

Valparaíso and Tourist

Before the broken edges of an old city's coast;
before the waves breaking on the wharves;
a city lost in the fog tumbling in from the ocean,
in snakes of fog sliding down from the mountains,
I'm tumbling through skins to my origins.

I am tumbling and my skin's shade is changing;
I am the television virus, my skin is brightening;
I am from the land of ether, of foamed milk;
I am the loved one, only ever the one, the one loved for
being one;
I am the one writing with all my weight.

A trail of footsteps across the stars;
I've scratched away footsteps one by one,
each step burnt a field, a mask, a dormant carbon mass;
I'm nothing but masks with eyes of furious sulphur;
I am a moon in search of a planet in search of a moon.

If I was in love it was with a woman becoming a man;
if I was loved it was by a world becoming a woman.
I was never loved by the grumpy old goanna;
I was never loved by the wings of the circling goshawk;
if it was love it was a chain of grumpy old ions going senile
in the galactic mirage.

I *have* been loved, but only on occasion,
and I am loved, but only by staggered occasions;
staggering past hollowed buildings: empty teeth,

screwing them hollow for my filthy heap,
the fact is none would love me if they could see inside.

As a living thing I am growing outwards, spreading;
as a living I am fattening, spreading outwards, phoning;
as a dead heart growing;
as a dead heart sprawling over tarmac
while the black skins of the bitumen places sizzle underneath.

For my living I am ripping off their rhythms;
I am ripping off skins, buying the hearts of places;
I'm spreading cancer thick like a famous yeast;
this strange old city tumbling down in granules;
cancer is dancing in the memories of my metal cells.

So come to me on a lonely night when I least expect it;
come to me on the one night I most deserve it;
come to me, roll to me over the lonely hakea and the
singing she-oak;
look for me, come to me, hold me and learn me,
we'll meet by the edge of this crumbling city's dreams.

For left alone I ferment into lonely flora;
I become the stench of the alcoholic plagues;
I reach out and devour the seeds of places;
I gain weight and lose it immediately in their throats,
my stinking ferment causing them atrocious choking spasms.

Kinglake 2011

The charred stakes of former trees are now haloed
in soft green leaves, each cell a vial of sunlight
glowing out defiant optimism. The secret heartbeat
of this old land is too young & too foolish
to stay sombre.

The brushstrokes of green
have already half-swept the devastation
from the short-term memory of hill & vale
in a chromatography of recovery
that slowly clambers to the top of rises.
The anatomy of the countryside is
too hopeful to stay ruined.

Memory of song & nest alight as birds
forget to grieve; the youngest & most
impetuous of the elements relents
and ends its tenure. Mourning is as daily
as it sounds, but somewhere in the grave
cathedral of our human aches
the stained-glass turns from grey to green
and a child's voice echoes,
too full of wonder
to stay silent.

Single; lonely

Synaesthesia means you can look down
at your ring finger and hear a dial tone;
find footholds in fresh air, footfalls
in empty alleys and not run.
But it always boils back down to concrete—
sixteen strangers saw you trip
over the raised part of the path, and
now they won't ask you to the dance.
That's okay. Poetry means the tabby cats
with bony wings & oily cheeks weave
around your ankles while Gabriel
and Michael, and even Azrael
stand in glass cases in porcelain galleries
while the young bright things count them as friends;
count them close as calories, while you
are always just an acquaintance.
But then it boils back down to real—
saying hi when the train goes by
and drowns you out but somehow
you keep on swimming;
day into night into day into white
wide apocalyptic horizons but no
desperate matches lit;
you stumble down real concrete paths
with tabby cats to catch on your footfalls.
It always boils down to the dial tone,
the empty ring finger, the glass cases.

21.

you can't imagine
how much poetry gets killed
in one ejaculation
of so much 精

22.

澳stralia and i myself
are both a given and a found
to each other
despite the knowledge of other
better or worse ones

23.

woman wandering from man to 男 wandering from thought
to thought

24.

the dream: a cow, stripped of all its flesh and skin
is tumbling out its huge-boned structure
looking back through the bloody frame
for its 皮

25.

home is where the person is
when the person is gone
家 is with him
in the ashes

26.

i'm my own character
她he creates me
as i create him 她

27.

i keep getting the wrong message
when i read someone's line 'I'm sitting with Amanda at the
far end of the oval'
i thought i read 'I'm sitting with Amanda at the far end of
the novel'
and this 'Terry's cousin burps' i thought it was 'Terry's
cousin burns'
i don't know if this is what they meant to achieve
or if i've had too long a sleep
but i just keep getting it 錯