 pigment and easel  
 thats not cheap  
 the violist needs his  
 horsehair and gut to  
 make a peep

the architect needs  
 his CAD, the  
 stonemason his  
 stone,  
 all of which is so  
 much more than poet  
 could ever own

it is an immaculate,  
 pure  
 laugh

after dark, the  
 children are home  
 again playing with  
 their axes  
 and we love them  
 for what little devils  
 they are

**the cigarette**  
 when i imbibe  
 the ash  
 of a flicker of coal  
 wrapped in leaf  
 mixed in air  
 my whole joy  
 explodes  
 and is extinguished  
 a moment later  
 by the exhale  
 leaving just the  
 glowing  
 wick  
 of the next explosion

this pistoning  
 of exhilaration  
 ruins me  
 once i dreamt  
 i fed a cigarette  
 machine  
 with my own  
 quivering flesh  
 my blood  
 sticking to my lip  
 flecks of it on  
 my teeth  
 as i coughed  
 turning white

loudly exclaim  
 the evil  
 in a puff of smoke  
 and be smug  
 in your glass dome -  
 don't you  
 understand?  
 i am no  
 seedy individual  
 my way  
 is the way of  
 the dragon  
 i see through his eyes

the branches arc  
 toward Arunachala  
 where saints  
 have sat  
 on an eon  
 and prised it apart  
 like a shellfish  
 and torn into the  
 flesh itself

well honed, sharp  
 and dangerous is the  
 teaching

and spears through  
 the tear  
 pulls it back out -  
 on the end  
 wriggling  
 beethoven, chopin,  
 debussy  
 slow roasted over  
 coals for lunch

on some other planet  
 a deep red abyss  
 at the edge  
 coloridge, shellely,  
 whitman - led there  
 in a line -  
 are shoved off -  
 - a child holds an  
 electric rattle  
 transmitting the  
 sound over airwaves  
 for the four-o'clock  
 drivetime

it is an immaculate,  
 pure  
 laugh

after dark, the  
 children are home  
 again playing with  
 their axes  
 and we love them  
 for what little devils  
 they are

**confession of  
 sorts**  
 in a dream  
 you gave me your  
 bowl  
 and teapot -  
 almost a  
 transmission  
 anyway it treated my  
 vain imagination

dreams can afford to  
 do that  
 as they never need  
 to deceive  
 anyone else

following your road  
 wasn't hard  
 it just seemed a  
 matter of  
 not following anyone  
 else's  
 but even that got  
 too hard  
 after a while,  
 although i'm still  
 here  
 if you need me

when i visit the  
 rooms of my mind  
 rich in colour and  
 variety  
 shape and substance  
 vast dimensions,  
 i have you to thank  
 for the essential  
 structure

the demons and the  
 angels  
 the god-awful and  
 the god-beautiful  
 heady ecstasy  
 poisonous insanity  
 terribly real  
 so that even a chair  
 feels strangled;  
 awquard.  
 this is the feeling of  
 detachment

everything  
 is in decay  
 this mortal cylinder  
 is just another way  
 I had not smoked for  
 years  
 until today

**what do you do?**  
 i am a toolsmith  
 crafting from air  
 new ways  
 to fool the mind  
 how do you do it?

with words  
 sewn together  
 as never before  
 why?

deos rogabis  
 else if (deos  
 == false){  
 the cat will have to do;  
 }

**deos rogabis**  
 else if (deos  
 == false){  
 the cat will have to do;  
 }

dreams can afford to  
 do that  
 as they never need  
 to deceive  
 anyone else

following your road  
 wasn't hard  
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 not following anyone  
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well honed, sharp  
 and dangerous is the  
 teaching

the same you  
 showed me when i  
 arrived in a cloud of  
 dust -  
 i sought to  
 drive its bright point  
 home  
 into the sleeping eye  
 and all the mind  
 beyond  
 and the body rooted  
 in the mind

i sought to spear and  
 wrench out the  
 whole  
 quivering lie

so i drank the milk  
 held the sacred  
 vessel for a moment  
 then passed it on

You are the Ser -  
 motionless  
 through all this  
 struggle  
 your words were  
 the only guidance  
 through the dark  
 mists of my  
 confusion,  
 like glittering jewels  
 rising through  
 thick mud,  
 i would grasp  
 and they'd sink  
 again  
 over and over  
 it was insane  
 thank God they were  
 true

**there is  
 something else**  
 just so you know  
 well you do know  
 i don't want to talk to  
 you  
 like a poet  
 or a sage  
 it's just me  
 the quiet one  
 i can't say  
 what i mean to say  
 except here  
 where my words  
 are structured  
 and safe  
 and somehow  
 anonymous  
 perhaps that's the  
 point  
 it's not me that's  
 talking  
 it's the other thing  
 it is something else

but i remember  
 the feelings  
 and somewhere i still  
 hold the tools  
 in their belt -  
 rusted but ever keen  
 to get into my brain -  
 through seams still  
 there from former  
 investigations;  
 when i run my  
 fingers along them  
 they tingle  
 and i imagine the  
 adventures  
 that lie underneath

you know about  
 the 'something else'  
 because  
 you know  
 you don't  
 know  
 everything,  
 and if anyone did  
 then there would  
 be some authority  
 but instead  
 we have  
 a recorded message  
 and even those  
 who believe it  
 surely  
 cannot believe it

when you let go of  
 everything  
 except your dreams  
 you need guidance  
 to make it  
 to that other side -  
 not many survive on  
 their own

i did survive  
 but not by  
 getting there  
 i survived  
 by coming back  
 before it was too late  
 i lost a few of my  
 marbles  
 but i got back up  
 onto the bank intact

i have a message  
 for someone who  
 wants to try  
 the same thing

"don't die"  
 - that is what's  
 important to  
 everyone -  
 but it won't be  
 to one  
 who takes your  
 path

this  
 is what makes it  
 so calming

like the question  
 with a thousand  
 facets:  
 "What is it?"  
 - it draws us  
 to it endlessly

we  
 think  
 we are nearly there  
 but  
 it is not there  
 at all

it is here  
 waiting for the call  
 of another silent  
 moon  
 a reflection  
 across the room  
 if the water  
 is still  
 and there is time  
 enough  
 to disregard  
 the time

then i think - - - then  
 i think - - - then - - -  
 then there is -

forever -  
 something else  
 will come along

i'm not going  
 to try and  
 define it  
 that's the first  
 error  
 in my view  
 but it is  
 an enticing  
 error  
 because we  
 can make of  
 it what we  
 will  
 until  
 it gets us.

i think  
 all i want  
 to do  
 is draw  
 your attention  
 to it  
 because  
 as certainly  
 as we know  
 anything  
 the unknowing  
 that cannot  
 be known  
 is still there  
 and it  
 will  
 remain

like the question  
 with a thousand  
 facets:  
 "What is it?"  
 - it draws us  
 to it endlessly

we  
 think  
 we are nearly there  
 but  
 it is not there  
 at all

it is here  
 waiting for the call  
 of another silent  
 moon  
 a reflection  
 across the room  
 if the water  
 is still  
 and there is time  
 enough  
 to disregard  
 the time

then i think - - - then  
 i think - - - then - - -  
 then there is -



