

Character

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Dedicated to,
with sincere regard for:

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LOST

/ a city vision

It's so far away,
lonely, alone,
desolate back alleys.
Dirty,
Dark,
Dank.
Lost, but homeward bound,
swept;
under the mat only.

PRESENT

/ but far removed

The being stretches,
like it does every year,
bringing loneliness,
and reachable far away feelings and places,
where the world is empty.

All the beings sway,
and the sound comforts,
in forgotten
but now remembered feelings and times,
inherent in the wind.

I read the trees
that sway in the breeze.

BRIDGE

/ over...

The emotional beat,
and the rustling leaves.
I feel moved, and protected,
by quiet lonely times,
free from accusing voice,
and the child anguish.
Safe and warm
with nothing really.

BOREDOM

Favoured music drones,
pain unplaced,
the room restrains.

The mind and body crawl,
and scream out,
for a way to be.

The cloud comes in,
and swallows up
all the power to try.

I want to create,
to write a song,
but the effort is lost.

Fatigue and community restraint,
closing me down,
lost in the night...

STARLINGS

Flying free,
playing silly games, maybe.
Chasing,
 dodging,
wings of agility,
light,
 quick,
always young and free in mind.

The need to survive,
but not today,
chase and play,
 and love;
and dash away, together.

INTRUSION

The cliffs and sea,
the hills of trees,
rolling on to eternity.
Calm bays,
and the blue-green rivers,
reflecting the shivers
of the warm summer day.

Then the mattered red tile carpet
intrudes;
people's contribution or intrusion
on nature's essence and peace;
though it is quickly passed over.

BABY-CANARY

Take a baby canary,
and put it in a cage.
Feed it,
Clean up after it,
Protect it,
Direct it,
Shield it,
Then let it go.
What happens?

Now,

Take a baby human,
and put it in a cage...

FREIRE

/ applied Freire

Someone told me I was ignorant
the other day,
and I felt denied,
and I was placed inferior.

I picked up my soul today,
and returned
their compliment;
for they are as ignorant as I.

CITY

/ first impressions

busy...
a city,
like most.
pleasant
to watch
rush before you;
while you,
the traveller,
relax and spectate.

SELFISH

Selfish jobs,
Selfish money,
Selfish goods,
Selfish customers buying goods,
Selfish staff making goods,
Selfish millionaires owning staff,
Selfish staff hating millionaires,
Selfish staff hating work,
Selfish work is boring,
Selfish work is painful,
Selfish work seems socially pointless, but
Selfish work earns money, and
Selfish money is spent
Selfishly on other
Selfishly produced goods, made by other
Selfish people who consequently earn
Selfish money too.

So don't work for selfish money,
you selfish people;
it only encourages them.

EAGLE

Coming out of the breaking sun,
large black hovering silhouette;
against the dusk-red sky.

It rises calmly and smoothly,
then dives quickly for prey;
only to rise again unhurried and free.

Stand-over figure,
yet free to be unhassled;
and free to define its world.

LAUGHING

Happy times
Pretty girls
Good looking guys
Dancing
Music
People smiling
People talking
People interacting
Laughing
Playing
Solving sad moments
Resolving hurt
Finding love
Creating something
Discovering
Making
Making it together
Laughing
Kissing
Loving
Travelling
Meeting

Exchanging views
Understanding values
Constructively criticising
Helping
Laughing
Having fun
Finding pleasure
And worthfulness
In meekness
In brilliance
In simplicity
In ignorance
In grandeur
Within poverty
Laughing
Crying
Hurting
Struggling
Battling
Then winning
Resolving
Accomplishing
Accepting
And laughing about it all.

SKY

/ he yawns

and another too.

So I move
to the blinds
and reveal
the sky.

Yellow
blends into
orange
blends into
red
blends into
white
blends into
aqua-blue,

and the hills
and the winter tree
silhouette on
our fatigued
lesson, and
the beauty
captures our
awakened enthusiasm.

"Look at the sky everyone!"

TRANQUILITY

Blowing in out of the dusk,
she settled here,
with my past achievements,
sung well,
and guitar in tune.

She dictates the praise,
long overdue
in my books,
for I owe much,
to you,
more than I gave credit;
I love you all.

Please accept this
token,
for I'm thinking of you;
and she,
my tranquillity,
will be
satisfied;
for the memory
of her
will be bound up
in these
few words.

EQUINOX

1. THE OCEAN

brings its story
to the
land.

little fingers
bring the
blankets over
on the golden
sands.

we walk
together,
with the rare
feeling of
mutual attraction.

2. THE SKIERS

glide slowly downwards,
over rivers
of sun-bright
blankets.

The crisp
cleanness is
enticing and
pleasing.

They twist
and turn,
with practiced
precision and freedom.

3. THE CITY
rushes by
in a friendly
or unconcerning
way as
the endless
existence stretches
out in
reflection of
our restricted
understanding
and imagination.

4. THE WIND
rustles the
new green
spring leaves
and the arms
sway in
slow romantic
movement.

The music
is quietly
contentive.

5. THE SUN
rises over
silhouetted
tree topped
mountains.

A red haloed
heart;
with its love
flowing down
the long
straight paths
to our
appreciation.

6. THE STREAM
tinkles with
sweet notes
of drops
dancing down
the roadway,
over the rocks,
around the curves,
down the falls,
and back into
a community
of friends.

7. THE PLANTS

reach up from
the banks to
worship their
gallant brothers,
defying the sun
and weather.

They snuggle together
at the bank to drink,
and to meditate in the
streams never ending music.

8. THE BIRDS
fly in slow motion
away. Gliding,
then wings flapping,
as the V-formation
heads away for the
evening's feeding ground.

They don't
look back.
They are happy
with this second
equinox in the
Southern Hemisphere.

They signal the
land's reawakening,
with cries of life,
of love;
and of birth.

LAKE

Calmness falls
around the crested curve
as the lake reflects
the tranquillity
of green cascades
of reeds
growing up on shrubs
reaching the trees
which crawl up
over distant
mountains to the
blue spring sky.

The ducks
laze unconcerned on the
mural's reflection,
and the birds
flock to the forests
for city life relief.

One can only be envious,
I guess.

BEACH

Stepping down
the tree arched
pathway into
some depth of
the earth.

Long winding
and viewless
except for the
green trees and bushes
that obscure the light
and leave an eerie shadow.

Presently the shadow
withdraws and
fine white sands
caress our feet
as we step out
on this high walled
beach.

It seems hard to
describe my incredible
feeling.

It seems we've reached
the coast at the
centre of the earth.

Vast cliffs and mountains of trees
reach up on all sides
and border the waves
far out to sea.

The surf is tall
and choppy
and wholly inviting,
so we quickly strip down
and answer it's call.

The body surfing
is brilliant;
dumpers,
riding over the crests
of the 8 foot waves,
and crashing
wildly into the
green frothing mist.

The exodus of this place
calls up vast
appreciation
for the sun
the wind
the waves
this closed vast beach land
and the cliffs and mountains.

We sit on the sand
and soak up the view;
the conquerable cliffs
on the far wall,
and the crashing waves
on the distant headlands.

The waves thrash out
at the rocky outcrops
lining both sides
of the beach,
but the sturdy statues
defy the waves
and stand in arrogance.

As we collect our gear
and walk away,
we can only turn again and look in awe
at this magnificent beach
before having to ascend once again
into a world of realism
and common experience
and leave this strange discovery
behind us.

SANCTUARY

the bird on the verandah
pointed out to the
distant monoliths,
whose cliffed faces
looked down
over grazing hillsides.

they have sheep there
and cattle
and horses
and goats
and chooks
and ...

they have a tin-roofed bunkhouse
in which we slept.
The strong winds
danced leaves and twigs
across the tin
as I lay awake thinking...

With a close friend,
I could find sanctuary
in a place like this.

LIGHTHOUSE

/ the old bombed lighthouse

stands respectably.
it's intricately carved stoneware
reflects a time
of cheap labour,
hard times,
and prided workmanship.

it's grandeur is
only equalled
by its sea-front cliff face
and Mother Nature's
incredible handy work.

TRESPASSER

1.

the kangaroos bound
out on the deserted dusk highway.

they pause
and look inquisitively.

"what is that creature
doing here?"

it's high time i was gone!

2.

in the rustling leaves
is a faint form;
beady eyes peer down
before the tan coloured possum
clammers higher
in the tree
to talk with its
mate

WITHOUT

/ social masking

at the end
of the rainbow
is an island
full of
plants and animals
and people
living without
artificial colourings
and preservatives

MEDITATION

spreading outwards
over an area.

flowing into corners,
climbing up stairs,
rolling down hills.

lifting consciousness
2 feet above.
not to walk away
as I may chose.

looking deep
into the rhythm
of silence,
taking my mind
away from
eternal body
restraints.

wandering about
in ignorance
and finding
what i
can't express.

RELIGIOUS

/ loyalty

to life, is just
a part of
an imposed
frame work.

crawling out of
a mine-shaft,
freedom to be
religious
awaits somewhere
in the panning
of the river.

some find only gold.
i'm hoping i won't starve.

ALIENATION

/ feelings of

living in this great hall
of so many people.

people i've never really met
I guess
we won't.

vast quantities of personality
never explored or shared;

there must be more,
i feel,
than mere reality.

REFLECTING

/ in the depth of the night

Allan and I sat down
at the table
late the other night.

we seem to meet
best at 1 a.m.
and in a sleeping world.

we discussed the illness
of a friend,
and my sorrow for her.

"If we go through life
and then there's nothing
at the end,
 a void!
life, laughter, conversation;
 then nothing!

then it's just a horrible cosmic joke!"

Allan said.

and we discussed religion
for a bit,
thinking mostly of 'one god',

and how the perfection
of our universe
is almost too much coincidence

to be mere 'Mother Nature'.

and i think that we agreed
how sad it was
that some condemn religion
as an answer...

but alas,
we found no answers;
so i left him at the table thinking,
and i trudged off to bed.

WHEN

/ given the time

so much time is spent
wondering where love
will come from next.

but as with the
growth of awareness;
it crops up when
least expected.

THEN

/ in the spirit of inspiration

days and days
of poetic frustration.

with the urge
and the need to write,
the tank lay empty.

then in the true
spirit of inspiration,
there is a thunderstorm.

RECIPROCATED

/ judgement

the bird opens its wings
and glides away.
problems solve themselves
with a little effort,
and much less stress.

why do we grow
heart attacks and cigarettes?
your face tells
 more of a story
 than your words.

with banknotes in your eyes,
and cholesterol in your veins,
you shake your head,
and rush away.

PARTLY

/ coming to grips

once again
the storm clouds
part the sky
and the rays
of sunshine
show green countryside.

the storm's tears
clear, as with
the thunder
and the sharp
heated attacks
that don't touch
ground.

the grass is
seen between
the trees and
one hopes the
storm has gone
for at least
the time being.

i said you were pretty,
you said it was the beer,
i now know it was only character.

CHARACTER

1.

the little character
stood alone on the beach,
a glass of milk held
in its hand;

knowing fair well that it could not
drink the milk and
have it too,
it drank the milk, and sadly
threw the glass
away into the sea.

2.

when the character
had its sixteenth birthday,
the many wise adults came down
bearing gifts of

social conformity and character role,
and the little character forwent
the insight and creativity
of self,
and adopted adulthood.

3.

the character judged,
and when judged in return,
stood up defensively.

arguing and abusing
continuing only moments,
before the character walked
down to the beach
and shouted abuse out
at the undaunted ocean.

4.

the character worried endlessly
about what others felt,
and in its wild fantasies
between the world and itself,

it saw the worst,
and denied and prejudged
those from whom it could
grow the most
in awareness.

5.

the little character
walks in many ways,
and finds ways to justify
its actions.

i only hope that my character
will listen to your judgements,
without resentment and defence.

SHOULD

we sit and talk
and preach
without the action.

we sit and talk
and reach
without the understanding.

our own paths
throw us out,
we can't even agree
to what we want.

i wonder with all
the sit and talk,
there are solutions
to be found at all.

the impact of political influences
is transitory,
the impact of human nature
is eternal.

ACCEPTING

/ the sweet air of night

creeps in the window.

floating away
on a breeze of self-acceptance.

coming to face
the life in the mirror.

INSTABILITY

everyone wants to know my dreams,
some for the sake of conversation,
some for sincere interest,
all for judgement,
intentional or otherwise.

i feel however
that as soon as i chase a dream,
i find it shattering before my eyes;
and i'm turning to form another.

this breeds disrespect
in the eyes of my judges;
i appear unstable,
and certainly i am.

is it a sign of neurosis?
of madness?

certainly strangeness;
against your security values.

i wonder why this problem
bothers me at all.

REALISING

/ the philosopher's fate

the hatred of apparent
hypocrisy
was washed away by
the pleasure of rain.

the kings spoke their words,
but no one listened;
they rain-danced
and prayed to the sky.

i joined the metamorphism,
feeling i'd seen it somewhere before.
philosophers live like
pop-star heroes;

and yet
even then...

BUSKERS

/ never die,

some just fall in love...

Money wound up in
an implement
no longer exploited.

Songs give way to poems,
poems give way to thoughts,
thoughts give way to quiet.

Love gives way to nothing,
it sometimes just seems
to breed frustration.

With my impatience,
and your continued absence,
i rely on my dreams
to carry me through...

I sit in my room
and sing another love song.

MEGALOMANIA

/ not love

A multitude of
well groomed faces
play the disco
games that the
older generation
has handed down
to them people
don't know how
the plain girl
alone on the
table in front
of me is sadly
neglected while
i (with a
girl who could
have any guy)

still feel unloved
as much as the
plain girl with
the fourth scotch
and coke for
the hour that
is only leading
on to a six
hour fruitless
and unexplainably
painful Saturday
night.

May I offer
you the thought
that whatever happens,
if you let them
let you support
their self-esteem,
at the price of
your own,
they will!

You're as much
a princess as
they are;
only you're
letting them
exile you in a
foreign palace.

Go out and
build your own.

UNDEFENDED

/ thought for the week

why all the hatred of
fat people, and
plain people,
people of other
races and
agendas and
gender, and
 , and
 , and
answerless, and
undefended;
(like an overlap on the wing.)

where's all that
anglo-saxon, judaeo-christian
manliness now?

we've all rated the faces of everyone,
rated the bodies,
rated the stereotypes
of the character,
and with a glimmer or more
of (subjectively judged) threat,
or (with any apparently unjustified claim to)
superiority;
 we hate
 hate
hate and prejudice them,
to maintain our self esteem
at all cost.

(a living ambition)

ANOTHER

/ another shopping mall,

ANOTHER SALVATION STALL.

Temptation drags you into another shop.

Work for money,
want money for commercial wants,
commercial wants want money,
wants commercial work.

The immediate impression seems
indispensable for inconceivable people
numbers
faced and judged.

Gains by looks.

Looks like divorce
and alienation
and plastic shop-fronting
and indelible facial goop.

Desperation...

drags you into another shop.

THOUGHT

/ as i listen to *Pavlov's Dog*...

Dusk creeps in
and candles ignite
themselves and
shine shadows
of pleasantry
over the house.

Alone again,
yet not yet
lonely, with
no absence of
flowing thought
and happy memory.

A slight dis-ease
of my self-indulgent poetry,
though overwhelmed
by the thought
that not all is bad;
in fact poetry
has become the
avenue for
release of pent-up
frustrations.

People intersubjectivity
sets a base for meaning,
and friends and lovers
are as much a need
as food and water.

HAUNTED

/ it's a ghost,

(It's come to haunt,
and won't be buried)

Spinning up the volume
of a power poised
guitar and supporting
rhythm subdues the
meagre voice of
undercurrent problem
no one wants to hear
let alone the band
wanting to highlight,
and when the lights
are on you,

the half caring
strobes see only a
lust biased vision of
a body and hear only
the noise and not
the rhythm or lyrics
of emotion.

People reject guitars
that fall out of tune
and drums that lose
the rhythm;

come face your voice alone,
(and build safe foundations
for your stage.)