

Windows Wound Down

PAM BROWN

parked under
a chalky old light pole,
windows wound down,
dozing on the front seat,
on the radio
Chinese classical music

hot night tonight,
across the road
a man is wearing
his hat, indoors.

the stars that I love,
when I remember
to look at them,
blink above the building

*

I've memorised
a Keats sonnet
for February
a Tom Clark poem

for March

&

julienned the carrots

for spicy carrots

with harissa, cumin,

parsley, garlic, lemon,

while listening

to crazy music –

Albert Ayler

*

a Czech poetry paperback

bought in 1971,

there's a 30 cent ticket

to the Penguin Reserve

on Phillip Island

and a poignant note

tucked between the pages

of a poem marked with a pencilled 'x'

'x' – Vladimir Holan, Changes –

This is our hope: that we have passed

the limits of the last reality.

But while consciousness disappears

it is the very consciousness

whose constant changes

remain . . .

the note—

P

I can't bring myself to write

what's in my head

I am splitting up north I guess

I love you

B

*

The Collected Poems
of Gwen Harwood
is on the table
but I should
prepare a talk
for Zines in April

*

going on online,
a small discussion
(between 3 poets)
about experimental poetry
and free verse that one poet says
is really

anecdotal 'sincerity'
wrapped up in the unified 'I'

oh dear I think that must mean me,
with whom I am definitely stuck,
I have
my limitations, though
not always 'sincere',
and never 'unified' -
only paranoid

*

do carpenters
read novels
about carpenters?
do pastrycooks
about pastrycooks?
poets read novels

by poets,
like
Roberto Bolano
yes, it seems so

*

another phone call
more cancer
and another
a month later
like Michael said,
now we'll spend
the rest of our lives
watching our friends die.

*

End of the First Week

*

by the time they caught Karadzic
everyone here had forgotten
who he was, what he'd done

*

water on mars ?
let's fuck mars up too
space terrain
flag a claim,
space fear sphere,
see you tomorrow

*

why not
recalibrate your lifestyle

how did Jean Genet
live in hotels
for so long?

*

she wiped her face
with the wettex
then turned to kiss me

let me
track your parcel
darling

*

find a city,
well, find a city first, I agree,
find myself a city to live in.
David Byrne, Cities

I can't google-map my past,
where we lived is classified

*

cept
f u Peter P !
u know y

*

walk the spoodle
and the labradoodle
past the pot of pesto
under the patio gas heater

grown men
with ridiculous dogs

*

End of the Second Week

*

the podiatrist's fingertips
are orange with nicotine,
my corn recoils

*

lithium eclipse
a new cocktail

ice wine
a minor fever

*

booking into
the Nasty Uncles Hotel
one moonlit night,
a double-bed room,
a nasty argument,
a bus stop

*

the first Koreans of the season,
cloth hats, one silver coolie,
comic-print backpacks,
peering over fences at plants
imported from Korea—

it's Spring

*

End of the Third Week

*

gone solar

*

cicadas sucking sap
underground -
that's optimism

*

I'm not going
to Zines in April,
too old too tired too late

but

still in opposition -
dead prepositions,
and needless adverbs

*

industrialising pollination

my white paper poem
has
no conclusion

I would like to see
some viridian,
in my opinion
a neglected colour

*

End of the Month