

## The Black Metal Anthem of Stanley Blade

for Anonymous Peer Reviewer 2

Penso Perciò io sono, ma che cosa è che?  
ha chiesto l'incubo Diocleziano di un uomo  
alla fermata dell'autobus.<sup>1</sup>

Let's roll now, man,  
the shadows have that dull edge  
like nightsticks through phone books on abdomens.  
Let's forget our poverty, if only for this dawn. Don't,  
don't say it, something terribly hipster like  
*at least you're not the corpse of a refugee rotting  
on a beach.* Let's roll into the neon cold of the Monoprix  
sorry, what do you call it here . . . sells powdered  
husks and claims it's coffee . . . the 7-eleven  
you mean? Let's wander through West End's ghostly  
lanes and write poems in alleys.

Should I stay or should I roll  
in this place I never know.

What's this stink on the edge of Brisbane's  
mercury gaslights?  
Benzene, hops from the XXXX  
brewery and nearby mangrove swamps.  
Fetid wriggler infested flowerpots  
and damp basement car parks.  
Trucks on the M7 rumble under  
our feet here outside Cloudland.  
Beneath the Met, north below  
the showgrounds until it joins  
the dropped spaghetti network  
of the Clem Jones tunnel.  
It'll get you to the airport  
in a hurry, man.

Let's get out of here!  
We're not late, let's drink this shit  
and have a smoke.

“Laaa

Laaaaaa LAa Laaa

Dudududuuuuuuu

*J'aime faire des*

*croquettes au chien.*” (James, 1999)

[I like to make cakes to the dog]

Everything's gone to hell here  
the whole situation has me wanting to drink

through a barrel. Let's kill some wild life,  
Take the edge off, but don't indulge.

Should I stay or should I roll  
in this place I never know.

Fuck it, the night is young  
let's hit the strippers, man!  
No! Nudity depresses me . . .  
some of the most beautiful women  
I've seen on Omegle jilling for credits  
self love mostly, a bit of lesbian.

I'd marry them, they're not professionals  
they're liberated . . . they do it  
like men now. I'm cool with that.  
No . . . they'll never be equal!  
As a whole they're soooo much sexier,  
it isn't fair! Lols. How about that  
machine, the poker bling as  
malevolent eyes bribe for more  
explicit and bigger penetrations like  
mermaids drowned in virtual  
networks. "The idiot professor says here . . .  
those who still believe in terms" (Walwicz, 2013)  
Eliot était pas un moderniste<sup>2</sup>  
I've never viewed it live  
only recordings, therefor  
they'll never PM me.

. . .

So, let's roll, east to the beach  
from here and now, ease into fifth  
outrun "Death where she  
walks her texture of eternity and  
pedestals are matched cries in  
the winds." (Fogarty, 1982)  
It's the strangest thing, like finding  
a jellyfish in the mountains  
or watching a horse kill a lion.

I feel their stares, I've held them  
all, marked my days with  
cigarettes, had a foursome once  
on film . . . young love becomes  
old devotion. Who wrote that?  
Surely some great poet wrote that?  
Slow dances to arguments about dishes!  
Everything is gonna burn

we'll all take turns. (Thompson, 1989)

Should I stay or should I roll  
in this place I never know.

Does the First World have an ultimate  
curtain call? Terrorist attack? Nope . . .  
it's an untitled plane crash and witness  
descriptions: We rescued naked guys, dirty  
from oil, death in their eyes.

Victims still strapped in seats, bodies  
all bloated, and the same.

I don't know, broheim, I think getting  
blown to shit would suck pretty hard.  
You've got a point, ball bearing under  
vest, metal kissing flesh.

I don't wanna get old, man.  
Sigh. Look at my grey beard. Pretty girls  
used to smile at me, now I'm always  
watching this infernal cinema  
behind my eyes.

Do you believe this shit?  
Reading the news used to be  
informative, now it's torture.  
WARNING: Disturbing Content.  
Sign o' the times or clickbait?  
sign o' the times for certain  
but most likely both.  
Don't you dare listen to me!  
I'm an Australian, Eurotrash with a  
drunken vernacular, a victim of genetics  
the descendent of soldiers and gypsies.  
I wouldn't trust me. I'll help myself  
to your wifi your wallet and your wife  
given half the chance.

So many who life has mercilessly  
beaten like timeworn cave paintings or  
faded graffiti, bleach themselves  
in spirits at ten AM, measure their lives  
out in hits . . . In the human race  
second is the first loser . . . “indeed—  
our person is a covered entrance to infinity  
choked with the tatters of tradition. (Loy, 1919)  
I heard it on the jungle drums, “outskirting  
anglo-saxon . . . you all must get out of  
our society.” (Fogarty, 1995)  
Man, I didn't get a choice where my

consciousness landed! There you go  
again, bloody hippy . . . let me guess  
that's not a maggot, is a transgressing  
soul on it's nuptial flight. Nope, it's  
a fly larvae . . . disgusting thing.  
Fetal alcohol syndrome.  
Condoms on the swings.

...

The killer said she's obsessed with the sexuality  
of teenaged girls. Exactly how self referential  
can the human animal get? It's apocalyptic, has  
serious intent on murdering consciousness.

What do you mean, man?

You know it works both ways . . . unless you  
subscribe to that old silent generation patriarchy  
you won't get far, regardless of gender.

Well, she's like an autoerotic cannibal  
cheering on her own exploitation like  
some sick emperor or a character from that  
Pasolini film.

This is too heavy, dude.  
You wanna talk about something Kim?

I'd rather drown, deep down in  
the Telstra pits; you'll see the skeletons  
of slaves down there, forgotten while  
building the NBN, in grotesque poses  
like artist's mannequins or autofellating  
swans.

I have developed an allergic reaction  
to the vestiges of authority, protocol,  
system, rules and regulation, control  
through fear and intimidation; it's a  
race you know, a silent war with quiet  
weapons, hurricanes in the kitchen  
ripping up the laminate, newlyweds  
stockpiling tins, H5N1 in the headlines  
again. Yeah man I'll crawl through a  
sewer on my face for another fix, it's  
like when "Jane says, I'm done with  
Sergio . . . I'm gonna kick tomorrow."  
(Farrell, 1987)

And now the night, short and orobos  
vomiting in the toilet her bff  
holding back her hair, heels snapped  
off in a drain while hailing a cab  
and they're mad singing some Rhianna  
tune *the only girl in the world* I think  
[like two tattered homeless children  
shouting a slogan, selling fairy wings  
in tins] and this Dali dawn that  
reaches for her friend, "so boy forget  
about the world cause it's gon' be me  
and you tonight." (Hermansen, 2010)

Ohh, should I stay or should I roll  
in this place I never know.

...

#### NOTES

1. Penso Perciò io sono , ma che cosa è che ? ha chiesto l'incubo Diocleziano di un uomo alla fermata dell'autobus. "I think therefor I am, but what is I? asked the Diocletian nightmare of a man at the bus stop."
2. Eliot était pas un moderniste – Eliot was not a modernist.

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