

Galah

what's the big idea talking like a mosquito in my ear
a dog who squeals at my heel
are you so disappointed with your life you can't even hear
how disjointed your version of yours truly soooooounds
so what if you're not the anointed one
the story of your pain takes too long to explain
like someone once said you better go back to where you came from if
you can remember your name then you know who to blame

jesus said once you've met one you've met them all
he saw the wisdom written on the wall in chalk and all in letters
big and small
he said I would if I could but I can't so I won't
he said sign-writing is an art so don't get smart with me
don't tell me you invented Christmas the sales have already begun
and you haven't yet wrapped your presents

you could get a bargain if you listened to the silence
but you don't even believe in your own existence so you'll excuse me
when I say I've got some serious shopping to do
buy myself a cut-price friend
wouldn't that be nice
and you can tell your woe to
some one I don't know

Rhapsody in pink

all we had was cars
we hopped from foot to foot
rustic rock'n'roll
fever at a puritan wake
fumbling for a kiss
lacking both a capital
or a French letter
nevertheless our imaginary
start
drove us round the lake
drove round and round the lake
and we painted all our nails
kind of low-brow posh
we heaped coals on our lips
and saw the mystic sun
ends of the earth
that place was called

Old Good Friday

In its echo I exist
as long as it takes for the bike
to pass as now it has
in some sense each can
become the other
but once we're seen then
it's answerable to nothing but itself
the self does not matter
its open throttle contralto to
the soprano moon
it bears its rider like a mother
might her dismembered
son a kind of ghost of god
on its way to West Coast Road
good old Friday night
heading out along Glengarry ridge,
it's going nowhere
because it is perceived
dust caught in the light
the motorbike beneath the moon exists

Whose say-so says so?

people are like flowers
they last for hours

home to the city of limes
lovely times loopy rhymes

munted and manky
gormless and wanky

loves you loves you not
what a lot of hot you got