he disowned my mother for marrying a non-catholic

rain pounding on an old torn roof makes me write this down

it was here at Mary Smokes I first heard rain as symphony as opera as atomic jazz as music so evernew & emotional I could never come to the end of its beautiful intensity never hear it too often never tire of its simple yet intricate power

the sound of rain on rusty roof of this dump will haunt me for the rest of my life

## TORCH POEM

the center of a flashlight beam is the darkest part then a ring of the brightest part & a less bright ring next to a dim one

I saw this as I walked up a grass lane between rows of fruit trees custard apples & lychees Pleiades to my right Southern Cross to my left blazing bull's eye cone of my small black torch showing me the way

## DADA

whenever my dad went into a bar after a few drinks strangers flocked around him because he told stories straight whiskey no chaser stories straight from his drunken heart so ahead of their time no one knew they were art not even him

I do now 40 years later & so does my typewriter

## COCKROACH ART

left volume 27 of my journal out overnight unprotected in cockroach haven kitchen

thus it was vulnerable i.e. patches of dye devoured from sky colored cover — like fleecy off-blue clouds

## #29

I found a honeyeater in the bushes mauled by a cat a scarlet honeyeater with a hurt wing hanging loose & fanned out

my girlfriend's son nursed her back to health fed her honey on the tip of his finger that she lapped up hungrily with long brush-tipped tongue bright eyes glowing like tiny black pearls

I felt her life-force tingle my nerves as I held her softly in my hands like a wounded heroine

a week later she flew away with a flash of orange under her brown wings