

Interlude #9

by tra la *Friday, May 11 2007, 10:51am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



ROADS

Dust spurts in clouds between universal tyres, it's as hot as the sun.
The middle track is alone so I stop when I see her,

“north?”

“Darwin.”

She props her feet on the dash, apart, and relaxes her knees; grass stem moves on her lips, tongue twicking its end. She loves horses, colts, she says, watching a dingo twist back into the scrub.

“Got to piss”, she says,

“I’m busting”, I say and lead into the bush.

her footsteps light close behind the sound of piss pelting dust. She walks past, turns around at my eyes and the last drops and s-q-u-a-t-s, sarong around her waist.
desert flowers, piss gushing, splashing, ankles, bubbles frothing – smiling, she looks at me like the sky.

grass stem moves on her lips, tongue twicking its end ..

SUNDAY MORNING

i watch you

in the kitchen

at the sink

your bed-blown hair
framed by the window
your outline against the sky

the flower you gave me
on the sill
is withered
dying

STREETS

network alleys
cats foraging waste
young eyes
see
a Wild flower

Pushing.

YOU

Who are You?

dishevelled hair
sweaty tits
striptease
triptych
anti-worlds
sleazy street
Sydney girl

Who are you?

MEL

do not say she's dead
lying on the floor

do not say she's sleeping
a syringe hanging from her arm

just say
it's a
culmination

her departure assassinating tragedy.

[goodbye my love,
adieu.]

UNTITLED

Ever changing faces
nature
Let the poet Be

One with fluctuations
rhythm
nature's dances
time's elusive seconds

crystal circulation
swirling life's pulsation
fertility

As the poet Be

eXtremes
changeability

As the poet Be

Expand
beyond contraction
malleability

prime
primal
ALL

As the poet Be

Engulfed
womb
valleys
warm
soft
permeation
Retro-sensation
annexation
The impulse of Creation

As the poet BE



Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-501.html>