

I put everything in my journal
the freedom of autobiographical art
is
awesome
smithereen saga
of my dingo
man soul

HOW TO BECOME AN EXPATRIATE

if I hadn't met that Swedish girl
in a bar in Pasadena
I never would have married her
& followed her to Stockholm

I don't speak Swedish
I didn't like the 6 mo
40 below zero winter
not having the air-fare
to get us back to California
to try & salvage
our shakey marriage
we migrated to Australia
with our baby boy

she left within a year
she didn't like Sydney
she didn't like L.A.
she didn't like the sun
she was homesick for
those long freezing winters

that was 28 years ago
I still live in Oz
I still haven't the money
to return to America
& even if I did
maybe I wouldn't go

I'm just an emotional expatriate
torn between the land of his birth
& the land of his salvation

KEEPING A JOURNAL

I painted a frog
in my journal
in a rectangle

bottom half yellow
top sky blue ink wash
but it ran & I made
lame excuses thinking
well if Matisse can get
away with blotchy colors
so can I

meanwhile I draw a dingo
in my journal howling
at the moon

I was going to leave it b & w
but something started niggling at me
Matisse or no Matisse
the blue sky was too streaked

a grinning green frog
on laughing yellow ground

I play god & paint the sky black
& dot it with immaculate stars

sometimes it feels good
to grin like a treefrog

LITTLE REDHEAD

beautiful little redhead
girl in line at the bank
maybe 2 years old
glowing little darling
of a girl laughing
running away from her mother
coming back
tiny
trusting
blazing blue eyes
bay blue eyes
haven eyes
when she smiled at me
I felt purified

that was over a year ago
but the feeling returns
as I type the poem
this sense of being renewed