

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.

*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.

20-7-2022

*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 a 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 of 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

6-10-2022

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 doesnt 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 worldly 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 acculations
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 armegeddons 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

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

18-1-2023

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 appetite
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

20-1-2023

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

26-1-2023

just write

there isnt 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

7-4-2023

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 where 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 alot
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

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

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