

COREY WAKELING

*The Gavel Foundation*

after "Only a fool buys real estate" by Pam Brown

It has been a very long time,  
the eye remarks on brick.

Welcome home, lawn coccinellidae.  
Let glass panes dream of day-flight, fade.

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What endless freeway into termite maze.  
What, this fouled consciousness afloat on early-evening breeze.  
For weathervane you have fixed a hostile scarecrow.  
Stale figurine, the eyes everywhere placed, testifies null and nix.  
Propped to be shredded by the granular deletions of stinging time,  
as the mange of foxes builds, around or about it.

Rescue. What kangaroo—it is too dark for that.  
Nullity: four-wheelers converge,  
disperse, *carte blanche*.

Like some fledgling teacher ready for summer break  
at the cusp of bell song, evaporating froth in the red popping eye.

Deleted the class from the red sticker warren.  
In that glorious interval, dwelling on the adjacent Bruegel—  
nothing special, another token of learning—  
discoloured to a vague blue. Intended for caution?  
Now mounted as some magic mirror omen,  
gallows, glower, haemoglobin, buoy (US pronunciation), Minoa.

And even if you're no longer any green,  
familiar with the very ends of these chapters  
at the rind of just-purposive tables,  
you're tugging at a Masonic Lodge badge  
of a barnacled imagination,  
the ensigned folly of a flying brick, threat to sky,  
to magpie, to sylvan wattle, rendering a leaden frieze  
like metastatic thrombus within the free traffic  
of glittering mud expanse.  
King and Country anthem sits a chair there.  
Whistles of the westerlies start the dare.  
Silence on the stirring exterior.

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And whose self-impressed portrait, having a semi-drunk giggle.  
Maybe this is presumptuous. Smiling a little, askance.

Not unseen, this wearing a leather jacket among lapels, the new Canberra.  
The immortal pictures an order distinct from pelting animals

in flight. Such laughter remains a solitary recreation.  
Like that bat over Royal Park, stalking an infortunate passage.

Passage back to Collingwood, back to Tokyo University, back to Fleet Street.  
Back to him with the big book, a dusty copy of Berrigan.

They scrambled their names into the verso sheaf,  
the mind's leather yielded to windows, breezes.

A horrendously short-term lease and its displaced lounge room,  
Nerf bullets fired across heirloom couches

in the wistful tides of the first obvious casualties  
of a generation regenerated by precarity's launch codes.

I did not fight for you. Here lies remorse's invitation to a cruise.

The baying by bay windows, chalky silhouette gossamer.  
Meanwhile, those convex books. They are all out of print by now.

Heidelberg: bay windows the now aspirational museum exhibits.  
Forward tension is trammelled  
through an exclusion zone and strains of newspaper  
where jiggled debate possesses our history  
and our porcelain pseudo-history encapsulates debate.  
Hands of brick, voices of the present, calamitous when thrown.  
We get into the news through the broken windows.  
Good, but do not be fooled: the fireside chats have ministers, anecdotalism.

The proud, sycophantic telethon regularity wasn't the problem.  
Yes, Jonathan Crary was right, but only until now.  
Even if the tube works efficiently as the tireless  
but bumbling indexer.  
Even if RGB—the simple fascism of unity—  
dissects in crosshatches the field.  
No, the crisis is this anxious predestination  
of the scripts,  
of the streets made of cross-referencing,  
of the immanence of a surveillance order,  
of the producers.

Morgue, not moratorium.  
Management, not morbidity.  
The stakes at once amount to so much more,  
then, and yet so much greater wistful detritus.

Comparatively, Shimane BMXs just out of the box  
and assembled—no prospect of cryptonometry

in the shapes these conversations make around  
your grandfather's portrait in the opal wing.

Indecipherable splenetic library prejudice on Hill Road  
for the Hotel and its patrons. For even acknowledging its  
existence.

By contrast, mozzie country envied aphid country from the moment  
he gauged the difference, but that doesn't mean he had  
editions of the annual tax amendments folio in the day lounge  
by the end of the term of his jaunty critical adventure.

Black char—bruise, bite, or burn, inquires the coterie, still stirring,  
even visiting! But imagine if it really did visit.  
Imagine if Eileen Myles visited, say. Wait—she did.  
Whose news, then. When did I become Eric Hobsbawm.

"No news is good news" loses the snooze  
juice foosball distraction truth of the deuce  
played this struth incursion.  
Magpie, again, truth in defying the meniscus.

Like the thud of a dead tree come down at last,  
to remind you of the rhythms of a revolving earth  
generating the spin on this cycle of forgetfulness,  
a reality cyclotron at the Perth Agricultural Show,  
now "Show."

What about you, dear law student.  
I could never have been you, incommoded by wood-chopping  
and the wrong parents.  
Germaine Greer in the uprooting, because you  
could engage in citing your elders, as it were,  
given yours comprised a street and the history of this place's  
settlement—launchpad for your insouciance—  
and because these descendants outranked the local council  
—these cronies were dull—  
not to mention your immunity to proletarian Americans  
seasonally decanting in clusters  
of military on Fremantle's guano jetties,  
because your photographs are your invincible jewels.  
Witty Australians are the world, are they not.  
How do you join this marvellous club, closed by classless.  
How does one fill the sail of their hearts, submarinely motorised.

Of course, spleen about feudal aristocracy  
incubates thanks to a perfect concoction of parts  
envy,  
alienation,  
and obsession.  
But this topography of neighbourhood class is not about me anymore.  
It is about you,

and what you are going to inherit  
when you try to insinuate yourself



Thinking you are an interlocutor  
when you are just a thistle. Highway shoulder, Great Eastern,  
pitched the romantic direction toward the splinters of empire  
that mercifully disowned you.  
What if you cannot afford the cherries  
they grow in your jurisdiction, should you grow them.  
Sure, we can liberally swim the ocean.  
But what about the creek.

The so-called intellect is a Nintendo smeared with margarine.  
Your fingerprints and mine at the eject button.

No one actually wants to read this, or already knows it.  
Which is why you are strategising how to write these private diaries!  
A battered waxen plastic summer,  
an artificially intelligent diversion hypnosis machine—  
finding all those landed dentists something better to do  
between the hardwood marri trees in bloom—  
protagonist became a scientist, specialised in sports medicine,  
to massage the tension knots out of game nostalgia  
and aging winger legs. Even if Pam suggests that the botany  
is the idleness, the idleness botany,  
where are the memoirs of the muscle knot.

Tempting to finish our jaffle there.  
But the invention of a compound neologism,  
compiled of four surnames  
that themselves coil around four song pillows  
set into four health retreats  
emulsifies convalescence into this  
stupendous national dictionary, Oz behind  
the curtain of gold-leaf colloquialisms.

The cream of a hundred misanthropists.  
And the cake is not cringe; Kate Jennings felt sick on Hydra  
and realised that doom precedes a typewriter's spree.  
The ardour between these two alcoholics disgusted  
with the folly they make of the brow mould makes a better story  
than the whole assembly of A.D. Hope allusions combined.

What about territorial dispute.  
The difference between interior design and district rezoning.  
Now becomes an inclination to quote Iran's response  
to the immediate post-war gerrymander,  
but the collocation of no-fly-zones and viciousness  
studs the discourse with explosives, so this carpentry  
goes to waste on refactoring in a duck of longer enlightenment.

And when I study Farsi, you become a double agent  
in the midst of the postcolonial reconstruction.  
How do you pretend there's no cord from The Times of London  
rappelling back to Mount Hino on a blue-sky permalink—  
everywhere a banana skin. The poet's worst tendency:

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Flight, despite it all, still glisters in this outrageous fantasy.  
And do we call this tissuey page an extract or a selection.

The anaesthesia of cyclone warnings  
after enthusiastic but venal music reviews, as if hagiography  
filled the gap that unemployment inflames.

Can you elect for earthquakes if you prefer bushfires.  
Can you elect for bushfires if earthquakes  
Are these crackling sheaves wings or the stuffing for my bed.

Yes, only a fool buys real estate.  
Only a fool buys real estate.