

DINGO-MAN

big black butterfly
with white & red markings
on cement block wall
pulsating his wings
as I pee on the grass
alongside the house

sometimes I have the soul
of a dingo
the dingo grinning
at the door as I
wait for the next check
the next bit of money
to save me from destitution again

I suppose a man like me
who sometimes has the soul
of a dingo can expect nothing else
but the life he has skirting
the fringe of poverty rich
with priceless power
of releasing the poems
& pictures locked
in his butterfly
dingo-man heart

all I'm really good for
is to write & draw
& be my own boss

Jesus it feels good
to write this down

#27

I've written a poem
for a killer after
watching him on the news
lock eyes with the father
of the 2 teenage boys
he murdered
& say
a long silent sorry
just before he died
in the gas chamber

why I wrote it
I'm not sure
maybe it's because

I feel sorry for anyone
faced with the last
split-seconds
of their life

#37

trees swaying
in the bar room window
they seem to move
with a will of their own

I sit alone
writing
in a crowded pub

it was late
when I got back
just a curl of smoke
at the gate where
the pile of bulldozed
wattle was

100 YEARS LATER

we know
this lady
who went
to the Van Gogh
show & said

"so what
I could
do that"

& she
calls
herself
an artist

FOR A WASP

break on porch sofa
with a beer & a smoke
after writing all morning