Mark of these mind maps are murky dream canvas
Punished emotions, marks of fear
Conversations of parents—"He nearly died"
The day I stopped a tram near Old Kelloggs
by falling down a flight of stairs alone.
The night I swallowed paint and had to be
patched to the Royal Queensland General
The slickness and surpies of schoolday wild
finding a snake in the bush at Warrill Heights.
Schools preach obedience, religion is Cod
Flowers in gardens with houses on stilts
Punished parties live off poverty economies
learning that only the rich
can afford to be free.

University a sanctuary
from Queensland Catholic family
A drunken father, Avon mother,
Tupperware parties in the garage
made sure I became Working Class.

I was a victim-child now seeking more
Refugeed from evaded Queensland shore
to plummet cold a stone to Melbourne’s winter
To suffer in the silence of these frozen tears.

But now I am myself in smiles
I speak of what I find to be worthwhile
I stand up prouct, not punitively paralysed.
When I feel shy, I have a right to be unsued
Queensland’s just a glimpse of hyporesence
Nobody obeys the will of the majority
Dark ghost dances for Aborigines Democracy
means watch-house for the night, Boggo Road following
The Coast a haven for the young at heart

Some hide around Olympic with markets and art
Some Yankee Tablelands, magic rainforests, National Parks
Some Gold Coast corruption in jungle communes
Some Darwin day beneath police helicopter moon
Some club in the pubs, drinks in public service
Some bars in schools, teaching and learning
Some streets on farms, hiding coastal fringes
Some drugs, their traps wrench on the Hunter
Most know the reality of Queensland today
—You get only what you can afford to pay
Papas live off poverty economies
learning that only the rich
can afford to be free.

Memory creates traces of old Kuluuya
Aborigines give cheap petrol for their dollars
The young on surf beaches given값 paid times
by blue collar
Tensions between the old and the new
conflenses daily, often in civil war.
You will see gold rape violence in alcoholics cuts
Heaving in golden alleyway from
Gold Coast corruption, materialism gone mad
Spraying licked bodies with oil of Sevan
Bodies lie on the beach while bunks point in the wind
High rise the entire rate, New Zealand半小时.

Schools preach obedience, religion is God
Sunday for greyhounds, races, more and duly
Quiet at a church, this state of the mind
exists like Toowoomba—snow frozen in time
Flowers in gardens with houses on stilts
clothes on till’s below flapping in the breeze
A dog barks, but silence is warm as the heat
Everybody knows everybody else business in these sunburned streets.
There’s scandals and gossip and village chitchat
There’s summer buy when the police helicopter IIIOOYI
The locals all know who can do what they like.

Some survive on farms, inland coastal fringe
Some grow their green weeds or the tinterland
Some survive on farms, inland coastal fringe
Some live off poverty economies
learning that only the rich
can afford to be free.

Sandcastles of money on Noosa and Co
A bridge not wash down on草莓河
Tourism pass through Queensland “Go Slow”
It’s not what you are, it’s who you know

Brilliant a brown brava, white freeways the city
A parade of architecture, higher office buildings
Money talk if you can count coins ringing
Dollars make sense if you can quiz coins ringing

The Coast a haven for the young at heart
Surfing and screwing and worlds apart
The locals all know who can do what they like.

The drama is life,
The tyrrany of poverty
the blindness of authority
the horror of necessities
which dictated realities

Success the keynote, honesty rare,
Hard to believe unless you live up there
Nightlife is controlled by Fat Cat Police Force
who understand, criminals—suppress them, of course
Corruption’s paranoia just below the surface
of walking umbrellas, staring windows, surf beaches
They code daily beneath shadow sky scrapers
Prices stock market higher for retired Melbourne dowagers
The old banks think this elephant graveyard is fine
to bask and to die beneath tropical sunshine

Union is corrupt; everything’s in order.
The night I swallowed paint and had to be
Corruption’s paranoia just below the surface
Nightlife is controlled by Fat Cat Police Force
who understand, criminals—suppress them, of course

Pleasure city promotes epicurean “forget”
But most play for laughs.

Tourism pass through Queensland “Go Slow”
It’s not what you are, it’s who you know

The Coast a haven for the young at heart
Surfing and screwing and worlds apart
The locals all know who can do what they like.

Then settle down beneath Queensland’s sun cancer
blow down, you’re not going anywhere
You can die in the state which boisterous of its sunshine
but lives in dark shadows for most of the time

...
Chess addicts, they play people as a cigarette
Light them up, suck, exhale (choking breath)
The immeasurable distance between lost lovers
This silence settles like a cloud
Properties are toys for family courts
and the lovers, ...

Wistfulness replaces desire's bed, settles the sheets
and says "We'll get on with it"
Lovers' faces hallucinate into HER face
And it's no good, ...

Days are radios with chains
Nights loud colour televisions
You can't change the channel
Even if you could ...

She is on an island
Lilies amid hyacinth
You cannot contact her
She is dreaming ...

Pillows are your pentridge
Bed your confession box
You shake and wake and shiver
Sweating hot

Turnstiles of moments
Dump and change their clothes
You who were together
Alone.
Heart sings of consecrated circumstance
The willing victim staggers up to dance
Hung on her kiss, he's hypnotised, entranced
His drug is skin pricked solo song 'romance'

She will not mention love, she knows the rules
what least you mention, most attracts more fools
He's warm to hot, she's distinctively cool
Lies sound more pleasant when someone says they're true

The two stand off like gladiator combat
Weapon words are worn like a sauna suntan
Glistening as sweat, with no umbrella
A rain of insecure brick wall demands

Now close in for the kill, it's kissing time
Someone is involved, the other redefines
To slip the rosy dagger into need's blind eyes
Then withdraw, to leave this garden crying

Moisture love to what this parched throat's song
to break the drought which time dragged on too long
To unlock gates whose only voice a rusty song
to hear hurrahs of chorus singing 'all as one'

Maybe need will never magnetise
Love's cure is a poison for the blind.

Beyond the glow of white moonlight
Stars mutter mutiny, hide their light
Clouds cover faces, some falling stars
Blame their demise on the state of the night sky

Rising sun is wise to warm all followers
for moon retreats and ding her lamplight flowers
Day glows bright heat for all to grow
Night's flowers hide, rehearsing darker shows

Twilight is the borderline, changing of the guard
for here age and youth, growth and decline
One waxes full with sweet round lyric strength
One rolls heat around hemispheres

Then holes appear in what seemed once bright blue
Sprinkles glitter above rosy purple hues
Light had gone, and dark will claim its own
This queen of eyes ascends her nightly throne

Her subjects twinkle with eyes moist tears
Rain wipes the cloud's face, hides moon's fears
When clear, the moon reveals her silver carriage
A crown of stars to seal this nightly marriage

For sun and moon are lovers didn't you know
They share the light to create eternal shows
In tandem they reveal their wisdom, all they know
is to be what they are, happy to simply glow.

Street Poetry
PH. 489 6972
Volunteers sift clothes like bushfire victims
Sing hope in smiles and spectacles
Drop the prices for good old time pensioners
Sweep the floor of heaven for their customers

There is a richness here of poorities
Costumes from earlier on down this century
Double breasted baggy trousers bend upon the wire hangers
Grey guents of good men
Now sold for aittance

Tidy as tears, they talk over cups of tea
Guiders of rocks of shadows of memories
Each story sings its past as you walk by
You would take these orphans home, had you the money to buy
Archaeology does not reveal the trace of human hand
That sewed and wove for hours
That costumes might stand and dance
This shop is a time capsule, it puts you in a trance

You can imagine previous owners wearing these shirts and pants

The dust upon a jacket, the sweat upon a sleeve
Images so clear, it's getting hard to grieve
Bright babies clothes, an optimism of ducks and rabbits smiling
Adolescent schoolwear, young romance beguiling

Business suits so stiff you wonder how they could fit in

Elderly wide wise trousers with extended waist line
Birth and death are here, joy and laughter too
Poems wrapped in shadows, opportunities for you.
We are on a ship.

Lights twinkle of varying disposition upon the shore,
Vicissitudes of circumstance determine morality.
We are pumping and rowing, rowing and pumping.
We stroke the ship's cat.
The cries of refugees can be heard in the water -
we ignore them.
Various drunken sailors seek to enlist at every port -
we refuse them.
Regularly our ship is plundered by pirates -
we enlist police.
Sometimes rainbows float on the waters -
- delightful feasts for our eyes.
Sometimes birds of prey come to squat in the crow's nest
for a while.
Sometimes scavengers come to see what they might
carry off.
The wind is sometimes furious at our progress.
Sometimes we are so still we do not think we are moving
at all.
Sometimes we worry about the direction and accuracy
of our navigation.
Sometimes we simply do not wish to arrive at any
destination.

This ship has many compartments we have only seen some
of the passengers.
Buster Keaton is on board, and Errol Flynn,
and many others.

They watch movies of the passenger list on video.
We are not Titanic, nor Bismark, nor Poseidon Adventure.
We can shoot rapids as well as skim on lakes.
Sometimes we are assisted by smiling crewmates.
Sometimes we sit on deckchairs and luxuriate.

Our ship is always cruising the Pacific.
We leave many small boats in our wake.
Sometimes we hear MAYDAY on the radio.
We send up flares and answer distress calls.
Sometimes we yacht and skiff and frolic in the waves.
Sometimes like Murray River paddle boat steamers
we plough away.

Our ship has the finest crew of any fleet.
Though some would say our purpose is obsolete.
Think about our ship next time you see us on the street.
Because without you our voyage will never be complete.

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**B E Y O N D  Y O U**

This is a world of poem and song.
A chorus for those who would sing along.
No-one is ever quite alone.
They sing of rainbows, those who worship sun.

Day falls to innocence and heart's delight.
Music does praise the stars of darkling sight.
Watch as the scattered bird wings take flight.
They hear the change as day clicks into night.

This is a story old as timbermills
Trees of wisdom, ancient histories.
You scratch down leaves in autumn rain
then watch as even forests must change.

There is so much to see and feel and say.
This world is art, watch the gallery.
Today the painting changes to a film.
We are all actors, mumbling our lines.

Listen as time steals breath from life and love.
Watch as smoke rises from the fire heart.
Wait for change as fire comes from spark.
Knew your song will fly, once you take part.

This is a world of poem and song.
A chorus for those who would sing along.
No-one will ever live quite alone.
Then sing of rainbows, you who worship sun.

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**PERFORMANCE POETRY, MUSIC, DANCE**

**TUESDAY:** CAFE JALVIN, Cnr. Richardson & Armstrong Sts. Middle Park
**Thursday: RAGLAN, 34 Errol Street North Melbourne
**Saturday:** Living Room, 62 Bridge Road, Richmond.
Your skin reminds me
what we lost by not talking
Tears are no bridge
Touch evaporates
Your eyes assign me
a target a ticket
a carriage in a siding
rusting unremembered
Your words accuse me
for love under flags
Armies of emotions
in deserts double beds
Your silence is lip stone
No persuasion
No salesperson
care feet in door
Your stillness is willow
reed in the river
Breathing clear air
escape from the shallows
Your presence is magnets
waves of moon water
for clouds to start crying
umbrella conventions
Your tears are now silver
Your smile a river
Your laughter a mountain
Your love a cottage
I walk on your brown earth
remember those fires
clean sheets and skins
giggling children
Fog mixed with smoke
obscures these mirages
I'm drunk and I'm dreaming
sailing, drowning
Our life was a movie
coloured as ribbons
raindrops in water
it slipped through my hands.
I if it were not real, this story would be funny
You are welcome in Queensland for the colour of your money
Things won’t change this rural economy
would not function reliant on the real and the free

Some people strip searched, allegedly for drugs
Some Aborigines beaten up by plain clothes thugs
Some busted for no reason and planted with dope
Small wonder young cynical have given up hope

Straight is the fashion, disco the scene
Cloudland was a vision - now demolished dreams
FM on the campus sings stereo screams

While children all deny what it is that they see.

Few protest, knowing nothing will change
The best they can hope for is that they will stay
To survive in the Deep North is a victory for some
The worst evil to be is a new-arrived Victorian

Resentment of people who come from the South
The first words that utter from a Queenslander’s mouth
“You Victorian!” Like Peter you deny
Your own voice betrays you so why bother to try?

Speak slowly and talk of the weather and trivs
Praise Bjelke-Petersen and his Brown Shirt Policeforce
Curse Japs and Victorians, and Hippies and Reds
Curse the horse that lost, Aussie Rules and bad bets

Say that Queensland is tops and always will be
No matter that unemployment is growth industry
Religion will blot out all that is real
Suppress all you are thinking, repress all that you feel,

So drink a beer to the state of the nation
Advanced in skin cancer, VD, unemployment, inflation
Queensland is the place to go to die
Grab yourself a piece of pineapple - Pie in the sky!

PERFORMANCE, POETRY, MUSIC, DANCE
Tuesday: Cafe Jammin Cnr. Richardson & Armstrong Streets, MIDDLE PARK
Thursday: Raglan Cafe, 3A Errol St., NORTH MELBOURNE
Saturday: Living Room 62 Bridge Rd., RICHMOND