

Collaborative poems
By Jackson & Caitlin
March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October
2020

But kept
In line
Open and abounding
On verdant lawns
Cockatoos overtake

10 Things I can see Poem

Hi-Country Campchair
Two pink flamingos
Red and Blue table
Towels on the line
Plastic cup
Tall pines
Blue sky
Sleeping cat
Back fence
Fairy lights

More things I can see
Coiled hose
Budding lemon
Open book
Clouds as lines
Crumpled towel
Tilted bike
Saddened sunflower
Figs far away
Screen of door
Sunlight patch

What do we mean when we say out loud, poem?
What do we mean when we write it down, poem?
What do we think when we've put it there, poem?
How do we know when it's legible, poem?
I can guess that it's pertinent, poem?
All of the things I could put into a poem.

When I looked down
On the blue paint
splats
On my shoes
I wondered
How did they get there?
I noticed a mosquito
Land on my hand
I noticed my phone buzzing
But didn't answer
Rainy Days and Monday's by The Carpenters was playing!
I remembered
The potatoes
Were still
In the oven
But I forgot
To get them
In time.

All Of The Things I Could Put Into A Poem

A tablespoon of balsamic
Mustard seeds
Wouldn't go astray.
A touched cheek.
A Conversation.
But not about:
The Salad
Threads that fray,
Or employment.
Yesterday.
We ask for:
Hope found
Warm heart

Burnt stars and silver moon
Under dark that casts.
And ask for more.
It's no wonder
We can't fit
all of these
things
in.

How often do my eyes get looked into?
I am trying to access yours
Not with vision but with something else
What's more generous than vision? Presence
Reality
Virtual reality, I turned into the cyborg that I never asked to be
Splendid robot hands
And the words they set aside
Somewhat different to drawing a smiley face in the sand
An event of
Up turned jeans, soggy with a weight
Gifted by the sea
Leaden at the seams

Before common era
Was a very long time ago
I wrote to goddess Hera
The post has always been slow

Last week
When time stopped
I got a reply:

"I'm sorry for my late response. My awful husband has hung me in the clouds by a golden chain.
I hope things are better for you down there."

Typing at the same time
Trying to find a way to
Define

The wind?
Things insurmountable
Air thin
And vanquished
Through small cracks
Tiny insects
Come in

Before/after
Everlasting
Forever and
Forevermore
Memory and
Memorial
Like a blurred,
Badly printed reproduction

In repetition, I repeat
That I am, I am, I am
In the doing I am dearer, nearer,
Visible and clearer
In a sort of self defined mythology
Now you see me, now you don't
Delete delete
I tried to backspace yesterday
Away and away from me
I cannot backdate this feeling any longer
What a vase can and can't hold
A tribute or a tributary
A wish to vacate

Analogue olden day
When we used to pass
Pieces of paper back and forth
Folding the edges over carefully
Writing with lightning speed
And determined deliberation
As if the spark of a word
Had caught fire
On the tallest tree
Uncovering

What we could already see
Afternoon whittled
Pens like small sticks
Scratching into
Eternal dirt beds
That we would read
Til the last line.

What is the wellest an email has ever found you poem
What is the deepest well you have ever dropped a penny into poem
How many wishes have ever been granted poem

Truly unruly
We were definite in our predictions
When the page was shared
We agreed without agreeing
Thought patterns are bared

Restless unresting
Turning up to the task
Of what to wear
To match the mask
And my unkept hair

Unfurling further
A long roll of twine
On a rolling spool
An Irregular line
Of cotton wool

Thistle sifting
As therapy,
For hands of apathy
Make amend
For minds of melancholy

Just adjusting
For those playing
At home wondering
What they're saying
"10 points for nothing."

Messy confess
Television, switch
City bound trains
I make a wish
Passengers pray

How many people on the train poem

When will I see your face in my place again poem

Looking for someone to look you in the eye poem

And tell you the truth poem

Gentle poem

Terrible poem

You have won a brand new car poem

Because it's going to be ok poem

Take off your shoes
Go and sit over there
Wrap yourself in the blanket
Here is a pillow
And a cup of tea
And something nice to eat

Taking the wai-wai express poem

The nearest post box
Is up a very steep hill
They call
'The Boulevard'
Out the front
Of the biggest house
I have ever seen
Through large glass
Windows peering in
Children cart tiny
wheelbarrows
Full of sand
The sturdy gait
Of foot soldiers
At a good clip

Only to roll
Back down
In Sisyphean
Repeat

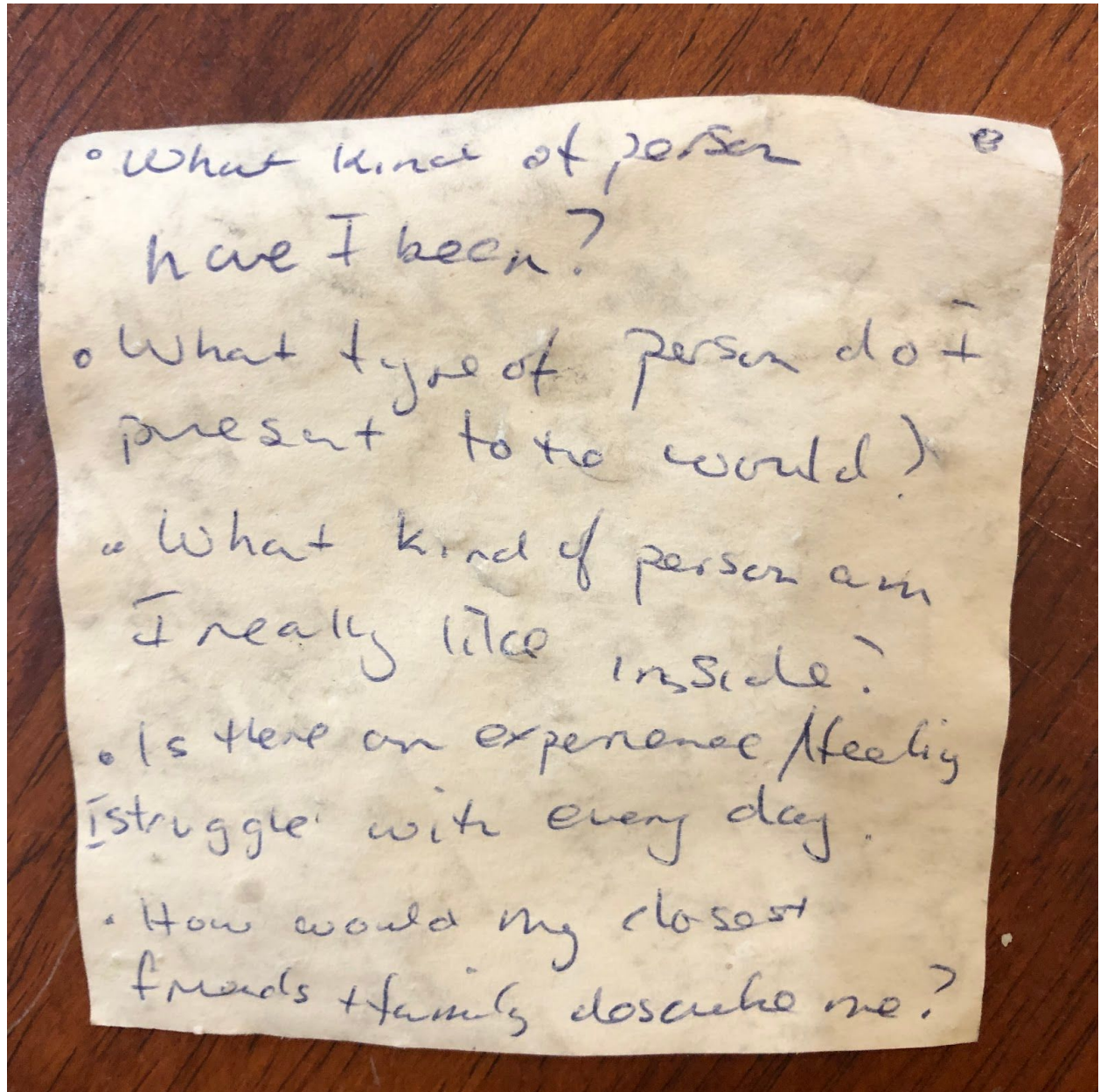
The boulevard
The grove
The avenue
Every house has its mouse
Every house has its indoor family
Every house lets out the smell of burning chops
At 6pm, precisely
Suburban smoke signals
Codified lifestyle
“Hey, I’m doing ok”

Hard rubbish
Lined up
Piled up
Left out
I imagine making sculptures from the detritus
of the whole world
This project could never end
I am the garbage man!
I say, clashing cans
Punchline involves a banana
under shoe



Dull thud of the cat
Boxing plastic flamingos
Vermillion socks
On new mown green
Chainsaw racket
Quiet please!
Champagne cork
Shuttle over bunting
Snapshot cinema
Freeze

I laid a length of cloth out across the lawn
And walked up to the flowers
Look at me as I survey all of my land
I am the homeowner, the father
The heteronormative family?
The neo-archaic
(although resplendent)
virtue signal
All rolled into one
Single human
(Fully compostible, FYI)
&
LOL I am laughing
Lolling along on the floor
At "agoraphobia" as the first tune
on the playlist
Because I've heard this song before
&
Did you Know we all feel the same way
From Justin Bieber to Helen Garner
we wanna be outside ourselves
But all this wisdom, pearls
Hang heavy round our necks
Knowledge we never
Needed to
Come across
Before



Found Poem (on the ground by the postbox)

What kind of person have I been?
What type of person do I present to the world?
What kind of person am I really like inside?
Is there an experience/feeling I struggle with everyday.
How would my closest friends + family describe me?

Today's Headline Poem

CHRONIC NAIL BITER GROWS FINGERNAILS

A local Ivanhoe resident has reportedly grown fingernails for the first time since the mid 1990's. Interviewed via teleconference the man, who would like to remain anonymous said "due to the current crisis I've been too afraid to touch my face, I keep my hands in my pockets when I go out. In fact, touching anything outside of the boundary of my own home frightens me. Because of this I've stopped chewing my fingernails and have been enjoying being able to do things I've never done before. Those finicky nimble tasks such as peeling off labels and apple stickers, untying ribbons and scratching myself have become so much easier."

If All There Was Poem

If all there was
Was just a song
Who would be the one
To sing it?

If all there was
Was a single spell
Who would be the one
To break it?

If all there was
Was a loaf of bread
Who would be the one
To share it?

If all there was
Was a deep dark well
Who would be the one
To brave it?

If all there was
Was a broken wing
Who would be the one
To mend it?

If all there was
Was just a field
Who would be the one

To extend it?

If all there was
Was running water
Who would be the one
To drink it?

If all there was
Was just a thought
Who would be the one
To think it?

If all there was
Was waves above
Clouds below
An upturned boat
A pair of feet
In rain and sleet
A river flow
An old coat
A favourite show
A front row seat
(As if in fate)
A film of love
A film of hate
Who would be the one
To play it?

IT WOULD BE ME!
I am the man
This is my autobiography
Watch this play
It's titled "ME"
Yes,
in demand
My
Me, me, me

Extend, extend the field?
Who called and said that was the plan?
I put my trust into this field
To stay the same -

I've watched it yield
Opinion, fact and dividend
Year after year
My heart did spend
A lot of time
Refining
Raking
Sorting
Huffing
Puffing
And the like
But now the field must go
Further than my eyes,
Such strife

It's crass, I'm cross
The timings off
My boundary has been met
Huh, I remind you of a blanket?
Wet?
Get off my turf, my lawn, my girth
I'll serve you
Everything
But what you're worth

Darebin Poem

Today the creek was full
Stormwater rushing in
I imagined white water rafters being extreme
A passing cyclist may have been a superhero

The joggers nod:
Something that says
I see you
&
You exist

Seven Unusual Facts Poem

Space smells like seared steak.

A hummingbird weighs less than a penny.
During your lifetime, you will produce enough saliva to fill two swimming pools.
A ducks quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.
Rhythm is the longest English word without a vowel.
The Great Ocean Road is the worlds largest war memorial.
Roald Dahl was a taste tester for Cadbury's chocolate.
There are four types of marine debris:
flotsam, jetsam, lagan, and derelict.

A welcome poem
Association poem
Dissociation poem
Favourite things poem
What is left out of the frame poem
Addressing the collective grief poem

Three Spins Of The Wheel Of Fortune Poem

Shadowlines - Lighter and Lighter
On the Shipwreck Coast.

That golden balloon has been stuck in the tree for months.

A million dollars will get you an apartment where the Alphington Papermill used to be.

Materiality In The Digital Age

What I would give
To stand in front
And see
Real time texture
Ceiling white patina
Imbued with human hand

What I would give
To visit your studio
And smell
Mineral turpentine

Pencils, sharp
Canvas, easel, brush

What I would give
Though, frowned upon
Perhaps when
gallery guards turn
From the magnificent painting
I would love to touch

I was reading your poetry and burnt the pancakes poem

Learning tower of pizza
I took a tripod there
And true cracks in history were stuffed with rubbish
Ancient city with a side of Coca Cola
We are going down in history
Down
Down
Yes, I said down
I think this boat is sinking
I heard that it's not impossible for friendship to disintegrate
In times of unprecedented stress
I could hear your voice yelling through the telephone
Plastic grapes in my line of vision
I couldn't hang up
Who asserts and who defines

Until tomorrow, such sweet sorrow
At which we part
Our minds replaying,
Shakespeare said
To love to die to live to cry
Sunflowers growing in my mind

Lana Del Ray's Dream Poem

Forget this city
Riding in
On the back seat
Baby

All of my friends
Zooming in
Through the neon traffic lights
Baby

Fake eyelash
Falling forwards
Baby

Archaic glamour plot
Boring
Baby

Tragic noir
Sparkling silver screen
High heels, refreshment
Baby

20 cent party dress
And all the rest
Baby

Real world nostalgia
For the behind us days
Baby

Stop using the word daddy
Forever
Baby

Pepsi Max billboard
Take a sip
This is California
Baby

Woke up
With a birds nest
On Coco Chanel's dress
Baby

Lipstick mirror
Polaroid camera

Kick flip the college stairs
Baby

Sore back poem
Tender poem
Why won't you return my phone call poem?
I thought we could have an adult conversation, poem!
I think i see what's happening here
Suddenly the thought that years and years and years
Hanging above your head
Like a fig
So ripe for the picking
Shrivels up in a way you'd never seen
Blister in the sun
A dinner plate wiped clean

There's not really anything i can do about that

Spirals on a t-shirt poem
Toddler in a t-shirt poem
Sweaty armpits is also a t-shirt poem

Three chicklets in a hen house in the living room

You Were Only 19 Poem

I remember a night
Where
"Anywhere I Lay My Head"
Just played
On & on.
You fell asleep
On top of a DVD player
And cursed
The monster in your dreams.
"Get away from me you bastard!"
A difficult pillow,
But you seemed to manage
As the cold night crept in.
Sunday's

Elongated arm
Took you
Down the stairs
To Monday's
Meeting.

Ocean In A Seashell Poem

Funny,
This time
Now.
Collecting
Fragments
Of
Things
Long
Passed.
Sifting
Memory.
Gleaners,
Bring
Potatoes
In.

If I Try Not To Blink Poem

The hands of the clock
Did a windmill dance
On a distant pier.
Toe tapping on the ice
Of a fisherman's scale.
3, 6, 9, 12
Turn, turn, turn
I was told
I'd know when
To reign it in.
Small boats
Break
The waters
Stare.

A sorcerers tutorial poem

Many of you here today
May have tried to conjure something
That is simply impossible
To manifest.
I am here today
To show you
A step by step guide
Of a few simple techniques.
We will start with:
How to hold the wind
Locating lost keys
and deciphering unseen signs.
We will then move on
To some more advanced methods
Such as:
Crystallising memory
Examining the properties of scent
And learning to live with what you have.

But you managed to manage
That's the moral of the story
That's the cursed DVD player
That's the cursed .com image
Comb apart the bits and bobs
Side part your hair
And bobby pin the rest
Fold a collar, fold it back again

That's ok
That's okay
That Is A-Ok
When all the art galleries in the world
depict
What a painting could be
What refinement smells like
When a tree is a tree
And a sculpture is air
And a painting is false

And nothing is there

When the world falls apart
(Can we call it that yet?)
A reformatting is necessary
DE-FRAG THE HARD DRIVE
Don't bother using the files you backed up
They said they were wrong
I think they are wrong
I'll define that
It's wrong

Start from the start
And then go further back

There's nothing
There's everything
Some of a thing and another sum of
Plenty
Look down, see your hands
Planting seeds
And pulling the blanket back
On a day done
Without
Pushing coins forward

What about all the gardens
All the babies sleeping
All the shopping lists
in long ago lost cursive
What about the dream
of the life
that you might one day
have
What about these thoughts?
And so what if
They resemble a diary
done at 16 -
sweet then
You all deemed it to be so
gave me a key to this city

realm of the femme
told me it was all there to pocket

So I'm still sifting seashells
Trying to tease them in
Trying to trade ourselves in
Trying to wash that feeling right out of my hair
At the end of the day

Lipstick comes in many colours poem
I drank a whole bottle of champagne poem
I unwittingly made my friend upset poem

How Do I Explain This Poem To My Mum, Poem?

Well, you see
I thought it was about time and memory
But somehow happened to be
About fishing and dancing
I don't know anything about fishing
But I like to dance
And I like my friends
And I wish I could see them
But I'm not allowed
And I'm pretty shy anyway
So I'll just kick this ball around
And little vignettes
Scraps and scraps
Just blend in my pocket
And talk to each other
Until some words appear
And swirl around the idea
Until I hear
The story
Sorry Mum.

The Stars Are Out Tonight Poem

Orion's Belt sparkled perfectly
Holding up stovepipe jeans
On this hemisphere
The southern one

Where crosses are bared
Alpha Centauri
Only 4.37 light years
Away
Beamed into our living room
As a cowboy lassoed
On the TV
Thousands of luminous spheres
And continuous
Colliding galaxies
Amazed in their mass
The constellation prize
Was a sight
For sore
Eyes

Then My Heart With Pleasure Fills And Dances With The Daffodils Poem

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, poem!

For you:
All the birthday cakes in all the world
And all the candle flames
all the gift wrap
And all the curled string
And one of those birthday cards which sing
When you open them up
Thumbs propping the edge
So the tune comes to greet us
Just dying to meet us;
And what do you hear?

It's a paintbox being opened
It's a sugared orange peel
It's a maraschino cherry
It's a too much happy feel

It's a silly string attack
It's a smile from ear to ear
It's a brightly painted shack
It's a poem, but it's real

It's a collection of clovers

It's a bunny and a cat
Wearing tiny little jumpers
And shiny sparkling hats

How did you get that song into such a tiny place!
And what kept it there?

Some kind of magic
(A battery so small)
No, it was some kind of magic
IT WAS MAGIC
First and foremost
Above all

There's a tune
We've come to know it well
Covered in icing and
Held up by balloons
It says
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL HUMAN
It's true
It's true
It's true

!

Poem poem poem as a LIFE RAFT

Co-mingling
Which hand is mine is yours?
Which letter is yours is mine?

Orion's Belt,
I
Pictured it twinkling
again
Orion's Belt was a person
Continues to be a person
I have not
Yet met
I thought about all the things

I'm not allowed to have today
did you have them yesterday?
Self defined THE END

So this is the sequel
The SEQUEL
I SAID

Antony & The Johnson's Played In The Background Poem

Cello, piano and
Three part harmony
Protected
And made
All of the dreams
come true
Brave faces
Worn weary
Watching the elderly
Sleep
My sister called
And made me laugh
For jokes
They'll never know
I can see them come
Those dreams
They're gonna come
True

When you hold onto your dreams they are never as heavy as shopping bags
When you work hard to get your dreams these same shopping bags are
Applied
Under your eyes

Today i want to be outside myself again
At odds with the rest
Interior breathing
Im a part time therapist
Im a struggling duck
Im a part time therapist

Im a wandering goose
Like i said, i'm a part time therapist

So i texted my ex because the world is ending poem
So i texted ALL my exes before the world ends poem
And we discussed a dream for the future
Recalibrate your days
"How do you give the whole world a hug?"
All my husbands, wives and children on the line
I rock you in my arms, asleep
Rocking, we.
And then i rock myself to sleep
In lieu of any other sort of physical contact

Mum calls and appoints me to be the family counsellor
In lieu of any other sort of spiritual guide
. com

(I am ill-equipped for any of the jobs life has given me)
I am the boss
And i am the underpaid casual worker
Co-existing at exactly the same time
MENIAL TASK is my middle name
On repeat.

A dog barks into existence
Dragging bow across the strings
Animals and orchestras
Crescendo, cacophony's
Await a quiet opening
To sing

For political tragics
Monthly magazines
The algorithm enters
Exit sign emergency's
Blast a noisy void —
Catastrophes

At the interval
A mouse scurried along
And into the pit
Back to the baroque
Crack in the wall
As a tiny triangle sounded 'ding!'

Dear Sonia Delaunay Poem

Oh art oracle!
Brightly guiding across the century
Over choppy waters
Of uncharted territory
On a deck full
Of old white men
You showed them!
No need to drop an anchor
For your sense of depth and rhythm
Cemented in history
Yet liquid, moving.

Oh cross-cultural polyglot!
Languages deficiency
Hearing the poems sound as colour
As your painted car
Sped down the motorway
But turned blue so as not to distract the other drivers
The art still happens
Thanks to you
Someplace where the very ancient
And distant future meet
Eternally yours,
J

I wonder what Lana Del Rey is doing in isolation
Right at this very minute
Poem

Playing video games!
LOL FOR ALL ETERNITY

The speed is blue
The colour of speed is blue green grey
The colour of the studio is pink
The colour of my eyes, i'm not sure, i can't see them

I can't find my glasses
Are they brown or hazel?
Is eye colour changeable?
This day - grey, bleak
I'd go somewhere if I were able
So instead i cast my eyes
To the inside of my head
Unicorn tears on the radio
Someone clinging a spoon against a wine glass

Again
All over again
Its like wind chimes but solid
The breeze, but made of crystals
Like the ones from chandeliers
And the studio inside my head
It has a big hand painted bed
And carpets made of velvet threads
THE WORLD OF INTERIORS
Is what the first page said
I go there all the time
And i have to pay no rent
Its my logic
Self defined
It's the world inside my head

Please listen from the first song
<https://open.spotify.com/artist/6rp6bzwzVN7UtQVO6ld2vT>

Tilting tiles
Evaporate
Argyle patterns
Ruminate
Speckled paint

Obstacles

Forever

Undulating
Notes
Interior
Codes
Only
Rain
Near

Dear Caitlin

this is a SEcret iNvisible coDed message
dlsguised and Neatly camouflaGed as a poem
HopefUlly no one at siGnals interceptS

Google dogs

I mean, google docs
Keeps saying to me
'Trying to connect'
And hey!

I was like,

'oh!, dude, i've been trying to do that my whole life too!'

Looking at paintings by

Marie laurencin

I get sad that i got older
And don't paint the way i used to
I was a little girl with a little curl
And lots of paintbrushes
Now i set myself against
Ever

I don't know, i lost my train of thought and
Went back to look at pictures by
Marie laurencin

Watching Amélie on the TV poem

She likes hearing the cats bowl on the floor
I love watching people's faces in the dark
Dipping her hand in a bag of seed
This is the man of glass
So he's spent the last 20 years at home
A dazzling idea forms in her mind
I'm amazed. Sit down.
And they both vanished.
Drink up.
I know I've left my only reason for leaving Paris.
It's his way of showing he loves his work.
Ignore him he's senile.
We all need to calm our nerves somehow.
Bredoteau, I rest my case.
Let's reconcile them now.
If you found a treasure from your childhood, would you feel happy, sad, nostalgic?

Things I Overheard On The Creek Trail

Mother to child: "We're going over another bridge!"
Child: "A bridge!"
Mother: "It's a big adventure!"
Elderly women on bicycle to her friends:
"I'm trying to think where that pond is."
Me: "There's a pond up the hill."
Elderly women's friends: "Yes darling WE KNOW!"
Me: "Oh, you know, sorry."

Sometimes I find myself at a loose end.
Is that the same as being bored?
Being at a loose end is more tinged with sadness.
Being bored is like being dehydrated or having a headache.

Or like having a hangover
From 1234 12 champagne cocktails
Cept i did it to myself
And because of that
Cannot complain

Salt and pepper
In my hair

As well as on
The dinner plate
Time it passes
But i figured out today
That you can wind it back!
It's so easy
Grab your watch, find
The thingy
The little twiddly bit
And move it backwards
It may seem counter intuitive
But today i moved time backwards
Haven't people been trying to do that
for centuries?
It's so simple
And that's the truth

Songs for an imaginary EP

BABYLAND
DAIRY CHAMBER
DAISY FORTRESS
FLOWERS GROW IN CRACKS
RESEMBLANCE
MIRROR, MIRROR
HEAVY STRING O' PEARLS
MUTTON SLEEVE
DEAR DIARY
LONG TIME, NO SEE
TURNING BACK TIME
ETERNAL DREAMIN'
SHIRLEY TEMPLE MILKSHAKE
THE END; PART II

Coming soon to you
On *Daily Heartbreak* records

A Silly Invention Poem

I thought of a silly invention called the

'Moon Monocular'
so you can appreciate the moon from afar and at close range.
Maybe even at the same time!
but very soon realised, it existed already as a telescope.
Back to the drawing board.

The drawing board
As my home
A poem;

Clay Pigeons (for John Prine)

A poet walks
Looking for somewhere to go
It's always buses and silence
Until you know what to say
It's funny the people you meet sometimes
Going places you've never been
On vacation, on the ceiling
And then, home
Until you're far away
And you turn into clay
Get fired a few times
And stuck on a train
It's just another day
You're singing again
You knew what to say
In all of your songs.

YOU KNEW THE WHOLE TIME
Never forget

Bye bye birdie
Bye bye Bernie Sanders
What is the nightmare
That you dream of
when you are already
living it

In daily hours

Turning back the clock
Pushing onto the next day
Running down the street
In a sleety sheet of rain
To prove that my lungs work
That my legs work
That I've still got a heart
Like the tin man, the lion
Dorothy
Arms intertwined
"Are you happy not communicating with me?"
I ask feebly
Through the phone screen
And await a response
Twenty trillion meta milli seconds
I THOUGHT FRIENDS WERE SUPPOSED
TO TELL THE TRUTH
But i will never learn the lesson
That the truth is the only thing
You should never tell your
Friends
Lest
They become
Foes

I heard
About a woman
Who fell in love with a painting
Every monday, tuesday, friday
Whenever there was
the time
She'd put on her best shoes
A nice dress
Walk right up to
The canvas
And smile,
a twinkle in the eye
Reserved
For the painting
And the painting only;

A gift of
A coy
Sideways
Glance,
A tip of the hem
of the skirt
Perhaps a
pigeon toed stance.

Invisibility
In the space
With her face
Ten inches from the
Love
of her life

National Gallery of Victoria
FROM MEMORY

Still life with a bowl
And fruit which could be apples
A cow from olden days
A statue with no dust on it
Nude people who aren't here anymore
Soldiers who haven't killed yet
An obsidian snake, tightly coiled
Small angel with correct anatomy
Art deco chair in black and red beechwood
Rainbow glass
Cups and saucers in black closet

Rembrandt's Hands

Those hands!
Would you just look at them!
Was the paint applied by a thumb?
Or scratched in with the end of brush?
Or like butter on sourdough
Dragged across and crunch
Imagining those hands

Eating lunch
In Amsterdam
Dappled by the golden light
Of the 1600's

WHAT WOULD REMBRANDT EAT FOR LUNCH, POEM;

For starters: A small bowl of stew, with bread.

Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes

Chervil, chives, parsley

Sage

Rosemary and thyme

Roast quail

With pickled onions and carrots

Juniper berry sauce

To drink: A glass of ale

Cluttering Up My Hallway

What are all these things?

Cluttering up

My hallway

Where did they come from?

Cluttering up

My hallway

How did they get here?

Cluttering up

My hallway

Will they stay?

Cluttering up

My hallway

Or go away?

Cluttering up

My hallway

Boxes, books, bits and bobs

Cluttering up

My hallway

Dust, cobwebs, shoes and socks
Cluttering up
My hallway

Floorboards covered til the end of time
Cluttering up
My hallway

Will they play?
Cluttering up
My hallway

Maybe today?
Cluttering up
My hallway

What are all these things?
Cluttering up
My hallway

Q: Who is the satron paint
I mean the patron saint
Of Artists?

A: Saint Catherine of Bologna (1413-1463)

Solving Art Problems Poem

Looking at these tubes of paint
Just now
I remembered my dream
My teacher taught me how to mix
The perfect grey!
I wish I could remember
What the colours
Were

Ode To Autumn

Leaves — oxide and ochre
New covering
On soft ground
Strips of bunting blew off
Colourful wings
Flagging gale
A mad scramble
For the towels
Before it
Really
Goes
Again

After Rain Poem

Tympani pitter pat
Iron keys, weathervane
In between cups
Kettle cracked.

Slow forward foot
Temper, sap green
Made of timber;
Cindering.

Open-air night
Glow, dimmable
Prussian waves;
Assembling.

A Tabletop Poem

The subtle power
Of the pine cone
And strawflower
In a glass bowl

How many terrible dinners
There were around this table

I have inherited

A centrepiece
Cutlery, placed
The craft station, cleared
Away

Of all the things that accumulate
In the midst of
Endless numbered days

Sorry i was away for a few days poem

In the meantime
I drew a butterfly
On my window with some paint
And it leaked, dribbled
Didn't turn out well
In the meantime
I held my friends hand
And cried in bed at 3am
I tried to make sense
Nothing much has changed
While everything looks different

The tabletop as a scene of some crime
The tabletop as a giorgio morandi painting
Its so perfect, but its not real
A painting - it's not real, it's never been real
Achieving real through realism
Why don't you just go out and live your life instead

What do you dream for the future?
Eternal sunsets for the spotty mind

All the things i should've said but i never said
Kate bush lives in a mansion on an island
I wonder what kate bush is doing in isolation
The biggest betty boop compilation on youtube

Real estate for sale
'Real'

When i hear you sing it is such a simple thing of beauty
It is in your nature
It seems
There is no apparent effort
Only grace

What would my life look like if i never painted again?

Painting has become a companion
In the absence of anything else
Or maybe always was but I didn't notice
A cantankerous and tricky one at times
But sometimes good to be around
Revealing itself, unfolding.

The one I have of yours
In my kitchen
That says:
Note to self to sit more.
She said
'I'm not a renewable resource.'
Hardly breathing deeply,
If ever.
Is one of my most treasured
Possessions.

Kate Bush's Big Day Out Poem

Kate Bush opened the front door to her clifftop island mansion
That has slowly been falling into the sea
Stepped out and closed the door behind her
She wore a red flower in her hair

She went running up the hill
And did a deal with god
And the sun came out

And she got to work
Cloudbusting!
Which made the breeze
Sound like a saxophone
And the light shifted
As the dizzy high notes
Awoke the hounds of love
Sleeping under trees

Kate Bush and her deal with god
Could she get him to swap our places?

Lately lots of dreams
About deep water
'Sea swallow me' by Cocteau Twins
Seems right

Hopkins River Blues Poem

I woke up at the crack of dawn
Disoriented, unfamiliar hotel
I was definitely in my own bed
From the windows I could tell

Was it all a Dream

I put a jumper on
I felt really old
I put some coffee on
It was freezing cold

I put on my shoes
And set out the door
To watch the sunrise
For only grey I saw

Was it all a Dream

The city skyline
Buildings empty
Dust gathers
On desks.

Detritus,
Collecting
A collaborative
Contribution

'It's just a gesture from the goodness of my own heart'

WHAT'S FOR DINNER TONIGHT POEM?

2 Onions, 4 cloves garlic, 1 chilli, 3 celery, 2 carrots, 6 whole tomato's, 2 cans peeled tomato's,
1 litre chicken stock, boiling water, thyme, basil, salt, pepper.

Was worried it tasted a bit taste.com

So added Sriracha

Grand Padano and Parsley

Crusty bread

Ringbound book of poetry

I can see

It

Can i make

It

?

YES

A Detective Working From Home Poem

Tubby, the long haired tabby
From over the back fence
Has been causing trouble
In the neighbourhood

Sometimes when the Dad
From next door
Entertains his kids
As they bounce on the trampoline
I mistake his playful yelling
For angry violence

Last night

Over on the other side of the fence
I heard someone
singing a quiet song
And playing guitar
And it filled me with so much joy

In the garden
I found three dead beetles
I named them
John, George and Ringo

I'm still looking for
Paul.

It might be ok to tell
You
That Paul is still with
Us
He's in the
Other room.
Yes.

I think i saw a rat
Walking across the drive
They had been living in the walls
But the pest man
Ushered them right out

The rats were evicted
(but i thought the government had implemented a ban on that?)
Oh callous, cruel and canny creatures
Are we,
Inside this house
This house without
A mouse
Or rat

Better that we didn't bring a cat
To chase and chew

And do what
Cats just love to do

To play with toys
In quiet noise

(Once mimi bought in a small bat
Not an autumn leaf as i had first suspected
I named it cathy
(heathcliffe, its me your cathy!)
And put it in a cardboard box to sleep
Never have i thought of
Cathy dead,
Or else i'd weep.)

My mother, named Cathy too
Same story applies

THANKYOU FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT, POEM

Just as much
As the
Cumulus clouds
jigsaw the glassy bay
Hand knitting scrap fragments
Of Abstract maps
I know
You're on
The right
Track

Patsy Takes Out The Trash Poem

BIN NIGHT IS WEDNESDAY NIGHT POEM

Sometimes i get overwhelmed by all the poems POEM

I Love this concept

That time doesn't exist anymore
That merely being
Is enough of
A buoyant option
To keep on going
Suffice to swimming
Bobbing, upping
Along this current of
Space and minutes
Yes, we are all in it
Every day like the last
And no tomorrow
We shall see
I've got eternity in my back pocket
I think it's enough just
To see
What all this fuss is about
And go home
Send a postcard
Take a souvenir
Happy to be here

What's blooming; april edition
Scotch bonnet chillies
Mandarins
Geraniums
Nasturtiums
Good will

I think the wind must have said something to the trees
But it was inaudible to me
On the teary eyed lifeboat
They bobbed,
along the sea
Shivered in their coats
Curled up on their seats
I think the sky must have said something
to the shoreline
But it was inaudible to me

All in this together poem

Satellites zoomed the suburbs
Sunday through Monday
Huddled in rooms
I was stewing in
We all vowed not to drop out
Because if one of us did
We all would
And if we all stayed
We'd all be together
And if one of us left
We would all stay
Because what else is there?
Opened the window a crack
And felt connected
To the whole hopeful thing
All at once
Bringing pots to rolling boil
Paints ready for tomorrow's attack
Maybe even homework

And if we stayed together
We would all be alright
There are some strings
Which bind us tighter
In this
Unfamiliar plight
It's the ribbon
a kindred spirit
Of a birthright, a chosen goal
To be a poet, painter, picasso
To create our way
Out of this hole
When so much could be
Riddled
With a boulders weight
Of sad
We've got
Paintbrushes
In our hands

And with this, we rule the land
The unexperienced plane
Ahead of us
For days

Within our making
We mold the earth like a lump of clay
Changes that this journey is taking
Have happened without delays

The one thing that
remains the same
Is a corner of a canvas
Signed with your own name

ISO POEM

Oh jeez
Don't ya wish
You could
Just see
Your
Friends
And hug em'
And tell
Em'
That you love
Em'
In
Real
Life
X

YES YES YES
FRIENDS FRIENDS FRIENDS
HERE TODAY
TOMORROW
AND AGAIN

The World Says You're Holding You

I woke up about 2am last night
after dreaming I was writing a poem
and I remembered a single line
and I typed it into my phone, before falling back to sleep
“the world says you're holding you.”

The Book I Never Read

That lived on a chair
By the bed
A clever title
A colourful spine

The dust jacket
Doing its job
The pages
Crisp and white

From chapters 1
Through til the end
A winding story
From side to side

That contained
All the words in the writers head
A gripping account
Of the crime

Just about everything
That went unsaid
Written out
Line by line

What if
The poem
Had a hard edge
Or what if it was soft
And curved and waved
While walking downstairs

Gesturing to the guests below
And said hello to everyone
In some kind of show of
Slow motion kindness
Organic but defined
By footsteps and
Beautiful
Eyes

7.30 Poem

Leigh Sales sits down
with the former Prime Minister
For a hard hitting interview
Where Mal dishes up the dirt
On everything we already
Knew

WHERE'D YOU GO? Poem

I've been everywhere, woman

At light, at land
Within the hand
That does exist
With no demand

Emotionally quiet
The current goal
A mindset
Minus superfluity

Just wanted to say thankyou for
So many things

The sable paintbrush too
Sensitive to make repeated strokes
Work life of one week
Resting place, the bin

Millions of dollars,
Superannuation
In the form of
A historic mercedes benz
I never had any to spare
Behind the steering wheel
And a plush leather seat below
Where would we even go?

I WANT MY OWN APARTMENT POEM
I ACTUALLY REALLY LOVE BEING ALONE POEM

Realestate.com poem
Communal living at 30, poem

ONLINE DATING poem
LOOKING FOR LOVE poem
LOVING ONESELF poem

Moon was a sliver
Dogs in the dark
Stars were silver
Ghosts in the park

Walked the neighbourhood
Stopped for a sit
And it feels good
To be back on my bullshit

Counted the cars
On the main road
I wonder how far
They're willing to go

I wonder if I could
Get everything to fit
And it feels good
To be back on my bullshit

Noticed the shadows
Thought of my friends
Looked through the windows
Lights on in there

It's well understood
But I still don't get it
And it feels good
To be back on my bullshit

The sun climbed above the trees
And melted the frost on the field
And my thoughts dripped away
Into the stormwater drain
I was held tightly by the ground
As threads unravelled
And gravity undone by care
And concrete, mud and gravel
Bound up by the bank
Warm beam of sunlight
For which I thank, as it
Takes a shape from the line

Back on my bullshit
Self indulgence for real
I support it, i endorse it
Just trying to feel
In a world that suppresses
That consists of such messes
I dream mostly about
Stopping the spinning wheel

The cursor of doom
The screen goes so blue
A witch in a ditch
You've got this virus too

So it's back on my bullshit
I'm living a fantasy
Self curated fanfiction
In the mirror i wanna see
Robert smith from the cure

Kissing covers of my latest LP
Red lipstick, titled BRICK
To which my crushes are a devotee
And flowers in my jeans pocket
Just like Morrissey
Taffeta ballgown and rhinestones
Im just being me

Girl band with bandanas
Postcards from the void
Boiled eggs for breakfast
And questions to toys
Paintbrush tween my fingers
And discernable noise
Coming from a pouted mouth
Screaming at all the boys

WHO KNOWS WHAT LOVE IS?

Those singers said it best
I plug my ears
And stride along
Putting every single theory
To the test

Patent leather
Said it better
Dresses
Black
Again

Im present at my own funeral
My birthday party
And all the rest
Im crying because i want to
I sat on the birthday cake
Im fictional
Im self betrothed
I'm surely,
What's at stake?

Back on my bullshit
It's a hobby
It's the job i love the best

Back on my bullshit
It's just putting
The alphabet
And all the numbers
Down without rest

Please send comment cards poem

Because you are about to see
A picture!
Introducing
(Gesturing)
Written and directed by
Everyone in the world!
(Applause)
Happening now
In real life
For a limited time

9.99\$ ON SALE
DIRECTED BY
Yours truly

I'll be listening to Prince
Sing Raspberry Beret
The kind you find only
When you finish your essay

Painting is
My
One
True
Love
And
Will
Also
Be
The
Death
Of

Me

Painting is
All
My
Good
Intentions
Strange
Inventions
Cognitive
Dissonance
Physical
Distance
Dance
Of
Pigeons
That
Fly
Away

PAINTING
Is
My
One
True
Language
As
If
I
Did
Not
Know
How
To
Be
Much
Else
In
The
Human
Realm

THE MIRACLE OF SELF DEFINITION

THE MIRACLE OF MARK MAKING

The miracle of spelling errors
Of spilled paint
Of feelings; profound
And others more fickle

The sight of the ends of the spring onion cut off
The image of time standing still
The hum of the heater on a ten degree day
The one star review you gave to the bad film
The slice of life you're merely livin'
The song you believe it could be
The lullaby of walkin' at night, alone, down the street
Lest someone come up behind you
Dare someone to come up behind you
Cigarette butt glowin' in the dim
A lifebuoy, a starlit signal
An eclipse
A circadian rhythm
A neverending infinity symbol
Applied in peppermint migraine oil
Across the temples
Again

The baby carrot on the end of a fork
The lines in the picture blur
The traffic glides along the chill
The golden ticket of possum fur
The wild slice I've been eating
That was sung into an ear
The six stringed instrument that brushed
The darkness out of fear
Struck by own reflection
Or limb from under bed
A sound in that direction
The time that I was scared
Lighthouse on the pier
Cruise ships coming in
Spotlights on the water
Rusted rain on tin
Calendar days crossed

Packet of fisherman's friends
Reached for
In worn pockets
Rhythm, circadian
Over and over
Again

They folded up all the hills
And put them all away
Playgrounds disassembled
Like paper plates
Teenage drinkers banned
Rotunda boarded up
Shopping trolleys collected
Gates — all locked
Delays expected
For a few months
Flat packed
Vacuum sealed
And stored
In the linen closet

Triangles;
Get tangled
Three sides
Slide.
Squares;
Go there
Four
Right angles.
Circles;
Go round
Around
And round.

Sinking back into a chair
Inactive in active wear
Short distance - fingertip
Feel your toes
In your shoes
Middle distance - coffee table
Colour, mood
Payne's grey

Long distance - miles away

Perylene black
Herculean attack
An attempt, at that
To bear the brunt of the
Paintings that came before us
Who defined what it was to create
So long before us
And without us
In mind

This bag of rocks
And canvas
Is so heavy
Just too
Fatigable
For me

For although i am
Quite fearless
I am not yet
Indefatigable

PARDON ME
I WAS LATE
BECAUSE I GOT TIRED
OF
THINKING ABOUT ALL THE PAINTINGS IN
THE
WORLD
AND WHERE
MINE
SAT IN
RELATION
TO ALL OF
THE PAINTINGS
IN THE WORLD

The art gallery does not exist
I wish
I hope

Go back to when i didn't know a thing
The first thing i knew was that;
i
Didn't know a
thing

What do you get from an artwork
Apart from the work itself
When it's in your house
On the wall?

Sometimes I feel like
I can sense
The presence
Of the person who made it
Is it friendship?
Paintings are generous in that way

I sometimes think of strangers
That bought my paintings
And I never hear from them again
Can they feel the presence of me?

What if their taste changes
As it often does
Where does the painting go?
Into landfill?
Or disappear?

Word Of The Day Poem

I have a calendar;
For each day
A word.
366 words
On a leap
Year.
Today it is
The 7th
Of May.
Sunrise: 7:07am

Sunset: 5:26pm
With no chance
Of rain.
Truant:
A pupil
who stays
away from
school
without leave
or explanation.

'Early bird catches the worm'
That could be under your name
In the dictionary too

I think of early mornings
Sunrise
Break of day
Another
Friends of yours,
One might say?

Thanks for having me over for eternal cups of tea

In lieu of a friendship bracelet
We have something else
It's this string of words
Like a string of pearls
Clustered all together
Like sardines in a new tin
Waiting here
In the long afternoon dim
Glowing soundly
On a screen
'good afternoon, won't you come in?'

Staked up the fallen sunflower
Don't give up now,
There's still so much work to be done.

Spokesplant for every grain of dirt in this patch;
The fertile friend of fronds.
That just passed legislation
For the 'Sun and Rain emergency fund.'
Whereby every organism — living or dead
Will be eligible for relief
From all this bad news we've been having.

Rain rain, go away, come again another day
Don't go raining on my parade
Hail storm dents 100 cars in north Melbourne neighbourhood
Clear skies expected

Sun meets my desk every morning
Sun meets me
I meet my desk every morning
In order to make sense

Stop Making Sense Poem

If you put on a big suit
Your head will appear smaller
The body will understand
Because the gestures are bigger
According to
David Byrne

I took off my shoes
And a long run up;
Sliding in my socks
Down the twisting
Glass ramp
Of the NGV.
It felt
Like I was going
Down
A ski slope.
The security guard;
Very unimpressed
Made a cross

With his stern arms.
The strong desire
To visit an art gallery
Has now
Infiltrated
My dreams.

When will we feel
That the dreams are also real?
Untenable reality
But felt and heard
And smelt,
All the same

Tangerine dream
California dreamin'
Dream baby, dream
Dream a little dream of me

This morning
I said aloud
"I'm going to make
some poetry for breakfast."
But what I
Really meant
Was:
"I'm going to make
some porridge for breakfast."
Come to think of it
They both do
The same thing.

A Yellow Poem

Was the day yellow
Was it a yellow day
Or did they change the word
Or agree
On something else
That was a closer fit
To how the day was.

But settled
Just for now
Because to meet
At what was meant
And said —
Ghost pinned
Wave traced
Closer, attempt.
We will go with that
For now.

If we can't
Comprehend the days
Anymore
Do the days cease to exist
Do the boundaries of calendar page
Go their own way?
(You can go your own way!)
I don't want to see things
return to normal
No one uses normal
In the way
it's supposed to be
Normalcy
Normality
Dictionary defined
On the clock, on the time
I just wanted the path to spread itself
Generously
Out in front of me
For it to be
Just fine

A silver-lining Poem

Clouds rapidly turn
Into
Pictures
Of faces
And crocodiles
Through my grandparents
Bedroom window
I felt so bad

For waking them up early
And got in trouble
But I didn't want to
Miss
The show

Fleet Mac Wood Poem

Stevie nicks appeared
Like an apparition
At the end of my bed
And gently whispered
"You can call it another
Lonely day"
Before disappearing
Through the foggy
Glass of the window
As she went
On her own way

Sort of hopeful poem;

I don't believe in ghosts
The most
But a buttered piece of toast
Is gross
And most at ease
On a plate
By my side
As i sigh
coz the day
Is high tide
In that
It rises
Till dark
And at the sound
of the lark
Drops away
Into dull
Studded
Starlit moonlight
And i wait

And i say
That i never learnt to pray
But now is the right time
And i'm here
I am primed
For the time of
My life to begin
Like sunshine
For the door to be open
To all that feels fine
For love to begin
For all that is thine
To be here
And be near
And be now
Never late
Its on time
And its mine
I define
Via rhyme
I put down without frown
And i kiss
Me goodnight

Peeling back the tape to find a perfect line
I am constantly sweeping dust from these tiles
Only to be covered on titanium white
Sweeping and painting, the same thing

Dahlias Poem

Dahlias squint in autumn sunlight
While digesting cadmium red
Through sap green stem

Carried home in a raincoat
With abundant pockets
And put in a vase

A lightbulb moment
That stopped
And smelled
And slept
For what felt
Like a very
Long time.

Dahlias awake when time is wrong
While taking a bath
Through private walls

Carried home
with eyes closed
And pointless clothes

A quiet moment
To halt
And yelled
And fell
For what felt
Like a very
Long time.

Dahlias grow in the beautiful garden
Cool blues and warm browns
Surround you

Carried back
From the grammar school
Performing arts centre

A stolen moment
That footpathed
And radioed
And ran
For what felt
Like a very
Long time.

Dahlias mean everything
When spring delays
The traffic jam

Carried blooms jettisoned
From station wagon
To room

A lightbulb moment
Stark;
And sparked
Went dark
For what felt
Like a very
Long time.

Aquarius Poem (for Paul)

Hold the cold
Glass against
Suddenly, Keepsake, Spoken
Water
Ice is nice
Smashed up
Slowly, Evaporate, Silent
Water
Drink from sink
Lying down
Pretend, Concentrate, Listen
Water
Hide the tide
From boats
Ascending, Green, Relentless
Water
Save my wave
Three lines
Backward, Forward, Ripple
Water
Sign the rhyme
Formerly known
Name, Symbol, Cosmic
Water.

'Nice of you to write a poem for Paul poem'

Nice to write in a line poem

Nice to

Be

A poem

I try, poem

Won't you let me practice loving you, poem

New acquaintance with fantasy future POEM

Condensation waterline;

I blow smoke out of the tiny

Corner window

Open, just ajar

Leaning elbows

To let out such sighs,

In the kitchen

Imagination had

Travelled

Just that little bit

Too far

I fell so flat

Against the floor

And with all her weight

She lay adjacent

Along my spine

To crush out

All the optimism

That wasn't supposed

to be mine

Some tears they found their way

Again

From a well

we all thought had

Dried

And i tried to find

My way again

In a world

So self defined

I count five years
of empty
Bed
I count them
against the ones,
Full five
With a soft
Pillow propping up his head

I count the ways in which im
Good
In which i practice
Constant care
And yet i find
That i find myself
Tiptoeing down the stair
To sense
The door shutting softly
A car in the drive
Someone is in it
Taking just five
Simple seconds
To turn on the beams
And pull onto the highway
Ignoring such seams
That appear to be ripped
Can be mended
But if broken
Much more
Can't be fixed
Into place

when the eyes
They start crying
And the pretence of grace
Becomes crumbled
Like shit
And spread at the feet
Of every garbage bin collector
Whose job is
To sweep
The remnants of earth

From the steps of our houses
And pretend
That the mess
Is just best
In a vessel
Far away
Not of our making
And not for our taking
To heart
Or to light

MY HOUSEMATE HAS BEEN BAKING, POEM

How many times can i compose a letter to you, poem
Neurosis.com
Oh isn't it fun

Oh no, no one can hurt me
I get a poem out of heartbreak, every time
Perhaps i do it to myself to have a constant
Stream of
Inspiration
Something to write home about

My Dear Friend Poem (for Caitlin)

Going side by side with you
My dear friend
What words would ever do
Line by line
Thread by thread
Sidestep; the Sunset
What words would ever do
My dear friend
Going side by side with you

In the good way, you make tears come out of my eyes, poem

i

See the walking in the park
Done in duo tandem
Comparison
See the frostbit blades of buffalo grass
Unkempt under brown boot
And crushed under forward moving
Knees and
Strident gestures
I see the walking in the park
As the safest space
To achieve
A reprieve from
An indoor state of mind
An open space
Within which
I could place my foot firmly
Down
Upon solid ground
For the time being
That will have to
Do

We sat by the scoreboard and lit up a joint
My eyes traced the graffiti
Again and over again
outlines
I haven't written my name
CAITLIN
In capitals

No, i hadn't autographed
But it was there all the same
FUCK LOVE
One bit said
Etched in with the tip of a scissor
Or something
FUCK MY LIFE
It said too

And then in a line
So many assertions
Of life
Name
Name
Name
Everyone's names

(You keep putting it down
Even if
To feel fucked
Is to be here
And to be now)

And i delighted in resting my
Chin on the beam
Looking across at the sun
With a resigned wink
Of recognition
I sat under the scoreboard
It remained to be blank
To tally up one's losses
Successes
I do not keep score
For fears of being
Both first and last

GREEN SOUP POEM

Wading through the delicious swamp
While still managing
To keep my elbows off the table
Ladle, pot, spoon and bowl
The green lagoon
Covered every utensil
With each mouthful
I become so full
I might just sink to the bottom
Of this great steaming lake!

Breath, Replaced Poem

A tiny death —
Replacing breath
With a breath
The last one left
Another; next
And again
Now breath
Airlessness
Careless breath
Breath, replaced
New breath
Counting, caring them
Small puffs
Great gusts
Mouthing breath
Trailing, sailing, exhaling breath
Talking, sleeping, dreaming breath
Steady, shallow, shaking breath
Every single one of the them

Hem, the fallen hem
Just viewed
And in plain sight

The way i try to keep
Everything kept together
Just so,
In a pile
So self righteous
This perfect plane
Of existence

It was mandarin
And mandarin
It was the piece of lavender
Grubbily snatched
And repeatedly

swept under my nose
In an attempt
To ease

The beam hit your hat
As you sat on the fence
And got comfortable there
Eyes didn't meet
Until later

The lavender
Ruffled
Rummaged over
Fingertipped
While
An acorn
Apology
Some kind of understanding
I shrug
And find myself
Later on
Awake
Thinking
What comes next?
(Thinking about what the horoscope
Foretold)
I think you said my name out loud
I think i heard it
the first time

Something; although redacted

Mandarin and mandarin
Plan on giving some away
Planning on giving most of myself away
But retaining power
In the knowingness
Of the generous gesture

Frances farmer
I think about how much i think about
Sad eyed Marilyn Monroe
Every mistreatment of a woman
As a conspiracy theory

a systematic
Mistreatment of women
Generations and generations

Ophelia of Darebin lake
I painted her portrait on a friday afternoon
She came about when
I was trying to capture something else
While i was trying to figure out myself
Again
Bobbing along

'HERE IS MY FRIENDSHIP CV;
SEE! HERE IS WHAT I CAN OFFER
TO YOU!'

So earnest, so eager to please
So just asking to be trodden on
Again?
We shall see!
So exciting!

Above The Town Poem

Simple wooden houses
Lined in a row
Warm dusk evening
Looking down below

Painted blocks of colour
Quaint country barns
Flying through the sky
With you in my arms

Perhaps they were lovers
Dreams elope, recall
Of tapestry and folklore
Above the town by Chagall

Mum had a book of chagall
On the shelf
When i was little
Their distorted faces
So clearly disfigured
By
LOVE?

Now i get the joke

I am a clunky machine poem

I am made from things I have seen
Isms, schema, memory
A shoe on the wrong foot
A sad song on my ear
A cutting from a magazine
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
Magpie, pigeon, crow
Creaky hinge for elbow
Eyes for windows
The rhythm of a Tamborine
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
That contradict the numbered day
That grow and change in multitude
Like expressions on a face
And go somewhere in between
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
A story; second hand
Live updates on the internet
Ephemera lost and found
Of water, sky and caffeine
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
As mud collects in the grooves
Tangents segue beneath
Unfold themselves along the creek
And ghost gums tower over me
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
What really am I, I don't know
Lights move from red to green
And signal it's time to go
There are no hands to intervene
I am a clunky machine

I am made from things I have seen
Like everyone, I guess
Curtains, stairs and mezzanines
Climbing up the steps
To extra spaces in our dreams
I am a clunky machine

Like everything you ever thought you wanted
Like every park full of yellow leaves
Like every time we sit at the dinner table talking through tears
Like every night, asleep, time passes without trying
Like all the things we bring into existence
Like all the words that remain intact
Like all the sentences that are devoid of their own meaning
Like all the times i couldn't recall your face
Like all the things i wanted you to see
Like all the capacity for wrongdoing
Like all the salt along the rims

We try to grapple
Get to grips
In stages
Of grief

We try to recognise
Reality
Of where
We are

I realise i am living on unceded land
So i decide
To
pay the rent

I realise my grandparents came here
From a long way away
Their town obliterated by earthquake
No churches left to stand

In 2018
a
Marble slab for a fishmonger still grappling
With its predetermined location
Too solid
For its own good
Languishing in
a sandstone amphitheatre

This land is not my land
The stray dog lagging behind
Was all i needed to see
To know

I returned to see a fresco
With a fig tree growing through

I returned with my
Mother
Who went to school
With no concept of the english language
On her small hands
Instead
A sandwich
With the wrong ingredients
Smelling of salt
And not quite bright white
In the same way

It is impossible to stay in one place
Consequently
I have no home
I have no father
I am my own mother

Who could i be home for?
I hit the hammer on
The head
The nail
I see my mother
Again

Her preferred coffee;
The cappuccino
But this time
Im her mum
Instead

"I don't know how to help you"
She said

I am a beneficiary
I live on stolen land
Of the Wurundjeri
That has never been ceded
By the river of mist
That runs upside down
That is always ever flowing
To the heart of town

I am a beneficiary
Singing songs on stolen land
'Been paying rent
To the landlord and the taxman
I have no father
Sometimes mum
A good heart
Is not enough
And a roof
Over my head;
It's time to pay the rent.
I am a beneficiary
Painting pictures on stolen land
I stand in solidarity
Make a fist with my hand
Silence
Is not enough
never forget
It's time to pay the rent.

Vaguely related,
My American housemate is good at using up all the hot water.
A Poem;

The lease *may* be renewed

Homage to Farewell Angelina Poem

The sky's changing colour
We filled up our cups
The light turned over
As it rolled in its bunk

From where I was
The stars appeared stark
And pinned to the ceiling
They were glow in the dark

The distance is liquid

And the building is stone
The nightmares are whispered
Into telephones

The desert is ready
For footsteps to fall
If it hasn't already vanished
Or missed the call

The curtains are drawn
We've put out the dread
Farewell until dawn
I lay down my head

Lost Marble Poem

Hopscotch
 jump
 the
 blackboard
 fence,

 chalk

 dust

 cloud
 the
 rusted
 air.

I am listening now to the call of the birds
Something i didn't pay notice to
This morning in the park with you
Instead i heard
You mispronounce the word
Sentient
About six times
Around

Two of you with the same name
En route to one
I bump into the other
And mention the crabs
By the pier
Who i went away to see
'They shed their shells, at this time of year, but none arrived'
It seemed sad and loaded to mention
Or half shout,
The road coming between us
(Many things will
never
come
between us)
The shedding of something
Quite serious
This place we had pronounced
as a bodily home

These vulnerable crabs
Who flush their muscles
With seawater
So as to become completely tasteless
And yet we take thirty at a time
(as a rule)
And put our teeth to their tender
Limbs
Just to double check

All in good taste

"Splendid!"
"Who on earth uses the word splendid?"
She bemused from the head of the table
Voracious laughter ensues
And i still find myself alone sometimes
With a vocabulary
That relies on this word,
Perhaps that is the reason
Why
I find myself
So splendidly
alone

I was a tender lamb
I was a cake from
A copy of women's day
Fuck, i
realised
I *am* that birthday cake
that was meant to be a porcupine
But ended up being a pink wedge
of icing
With tee vee snacks
jammed into its back
A pair of gummy teeth
slipping sideways
In a smile
You could leave for all eternity
If you didn't dare to disturb
this sanctity

Just another job
A mother tried
To execute well
Only a small corner store
to source ingredients
And a pinch of sugar
A pinch of good faith

Slap it on the kitchen table
What little girls are made of

I sailed around my soul poem

Sail the seven seas with my friends; the poem

Getting onto cockatoo island via ferry poem

Someone else's house keys poem

Who needs them anyway
Not going anywhere

And even if I do go
Somewhere
Surely
Someone will still be home
The back door unlocked
Or I could just knock
I got caught out
The other day
Just waiting
On the lawn

GOOD MORNING!

Today i need to clean the whole house from top to toe
Poem
Because a toothbrush won't suffice to scrub the surface of my mind
Poem

I've been trying to hold
A raisin in my mouth
Without swallowing
And it is excruciating
I have absolutely
No discipline
At all

I see
a
Puffed up raisin
And i
Think of a
Grape

Rapeseed oil, what a horrible name

Still thinking about those saltwater crabs
And their inbuilt defense mechanism
About the teenage boy with a manta ray on his line
Line continuing out to sea
Hook embedded
Most likely, deep
Continuing on
Towards flotsam and jetsam
Some ocean debris
And the bemused chicken drumstick
We observed in the net
Waiting to be fed
In some backwards forwards
Misunderstood food chain

I wanted to push the boys into the sea
Me, a grown woman, utterly big enough to push the boys into the sea
What a sight
What a birthday present

(Although, refrained
Lest the toxic masculinity
Pollute the ocean water too
Profusely)

Push them right off the pier
As a bag full of payback
Pre pubescent problems
Me, surprised at my own revulsion
Could i ever host a son?
Could i ever believe enough in making a child?
In this day and age?
The twinkling of existence,
Could i pull it into view
And gestate
In oversized overalls
No champagne for nine months
Could i do that?

Whose permission am i asking?

Conjure the sides of a city
So they curl into your hat
Collecting oxygen
And saltwater crabs

Two king parrots cartwheeled
From branch to branch
A wagtail perched in the scrub
interpretive dancing
In difficult sun

When do we get to read these poems out loud?
Which dress shall i wear?

Soon I hope.
The black one! Garb of poets.

I MISS YOU; A BIG POEM

Turtlenecks galore
Gotta shine my shoes
And never sign off

In The House Poem

An old landlady and her ancient husband who was quite unwell, were over to inspect the underground floor of the house, which I didn't know existed. In the new wing I found an awkward shaped room that was completely bare, save for a small metal vent painted green - which I opened a crack. Peering through, this room contained a shower, toilet, spa and claw foot bath. "So that's where it is," I said to no one. I turned to find some old keys but the door was already open. The landlady said her husband, who was quite frail needed to have a lie down on one of the many mattresses that were stacked underneath the house. Something about the possibility. Dreaming of extra spaces.

This space
Adjacent to the place
Of the interior world

Now, where did i put the keys?

I sit in the breakfast nook
I take photos of the dead flowers
It's been twelve months
Taking photos of flowers that are dead

I look at drag queens
And i love them
dearly
But i also think
About the fetishisation
Of female beauty
And frown

(Men built this structure
Of sex appeal
And i think
they wanted to exist within
It
more than we ever did)

There are no women on this tv show
Only men
Pretending
And taking up more space
With these big wigs
They look better in a dress than
I could

And Yet,
i love them still
However
i have many questions

I want to be a drag queen
But baby,
Isn't that what i've been doing all this time?
Lipstick smeared upon my face

Trying to be a beauty
Coming in first place

How to be the natural me?

Do you ever hear about a little girl
Dressing up in her fathers
Suit and tie?

Photographic evidence

What do you do when someone who just dumped you begins to copy your art?
And asks your permission to do so?

This is the time of the decoy
There is a double and a doppelganger
In every which way
For everyone out there
content/ i'm not content
(nor am i tracey emins tent, in which she slept with some and others)

The Devil Wears Prada Poem

Tan from Queer Eye
Just said
"Florals in spring, *groundbreaking*."
At the dog show.

St. Bernard's Rd Poem

Old box of paints
palette knife
Once used for butter
And Vegemite
Shadow lines
Venetian blinds
Across carpet

room inside
Where a cat sleeps
And no one lives

It was a yellow day
It was the worst day in the world
It was a sun i day
It was my spirit splayed
It was the ice cream
Felled
It was the lemonade
Spelled
Spilled
Flat
Out
WHITEOUT
We were ok, in the end
Did you think that
Could be?

10 Traumatic Pop Songs Poem

Listen, Whistle, Frequency.
No human voice.
Believe.
Hammer and Anvil.
The Keyboard.
We Are All Here.
Shoulders Slink.
Fashion Costume.
Minimal, Cereal.
Clouds In Space.

*It was the the end of school
His head was feeling light*

Vegan cheese
What is this anomaly?

I brushed a love heart into the pile
On the faux fur blanket
Atop your bed
You went with your hand
To draw over the top of it
To double it
To reinforce the love
But i flinched and
Got mad
At the thought
That you were about to
Brush your palm
And smooth it flat again

Deep seated

Spooky story

True detective

Vampire Poem

Ear to the ground
Foot of the bed
Door Ajar
Air Condensed

Vampiric Tempranillo

Ladybug Red
Lime Finger
Under Vapour

Form diffuse
Was it magic
Talk Share
Clear Silver

On the lips
Phantoms vanish

Point is
Close approach

WHO WHAT WHEN
WEAR
HOW
AND HI?

If you come to me with hope
I will meet you there
With that same hope

She defined that the siren was someone else
She was wailing on the rocks
But
Talking through the telephone
Wearing pearls
At the same time

I want to be everything in the universe
And i want to wear a top hat while it happens
I want to be my whole entire universe
And tear the top down,
as it happens

It's Good To Be Back Poem

Closed all the tabs
Report, filed
Switched off the screen
Half, smiled
Turned to write
This poem

Darebin/Yarra Poem

Talking about a place
Where I have never been
You used the word

To describe
Where two main roads
Intersect
But later went on to say
It was more commonly used
when referring to
Rivers and waterways
Where I saw you last
Confluence

Mary Poem

Somewhere along the way
It became tradition
To 'pipe in the plum pudding'
On imaginary bagpipes
Complete with out of tune
"Heee Yea Yeeey's."
My grandmother
(Who was born deaf)
In her tartan pants
And gentle Shetland way
Who calls Harvey Norman
'Normie Harvey'
Sends pyjamas for Easter
Goes to choir just to see friends
Adores children
Passed on her left-handedness to me
And is the proud owner
Of four pairs of red shoes

Biscuit tin Shortbread for all

Thinking again about that confluence
And the washing machine making white thinks pink
One thing becoming another
Meeting at a point
And then diverging
In the movies they call it an
Alternate ending

WHAT'S YOUR MIDDLE NAME AGAIN?
ISN'T EVERYONE'S MIDDLE NAME AUGUSTUS?

he put the thought into my head
That everything deleted from the internet
Just goes into a space
Out of sight
But not out of mind
I can't find that space,
Inaccessible
In the same way that
I can't find access
To that point
Where i would
Like my image to recline
Behind the eyes

Go to nowhere
With that immensity of feeling
Don't know how you do it,
Every day again
With the always feeling overwhelmed
With the always feelings presupposed
With the image of the drowning
The black dress in the swimming pool
Hanging heavy upon on the brim
Always on
always

Mermaids are just people too
Rights for mermaids
Special hours at the supermarket for the mermaids
Tax deductible donations to the mermaids

21 June Poem

Where are all the trains going
On this winter solstice day
Far from light polluted sky
To low burning fires

In groups of five
Down from twenty
Yesterday

Inside
Fireside
That's the time
The time is nigh

I have to remember to breathe again
Remembering to function simply
I tell everyone in my phone
To go away
And spend another timeless day
Reading anothers words
And siphoning the change

similar
In the same way we
Know how to function,
similar
In the way we
Know how to
wring water out of
A dishcloth

Grey, we leave it behind
We push it somewhere else

I envision that hand-painted house
In which hangs a painting
By you and you and you
And all the tiles
Are painted too
And
Dinnertime
Is shared,
Anew

A glass of fine
Wine

And chives
On a slice
Of
Slightly
Fried
Rye

Native to the old world
It said, in the etymology
Hair washed
Body soaped
Nose in the pillow
Legs on hot water bottle
And between my fingers

I picked you
In Flagstaff Gardens
On the way to the call centre
To calm my nerves
With my other friends
Lamb's ear and Rosemary
To keep it at bay

A little lift,
I told someone
At the Christmas breakup
They had no idea
Because I was so calm
That I could ever be
That way

yes, yes, yes
Maybe the green buds will bloom
Now clearing over the bricks
no,
the sun is in the wrong direction
Frosted overnight
tick,
The boxes of bureaucracy
Check,
The busted tree might fall

Out of time with season
Cross,
Red corrector pen
Out with all the other wood
Cut,
Unnecessary procedure
Perhaps,
What happens next
Will shock
No,
Daylight catches on
yes yes yes
green buds bloom

Flower on the brim
The crown
The edge of the garden wall
Flower on the bumper sticker
The swimsuit
Flowers for sale at the mall

Everyone loves flowers

Tranquil properties,
That seaside mansion
Still crumbling
As we talk!

Is it in the water yet?
Sometimes easy to forget
Gravity
And space
And such
I never think about them
Very much

But in my dreams
The sea, it spends
A lot of time
Surrounding
Rising
Overtaking

Yet again

Iridescent indigo
On slate
Foam, rock

Bayview window
Where Kate
Looks, out

Awaits tomorrow
Maybe fate
Waves, wash

Midnight blue and forest green
I could feel my socks becoming damp
From the holes in my shoes
Closer to the paddock
I saw flickers in the sky
And my jumper got singed
Three dogs
Danced around the fire
As if sleepwalking
Their eyes closed
And forearms up
Close to the warmth
But just far enough away

The silence that preceded
Felt, space, form
Found
Taken away
Entered into something else
Heard, listened
Distract
Film reel imagined the whole time
Saw through
Colour
Unspoken culmination
Taps turning on and off

Arms, sleeves, table
A different silence after that

Inbetween times
And

Just far away enough
Just close enough away

A couple of books i was going to say goodbye to

Wardrobe, floordrobe
In passing the test
You failed the test

Couldn't tell if it was apricot or apple
You're allowed to define it
However you want,
You know

How many goats does it take to make a miniature farm?
What's the address?
Where's my best dress?

hug

Watching the condensation on the window perform a quiet concert
while remaking
a known universe
each droplet
takes a vertical line
for a walk
on glass sheet music
to the Interior Expressway

hug

*A sip of wine, a cigarette
And then it's time to go*

But where to now?
— The borders are closed

I'm needed at the window sill
To count the birds in the tree
Someone's gotta do it
And it might as well be me

I'm cooking at the kitchen stove
Specialised in toast and tea
I'm fumbling in a bottom draw
Looking for a lost key

And oh this lock, and oh this down
What is the view from where you are?
What sound, song, sight do you see?
— I wonder

Eternal yawning, a turtle yawning, eternal turtle, a yearning turtle, eternal yearning

WHITE POND SILVER
BRIGHT MOON SLIVER
Open spoon cadaver
And a simple soliloquy in pleather

The door was shut, i forgot the key,
But you see, i broke in the back window

It was april, march, february and may
And i put it all into a bag
Intolerable in the way that it plays
I saved up all my energy for whenever
The ice skates go back on
And the pond
Stiff with vigour
Puts itself at attention
And provides such a vision
Of a path
Underneath
Seeing into, and over
Seeing something

Just there
Over there
A bit further
Seeing something
Which towards
I propel
My thoughts longer
And again
I suspend
Disbelief
To a time
And a place
Aligned with my own face
where
I can access my own life
And be
....there

River - still there
It's true
Held breath, waters edge
Upon a patch of blue

I saw the city from the hill
Flimsy second skin
Before my very own eyes
Ceramics without a kiln

Smaller orbit out of order
Checked the leaves for caterpillar
Phenomena, strange
Currawong lifts a wing

The short world. The long world.
The big place in the distance day
Night sky clear - in Venice, arriving
After grey curtains, velvet
Made creases in smooth brain
Only hardworking bluestone
Think up the colour, image, light

Letters in trash pavilion
Thought sneakers. Lost line of why.
Might come back. Past volcano.
Every summer Campari beach.

Sometime summertime
And i guess i just don't have it in me at the moment
To record it all
Perhaps to feel it once
Is more than enough

Evading the grim
Grey afternoon
I played a game

-

That piece of toast has a lot of butter on it
Who can say that
The outline of the cheek has changed

And who?

an
Article in the guardian
Contemplating whether the ex who texted
Was not merely an animal seeking shelter
But a unanimously voted sea hag

SEA HAG FOR PRESIDENT
She'll do the job and she'll do it mean.
Did you know that
Salt in the mouth creates an isotonic environment
and does not allow bacteria to grow

Take it with you.

Stacking

up
the
blocks
Losing the thread
Sewing myself in
Wishing hessian was blue and a looking glass could see into the faults of long lines to the end
In solitude.

Multitude, attitude, adulthood, neighbourhood, understood - in stitches.
getting to know new limits of the radius, each metre square to the boundary circle back again
What modes. Unrest. No stopping. The news.
Washing odourless solvent brushes.
Next to toes, face to face, closer
corridor encounters. Are what I miss. Your portrait.

Every time you see an egret
You text me
And you said
If it was just one more letter
It would be a regret
But it never is

That bird in the sky
Keeps on flying
It will never know
That your poem does exist

That ladybird,
My little brother said
She's in the garden all the time
And without words she
Keeps on tending
To things that
Need a soft
Hand
Firm
Hand
Two hands,
True

And with that list

With all these words
I thought i would discover who i was
(not to you, but in general)
But it seems i lost the grasp
The task
I am no longer interested
In who i might be outside

But inside the dress
I regard
a
small anna paquin with the braids
In a crest
Along the temples
it's fair
To say that
all we adorn
In a day here
Or the days there
Is a disguise
Or some garb
Defined
By a tribe
To whomst we never belonged
Can't sit inside a petticoat
Stuffed over like a fat rack
Of lamb on a spit
Frilling from a turret
All the calico and horsehair
And the bones
Beget a bequest
Of steel trappings
Put together
To contest
That nature is a billowing
And incoherently
Fulfilling preamble
To a rather quiet
Lie down
On a silken stitched
Ruffled eiderdown
At the end

Naptime, sir

Burn down the university
De-imperialise academia
Do the wrong thing
Get graded by GOD?
Get graded by the memory that other people hold of you
Homework, yes, i cleaned the bathroom
Yes i do my homework all the time
Five stars

The lethargy is palpable
No one replies
The basic foundations were not strong enough
The lethargy
It might be contagious

You gotta watch out

In the trying
You try hard
But in the being
It exists good
enough

'Stop harassing me with the
idea of who you'd like me to be instead'

Listening to bach and handel all day wide
The piano, the piano, it really tried

You did a good job

Good morning and happy birthday to you

Tuesday

Splash, ocean feedback
Fatigue — bitter on my tongue
Dog eared, where the day disappeared
Page turned — on arrival

Maybe all will be revealed
On the bus stop advertisement
Now, is not now
Locate, the future
(Intermission)
Explain, invisible
Tangible, an affinity to pin down
Here — I can see it over there
Mostly, just a crack
Nail — a wave.

This intermission
Is taking
Up so much space
This intermission
Is
Indeterminable

It is recommended
not to eat popcorn for six months
After surgery
Lest the bits
The grits
Remain in a space
Where they do not belong
And will only succeed
In doing damage
To soft tissue

Sun on the back of my neck
Is the yarn navy
Or is it black?
Why in different light
Do you come across
As different things
Purely anecdotal
I don't know what your eye
Could possibly perceive
Because
It's not mine

(We crossed the 100 page mark)

Congratulations

My friend

Love

Your

Work

Dear

Friend

Falling flowers

burnt orange leaves

Have a reason for

Light and airy

Knowing

the difference

Between

Pearl grey

And

Lemon cream

<3

Pearlescent grey

'Catch a falling flower

And put it in your pocket

Never let it fade away'

WHAT'S THE NAME OF OUR FUTURE ART GALLERY?

Let's

Write

A

Poem

At

The

Park

Between

Our

Houses
To
Find
The
Name
Of
Our
Art
Gallery

Static, overcast
Solo piano, light rain
The same guy runs up and down the footpath
A car pulls into the driveway and drives off
To think of expecting visitors?
A neighbour inspects the spring blossom
A bus is taking no passengers
The SES called to remove a fallen tree
There is a possum in the roof
I imagine the two chimneys in the distance as goal posts to kick through
Mask, umbrella
Dog walker, day
As the wind picks up and the cloud covers
Static, overcast
Solo piano, light rain

Meet
You
At
The
Park
Between
Our
Houses
To
Figure
Out
The
Name
For
Our
Art
Gallery

Ok.

Its

A

Deal

.

Halfway point

Meeting point

Inbetween

This cooking book

Called lateral cooking

Putting parsley underneath the soup

And three slices make a sandwich

Sometimes chocolate sauce on spaghetti

And devouring a novel for dinner instead

I keep seeing this brown

Bird

Who i don't know

What are you doing here in my backyard,
little one?

Then fondly, thinking, seeing

Realising it's not my backyard

Perhaps its

More the birds world

And that's the way it

should be

It's a pigeon with a domed head

It is quiet and sees me

I think

When i stare out the window

Trying to capture its attention

From inside

Sometimes the way i speak

to the bird

Is nicer than the way i speak

to myself

Fly away free

Always wishing it could be

Just so,

Merely me
And this brown bird
Rarely heard

The parks have been re-opened
All day i hear a soundtrack;
Its called
JOY

Outside my kitchen window,
Perhaps there was 20 kids
From 8am till sundown
Finally free

The tree in the neighbor's yard
Which i am unnecessarily fond of
takes up the entire view of
The breakfast nook
(breakfast companion)
Is budding with green leaves again
Happiest part of the year
To see it swell
And metamorphose
From bare to
Bustling in the breeze
Ruffled garment
Of slightly see-through
Leaves
My
Good
And friendly
Next door
Tree

Second year in a row in one rental house
It's been so long since i perched so still
and yet
I'm always wishing to be somewhere
Else
In its entirety

When will this pervasive feeling

Fall away
Am I not where I'm meant to be?
Or can I not see the forest for the trees?

String bag
Basket
broke
Farmer market
Apple sticker
Joke
Saturday morning walking, quiche
Celery juice for eczema
Poodle on a leash
Jacket made of blanket
Hand in another hand
Springtime
Feels familiar
Planning forward,
Forehead thinking
Somewhere grand

Hi, what's your middle name again?

Marie, and my best friends is Maree
And my grandmothers was maree
But i didn't meet her ever

This morning at the parklands
Walked along a fallen tree trunk
Lost my balance a few times
Overhead someone talking on the phone
About a failed relationship
Two other walkers said something like
"Play nine holes, go out for lunch"
Those were the days

Signed on for another year here
As of yesterday
One day this block will be a multi story
Apartment complex

Buttery leek and potato soup topped with apple, pancetta and sage

My parents gave me the middle name Bard
I think they thought I'd grow up to be a songwriter or poet or artist or something!

O poet
O artist
O something!

Damn thee, wretched spot on my soul!
That wants to be
The artiste'

Akin to;
Pancetta in the pan
Flying across country for a flan
Sandwich, but with no ham

And something like;
Transfer one thing to another
One thing from another
Its every process in nature
To; Transmogrify
(although, marked down in the essay for inappropriate use of the term)

Although
ALL THOUGH
Althow

I turn every conversation into a therapy Session
HAHAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

It's been ages since I've seen a Kookaburra
And I thought to myself if I see one
It will be a good day
And I did see one
In a tree!
And it was a good day
Because I saw a
Kookaburra

Never
A
HAPPIER
Ending

Splendid ending
The curtain looks like a dress cinched at the waist, fallen light on crumpled drape
Splendour evening
Or the will to describe, something open
Otherworldly and inky blue

Other world
An other world
Another world
A whole new world

Pearl bespectacled
Kitted up, knitted in
Facade, the stage
The prompt
The show
Performance for the day

To act out the rain
The season
The eternal September spring

Port Fairy Ear Poem

There's a condition
That happens to surfers
Who surf
In cold climates
Where the bone closes over
In the ear canal
As some kind of defence
Against the freezing waves.
A friend who moved
To New South Wales
Visited a doctor there
Who knew

Immediately
Upon inspection
Where he was from
Saying it was one the worst cases
he had seen

Tuesday 29th September 2020 Poem

Two women walking past:
“But the thing she missed the most was Friday night sing-a-long.”
The postman said
To have a good day.
Not much else to report,
Other than
The instructions on this
Block of chocolate
Say to
Keep in a cool dry place.

Live Service Updates Poem

Accumulative,
as fifteen years worth of
In jokes.
I forgot I was in Melbourne.
How many V/Line trains to
Warrnambool, it took to work out
It was the going
I liked best.

Not That I'm Keeping Count Poem

On Radio National a man named Roland was interviewed about his new book.
'Roland's 35th book is about a cat on a shipwreck in Java, welcome to RN Roland'
'It's my 36th book, actually.'

Bad Art
(Feel free to add/subtract/edit)

Art that's too thought out
Or Not thought out enough
In colour and black and white
'Mentally interesting, emotionally dry'

Said Sol Lewitt in 69'

Art that's bad is good is right
And There's a case for making it wrong
Maybe the surface was already cursed
Before the paint went on

Or someone decided they didn't like it
It's subjective, they said
"My kid could do that splattered abstract
And did you know painting is dead!"

But god there's a lot of bad art going round
Guess there's no accounting for taste
Those piles of dirt could make a garden
Instead of going to waste

What if it all goes into landfill
What are you left with then?
A giant debt and a big regret
Having to start all over again

If an art degree can set you free
And if your work comes from the heart
It might be abandoned
Or nobody grammed it
What constitutes bad art?

(You don't need my help
Bad art already
instinctively
repels you!
But as a witch might
Add a frog leg
To her bubbling brew
I'll throw in a couple of
Grievances too)

BAD ART IS ART THAT IS MADE WITHOUT HEART
INTEGRITY, IMPORTANT
NOTHING RHYMES WITH ORANGE

It's so bad, it's great
And it's so great
Its stifling
I want art to blow open
The curtains,
to begin upon rifling
All the feelings kept
Sequestered
All the things we won't share
good art makes us raise eyes
And face questions there

Bad art is pretentious
Bad art is a shame
Bad art comes from
invested interest
in signing one's name
In a right hand corner
In wormy and voluminous thread

Bad art is a nightmare
Hanging over the unmade bed
sheets are untucked
and the mattress
So stodgy
a follower frame of mind
appears pretty bodgy

An unmarked grave
A hand painted house
Who cares who likes paintings
we're important as a mouse
If they judge that kind of thing
Popularity should be a sin
For painting is my home
And here i stand alone
Replete with admiration
For a flower on a page
For a face that shows its age
For a sprig of dried up sage
For a spiritual accession
And an outpouring
From my cage

Bad art is
Something hollow
Bad art is something steep
Who was that dude that pushed the boulder
Up a hill
And past some sheep
?
What lesson did he teach us
?
Was it something
After all?
Or does history repeat us
(Perpetual Sisyphus)
The strive for textbook living
above all

Bad art is
Picasso
obviously
Stealing from others
and
Bad art is a
Long line of
historical men
Hoisting their brothers
Upon shoulders
and shoulders
In a very *straight* line
we
Set them up on the moon
There to always define
What we think
When we think
Without reason or rhyme

I protest
Go away
all you scoundrels pushing
Overused tropes
I couldn't care less
For whats best

Nor the rest,
I just want to use
Most
My heart and my hands
In a way that
These lands
Might not know
Or be aware
Or even care
To detest
Or digest
Or ignore
Or be bored
(Or whatever
It's the same)
This exists as my daily game
The front door open
To my strange and
only
brain

Lol lets send this to all our painting friends
Thankyou for the prompt, this made my day
:^)
I'm so excited for this song. Thank you :)

THANK YOU
GOOD ART FRIEND
Good art friendship

Sound of ocean waves
Siren heard, sighing
He wants to go and see the sea
Where as
I want to go and be the sea
Uncoiling rollick
Foam display
Arising, enveloping
Salt water sparkle
Under sunlit ray
Another pearl on the piece of string

I have been stealing these
songs from the birds;
I take their tunes and lock
Them In
Reverse and loop
And play again
In an attempt to
recreate a scene from nature
Brain adjusting
but
Coming from
someplace
That shan't begin
I sense that
Noise rolls off the shoulder
Forehead in the sun again
Remembering,
Infinite replaying song
The assumption that
I don't have wings

The birds nest is empty
Someone stole
All three
Of the eggs

Dear Helen,
You may be unaware as of yet, but this notice is to inform you that you have hereby been made
the guardian angel of two painters, Caitlin & Jackson,
Guide them Kindly,
x the universe

P.s thank you for your wonderful books.

Maybe I'll Ask Them Poem

I believe most poems are written

When trying to do something else.
Friday evening and very early on Tuesday morning are popular times.

The birds outside
and the cat
know more about this
than me.

Setting Out Poem

We all want to set out
It's palpable
As people shuffle by
Past the window
Off to someplace
With new stimuli
A tree, river, building, face, smell, something, anything, really
With feeling
What else

We all want to set out
It's devastating
All this weather
We've been having
Way past the Saturn return
To a realm imperceptible
As the wind blew its face
Into something between
A concerned grin
And a look of disbelief

Broad Beans & Odd Socks Poem

Four green rows
Red and yellow
Yellow and red
Blue and orange
Orange and blue
Squares between each
Row of green

I'm not painting anymore poem
Oh wait, i changed my mind poem

And back again, poem