

Self Portrait with Gaussian Blur

Everybody's got a plan until they get punched in the face.
~Mike Tyson

As Dobell did it, both wrists
bent in & hands cramped from perpetual
pocket slouching; the tired lady
a wisp like apparitions in roadhouses
as you Commodore by on family holiday.
A boy lost in wonder swerving away like
sculpted marble balloons in the museum
of hope. She is
barely there but useful when adverbs
are the only repose. Rusted windmills
creaking, marsupial mornings—but we
see none
of this. We assume he has scraped back
the paint, but are we certain?
Representational love & Cupid pisses
on the tinder, foreseen years ago
born to die, fire
seeking rest in carbon.
& what of the suburban fringe?
I'm not certain.
You've got the blur up a fraction so the
edges ghost her ghostly
goanna reflection & obscure the angles.
As a boy I harboured desire like a car wreck
for unusual answers to understand
the question, the universal & then I realised
the truth is always there, & you ignore
her like summer afternoon cicadas.
Happy! I'll find her & be wonderful.
What are the odds on Sportsbet?
About the same as spotting a rhinoceros drinking
a large Sprite from McDonald's, in the city square
at three AM on a Monday. These weatherboard houses
St Brigid's, the moon, the landscaped view;
I dunno, blame my omnivagus heart but
I'm so bloody bored of here at forty-six, born
seventh generation 'Australian' & all
my forebears marched worked ships
or ploughed in & out of prison
love & luck. I've got nothing I mean
literally negative seven dollars if you
check my account. My teeth are fucked.
'Society' believes poet is a synonym for wastrel
[no-hoper in the old Queensland vernacular].
Wanna dance? I'm joking. I can't dance.
I don't have the confidence, too self-
conscious. But I'm good at other stuff.
I can take more drugs than anybody

The dark ejaculate of brawling monks.
Exhalations.
Authority! pfft . . . vous avez pas le pouvoir.
Her eyes like a horse killing an ostrich.
She has torn open her own abdomen.
She holds aloft her stuffing.
Guts & lingerie catalogues.
She puts down her poodle.
One swift stomp on his neck.
A sound like punching a pillowcase
filled with Christmas tinsel & foetal guinea pigs.
As Fairweather did it. The Drunken Buddha.
A suggestion of agency, in house paint
brown-eyeing the gaze of the entire world.
Ebony stickmen floating on flesh-pink pillows.
& there they are again at the last supper, only blue
now & fluid.
The shadows have darker edges,
they bleed into the sinks of cheap hotels
like starving armadillo pups licking lactate off
the laminate.
John removes his greasy suit.
Folds it then throws it at her.
John scratches the eczema on his inner thighs
(cold unfeeling & useless as phonebooks).
Unfolds four mantis arms.
Dips them into her treacle-wound.
Molests.
Infects.
Come in!
You there, taking incidental notes on flowers.
Come in from the rain & cold.
Warm your toes,
let me take your wet clothes
& fix you coffee.
Sister
what horrors
what wonders.
What did you see?
She rapes puppies with the femur of a swan
masturbates
while watching security cam footage
of murders on Liveleak.com
studies for profession of banker
defacto emperor
maggot in the salad.
A long silver girl pirouettes to a post box,
with an envelope addressed:
To Consequence & Dignity
[often thieved by Circumstance, returned by Chance].
Talking to you for so long on Facebook messenger
when we took our bodies down to the bar
I found myself surprised.

Your voice does not sound like my voice.
Your smile curls nothing like the emoticon.
Your nominal non-verbal communication tasted
like hyacinths & the menstrual blood of wombats.
I stroked your cheek in the dark & found it Alsatian.
We shall never come in from the cold.
The fungus aroma of decaying sperm on a mouldy carpet.
Her again!
The detritus of stars & chance
life force fenced in bones
 spread eagled on the pavement in homeless clothes
 Dead moon orbiting café tables.
Not me, don't fucking blame me,
you arseholes taught me the history which haunts
this systematic slaughter of humans by humans.
Because now I want to disavow
 myself of any sapiens instinct.
Like Lister does it, the aerosol galahs on
Caxton, the parrots exploding oil slick rainbows
with a suggestion of peacocks & skulls
or the upside down double-headed gnashing
 crocodile pugilist with
still life of autumn leaves in ochre & violet, an abstract
 figurative violent explosion of
 colliding subcultures; a trojan of boys frozen
in an eighties school photo,
 sullen falling eyes don't deviate
but retreat forever my framing wonders, like
existential eucalypts, apogees of ricocheting satellites,
now-man elongating contrary thrown-out being lonely
—afternoon water. Home, ages from nowhere.
 Brave craving acceptance.
 Everywhere.
Space man swollen leafed bullet blooms, lifetime swift
 like a soft mountain of rising
 standard screams seeking an
 eternal embryonic sleep.
 Anyone friend, like your love has me—
 dehazed heavy; uncertain for certain, anyone know
grove holding silver, the light black as disparate opposites;
 [like pollen-lying woman-belly schooled 'Australia'
 in blood-words]: Europe movement-movement bloom
of the blue love beyond lilac frog, my sweet antipodes tongue
it's that time of the month.
 I can't participate in the water-sports.
 Period.
I am writing what I cannot say because Christ promised
under the sun all things are possible, but
I have discovered he lied.
 None of this is possible, though, oh how
 my Darling,
 I wish
I could fold up all of history

into a paper plane & launch it to the winds of chance
breathing deep the slightly cat-piss perfume
of banksia & jacaranda, shouting
Consequence & Circumstance be buggered!
& laugh with you
like couples in corners on dance floors
like children on swings & we'd drink cheap champagne
& kiss in back of the cab.
But here we are,
impossible as remembering to forget
the sweet nothings
whispered in cinemas & impossible promises
of everything said
in texts never sent
& only as the credits roll do you take my hand.
No direction to take in a place that doesn't exist.
Epicene biomystical entity—the West!
I found beauty in rust & ugliness
in puppies sitting hunched under overpasses
in shopping carts full of wet cardboard stars,
in boy's eyes at monster truck tournaments,
in those tyre swans on old people's lawns
& in the eyes of cygnets on Youtube.
Only I then, & the cameras.