

Returning to Oz

by ryall *Thursday, Jun 13 2013, 12:48pm*

international / poetry / post

on the roof
of my wagon
in the red centre
turning slowly
a full
three sixty degrees --
space,
endless space,
one is loosened
by this openness
ancient
magic
land

originals initially
inhabited this haunting
place
they were always here
until missionaries
destroyed their dreaming
singing
dancing
and hunting

no longer do they
etch their lives
in timelessness
paint under overhangs
the women now wear
dirty frocks
the men, once hunters,
wander aimlessly
not here, not there
nowhere,
hell for Aborigines

most are gone
though spirits remain
always

the land reclaims the originals
murmurs at night

syncopated songs
the desert wind carries
the drone
of ancient didgeridoos
and the whack
of percussion sticks

the ground vibrates
to the thud and thump
of stomping feet

i climb down
and check the radiator
carefully wrapping
a cloth tightly around
the explosive cap

my girl sits
with her feet on the dash
sarong open
revealing her crotch
she must be feeling insecure
attempting to reel me in
with her cunt

it's no use though,
once freed
no flesh is able to lure
my spirit back to corporeality

my quintessential self
awakens and unites
with the dreaming
the world of origination and
continuation

my girl lowers my shorts
she is expert,
a fellatrix

getting my cocked sucked
in the desert
is incongruous
no need of flesh prisons
or transient titillations
here

spirit is stronger than flesh

i am returning
to the South

from India
where i learned
detachment, dispassion
and ritual austerities
all designed to release spirit
from body,
consciousness from mind

it was easy drifting into
timeless dreaming
following ancient paths/rhythms,
murmurs and the drone
of didgeridoos

prehistoric fauna
and mythic creatures,
amalgams of many species
some without eyes
but able to see
inhabit the dreamscape

odd exaggerations
of the human form
perfectly adapted to
the dreaming
arses with faces
singing sphincters
talking cunts
and dancing cocks

my girl realises
i am going
she relents
releasing my cock
-- wet with her saliva --
and allows me
freedom to join
the corroboree
the timeless dance

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-625.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-385.html>