

Long Paddock

PAM BROWN

Zottegem
although short, a saga

canal side
no pingos

but I got
to Zottegem

hours travelling
in vast flatnesses

I successfully disregarded
the landscape

in the sustenance carriage
melted cheese
clung limply to a pan

*

veering tenses
dispersed
and went coursing
into the present –

*

the artist
has bible syndrome
his ganglions
need smashing

*

the corpse in the copse
is,
ostensibly,
down there
in that little valley

filled with mist
like a saucer of smoke

*

directions revolve,
fooling the mind

stars seem to freeze

*

“wherever you go there you are”
bumper sticker

taxi
from Cronulla
to Gunnamatta

where are you
when
you’re right here?

where are you
now?

*

the seeds of unhappiness
planted
by some glum bartender

as you explicate
your race against illness

creeping impetigo
boring into flesh

*

you must ignore
your contemporaries’
claimed exceptionalisms

-

all
that intensive hoop la
celebrating gewgaws

*

no comedy
under a mouldy pile,
just ol' John Cage
and his cladistic mushrooms

*

my feet,
down there,
like Jimmy Schuyler's
red stained toenail,
my toes, bluish
from K-Mart bedsocks

*

spiky as a synapse,
orange pandanus

snake in the ceiling,
curvy as a sine wave,

there goes the jetsam,
over the railing,
floating down river

and, bobbing,
a plastic beach ball

*

backpack heavy as bricks –
not books, just burdens

jettison that biggest thing,
you're in a hurry

fast hovercraft
to the pink university –

tropical green lawns,
gum shadings,
placid poetry culture,
(can I help?)

run to the reading –
forgot the book,
forgot the time,
forgot the whole dang
DD MM YY

*

so perpetually *démodé*,
so hot, and SO unable
to rupture structure

my opprobrium so,
so so sweaty

*

stymied in Seoul,
apartment-block
birdnest soup farms,
cave swifts' saliva nests
collected from ledges

beats beef barbecue onigiri,
CurioCity food tower,
ginseng liver schisandra,
infinite digestion

*

interpreting
this \$2 scratchy
is too Oulipo

J Q K = 10
A = 11

win \$4
minus \$2
initial purchase

*

at last
my dead self
resurrects itself,
goes to the hop
to pitch the woo
with a bébé tonight