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*