

Automatic Walking

by dusan *Thursday, Mar 27 2014, 10:40am*

international / poetry / post

every step a rhythm
inescapable,
syntax on the street
black pools
of collected rain
form mini lakes on bitumen
the wet sheen hiding
city grime

walking the sprawling
which allows
only manicured,
carefully contained lawns,
selected flowers and trees
every ten metres

a city living in fear
knowing that one day
the entire urban scape
will be surrendered
to its rightful owners
grass, trees, undergrowth,
insects and tiny mammals
that inhabit islands of nature

it is dark, the moon
appears in puddles
perfectly reflected
then shatters as i walk
only to re-integrate again
and defy my vandalism

strange sensations
pursue me tonight
a haunting, a ghostly
presence that follows
like the nagging feeling
that something has been left
undone

i cross the golf course
near the weatherboard

storehouse
teenagers make amateur
attempts at sex
learned from watching
internet porn --
awkwardness and frenzy
mixed together, an eye
cast toward me as i
walk
they know they have
chosen an awkward
location
but r not aware of a pervert
watching, drooling, masturbating
frantically in the bushes;
i approach unseen
and click my led torch
which sends the pervert scampering

crazy kids should choose more
carefully
but i am headed for the bay of roses
with jetties and moored yachts
splashing gently in the swell

i'm on a mission
to snatch the moon
from above the bay
and persuade it to reveal
the secret of its waxing
and waning
in the night sky

this same moon watched
my ancestors fight to the death
for the land which we call home
then fight again only to lose
it to another invader
then fight once more
to restore it
and give it to our priests
who keep the memory of our
ancestors and culture alive

today we fight an acronym
-- NATO
that has temporarily
occupied our homeland;
they will go the way
of all usurpers

