

Delayed Eye Movements

by stylus via reed *Monday, Apr 2 2007, 11:03pm*

international / poetry / post



to (brett)

Remember

when we tried to find happiness in a syringe; that Chinaman with nimble
fingers dancing about opium tipped needles,
those Asian places the smoky streets while you painted in blue-fire-hues
with your ginger skin and we drank women wine and "It's Alright Ma"
(I'm Only Bleeding)

There was Nell's sugarcane face and blue-sky-breasts somewhere over the MLC
and that little uni-student who had a yoni like an apricot in a battlefield.

That day we met the sage in mission clothes and asked him (he wouldn't reply
without brown muscat we purchased) said Art was Ayres Rock's shadow on the
south China sea.

Imagine

We bought tickets to a Mongolian temple to watch the carp
and learn.

Reflections

Loved to watch you paint to the tune pulsing in my veins, tinker of the
Art world.

Remember

we were broke. had my final realisation when you conjured \$190,000 with
your brush
in three weeks.

You painted Rees & Bacon on ordered canvas to the rhyme of prevailing aesthetics;
a case of mistaken identity I think.

Nostalgia

Got sick of watching carp relish birdseed - the Abbot insisted that we stay;
proximity was the reason.

Benediction

sat alone at the pond when a hummingbird dived from the water into the air
tapped me on the forehead with its beautiful beak
three times

said

the only value anything has

is the value given it then refused to answer further questions regarding Art.

Took the gander out of the oven - people were coming to dinner without appetites,

I'll save you a piece.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-457.html>



Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-14.html>