EXPERIMENT

1965

POETRY AND PROSE

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EDITOR'S NOTE

"EXPERIMENT" was first conceived as a vehicle for publishing original work by student writers who had not previously appeared in print. Because the main object of the production is encouragement, variety in type and style rather than a very narrow selection of top quality pieces, has been editorial policy. It is unfortunately true that there is a lack of quality material available - either it is not being written, or authors are unnecessarily reticent about their prose and verse.

The main criticism one can make about the literary contributions is that in general they show a forced or spurious feeling and appear pretentious. Highly emotive phrases take the place of real emotion or thought. There is a lack of discipline and flaws in technique often highlighted by an overabundance of epithets and the use of words, qua words without any clean areas of reference.

Poetry is essentially personal, but like all forms of art it is meant, despite Mr. Cloud's protestations, to communicate, and the best poetry should have some element of universality as well as individualism. Most of the poems received were attempts at intellectual sallies rather than human communications. Peter Curnow and Rosemary Randall were the two whose works, we felt, approached more the poetic ideal than any others.

Diane Bright.
POETICAL MANIFESTO
or, How to Appreciate Obscene Verses on Shit House Walls

Please note outside factor colouring my opinions:—
   My private psychosis.
Good poetry can be many things.
Among others, it is the accurate distillation of an emotion.
This is why my poetry is bad.
(Good prose is the accurate distillation of life as a whole:—)
This is why my prose is bad).
It has meaning, almost always different for the poet and the reader.
This last is the way it should be.
It is the by-product of a science called Aesthetics.
A by-product of a science is not an art, not art.
   Besides it is too abstract to be Art. Not so.

It is essentially meaningless, like all striving towards Art.
Poetry is a way of saying nothing; good poetry is a clever way of saying nothing.
   "Sound and Fury"
Poetry is cursed with philosophy's disease:—semantics—
   and to a worse degree
All this is essentially meaningless. This is the way it should be.
For myself:
My poetry has meaning for me/ the hell with you
   Ask yourself for explanations,
Don't bother me,
   I'm too busy being an esotist
My poetry has beauty for me/ the hell with you etc.

How to appreciate good poetry:.....laugh
How to appreciate obscene verses on shithouse walls:
   laugh.

Good poetry is music.
   There are no good poets
They are all musicians

Jonathan Cloud
PART I

For every Adam a paradise ghosted
by remembrance of his future,
past before begun too soon,
time's voice a crashing cymbal;
poison flows from the serpent's breast
to pollute my drink,
it's chemical analysis
the chart of my adolescence......

A beginning at the end of death:
the sleeper exchanges dreams like foreign money;
illusions of love to fill the void of art
and psychos his maps of memory
to quell the bitter laughter.

The dancing grey lights that know no limits
probe the depths of a whirlpool sea,
parading debris in fancy dress,
indifferent mannequins in autumn's show
leaving the lingering taste of dust
and fallen leaves from the unfound tree.

Blind to the worthiest lover
who dizzy comes from Hell's carnival
to offer ecstasy upside down:
perhaps to save dreams threatened
by a lone rider from the sky.

Blind, I say, to shaft-stringed eyes
furious with sacrifice spurned
and lips contemptuous of he
who lies with a friend's friend:
she consoles the loser
with tasteless suck from sex's bottle.

Jonathan Cloud
HOMOGENIZED

A milkman is like a mole,
He burrows thru the night
With his cold hands sticking out beside him.
Do you not pity this poor unwanted creature?
Milk makes a neverending fountain
In his bottletop brain.
His hairy scottish hands hold our milk upright
   He scuttles from the light
   Like a creature in a fright.
He longs to escape from the wetness of glowworm tokens -
If the cow burst does he rush to save them.

Do you get a milkman in a bottle every morning?
The milkman does.
Nor does he complain.
Did you ever get a COW in a bottle?
Bottles are the wrong shape anyway
So are cows.
The milkman is too sleepy to notice.

What a misshapen nocturnal creature is a milkman!
Clawing his way over the broken bottle tops,
He attains pasteurization.

DENNIS LIST.

They say my brain's configurations
Are somehow not quite right:
I don't match no standard deviations,
And the mean's nowhere in sight.

My I.Q. is ninety-four,
I've no aptitudes at all,
If I weren't so dumb I'd have the brains
To feel just two feet tall.

The percentile mark is ten, no more,
This means, as you can simply see,
That from a hundred average boors
Ninety are not so dumb as me.

If this is true I've got a question,
And I don't ask it from perversity,
Tell me, masters: what the hell
Am I - so dumb-doing at University?

Jonathan Cloud
The world is retreating under a subterfuge of mediocrity and hypocrisy. "On no" the wise man says "we have come many ways since those days many reincarnations ago. I know! I was there then, and again, again," "How can you say?" gibbers the fool incomprehensive. "The times are advancing - see, see what we have handed down to you.

A Christmas-wrapped bundle of joy. The all-enveloping joy of death, black burden of frizzled timelessness, the H₂O spotted incognito and exploitation explosion and pain.

pain

dearth

pain!

Fish in the trees, turtles turn parchingly inland, fish inland turtle in trees; Maoris with ebony skins - white with brown; florid Italians oozing in a pool of olive-oil, Eskimos melting in an ice-slide of igloo; traitors turning in a surge of recantation, lovers immobile in action the inside out and the politicians under the bed and not in a way able to turn if off out and under, out and under the blankets over their dead-heads and no way to stop stop.

Stops and all all all is ended, redundancy again, again and all is taken for the bias of binding a new Messiah ...

Was it not heeded and unheeded "The fire next time" the GREATEST book ever recanted and forged... Hunted in an inferno of a melting, molting, molten flower, the last of political, artistic integrity, underground in an infra-shell of concreted hibernation, hedgehog hell: underground haven of iniquity, politions hidden, and the scuts survival in the utmost.

Go unto the end in the arpeggio of complete oblivion call o call call call and cry for blessed oblivion to end the beginning. End with the yelp of wounded dogs, expended for the foreign policy of a bum political MAN, o die with a sigh for the black man still enslaved - are you not free in your acquiescence ... o ... the man in the tree of enlightenment... it is the innocence which constitutes the CRIME. No crime, just population control with END-fired ... the rest back-fired in evolution with broken wings - all plagiarised... J. B. THWAITES.

"Broken Wings" Baldwin the bible and sell all plagerism.

Not the crime of innocence; acquiescence under and above knowing. Is it still yes! - then the end - arpeggio; oblivion and broken wings.

Margaret Mason.
The leach of conscience
clinging in a fervour
tormenting the mind with its evisceration of logic
Bears brine upon the ocean of grief
filling cavities of the soul
with meaningless, unwarranted curbs.

Conscience; the moral colour of a mind
belaboured in action by a growth
ingrown by the voice of our environment
The abstract state no longer inchoate
passing images are
coloured by a purple mind.

MARGARET MASON

Towering town shadows allow me
To walk, run madly
Through early morning mist city streets
Free of the late night, leather-coated
Zombies of the 'sixties,
Free of the outrageous cars
And red-tin masses
From nowhere, but coming
Here.

Let me run forever
Without that human bondage
Of stifling sterile life.

BLAIR PEACH.
DEATH IN NEWSPAPER

An almost infinite number of fish and chip shops
Obliterated by the smells, scents and odour
Of dead fish
Waiting their turn, in single files
To fill the hearts and intestines of the living.
Potatoes, killed with their eyes open
Unable to see the cannibals
The eye-eaters of the twentieth century.

Behind the counters stand the killers.
In front the cannibals.
To be exchanged for fish and chips.
How cruel!

PAULINE PLUMAR

SOLE

Fallen shoes sit on the feet of a dead mind.
The spirit is gone.
The leather is semi-dead:
Half alive.
The laces are dead. There never were any.
The sole is dead, killed by countless gravel.
The buckle is alive.
All the rest is at rest,
Or dragged along by a thoughtless foot
Trying to twist the buckle
And to annihilate whatever soul there was
In the dead shoe.

PAULINE PLUMAR

ODE

CHEESE BISCUITS ARE SINNERS
as are the people who eat them.
Poor cheese; mashed and melted.
Poor flour; sifted and mixed up to glory.
Baking powder, measured and beaten,
rises in revolt in the oven.
Salt, iodized for lack of work,
made to taste.
People shall not make cheese biscuits!
And people shall not eat them!

PAULINE PLUMAR
REASON

All the world is hot
I am hot
I am all the world.
It is hot in here. Too hot.
This is the result of the sun's rays being sent down to earth,
Being sent down to me.
Once again, I say
I am the world.
A lunatic.
The moon?
No, the moon is a part of the world.
I am partly lunatic.
Therefore I am the world.

PAULINE PLUMAR

NOAH'S ARK

Despite the invasion of the monstrous triboldies
Ronny was late for Easter breakfast so he ran quick-
fast like lightening for he was afraid.

This was not a good proposition on a hot and sunny
hairbrush. Uncle had warned him often of this
swarthy danger, that lurked under wooded houses
and rozzers batons. Ronny's gammy club gave his
walking much of the old trouble and all. Thus with
great impediment was experienced down the hill,
But our Ronny gave not afoot nor for that matter a
leg. For ten minutes did he spastic until Uncle
bath him hard like on the bonk. But as previously
stated Ronny could a buttering take. Blint rhough
he may neer did he scream for firstaid or other,
To this day Ronny has never once eaten swarthy
rozzers on Easter breakfast.

BLAIR PEACH.
"Who but the dead can kiss the not yet born?"  

George Barker

The eternity of yesterday fleeing the eternity of today
Bears the eternity of tomorrow ...
But tomorrow's eternity is still-born, lived in the infinity of today.
If time should have some flaw,
Some pause to catch at our tenuous past,
Could one savour fragments of a yesterday?
"Stop the world. I want to get off."
Too late! Too late to clutch at a star, attempt a halt.
If we cannot deflect that sound
Whose sullen echo we try to record
Can death be more than our destination?
The skirling of an inaccessible telephone
Jarring into tension every tender nerve
An insistant emptiness fulfilling only frustration
Who can withstand but the dead?
"Therefore never send to know for whom ...."
Tis for thee, for thee, for thee.
The fool, phlegmatic and complacent
Like a bloated melon in the sun
Comments in the wisdom of apathy
Cela m'est egal.
Life is petty.
Dangling in ever and never from a happy day's rim
But where in the haze of our infinitude
Can one retain a microcosm in time?
Is there any blade to provide a scissure
Or will the foetus, by its lifeline garroted,
Die voiceless in the womb?

PETER CURNOW
Suddenly At Sunset

There's something about
The sound of a clock
That scares me,
Said old Tassie Long.
An hour weighs heavy
Like quicksilver until,
Slippery seconds
Through my fingers
Flash, then scatter and roll away.

THE DAYS ARE SO SHORT
THAT AN EAR CANNOT HEAR
ANY SOUND
FROM THE MOUND
THAT COVERS A BIER...

There's something about
The sound of the sea
That scares me
Said old Tassie Long.
The spittle on each wave's lip
Laughs me into littleness, then
A windbroken neck,
And savage fingernails
Scar the belly's swell

THE DAYS ARE SO SHORT
THAT THERE NEVER WILL BE
ANY YIELD
FROM A FIELD
THAT'S JUST SIX BY THREE...

There's something about
The sound of night trains
That scares me,
Said old Tassie Long.
That sudden, shuddering snatch of speed
A gasp, a shriek, and soon
Dying wheels
Climb the lonely emptiness
Into morning

THE DAYS ARE SO SHORT
THAT YOU'RE LEFT IN THE PAST
A SONG
SOUNDS WRONG
WHEN YOU SING IT TOO FAST

― Peter Curnow

Intimations of Immortality

Throw away your clocks he cried
Tear up your calendars, your diaries
Be ruled no more by time.
Place your foot on the minute hand
And mock its puny struggles
Becoming more like man.
Ignore the separation of eternity
Into feeble hours and days.
Tear down time from its pedestal
And in its place erect man.

― Peter Curnow
Sycophantic Syncopation
(An Experiment)

Love for me
Meant something
Private
(Soul-searching
if you like)
But she
Turned from my
Happiness
As such
Pining for
Longing for
Something
Something less
I cannot
Tangible
Then we
Offer her
Gregariousness.
Might have found
Happiness
Outside
Without smothering
Knowing
Lonely things
Love must be
Under unwanted
Something
Transcending
Sanctity
Blue smoked screened
Camaradie
Atmospheres

Thoughts at Night

When I'm with you, and we talk
Into the yawning mouth of a shaggy night...
"Oh but where did you put the moon?
What? She's cleaning her teeth for the occasion?
Ah - but see her now,
Leering through the frowsy facelift of a trollop,
She swoons across the sky in an orgasm of stars.
Put her away! She's old, and creased, and sallow,
Not pretty any more!"

...and along the road
the hostile eyes of cars
staring through the night
shattering the strength of an embrace
cut the darkness into little pieces
which fall into the quiet wooliness
of the road behind.

- Peter Curnow
FLY

Fly buzzing at my window, crawling around inside the frame, cannot see that the window is open, keeps trying to penetrate through to his own image in the glass. Like that fly, I frame my limitations, then crawl around them, beat bravely at them, until I fall exhausted, broken on my framed excuses.

Fly's vision is small, cannot see outside the limits of the window, I do not want to see outside, would rather keep hitting and bumping my head against the image of my self-imposed limitations. Self-styled iconoclast, I set out to smash it, yet knowing that I cannot, I finally break myself on myself.

Fly can see through the glass but not around, always trying to break through into an illusion, I too will never go around. Needing the illusion, needing limitations not limits, needing something reflecting me, something resembling me, I am finally knocked into unconsciousness by my own self-adulation.

Fly is not reflected by the open sky, a speck in infinity having no area, no size. I too find size only inside a frame.

Only on the glass even as on a pin
can we be placed
be figured
be classified
as something.

- Peter Curnow
Long drops hum steady fall as
You lie up there in unfaithful
Sleep, wrenched
Yet I ache understanding
And longing to fulfill
As you lie, hour slumber
Soft sleep in nighting
Pale dreams
Of her breast
Amid the fork-whipped foam
Sudden wonder as to whether
You will swift pull
My sheets - and tumble,
Scramble me out
Of lazy bed
To laugh with you
On bare boards of
Silent sigh.

- Janice White

Enigmatic now the people sit
Bereft their tongues
And purple faced
Now hollow voices
Can no more parrot
Words of their fathers
Mundane daily threat
The dull pulsing of
Their carefully thumping
Feet
Eyes widen as a terror
Slowly dawns
And hearing pricks
The convenience as there's
Nothing to be heard
Oblivion gnaws at
An infamous ankle
As the lily falls
Decentered at
Her feet,

- Janice White

As now I sit
Observing some phenomenon
The perfect peace of twos
Distant company
A single peak lies under
Chilling ice and snow
Peace between the marriage
of two minds
To justify the placing of our
Tongues on some small
oriental table and
Flowing down on
Silence
Or stretched in black
Upon the steaming sand
To magnify the myriad
Strange the written
Written soundings in
The sand
As the death of our
Our imagination
Leaves me single.

- Janice White
Duck-damson-dazzle
Divers sea
Sheet-metal-flaming-fire
What crime what crime
So red so red
Flamingo-fallen sun
I knew sun in nigger-gold days
Of jungle-jaded sweat
Stale sweet smell from body oil
Toil heat cattle dung and
White teeth-shining laughter
But scarlet now geranium night
Paints pale lips
Night-bird-blues and
China slumber
Shoulder cross of
Strung
Hung
Sun.

Rosemary Randall

His eyes bore mine with a strange feroc-
City
And yet their plain is splendid for
And hour
Black on white where white has
Pierced
And blacker where the bullet
Holed
And yet is black that absorbs
Light
White is blind as al-
Bumen
But wedged to a stake his eyes
And mine
Probe the wound of minutes boring
Inner
Secrets of unwhite souls and ra-
Dience
Shines on desert sand, palm
Fronds fringe
Oasis well and somewhere, some-
Where blood
Sprouts clean and eyes shut over gut-
Ted wound.

Rosemary Randall
Who live in dark quiet, love in dark rooms,
Blanket aloneness with double embrace,
Feel through gloom for understanding
Where words are a silent desecration,
Where shadows falter on cracked walls,
Light sharp pain through curtain break
And cigarette air in thick, stale,
Where candy drips in syrup wine on
Drunk oblivion, a middle road,
A lesser death with no reward,
Who blindly love in dark, quiet tombs.

Rosemary Randall

White cruel white black-shadow white
Stark, staring, walls of stone
Dry dust pallor, silent streets
Long and narrow granite gleaming
Glaring under white-heat sun
In a sky of diamond fury,
No pity here no mercy shred
Lidded eyes of starved bone men
Blind by too bright
Screaming light
With salt parched tongues
In gaping mouths that
Make no cry,
Silent kill of sterile white
Alabaster, plaster planes
A speechless solitude of marble
Statues chocked with desert sand.

Rosemary Randall
Stones sing, Hammer, part our tissue,
Ice runs cold in fire,
Birds drop winged eggs from premature wombs,
Bald sun melts in a sea of milk,
Dewlap forms on hills
Hammer, sing stones,
Carry away from breast of creation,
Cry stones, cry stones,
Feed no milk to soften bones,
Hard, and raw we are the hills
On our mother's back;
She who bore us is dried with tears,
Infant skies burden her furrowed brow;
We stones shall bear stones which
Labour raise
Bastard memorial on her tomb.

Rosemary Randall

Soft on the death-bed silent night
Mildew settles on sealed lids and
Over the sleeping humpbacked quilt
Clutching exbrace of shapeless sleep
Curls and cuddles cat-lithe limbs -
O, sleep, who honour not the day,
Sleep in live-bed dreaming night;
Too abruptly morning breaks
On eyes dew-moist with river-weed,
Sail on, sail on the torpid tide
Mole under ground from truth too bare,
Cover in dew wash silted eyes and
Dare not gaze on blood-rich sun
Foreboding kill of warning day.

Rosemary Randall

We shall go into a night of love
And buckle our teeth on jawbone dark
And from a single eclipsing force
Bury a seed in black time womb
To grow on honest ground
For dust honours dust and
Dust reclaimed is gentle dust
And in the frozen silent birth
Hold back the cry that makes us two.

Rosemary Randall
Today I thought it was nice
to walk about slowly
doing nothing except
talking and thinking and
whistling.
I do like to whistle only
it embarrasses me.
I don't whistle in tune.

The town I thought, was friendly
today.
Here I am suddenly liking
most people I don't
(as a rule)
like people much at all;
not all people who
suck through their false teeth
or children
who grizzle.
I like, today most men
especially
one or two
They are not as inhibited
as women are.

I don't like (I don't think)
social women
who climb.

scummy places like the
plimmer steps are
nice I think
the dog I saw
had fleas
and the land-lady's bird
had flown away
or so I heard.

Today, I thought it was nice
it rained a bit.
But really,
yesterday was nice too
I think

Adrienne Young
1965

Today is the funeral
of Charley's mother.
She was old, no doubt, and sick or some other
excuse.

And they all trooped away
to the church out there
at Newtown, to hear
the preacher send her off
with a blessing.

It is mundane to die
old and or sick.
Much more interesting
to be young, make it quick
like electrocution or something.

The same, it is tedious to live
whether young or old.
A dragging dreary interminable
which will blow itself cold
as Charley's mother did

Adrienne Young
1965
IN SPITE OF THEM

Speak wisely now, but only to thyself. Pull ears, shrewd brains, dry scorn are all that greet your sacred feat or telling what you think for they don't want to care. Yes. Only to thyself speak softly now. Some jeer, some savour, leer and wait for you to make the shy mistake of opening your heart for they only want to hurt.

Now whisper, whisper only once secret, sacred, seeming sluggish else they'll fight for every right to pillage slander, libel. They'll leave the ravaged, scoured rest.

Now solemnly, give soul thy voice, to dumb things only, sky and night. Be 'fraid to feed the retching greed that wants your soul. Godammit if they'll get that too.
Dedicated with no apology to A. A. Milne

How sweet to be a cloud
Spreading in the blue
It makes me very proud
To be a mushroom cloud

How sweet to be a cloud
Spreading in the blue
Every little cloud
Will soon get rid of you

How sweet to be a cloud
Floating in the blue
I'll see how far my girth
Can envelope this earth

How sweet to be a cloud
Spreading in the blue
I really did not know
What fun it is to grow

How sweet to be a cloud
Spreading in-the-blue.

ADRIENNE YOUNG

Sing Ho! For the life of a bomb
Sing Ho! For the life of a bomb
I don't mind if it rains or snows
Cos' I've got a little fallout
on my nice new nose!

I don't care much if it rains or thaws
Cos' I've got a little fallout that can all be yours
Sing Ho! For one bomb
Sing Ho! For a few
And I'll have a little blast off in an hour or two.

ADRIENNE YOUNG

Dedicated with no apology or regret to A. A. Milne

Megaton Megaton, Megaton Pie
You can make bombs and so can I
Destroy all the world if you can in one try.

Megaton, Megaton, Megaton Pie
A dead man can't live
But a live one can die
Send me a bomb and you'll get a reply
Megaton, Megaton, Megaton Pie.

ADRIENNE YOUNG.
MR. DROB

Mr. Drobble living in a log cabin.  
He was a Russian cabin dweller.  
Mr. Drobski also, with a dirty big black stove.  
Once he stopped dancing on the floor and looked up. Two small poke holes in the front of his stove. Thin chimney, too long for a hat. Smoking hard.  
Two EYES in the poke holes.  
Drob screams.  
It is a crafty bear, maybe. Somehow wormed its way down the chimney. Bears eyes is.  
Maybe the fire is still alive.  
Can't find the poker.  
Drob sharpens his pencil till it is red hot then thrusts it into one of the poke holes. Two eyes in the other, looking at him softly.  
Drob glares back.  
Meanwhile the flap further down opens quietly, and Drop is poked in the balls by the real poker. White hot.  
Drob reconsiders.  
Other eye has now floated back to other hole.  
Chimney shakes, soot tumbles off the roof,  
Drob secretly beckons to Drobova.  
Drobova fetches a piece of pipe. Can't stand those cool eyes.  
Stove is curtained off.  
Bandage noise. Drobova rushes to save the soup.  
Curtain burns silently.  
Drop left poke hole lunge.  
Drobova right.  
Suddenly the chimney pipe bulging out as big as the rest of the stove.  
Soot falls in the soup. To the rescue. Stove belches.  
Drobova spread with soup.  
Swollen chimney slides down into stove.  
Drob ties knot round chimney. With his braces.  
Again.  
Knot breaks.  
With beating on the swollen sides. Echoes and fire goes out.  
Drob bends down to relight it.  
Drobova whaks Drop from behind.  
Stove breathes in (loud sucking sound).  
Door flies open. In come robbers.  
Drob beaten to death.  
Stove settles in for the winter.  

DENNIS LIST
TO FREUD

You were the dream
At first
it was a cartwheel of colour
not a dry dream becoming obscene
but bordering on the blue sea of carnal calm
when I slept with thoughts of you.

Then the sharks
circled the raft
and the sun was start sinking
in a near nightmare of garish
hues
not red hiding
hurt
when I lost
you.

And I dreamt I was drowning
dark in the depths of deepness
a bath of blood blackness
and I was clutching at the
wrecks of my understanding
of searching search in the maze
of my mind that left you in
nightmare.

TESSA MALCOLM

Outside the rain rains
and clothes the mountain with grey and wet.
And silver slivers fracture the pane
through—which I
long for the wet mountain
Safe, dry,
behind the pane
I watch the streams of water on the glass
distort the
distant mountain's trees.
Distant—
but I could reach out and touch that mountain
with my safe dry fingers;
If I but open the window and let in the storm.

But that I know I may not do
For our would fly my naked self
To dance in homage to the storm
On the drenched rain dividing mountain.

KAYLENE ANDREW
The Rain Within ....
Limp and wilted, hanging leaves, defeated
By tilting, pelting drops.
Nature hangs ashamed and unprotected
until it stops.

Sluggly, shuffling, rainswept people;
'draggled, drenched, without, within.
The sodden feeling penetrates more further
than the skin.

The everlasting wet rain, dry rain, driving, bending
into the Mind. It finds like piercing needles, maggot sleet
the feeling, spirit, the soul, ambition, conscience, guilt:
and it kills.

Adrienne Young
1965

Will He consider the bush on the hill
The mountains the meadows, the sea?
Will He remember each factory and mill
Do you think He'll consider me?

Will He consider each babe and each child
The ill decrepit, distressed?
Will He remember all those reconciled
Or does He only consider the blest?

Will He consider all those near to death
With all who are happy and free?
All who are nearing their dying breath
Oh Lord! Please consider me!

Adrienne Young
A SURREAL WAKING

My world is my head
My head is in my bed
Is filled with bitter dreams
unfriendly shapes
guilt, fascination

accusing dark, and
colours of remorse.

My head is aching
It seems to slither about
On a shiny pavement
wet slippery pavement
and the rain is beating down into my face
pockmarking each instant
my mouth is filled with rain
The crowd hurries by and heeds not
and the red lights glow
in the distance and dark.

KAYLENE ANDREWS

SATURDAY MORNING

A flat back, matt black, limp necktie
and a sock;
and inside-out crumpled little
handful of sock
on a nylon shirt
(on a pile of white shirts),
like a raisin in dough.

KAYLENE ANDREWS

TODAY

Today
I walked in the bush
with the earthsmell and the lifesmell
still movement of
spore patterned forms
and roots writher gnarled hands across the track
I walked in the silence of growing and struggling
and strife of life
and in the loud silence I stood alone pondering
barren and free-er than nothing
for even decaying is useful
- but me -
I am sterile
Where nothing is wasted
The lifesmell the strifesmell
I have no perfume.

KAYLENE ANDREWS
A SURREAL WAKING

My world is my head
My head is in my bed

Is filled with bitter dreams
unfriendly shapes
guilt, fascination

accusing dark, and
colours of remorse .

My head is aching
It seems to slither about
-On a shiny pavement
wet slippery pavement
and the rain is beating down into my face
pockmarking each instant
my mouth is filled with rain
-The crowd hurries by and heeds not
and the red lights glow
in the distance and dark.

Kaylene Andrews

SATURDAY MORNING

a flat back, matt black, limp necktie
and a sock;
and inside-out crumpled little
handful of sock
on a nylon shirt
(on a pile of white shirts)
like a raisin in dough

Kaylene Andrews

Today

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- but me -
I am sterile
Where nothing is wasted
the lifesmell the strife smell
I have no perfume.

Kaylene Andrews
Last night in my bed
I desired you.
In the dark
Your warmth was power.
Like a flower to sun
I sought you
and then
I saw you through the arch
and the garden behind you.
—and I hid my head—
Why was I afraid
I looked again soon
and loved you
and waited
but you had come
and gone.
In the dark
My bed is cold.

Kaylene Andrews

Music Man
and all there is of him
plays to the smoky crowdblur-
heads over tables—white rafts washed
up there
from the scurrying eddies of the city
night
Grey music man
with the pink fat fingers
on the long-horn sax goldshine keys
head bobbing to sad beat, hip beat
sob beat thro' beat
beat beat
jumping to the jive-mad dive-mad
jumpsad crowd.
Bald marionette man
feed—the crowd—the-blues-man
hoo—waa—hoo—oo man
blow it right through, then
slow, slow, slower man.

Kaylene Andrews

See the garden
See the garden and the children and the gate
See the children
See the children playing in the gloom
in the gloom's black-purple are the blondehaired
children
and the sun gone down
and the sun gone long down
No mother calls
no mother calls them in and the empty house is dark.

Kaylene Andrews

An old man
On the rise
Silhouetted
Old age looks older against the sky—
Why?
The sky is infinite,—clean?
Men are small
Old men are smaller.
Helpless
Hopeless
Old age is despair.
Even his stubby whiskers are clear
Against the sky.

Kaylene Andrews

On the way
I saw a kingfisher
bright
on a wire.
That night a storm howled
and trees fell
across telephone wires
while I lay drunk and cozy.
On the way back
there was the dead bird
by the side of the road
It wasn't the same one I suppose
but it seemed to be my fault.

Kaylene Andrew

The wary cat
looked at me
I saw it but it looked at me

Kaylene Andrew
LOVE POEM

my love
my life
my whole world when I was
    a little boy
    my whole world
my everything now that I am a man
    my everything

a man
your man
your love
your life

flecks of candle light
myriads of spectrums
    make a mural
    the composition of
dream upon dream
hope upon hope
wish upon wish

the unexplored instep
    of the nomadic virgin
    the breath of tomorrow

intangible
    uncarressed
the fragrance of the perfume
yet to be smelt
the words not yet written
    by the considerate poet

an emotion not performed
    solitude in our world
    whole world
    infinite everythings.

- Roger Andrew
Let There be Light

Within Life's tongue tied tedium
Lined with efficient nonentities
Man searches vainly through the light
Peering into the stifling glare
Of the enshrouding enshrouded sun
Approaching the opaque projected God
Visionary blindness moves him to cold vacuum:
He retires to bed and forgets in the darkness.

A. P. Lenart

To ride in the chariot is ineffective
As lovers indecisive moments
Time overtakes me within this moment
And I, Hypnotised, sit dumb
A fishing net rusted
By waters of iniquity
Falling because I do not rise
Into superhuman efforts
Let despair not overtake me
Show me the moment of truth
Then no reason for living or
Passing through the inert chaos
Of selfish manhood.
To die and suffer no more.

A. P. Lenart

On contemplation of the still night

Beneath God's supernal evening portrait
The world lulls lazily into sleep
Darkness becomes eminent, stressed
By the Beacon moon, guardian prince in deity.

The land is not lighted, merely circumscribed
By humble grey clouds: and is not ignorant, almost evil
In sheer silk-seductive blackness
The beauteous sheen of it all!

And ah! devils are aroused!
They rumbled and flicker with demon uproar.
All succumb at last to the glory
Of God's morning. Evil contours of land
Resume their colour and meaning.
And man, unaware of the drama, rises and
Sets off to work.

A. P. Lenart
THE RAGGED BOY

"Le garçon délabré qui n'a rien à faire..." T. S. Eliot.

It could have been at the family reunion that you heard for the first time the assertion of the absurd, or it could have been in the apple orchard that you saw the cracked shepherd's face on the potsherd; relics are not so easy to find; the absurd is easily designed.

Aspects of the same, suddenly shortle out in space, when they see an asteroid hurtle in a void, or a star wobbling, as a fat prima donna makes an aria out of table chat: "The world's not right with you and me." The star splits when she hits top C.

You would waltz to the basic bardic strains, but the old have visions and the young have trains to catch to work in the mackerel-crowded sea to tin the fish as food for tea. The moon gets closer as the self recedes, because grandma planted aspidistras you plant weeds.

The potsherd is cracked, a faded aesthetic fragment, the absurd has grown a beard and lives in a tent with his collection of porcelain miniatures, and draws caricatures of caricatures. A computer computes the nth power of ten, words split, ink dries in the pen when....

MAARTEN VAN DIJK
Upon this murmur of the vocal cords
Are handed out between slivers of pallid lips
Sounds apparently, then we are all sound full
Since we comprehend.

Easy reverberations that in distress fall hard
Sounds and meanings in music we understand
the Musician and composer speak
But we within our short ambience
Interpret for ourselves and do not understand
But verbally take in monosyllables
Break Polysyllables to these

Meaning and sound and unity
In common sounds, meanings too
The ranging human cord is similar
In the jagged movement of sound through atoms
To the earth and sky, wind and see
let me place my ear and
understand the sounds of earth.

ANNE B. FITZGERALD.

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Life – a railway journey

Time passing has no meaning as we travel
Through the railway night-Rigid.
Strangers peruse magazines and forget
Others remember the derelict past
Misty windows covered by gasping breaths of Claustrophobia.

Occasionally a little dazzle of lights
A passing car stuns the glaring darkness
– one moment of seeing – then back to oblivion.

We move on through time passing
Away from time past – into time future
Which never exists since future is present.

A. P. Lenart
THE PERENNIAL DRAGON

Feel the stirring age old dragon,
Heaving shake and split the ground
Break its body's graveyard windings,
Raise its head and gaze around.

Shamble forth renew its battle,
Death, decay, destruction bring,
What unleashed this ancient monstrous
tyrant dinosaural king?

As in antique Chinese paintings,
On two legs erect it stands,
Clawing mammon's frail defences,
Moneys, profits, interest, lands.

None who fight withstand this dragon,
Never fought by us before,
Rather worshipped as saviour,
Thunder Father, God of war.

Only when its task completed,
Leaves the world a smoking fire,
Ravaged, wrecked, the remnants smoulder,
Cinders, soot, black charred ash pyre.

Only when the dragon sated,
Drags itself away to rest,
Waiting foolish priestly leaders,
To invoke its curses blest.

Only then the threefold Goddess,
Displays her gifts; Disputes the earth,
Loves despite still as she pleases,
Gives always death yet sometime birth.

D. A. FLUDE
THE SENSES THAT ARE LOST

There is sand in those caverns of your eyes.
I shudder and see blinding yellow grains
Like the corncubes you cannot see

Sans eyes
In your ears are marl and chalk
Sans ears
From labour cast in by the din of life
Sans
And your body is sunk low in this
everything
(soft sands of luxury).

Your skin is encrusted with age shells
Concentric markings, your years enfold you
Strained is your face with anxiety care
So much to tarnish it, so much to bear
Bare now your feeble arms, let them helpless fall
In your mouth there's no reply
Just the flapper of your tongue
No charge from chords
Have ceased to engage
The melody of life, played the last age.

ANNE B. FITZGERALD.