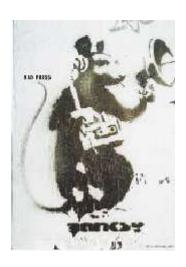
ppp club

by reed Saturday, Apr 7 2007, 2:21am international / poetry / post



DEATH OF A POET

He lived in bodies and minds in Sydney in the sixties.

He had remarkable talent he wrote with an American accent and developed the monotone. his stanzas were tubular, very disinfected.

He polished (bleached) the green from leaves and crafted the blood out of veins.

He converted sterile into metaphor like silicon chips.

He scattered sawdust words to thirsty throats while it rained on desert sand.

In the eighties he died. Passion, colour, and verve killed him.

He left his derivators bewildered, they still place glass roses on his grave.

MOUNTAIN

Kosciusko's crying laughing singing dying

I stand with snow on my head.

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-463.html



Ho Chi Minh to USA, "you will never succeed!"

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-15.html