

## ppp club

by reed *Saturday, Apr 7 2007, 2:21am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



### DEATH OF A POET

He  
lived in bodies  
and minds  
in Sydney  
in the sixties.

He  
had remarkable talent  
he wrote with an American accent  
and developed the monotone.  
his stanzas were tubular,  
very disinfected.

He  
polished (bleached) the green from leaves  
and crafted the blood out of veins.

He  
converted sterile into metaphor like  
silicon chips.

He  
scattered sawdust words  
to thirsty throats  
while it rained  
on desert sand.

In the eighties  
he died.  
Passion, colour,  
and verve  
killed him.

He  
left his  
derivators bewildered,

they still place  
glass roses  
on his grave.

MOUNTAIN

Kosciusko's crying  
laughing  
singing  
dying

I stand with snow  
on my head.



***Ho Chi Minh to USA, "you will never succeed!"***

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-463.html>