

Drifting

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international / poetry / post

there were times when fixators
desperately attempted to fix
the drifting plains and floating lakes
of mind, time and being,
though nailing water is impossible,
but try telling that to 'educators'
from kindy to the tertiary heights
of verbose convolutions -- empty,
soulless, dry as rain/sun-bleached dog shit,
which incidentally no longer exists
as dog owners are now forced to
collect dog shit in black plastic bags supplied by
local councils, how considerate and desperately anal

and so my metaphor is lost on those
younger than fifty, they were the days,
triumphs, nortons, beezas, greased hair and widgies
turning it on for the crew --
bennies, dexies and pot fueled
the beats and their incessant philosophical chatter,
cool man

today they are but shadows mixed with the smog
that issues from city corners where the splutter and drips
of imported italian coffee machines once sang, gurgling
like drunken plumbing

the lanes and vacant lots that once reeked of cunt and
fermented sperm are now apartment blocks tho haunted
with strange moans and grunts in the dead of night

yet the past overtakes the present from various perspectives
complete with sight, smell and sound drifting slowly up through
the tar, cement, new bricks, mortar and iPhones,
did u hear the roar of a 650cc kick-starting?

the coo of doves is no longer heard or the throat-calls of pigeons
woo'ing

nothing from then enters now, the digital age
of alienated slaves with iPhone in one hand
and the other on clit or cock,

tragic

the old pond surrounded with rushes and all manner of
of water catchment weeds bounding with frogs and amphibian
ejaculate
frothing on the water are replaced with manicured concrete shores
lacking
shelter and hides for water birds nesting and raising their young

my head turns skyward, hoping its blueness has remained, it has,
tho tinted with
the brown of city pollution

the devoid scene is so sterile i am forced to project my memory
into the real world and dress it in its previous fertile glory, indeed
i am now able to see the kids playing i'll show u mine if u show me
yours
and elderly walkers tipping their hats

park rangers rode horses then, now they drive swiftly past
disconnected
like the educators that do not see the floating lakes, drifting plains
and the open neighbourhood doors of the 50's

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-152.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-873.html>