

## 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