

# An Anthology of Poems

by Joshua Patton

2018-present

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# **Part I**

## **2018-2021 The High school years**

### **A Green Horn's Gullies**

*The song of a bird, who's come to love his cage*

Feathered bird sing cage praise,  
heaven hell sent and perched  
feathered bird sing of withered herds  
of a child's last grasp of air  
its too hot, too cold  
too fast too slow  
too much passion  
not enough hope  
just rope and rage  
feathered bird sing cage praise

## **Part II**

**2022-2023 university years  
Vulgar Aardvark Poetry Club**

*the day to day*

the morning starts with hesitation  
the birds sing for glory  
but workers frown in a plantation  
kings crowned last night,  
there's always some celebration

For death bed poverty,  
there's no hope only blight isolation  
some work for fun, others for payment  
some run, some hit the pavement  
some sleep in, some dont wake up  
Spending hours upon hours putting on makeup  
all to fill a hole that was always there  
People on the bus never seem to care  
focused on personal problems  
because they wont dare

the only music is from our soul  
lonely bird wishing to be held  
when the alarm clock goes  
so will your dream world

7-7-2023

*Starting Bell*

Fuck your shit kicker soliloquy,  
and your bullshit braveheart  
and the thought that you think you're free.

Fuck giving up the fight  
the battle, the war,  
the daily struggle  
and who you do it for.

To not put every ounce  
of pressured passion  
in every step you take,  
when life's ready to pounce  
and kick your teeth in with hate,  
and how can you be so callous  
as to not see your own mistakes

Shout your next words  
and run your next mile  
don't let your brain  
curdle in static depression.  
Instead let the rain fuel your power.  
Your rage and reasons  
will be your weapons and legions

Make an effort to pass this day  
this trial  
this surge,  
this challenge from the gods vile page  
will convey vital wisdom  
and so the vicissitude of faith  
will bring freedom  
however scathed, however heathen  
you'll stay uncaged

be careful; don't miss the starting bell,  
it sounds every second  
right from the sulfured pit of hell

and if you learn to listen, you will one day be able to tell

8-7-2022

*All living poets***Version 1**

all living poets  
die twice a night  
forever forgotten  
is their pens  
and their flight  
a hundred floors up  
standing still on the balcony  
watching the waves of the world  
slowly crash into its own symphony

**Version 2 (edited)**

All living poets  
die twice a night  
forever forgotten  
is their pen and paper  
and in their dreams they are always mid-flight  
or at least mid fall

With a view a hundred floors up  
a height of a couple hundred somethings,  
and watching the winds of the world  
crash violently  
into sinister yet sincere irony

13-7-2023

*The lasting Sun fire dance and the Bohemian boy*

Done is the day,  
and so slowly the night approaches  
people crawl out from under,  
and so do the roaches.

Fast, the sun starts to disappear  
and so do the people and their fear,  
but this is where the choosing begins  
where it starts and where its fins.

The truest expression of virtue  
is to overcome what has hurt you,  
The highest pinnacle, the hardest rep  
the largest step you'll ever take.

The lasting sun fire dance and the bohemian boy  
and the great Juju of the mountain,  
and at the bottom of the sea.

This is who you are or more so, who you choose to be  
this is life after death  
this is your destiny.

14-7-2022

*late cold night*

**Version 1**

A night like this  
still  
and cold  
and silent.  
Everything is wet  
and everything reflects  
even people,  
even regrets  
  
and the wait  
isn't so bad  
for thoes who are mad,  
boredom is peaceful  
when your alone.  
trying to piece together  
all of this.  
  
and so it is  
but life goes on  
the coldest of the kiss  
in a night like this

**Version 2(edited)**

A night like this  
cold, and still  
and silent.  
Where everything is wet  
and everything reflects  
even people  
even their regrets.  
  
And the wait in the dark  
isn't so bad,  
as for he who harbours  
hate, anger and madness,  
peace is being alone with less.  
  
In an attempt  
to rectify the remnants of yesterday,  
moving forward with a granite clad gaze,  
and more hope,  
for a future with a graphite pen,  
and a will to write  
the history of his dread.  
  
and so it is  
life flows still,  
the frost of a clenched fist  
in a night like this.

*a small chance***Version 1**

a tiny itty bitty thought  
 a idea, a piece of art  
 a world to change  
 with a caged word  
 we wage war  
 on little roman candles  
 pointed at the door  
 our hope, our desire  
 our pursuit our fire  
 god is jealous of our pain  
 for in divinity is disdain,  
 tired and flamed  
 we live with purpose  
 we live under the rain  
 we cascade  
 in little wins  
 and littles losses  
 waiting in the shade  
 waiting to win the day

**version 2(edited)**

A tiny itty bitty thought,  
 an idea, a piece of art,  
 a world to change,  
 At the beginning of the ark.

With caged words  
 we waged war  
 on Greek gods  
 asking for more.

Its our hope, our desire  
 and our pursuit of fire,  
 that makes the gods jealous of our pain  
 for in their divinity we found disdain.

After Prometheus lost his liver  
 and what we wanted got delivered,  
 our most human virtue was given,  
 an entitlement to free will  
 and an obsession with heaven  
 from which began our longest  
 moral lesson.

Tired and flamed  
 yet we lived with purpose  
 from under the pouring rain,  
 surviving constant barrages  
 from natures hardest charges,  
 and yet we persisted  
 we where able to contain the pain  
 given by the witches.

When at first these threats came,  
 We where made to cascade  
 and over thousands of years,  
 in little wins  
 and little losses

and in a very human way      longer than the gods who watch us.  
we will survive

25-7-2022

*the dog frowned, the man drowned*

The dog drowned, the man frowned  
the pram moved slowly on its own.  
words that murder people left alone  
moan does the man, who isn't yet home  
but in a prison cell, unknown  
and the young girl, who didn't get to decide  
she never said her goodbye  
and the fireball dance, and the bohemian boy  
and the silent sigh  
given by the gods.

5-8-2022

*Mother natures method*

The sky split into open view  
a huge hounding waterfall  
crushing into stones  
polishing them indefinitely.

On water-wet cliff ledges,  
droplet sized dreams crown the outer edges.  
The whisper of the flow  
refers reflection,  
a nuance of nothing  
except the waters own direction  
which echoes  
a world without worry  
a time before hell.

only the words  
of coloured birds  
without cause.  
to keep the trees company  
when one finally falls.

13-8-2022

*I've been thinking*

Tomorrow I'll wake up  
and I'll be fifty  
thought about taking up  
singing or dancing or lifting  
thought about screaming  
in public  
or laughing in the library  
thinking about killing my boss  
or maybe making a baby,  
thought about dying  
right now, right here  
thought about everyone;  
whether to fly or fall  
and then suddenly  
I didn't think at all

16-8-2022

*The 881 day rainfall, Honomu Maki (1913)*

The clouds alabaster eyes watch me  
as promises of shade  
turn into lies of rain,  
and the human covered islands  
are left to drain.

The coldness it creases your bones  
flowing uninvited into your homes  
it takes the young and the old first  
but later your wife, later your baby,  
soon the sun is a myth  
created by the wise  
to help the weak live.  
the alabaster turned you bastard  
giving you all this pain.

As soon as everything seems in vain  
walking through another shower,  
soon you see it  
through overcast hell  
a little flower  
single handily defying the downpour  
beautiful and rare  
waiting to be held  
waiting to be help'd  
needing care.

*Reasons behind the endless monotony*

Asleep travelling 100mph  
in a metal cage called desire  
going home by 730  
to sleep into their late 30s.

Who can tell me why,  
why people try so hard,  
were they unlucky to be left  
a family, a mortgage  
a thieves dream reward  
or does their fortune lay  
elsewhere,  
not in money at all, or items that rare  
a child once born, once saw  
makes the hole injustice to them  
seem almost fair.

30-8-2022

*Public transit observations*

on the train and all that i can see  
is heavy rain, social disdain and a world without peace.  
A loneliness so prevalent  
that the ground shakes sometimes  
and no one asks why?

30-8-2022

*Physical limitations*

Can I fake a heartbeat  
or make believe a breath,  
can I shiver in the heat  
or sweat in the rain?

can I walk on eggshells with open feet  
or meet with gods  
without asking their name?  
Is 2 words too much  
or am I just waiting for nothing.

How can I crucify myself  
how can I make this dream reality,  
how can i endure this life  
if all it is,  
is just causality?

3-9-2022

12-9-22

and ill walk 50km  
and ill jump off the moon  
and ill wipe out that fleet  
but not because you asked me too

12-9-2022

2 12-9-22

Sometimes I laugh too long  
cry too short  
sometimes by necessity  
most times self taught  
I cant look you in the eyes  
and with honesty tell you how i feel  
because i don't know  
I'm also climbing this hill

12-9-2022

### *Shower Oranges*

Eating an orange in the shower  
resisting arrest from a flower  
shooting a virgin vice president  
with a nice rifle that's resilient  
who can say what I'm doing wrong  
when I'm wearing a backwards thong

19-9-2022

*Corruption in Hong Kong*

The shiny Chinese journalist  
 and the opaque man from  
 the lake dam  
 the forbidden crutch and colourised context  
 that left a textured man untouched  
 in a freedom that was polished,  
 the shiny chinese journalist  
 from Hong Kong providence  
 felt honest

20-9-2022

*A lunatic*

A poem ill show em  
 if you cant conceive  
 then don't receive  
 you get to choose what or not to believe  
 the moon, a big rock of cheese  
 i don't move  
 i roll as i please  
 i dont control the weather  
 but it always rains when I'm free  
 you may be the boat but I'm the sea.

20-9-2022

*widow*

Don't ask rain to fall too quick  
or the sun to set before noon  
don't ask a full moon  
to stop glowing  
and then start again anew  
Don't ask why, how or I'm sorry?  
the worry isn't for you  
but please don't ask a man to smile  
when his wife died alone last June.

24-9-2022

1-10-23

Don't epitomize the anti mime  
don't define me a talker  
a social worker who rhymes  
concentrate and focus  
be aware or your short comings  
of the long loving, however too fast moving relationships  
and inflation tricks,  
because we cost money  
so slave for that honey  
then burn out  
in a run away runway of flames  
watch a month turn to ash  
and disappear  
because fear of fear of failure  
is always what clouds the clear  
and causes rain to seem nearer.

1-10-2022

*What is art?*

what is art  
its when you say go  
its when you define a start  
if then after you decide  
to slap a homeless man with pride  
or to strip the president with your eyes  
or eat pages from Ayn Rand's  
atlas shrugged whilst in a tent on a hill in the dark.

If you shit bricks with it in mind  
after a indian-mexican fusion fiesta, this once last time  
or if you craddle a calamity  
within too few words  
if you murder a gang of nerds  
or touch tip with tough telling terrorists  
or heretics who hurd hearsayers  
and help them to hell  
through silver bullets dipped in an ancient wishing well.

If you laugh or cry but do it on purpose  
if you crawl or walk without distance in mind  
if it comes from your balls or brain  
or your heart  
and then you say 'the end'  
that is art  
my friend

*Condensation*

I cant insincerely  
remove this sentimental sediment  
this rock, this concrete  
this stone sold off as a soul  
a veneered souvenir  
that when in heat  
melts  
and so too  
is roughly who i am  
and whats left  
is what i am  
like a rock after chisel  
a star, thought to be a missile  
a trivial truths beauty, on the tip of ones lips  
a whisper  
turned to a whistle.

23-10-2022

*Starvation*

Starving  
every ones fucking starving  
the words don't matter  
they never did  
what can tears change  
if our actions stay hid  
fear of fear of what  
how come I laugh  
others cry  
how can I have the luxury  
to complain  
while others die  
whats the point of a poem  
if for every word  
a million  
trees are slaughtered  
a million men go to war  
a million children lie alone  
with their parents far away  
under rubble

25-10-2022

*view*

Sometimes I look into high rise windows  
 at the people in them, staring back down at the scene  
 and i wonder if,  
 their view is as beautiful as mine

12-11-2022

*canary*

Fair coloured canary;  
 she swims through blue, orange skies,  
 and the suns warmth  
 will heat her sweat  
 as it's gold trickles down her brow,  
 and how the sky,  
 will mellow the honeydew crops  
 of far away fields  
 with'th patience  
 and with'th care  
 for thou oust beautiful  
 and thou oust fair.

12-11-2022

*inner me*

the intimate inner it  
 the personal prison  
 the sweet salty soul  
 that which tells  
 but doesnt talk  
 how else could we choose pain  
 over profit  
 in this lifetime walk

18-11-2022

*within a poem*

how does one communicate  
 how they feel  
 within a stanza and a half  
 with rhymes that may  
 make you laugh  
 with a bucket of desperation  
 or patience that lasts for ages  
 how do i say this in a way  
 that youll understand  
 i wanna be free  
 i want life, un-reprimand

19-11-2022

*lies*

i look into my eyes  
 far too much  
 i know there lies  
 and tricks  
 as such  
 i know what they are  
 hiding  
 i know what they think  
 i know it aint all red riding  
 sometimes its a wolfs blink

19-11-2022

*lies*

i think god envies us  
 if he is everywhere

how can he be present  
if he knows everything  
how can he learn  
if he doesn't know evil  
then how can he find purpose in pain  
if he could feel fear  
he would be afraid of us  
as we are the stone that he  
cannot lift

27-11-2022

*On my trip to Nullagine*

Nullagine  
 I ask because I'm feeling fine  
 dining off of wrappers and little things  
 that others bring  
 you know the kind.

backed up in the middle nowhere  
 I point there, no one folds to find  
 my shoes had become holes,  
 Call it a taste of street wear  
 or cheap wine  
 this feet hair, bloody toes,  
 tethered weathered meat  
 that flowed.

This place is made of red rocks  
 it smell shell shocks,  
 the children without socks,  
 in this heat, bare locked  
 the cow flock  
 sent to hell turned to cow stock.

The children with this thick-callouses  
 inches of skin felt without malice,  
 running round in a world on fire  
 wondering who put us to hire  
 we where there to laugh an let  
 dire situations be dire.

Then later on holiday, the customs came  
 to a place where food became  
 easy to gain.  
 A shower, a shit  
 the 2nd pool didn't fit,  
 a cinema, a theatre,  
 waiting to hear from us  
 a laughing little dichotomy  
 wishing for the bare bones of this unfortunate

fucking stupid economy .

Then a cheeky little love life  
 behind our rooms flooded blood pumped live lights  
 the stars shined in one place  
 at one time, on some nights  
 soon became a place without rights  
 and so the group communed,  
 on whom should bloom  
 the social scientist and wizards  
 felt to include  
 that the way life is  
 isn't all true

6-12-2022

---

*remark.*

this poem was written after i went to Nullagine(northern western australia) as part of TLG, a program in which often university students volunteer tutor under-privileged rural youth, i found that it was often used as an excuse to have fun for the volunteers although based on good intentions, its funding came from mining companies who destroyed the land.

On the trip we got to holiday at a fifo workers colony, i had relations with a co-volunteer, and so other stuff happened, many of the off point metaphors are allusions in some way to the trip as a hole.

*another rambling mad man*

When asking a poet to display his pain,  
I'm left wondering in daily cosmic shame  
asking them again  
and again,  
if they ever left the disdain  
the magical mystical art  
of killing the sorry crane.  
I felt faint again.

150 different little sentences  
a forgotten renaissance  
reflected onto meathead menaces,  
left in the past as a last resort  
with the pass that passes up,  
the pent up passport.  
the un-enter-able fort  
that shadows the inner workings  
of Mr. no love for work  
and his cohort.

The mustard, custard concoction  
which moves the motion,  
"retort!"  
with shell shock emotion  
I don't dare count the commotion  
flaunting an overt Trojan  
a heavy house invasion  
i need no wooden horse,  
for the discourse feels no remorse.  
to fool this lazy fiend  
most men are worse than worse off  
because they let themselves get cut off  
by ruffians called rudy  
i call them what they lack  
because they like to watch TV like judge Judy

but they dont react.

Lasting no longer in bed  
then yours truly  
i feed my words because my actions  
are ruley  
a worldy wannabe to pontificate a queen bee  
i dont wanna see  
so dont push me  
over cliff edged metaphors and similes  
to be or to be.

8-12-2022

*the last poet*

The last poet on earth  
writes his last line,  
no one reads it but himself  
over and over  
and over again  
the last poet dies  
one last time  
his last stanza  
forever left  
a mountain to climb

13-12-2022

*100 sided beast*

I am here to kill the chiliagon  
memorised and exercised  
its the beast from inside  
i am no longer running from

13-12-2022

---

the chiliagon is a 100 sided polygon, to the human eye it is virtual a circle and yet it isn't technically one. Philosophically this represents the limit of senses within our understanding, and our fundamental human abstraction of reality.

*gods task*

is mans last task  
to write a line  
so perfectly divine  
that it makes himself cry

is that why god too  
lets the moon rise  
like poetic light  
every day  
and every night?

15-12-2022

*henry hilmen*

upon his death  
the journalist henry hilmen  
had studied the aardvark  
for now then 25 years  
he was a man without fears  
or hate  
never too soon, and always late  
when asked  
why the arrdvark?  
why not get a house, a wife?  
he laughed  
and asked why back, why life?

20-12-2022

---

I dont know if it is something i read, or watched or thought of or dreamt, but i have a weird memory of a story similar to this but i can't find it anywhere. A men spending his life in complete meaningless dedication and his only response to why? by a interviewer or friend, is something profound and yet i cant remember

*phobia of the moon*

he woke up late, to miss the moon  
a phobia unreal, yet not untrue  
he hated its aura, its white light  
he hated the morning, mid afternoon to night  
he loved to dance in twilight's rain  
colours of purple, free of pain  
unless that pale white face watched afar  
then he hid, under his hat, under a car  
but today was different  
today dispersed  
as he read a poem on beauty  
and missed the sorrow of the lunar curse

20-12-2022

*Don Quixote*

i am don quixote,  
your sancho panza's pony  
fall short, shortie  
before you retort your rap rot  
im the one with the ravenous plot  
it's too hot  
to not have a plan  
a soul  
im kinda like an irrational ayn rand  
  
i see alot of sympathetic souls  
cold  
i am the fire  
the pit of doom  
i am the evil armbringer  
of armageddon  
i am vishnu  
jesus is jealous of my acculmations  
my lasting impression of my detailed destination  
derives deafing blows to giants on hills  
by the preparation of windmills  
  
im comming for you dulcinea del tobosa  
dont let the enchatnment bring to yah,  
tears and fears, that i dont exist  
resist this magicians persist  
i legitimately consist of a heart armbringer  
of armegeddns last sting  
a dark pit, of rat shit  
a dark eyed, sleeping art landmine  
tantamant  
i aint about to lie  
i aint scared in the slightest  
im the wisest  
the impractical idealist

dying slowly next to this violinist  
what will you maintain  
test your shins for pain  
filling every lame moment  
with enough humanity  
that even god has shame  
  
to conquer the rhyme of the world  
and to truly be free  
you think your gonna do that  
in one line?  
or a library?

2-1-2023

---

I wrote this after reading don quixote, my favourite book of all time

*one eye man*

I try and cannot pass this demon  
this fallout ferocity  
a nuclear age non human  
he stands bare, with one eye  
looking at me  
in a mirror of mirrors

i am but the song of the bird  
whose come to love his own cage  
the bars of which, felt of iron irony  
i am captive to my own captivity  
a set mutiny which leaves me  
as black as a pit to a pole  
i am no longer captain of my soul

until i stare stark to realise  
i am the man who lies  
with the seven second memory  
trapped in his own brain chemistry  
immortal prison of myself  
my eyes are windows to my own  
shelf life

and the curse is ive been here before  
ive lost and gained a thousand  
hopes  
yet I find myself here again  
face to face with the one eye man  
in a mirror of mirrors

*i look up*

i look up  
at the sky  
and see a thousand truths  
a thousand different possibilities  
a thousand different spoofs  
with their own perplexed fidelity's

i look up  
to the heavens  
and let out my divine sigh  
for such questions  
as who are you tonight  
and who and what am i

i look up  
at myself  
and wonder  
whos life this is  
i wonder so deeply  
i wonder because i exist

*an open hand*

define an open hand  
a distant land  
where people talk openly  
fills hope in me

a piece of fruit  
from an ugly tree  
garden of Eden  
and a desire for freedom  
it aint a snake  
that pulled us from luxury  
its our own apetite  
our ugly side  
a meteorite  
in the sky  
asking why

define a closed fist  
this pissed  
wondering  
thunder under bridges crumbling  
crashing everything  
our humanities anger  
bringing armbringer  
forgetting Armageddon  
a itchy finger  
ready to kill again

*if i could count*

if i could count to billions  
id count all my pretty friends  
and my ugly ones too  
id count stars on deserted mountain's nights  
the smell of the sea, city lights  
wet streets and birds mid-flight  
id count peoples laughs  
and there authentic ugly smirks  
id count the rules of hell  
and the perks of being mellow  
and what it means to be in a shell  
and What is feels to fall once i fell.

id shred the shroud of turin  
park my nuerons  
on a distant park bench  
on a distant star in the far parsec nebula  
id fight the incurable fury of morons  
i wouldnt flinch  
id listen too much  
gods up  
waiting for lunch

*just write*

there isn't a limit on poetry  
write about knees, write about trees  
write about wondering dog fleas,  
write about ass, fast cars and rent  
dental records, mental musical chords  
giving up in lent,  
write about love  
write about hate  
write it all out,  
whatever it takes.

4-2-2023

*kick up dust*

i wanna kick up dust  
make a fuss  
sit on dark buses  
in bright city alleyways  
i wanna sit in orange warm light,  
fight old enemies one last time  
sit down and count the seconds  
rhyme lines on a mecha inverted record converter  
talk about whats true  
with you

4-2-2023

*nostalgia*

ill sit here, and ill bleed  
and ill write down in a plea  
every emotion ive ever ended  
ill wonder what made me  
befriend them, or climb that  
kiss her, or write that  
how i bled for a reason,  
at one time and place  
for purpose with weight  
getting through the unforgiving minute  
of 60 seconds of ugly,brutal hate  
I sit here and ponder  
how did i care  
how did i defeat the monster  
in the monsters lair.

8-2-2023

*late for the bus*

you're late for the bus  
for the last time today  
and so you sit and lay  
and pout in dismay  
and then a feeling hits  
of I'm not going to let life  
do this to me  
i am captain of my soul  
i am free  
and so u tie up your laces  
with not a trace of hesitation  
and pick up the pace  
with all this pent up manifestation  
and the faster you run  
the more the chance  
that you'll make it  
and you will run faster then  
you have ever run before  
and you'll be perfectly alone  
for that time  
in embarrassing glory  
and you'll make it

28-2-2023

*rental rebel*

ill bend iron bars  
and Roman candles  
bin the kabbalah  
burn the pan handlers  
and anyone who speaks of truth  
kill them too.

Because i wont listen  
i refuse to kiss ass and run wind  
tinge truth on foul play  
and win  
if your telling me to sell my soul  
from march to may  
id rather be a crazy wild horse  
any other day

And ill lose and fail  
and fall, frail  
but ill die with a spark  
in my eye,  
and a tick in my tail

3-3-2023

*box at sea*

I wouldn't mind to be  
put in a box at sea  
alone, nothing but the sound  
of the waves hitting the box  
and not me

3-3-2023

*in awe of all*

The thistle of the kettle  
at morning to mid afternoon  
a friend of the mantis and the aftermath of his beetle bassoon  
your neighbours cat has kittens  
and her kittens call mum  
a serenade of meows  
lasting till years end  
and then some

Fans of yours  
you'll never meet  
and people you admire  
you'll never hear  
and things that happen  
just out of glance  
like a droplet of rain  
that hit you too fast  
its amazing the world we live in  
and who we are and others  
its amazing this rock  
this feeling, her dance  
a chance to look at at one another

6-3-2023

*if i had to count*

if i had to count every second  
from here to eternity  
id start with every time i yelled  
and cried and felt fear  
every time i fell from  
low place to high  
every dream and proceeding laughter  
every poem half written  
on the backs of books  
every lips i ever looked at  
like a dog, like a man  
id count them, think about them  
whether its better to learn from  
or to forget  
ill never know  
just another long regret  
i apologise for complaining

20-3-2023

*either i am free or*

whether it comes easy and fast  
or ugly and through pain  
whether against the wave  
the rain, the storm that went and came  
or to go with the flow  
whether the devil is rooting for you  
every corner caused close call  
or god hates you  
your attitude and all  
whether its impossible or the most possible  
whether the bird takes the dive  
or chooses clouds to be free  
i am alive and  
you cant stop me

21-3-2023

*cement noise*

i don't like the city  
the buildings are tall and pale  
and ghostly thin  
like the men inside  
and there seems to be a billion people  
who would eat you  
if it payed well  
but only if they where blindfolded  
and so where you.

Thirsting for survival  
in everyday life  
how confused and how contriver  
and how the loudness of the machinery  
and chatter  
and corporate pop  
that blasts from speaker phones tied to  
poles like turrets  
betrays the loneliness  
how everyone is spaced apart  
closer to their gods then the person  
sitting next to them  
on the bus  
that goes to their shit kicker job

23-3-2023

*waves crashing into casual calamities*

the tide crashes  
for the n-teenth time  
smashing the face of god  
into solvent limestone rock

and the sun scorches ants  
as they climb mountains  
a hundred times their size  
tantamount to the most complex structures  
ever built in space and time

and a man tonight will dream  
of a thousand million migrants  
crossing the oceans  
on boats made from steel  
of work-plants that they worked in  
and the oceans will cry with bitter tears  
of rain and thunder

and someone will kill  
and be born,  
and somehow somewhere  
someone will do both

everything everywhere is happening  
all at once  
and the only tiny difference we can make  
is to be crazy for once

*reflections*

to whom  
looks into the river  
and sees a reflection  
to not let those droplets of rain  
startle that mirror  
even in a storm  
bigger than the moon  
you'll sit at its eye  
knowing who you are  
and you'll pull through

7-4-2023

*either i am free or*

the rolls of the witches make damn plans  
the colours of the sky demands sacrificial lambs  
the woes of the weird last long into the night  
as feathers fall from birds mid-flight  
and the wind streams a path  
of nature or gods hand or whatever you may ask  
and in the end  
its going be wrongfully right  
  
and fear pulls as well as pushes  
graves as well as mountains and bushes  
and to eat and to sleep, and to keep your sanity  
from spilling over the edges  
of cracked porcelains mugs, and other contrived inventions  
  
routines brutality banals all reality  
as water is to a canals tragedy  
its that nonsensical paradox x parody  
which leaves a man by himself  
its only then that he could free  
we are gods creation, ad-hoc  
we are ephemera, objet trouvé  
we are a wasted resources last laugh

7-5-2023

*the pen and the sword*

gladiators fought in arenas of stone  
like poets, into the dirt they were thrown  
as slashes of steel light up the dark  
so do the words of a poet cause sparks  
the difference is poetry isn't a spectator sport  
so splay your heart out on paper  
or fail and fall short

28-5-2023

*either i am free or*

tip toeing on islands of silver  
shiny, spineless crustaceans  
barnacles mummified in a timeless  
sliver of hope  
looking for the river Nile's source  
standing on the horizon by a mile  
trying not to fall in and float  
encrusted manities laughing to  
the sunrise  
and crystal water that plays blues at night  
and bebop during the day

9-5-2023

*tessellation of temptation*

the tessellation of my temptation  
triumphant tell all tale ;  
i scream out  
tantamount to all that ill laugh or cry about,  
which is anything  
if only for a good reason  
a confidence as to be clear  
a treason to commit  
a colour turned to lover  
or a word to cheer  
if only on my lips  
i need that direction that source  
that magnitude, that force  
otherwise alas im a wine bag on stilts  
like cloud without rain  
like a colour-blind man  
sitting on a green hill  
like Prometheus  
wishing for more pain

20-5-2023

*a martyr's memoir*

a mans life is his epitaph  
as thoe a brain knifed in a jar  
or a tombstone epilogue  
can be anything more,  
rust dust dirt, under a car

if it can be seen from afar  
only with squinted eyes  
from martyr'd memories  
of virgin priests tied down  
to heavy monastery

if that  
can replace a smile from far  
or a truly selfish action  
that we can all do once in a while  
even if its only in part

22-5-2023

*keep trying*

he who has learnt to love  
every moment, big or small  
like every bit, a treasure trove  
waiting to be found  
in the center of the storm

to understand that every second  
doesn't belong to you;  
and up until the end  
is a test to see what you will do

how mountains crumble under a soul  
who is willing to stake his very existence  
on the meaning behind that moment  
and is willing and able to take that toll  
otherwise cast to hell  
and torment

that there is no true evil or true resistance  
except oneself  
and death can't be escaped  
no matter how strong, brave  
healthy or well-behaved

but a life can be saved  
if you choose love,  
every moment of every day.

*a poets answer to apathy*

walking is a poets  
answer to apathy,  
the words that knot  
big, tiny  
Gordian or not

better my legs  
than my eulogy  
better my heart  
than my epitaph  
better the rope  
be partitioned  
then my hope  
be left un-listened to

2-6-2023

*sincerity*

id rather  
make a fool of myself  
then to try fool myself  
there's one direction  
I'm interested in  
and all else is just circles  
being circles  
from within

id break before i bend  
id be hated before i condemn  
id lie to everyone if  
just not to myself  
id send wrath and rage  
upon enemies and friends  
if it gave a burning chance  
to not pretend  
ill sacrifice everything  
if just for my page and my pen

13-6-2023

*i'd rather kill cats*

id rather kill cats  
than give up  
kick the shit out of people  
who wear too much make up  
im not making this up  
let me see your ugly ego  
your vanity revoked  
your true sanity through throw up  
convulsing in contempt  
let me see your jealousy,  
anger and rage,  
your wrath  
your pain without end  
your most ugliest of desire's  
a fire from a flame  
let me see your reason, your wonder  
that shuns and shocks everyone  
like thunder without rain  
let me see the monster  
the creature  
that cares without vain

9-5-2023

*either i am free or*

9-5-2023

## **Part III**

**2023-present Finding my feet  
Out of the nest**

*A sentimental reminiscence and then a breath of air*

It's been awhile  
since I've scratched paper  
with pen  
between four walls,  
roof and floor

sometimes i remember memories miles  
greater, later and again  
i remember faces, tastes  
untied shoelaces  
and regret

i remember mums pasta  
nonnas kindness  
laughter after blindness  
pasta sauce that melted the wind  
my mum i seldom forget  
the vacuums white noise  
the shouting matches  
and the tea i brought her every night  
even when drunk  
and the hug that ended the night  
without any catches  
she is unbelievable strong  
and i wish i new earlier  
for i was sometimes in the wrong

i remember long walks down thunders swamp  
with my father who i embraced  
sometimes talking about why and how  
and sometimes the words never began or ended  
as we sat in silence and  
befriended natures glance,  
and the loud bird sang  
and my father looked magnanimous  
and i felt old, although i was young

too young to tell

i remember fights with brothers  
and wrestling with my sister  
she is smart,  
they are smart,  
we share a courage in ourselves,  
we should of talked more,  
but we communicated with our eyes,  
and shared one heart  
alone in our bedrooms at night

i ran from school many times,  
because i was bored  
and scared,  
but from it i now know  
i had hope,  
and it feels me with power today  
to say i did okay

i remember old friends,  
the laughter that brought us together  
im sorry i didnt try harder to begin with  
i was weak and i thought time was slow  
but it passed me and know i miss everyone  
the melancholic flow of reality  
left me in a rift  
with no one but the gift  
of memory

I remember adventures  
and the kind of tides  
that would kill normal men  
i remember close calls, cliffs, rifts  
and the dangerous falls between  
i did things, i didnt think i could  
that brought me strength  
i remember pushing hard, and  
i was limitless, unstoppable  
the pain wasn't a obstacle

in me i saw a great reason to be  
and i chose to chase it every day,  
for i am scared  
that i wasnt me,  
i know realise this is stupid,  
for i was stopping myself  
from being free

i remember after drinking 3 or 4 cups of coffee  
i would sit in bed and think, and read  
and talk to myself  
ill fill my draws of my desk with hundred of papers  
(poor trees)  
with written words, on gospels, lists, math and everything in-between  
i argued through clouds, i filtered out rounds  
and i came up with original works  
and i was happy, euphoric, the feeling  
had been the greatest drug yet

i remember being alone with pen and paper  
and i remember  
being in love with life  
between thoes four walls

i think its time  
to live again

20-Nov 2023

*Chekhov's Prop*

Chekhov's gun shoots blindly  
in reality the timing is  
often rooted in tired, unkind  
grinding of self-loath lying

Because there is already a lot  
of narcissism in self hatred,  
as a literary technique;  
all chaos will turn out incomplete

And time never really repeats  
never really repeats  
repeats  
and you'll meet similar situations  
but they'll never really compare or compete

And some bullets are blank  
and most of Chekhov's will serve as superfluous  
as the gods that either top the skies  
or sleep under our feet  
it depends where you stand  
in this ungodly man-made heat

20-Nov 2023

20-11-2023

*the song of the wild*

The cadence of the song birds chorus  
plays in parts,  
causing the sky to dance  
and clouds to deeply contrast.

The water-falls ambience  
plays funeral flute,  
in beat with the winds trance rhythm  
playing long grass roots.

and the trees play percussion  
when one falls,  
into a tranquil bed  
of still water.

20-11-2023

*cape to cape poems*

Beauty is brought forth  
from time spent in static appreciation,  
you must sacrifice and stagnate  
in patient torture  
so a flower  
may become an orchid  
sun is good for a man  
it tans his hide  
and hides his pain  
the land is where he belongs  
between busked trees  
and green grass  
that has grown freely.

words wither with time  
as peoples memories turn to wine  
and whats left is what is done  
and whats done is maintained in reality  
for the time being  
like leaves on the tree  
turning brown from seasons flee  
the wind sings of songs  
themes of purity, serenity and love  
and a focus so strong, it moves mountains  
and the clouds follow  
and the birds chant their tranquil  
ambient chorus  
without ambassador or conductor  
he who only complains to care  
for racing and coming first  
is cursed to race himself  
- to an early grave,  
and he is the first to be forgotten  
and the first to be dug up again.  
what laments time

like the oceans waves and tide  
and the naked beach  
and the stars just out of reach  
and the loneliness to see it all

walking all day,  
letting the sun punish  
my tanned sun burnt complexion  
i lay, head in hands  
waiting to finish my food  
waiting to count my hands  
waiting for today's perfection

i think you are breath  
without air  
you are the sky  
without stars  
you are empty and  
fearful and regretful  
you are a perfect blank canvas  
because you dont care

forgiveness is not a weakness  
but a strength  
as hate for hate sake  
will leave you deaf dumb and blind

10-12-2023

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I wrote these poems whilst doing the cape to cape hike from dec 4th to 20th.

*a Perth family*

Perth is isolated  
 our trains lead nowhere and our buses run in circles  
 The common man commutes, so he may be home for crew cut chips  
 and store bought pies, and angry wife's who cry yell, lies through their  
 lips

Although she is right to be mad, for he fosters another family,  
 on weekend business trips, to Midland, Sydney and Albany.  
 he vendors money, scared of divorce, of alimony,  
 of the public catastrophe which was on course  
 to hit reality

And the expensive whiskey bought when they where young  
 isn't enough to kill them until the next day,  
 so they die like people in nursery homes, on couches  
 in front of their new 4k display

And the children never speak of it  
 because they all already know  
 and they never learned to love  
 because they where never shown

and we are from our parents,  
 we foster their vices  
 it shows,  
 but although I'm my fathers son,  
 and my mothers spring,  
 i am neither of them  
 my heart is my home.

19-12-2023

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This is more or less a cynical poem on my upbringing, disregarding the better times,  
 i wouldn't public push for this poem, but as a stream of consciousness it deserves to be  
 here