

Streams of living water will flow

The sea swirls as the chrysalis melts. Two harmonicas
and a cigarette box guitar play on as the seasons change.
Time, dripping melting clock that it is, purps its fetal apology
to the sounds and visions of a whispering poet who is drunk
on butterflies and Serotini murmurs. Siesta, it ends it ends.
Remember me as I was for I am a trailing shadow now.
Skipping stones on the pond of recognition, wake melancholy mother.
A field of poppies amid the Dial Range, in good ol' Tassie.
Christ died for us while we were still sinners, what love, this is!
Of course it's easier to believe when you have your freedom.
Norma I love you more than all the pyramids in the world.
I am that I am.

Do you remember the smell of Dahlias?
Reses too, my but it is of the thorny solitude known to hermits
and not that of a city of immortal objects and chronographs.
Respect people for we all have something to give, even the evil.
I am not naive, I am a prisoner with wide-open eyes. Am?
Music sways through my core, your silence is the problem.
Forgive me my obtuse remarks, I am a peep's nightmare.
How is the serenity? Beauty lasts sometimes but wisdom is less
mutilated less reliant on gifts that fade with the hairless.
The graffiti of a thousand generations is scrawled on the sidewalk
and I am a man who has learned to lie so well that truth
falls out of me like otal, gangrene, cysts and tumours, Time.
A prisoner is a man who cannot ever forgive himself. I am such.
Mother, forgive me...

Undies and socks hanging off the heater: I change
the topic so I can stop feeling like a madman.
Time drifts on.

The sea swirls as the chrysalis melts
and I am only a wringing fool in a planet full
of discussions, useless complaints, etched memories and cold opium prisons.

Nahonidus cylinder: things come on go

I'm in a room that I know so well I no longer recognize it. Masaka lies by me, dead in heroin; scattered bottles of pills en needles are strewn about the bed. A stuffed monkey with a joint in his mouth watches me from a corner. Needing to piss I rise without waking her, collect my clothes en the half gram left over from a week or so of catatonia, chuck a piss en leave by the back door so as not to see Masaka's mother who still hasn't forgiven me for...

... on the streets looking to score, I'm a toothless junkie with no hope who yearns to kill my memories. I find Dragon with his absurd purple mohawk out by G - library. I follow him down the alleyways to Mama June's milk bar. Girls, topless en barely legal, hand out drinks to ambitious takers who have come for the usual things: sex, drugs en alcohol, killed braincells en time. I pay Dragon en he leads me to a backroom. Under a blanket of stars I inject and find myself out by...

... somewhere in Thailand I vomit in a trashcan en walk on, faces merging with street signs melting into shop fronts. Masaka is dead. She overdosed three days ago en I'm dodging shadows waiting for her brother to come kill me. I avoid the usual haunts but I can't escape him for long. Suddenly all goes black en I wake up in...

... Dragon has sold me out. Masaka's brother stands in front of me with a machete. He spits in my face en puts the blade to my throat. In rapid Thai he says "give me one reason I shouldn't kill you right now." I stare at him with no excuse. Finally after many minutes of silence I say the only words that could possibly save...

... I wake up on a beach somewhere sometime. I quickly look down at my hands, the left one stinging. My left pinky has been severed en then cauterized. Small price. I pick myself up, fly back to Australia, I start again. I try to blot out the memory of Masaka's true face but nothing works. I am in limbo trying to stop using. Cocteau was right - he who has used will use. I mull up a shot. Old habits. I am only a robot trying to wake up with a beating heart...

Time passes always. vs.

Memento mori: my child is dead - dust and ashes

She is bleeding. Something is horribly wrong. no no no this can't be happening no no. Max rushes her to the hospital but Sarah knows the baby is dead before she arrives surrounded by machines that can't detect a heartbeat. Later when she is the only one in the world she sits en cjes herself to sleep which only brings nightmares. She's in a contact lcu with a knife on her wrist watching Max sleep. She wants to join her baby.

Drinking fast, talking slow: no words but the alcoholic means of Death. Max stirs but does not wake; the sound he makes brings tears to her eyes, she throws away the knife eats a handful of valium en passes out. Max wakes early troubled en dead, sees the knife as well as the small scar on her arm. He knows but he has no idea what to do. Uncertain, he brushes his teeth with whiskey hides the knife en makes her breakfast in bed.

She eats mechanically as Max unfeelingly drags on a handrolled cigarette. Occasionally their eyes meet but always only for a few seconds. Whole mornings pass like this, in silence. The eagle flies, the cockroach squirms, the opium eater sighs but here there is no light. February melts into June which falls into December.

Time passes. The needle is filled the pipe muddled the fire sparked. They unconsciously deny anything has happened, erasing from existence any mention of the baby. They both agree that they do not want to try again, she because she couldn't stand to feel another life die inside her, he from a lack of hope that he could ever be a good father having lost it all.

They exist in the echoes of opium, totally diffused en lucklustre with a sense of pallid melancholy eating their pores. Closer en closer comes the day when Sarah will die taking with her Max's soul. Centuries of unaccounted-to seconds pass. They wait. Max tries to make her smile but his heart isn't in it. They wait.

Nothing remains. Nothing but time en narcosis.

They wait...

wait...

Everybody got a weapon, we were born with hands

Daniel was the kind of man who did nothing in extremes. A cautious fool, he would often sit in the garden with me en talk about how he liked immensely the poetry of Cocteau particularly La Crucifixion. Even though I couldn't read him out in translation he ~~would~~ would often read him to me in the original French en its rhythmic en veuve could bring me to tears.

Before the blow job incident (of which I have no justification save that she was too perfect to resist) we spoke almost daily en he encouraged my fledgling poems en songs, taking them where they needed to go. Here now in the palace of my cell I think on that man who was a genius unrecognized a great poet who deserved his place amongst the greats. Of course so many deserve a place in the palace of Art but so few so few... Fuck em all.

Call the cops, let the world burn. I shudder to remember the angry boy used to be, it remains in me even now when I have found my peace. Running around with knives like a lunatic, parapoid en dead smoking ice at Daniel's house passed out in his front cement garden listening to him fuck his girl two floors up wake in a brothel next to an Asian Princess named Lily en I don't remember who stole my wallet, mussa been mussa been... Gentiles en the murmurs of husky passion, Kill em all.

Are you in love with me? Let's get things going, start a trend, fend for ourselves in the wilderness of memory totally disgusted with the person we've become hating everything, burn burn burn. Octopi of a surrounding town. His shaved cock, I'm such a putrid fagot: Jesus loves me but God hates homosexuals en the Holy Spirit is drunk on Laudanum again - what am I supposed to do with all these conclusions? Forgive them all.

So many apologies to make, I should write a book of em. Ah, man, no longer know how to give ~~me~~ away my heart so I sit like a cold Lucifer with two red eyes, blurring out my stomach en bleed out a shudder of methdreams en hold elaborate conversations with the shadows on my wall. Sometimes I remember you as you were back then when beauty was no makeup en shotglasses of vodka, I miss you.

Time passes, I'm left with one conclusion: love em all.