

Debt

by quinn *Wednesday, Feb 27 2013, 10:11am*

international / poetry / post

what do u do when u owe
and the person/s u owe
are gone,
yet
all debts require settling?

to whom should i pay
the debt i owe, a spectacled beat
reading zen poetry aloud in
darlo road,
or Rosalene pretentious witch
who just stared at me while i stared
at her friends?

i remember
spike, fizz and rado
they allowed
me to sit at the table while they
discussed Satre,
existentialism, minimalist art
poetry while
sipping espresso
and popping dexies

it all registered on me decades later
memory is a wonderful thing

this world was a refuge
away from drunken
fathers and mirror-addicted mothers
who never touched me in anger or affection

i loved to visit the coffee shops of East Sydney
guitars, small percussion
poetry readings

it might as well have been outer space
it was so far removed
from the 'normality' of the times

'a little dab 'll do ya'
booze and gang bangs,

my friend's sister
14, would take on seven or more
desperate teen boys who had heard
of her reputation --
catholics sexualise kids far too young
by drawing attention to sin/genitals

boys happily waited their turn
and laughed at who got slops, went last
-- a young cunt full of cum
don't blame me i'm only the poet
while her brother and i chewed gum,
blew bubbles and watched disneyland in '58

herds of roaming drunks,
vagrants now after serving
in WWII, would sleep in vacant lots
on cardboard using broadsheet news for warmth

two 'big kids' that must've missed out
on my friend's sister
were flippin' their dicks in a lot
urging me and nicky to do the same
we didn't comprehend
dicks were for pissing at our age

we watched as one undid the belt of the other
drew down his pants, exposing white buttocks,
then shoved his dick, wet with spit,
up his friend's arse - who let lose an, ouch!
serves him right

who do you pay?

so much refuse in the slums
but the beats saved my life
they were radical, creative
and didn't mind a 9yo
sitting listening intently
trying desperately to understand

well now i comprehend and give it all back
but post-modernised
i repay by using the skills
they implanted in my head
all those years ago;
subvert the powers, the avaricious pigs
the forces that devastate and ruin
bring them down

i am an artist

not writing haiku
or brushing strokes on rice paper

my warm-breasted girl
rests her head on my shoulder
as i write and publish
almost in one movement,
a skill i learnt in '58
from the beats in darlo road

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-428.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-322.html>