

## Silk Ears

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international / poetry / post

“the wind cries, mary ...”  
sings jimi

yet mary is also contrary,  
if u say right Mary says left  
tho the seething mass of maggots  
in the middle see neither direction,  
they feast frenetically on the corpse of civilisation

they see a river which they name,  
reinforcing the delusion that the river is  
somehow mapped in time and space  
tho we know we never step into  
the same river twice

with silver bells and cockle shells ...,  
thus mary’s garden grows

i’ve never had a girl called mary,  
perhaps i am fortunate,  
Felicity, Prudence and Virginia  
are my true loves,  
they each possess their own integrity

the silver bells tinkle in the wind,  
the river remains in flux  
and the seething mass of moronic maggots  
feast on corpses and shit until they take wing  
as developed blowflies

my grandmother once quoted an old folk saying  
from the village she was born:

‘if you follow a blowfly it can only lead you to shit.’

and that defines the character of the seething masses --  
would you waste ur time on a lost, impossible cause?

pig’s ears and silk purses are another story

yet mary was once a virgin pure  
until the maggots despoiled her

with an impossible conception

wonder no more why mary is so contorted  
and contrary today --

how does Your garden grow?

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3207.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-819.html>