

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!"

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