

## Bushwalk

by cyd via jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Sunday, Dec 17 2017, 7:54pm*

international / poetry / post

rolling around the voluptuous hills  
searching for the coolness of a secret valley

moving deliberately, tho i wish  
sometimes i could race with carefree abandon,  
not so in these virgin hills and hidden valleys  
where the unwary easily come to an abrupt end

the grasses are riddled with serpents, most of which  
are venomous, welcome to Australia --  
and if the snakes don't get u the aggressive black  
funnelwebs would, and if they miss ur soft inviting flesh  
its red-back cousins would give u a terrible toxic  
episode tho few die of a redback bite  
but another creature is what i seek

the toxic spur of the duck-billed p-pus  
only in Oz do mammals lay eggs  
then suckle their hatched young,  
monotremes to be specific

sometimes i feel a twitch in the centre of my forehead,  
i'm always on the alert for a dick growing  
out of my forehead,  
this strange land infects everyone

i release my real dick from my shorts  
to take a hissing piss, the hiss created  
by the jet stream on the bark of a gum  
and notice the gum trees here have  
fissures similar to vulvas  
some of which are hollow  
allowing rare and endangered parrots to nest  
and squawk for their mates  
to regurgitate food for their young

pissing is an experience in the bush

finally i stumble on a hidden gorge  
that hosts prehistoric pine trees  
that clone themselves rather  
than bother to exchange DNA,

create seeds then hope they take root,  
why bother with pollination  
and the exchange of essences  
here --  
and to think that these trees were only discovered  
recently, tho the entire area around had been logged for decades,  
gorges offer a haven for the peculiar, i am in my element

where is it? rocky outcrops offer little vantage  
tho to my surprise i see a patch of wild cannabis  
maturing, so i divert and find a female  
with sticky buds ready to seed,  
what luck

i fill my pockets with the sticky buds  
hoping to cure them later but impatience  
overwhelms so i find a hollow twig,  
it will do, and stuff an entire bud  
down one end, and light a fire  
from dried twigs which act as matches  
suck and cough, cough and suck until  
i'm shit-faced, bush walking has its rewards

whoa! these green buds pack a punch so i recline  
disturbing two scorpions under a small rock,  
fuck it, i'm too stoned to be concerned,

the clouds seem to breathe swirling above me  
tho i wonder about the tinges of crimson and violet;  
a little agitated i stumble forward and trip thru  
bushes which were hiding the valley i sought

its steep slope presenting a challenge,  
no problem i imagine, until i trip and stumble  
to the bottom, neatly etched out of the ground by  
a gurgling creek over the millennia, the perfect  
habitat of the p-pus, not that i would attempt  
to handle a male in this state

spinning, i stretch out and flake

when i regain consciousness its twilight  
so i decide to camp here for the night  
and boil a billy with tea and pulverised  
buds -- refreshing, soothing and physically exciting,  
this is good shit for wild bush weed

now i'm challenged with an unwanted throbbing erection  
so i finish the brew which only further aggravates my cock,  
which is now ready to explode, what do i care, it beats wanking  
so i focus elsewhere and tend my campfire

the mosquitoes are having a field day they are attracted to  
the blood of those animals in heat emitting various scents  
from their pores

i learned from the indigenous to accept annoying insects  
when too tired or incapable to prepare the usual protections  
thick smoke from a green fire and clay mud, which i luckily find  
by the creek and rub on my exposed skin

the creek gurgles in the dark, various nocturnal animals  
and perhaps snakes make their way thru the wild grasses  
and brush foraging for food, seeing with their tongues;  
who cares, tho a wrong thought would tip me into paranoia,  
so i stay cool with a hot cock, which refuses to  
relax?

i become accustomed to the sounds of the night  
and flake again

squawking parrots rouse me to consciousness  
the next day, i boil a fresh billy with more pulverised bud than tea  
shit-faced first thing in the morning, but out here,  
hidden, i relax and munch on protein bars and other sweet goodies  
none of which ease the pressure in my groin

u are probably wondering why i don't have a wank,  
well u should know that it screws a good head stone  
so i accept the pressure of an almost permanent erection  
now attempting to burst thru my pants

familiar bush sounds are interrupted  
by the faint sound of chuckling and laughter,  
i must be tripping, no way i think  
until three young feral girls  
emerge from the bush to a natural pool in the creek  
a short distance from my camp  
they relieve themselves of their loose clothing  
and wade into the creek thigh deep

if they turn they would see me and as soon as thought  
they turn, see me and burst out laughing, of course i'm still stoned  
and take it personally, relax one says, we noticed someone  
tampered  
with our plants and judging from that rabbit in your pants  
it must've been you

sorry i say, i thought the patch was wild,  
no matter one responds come join us

ummm, that would be a bit difficult,  
my rabbit would be a problem,

forget it, the cool water will do u good  
so i strip and join them at the natural pool  
tho with the younger one in hysterics,  
no, the erection was unaffected by the water  
so i jus let it be, tho the ferals view it differently

it would now be a good time to end this piece  
as i rarely venture into blue prose,  
suffice to say the rabbit got away

after which we all sat, spent and smiling sipping  
my brewed tea and watching the shimmering scintillations  
of wild flowers quivering in delight in the cool valley breeze --

just another average day in the Australian bush

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3057.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-798.html>