

GINSBERG'S HOWL UPDATED IN SYDNEY

You've heard of our Man in Havana. Baby, I am Our Lady near Glebe Point
We've got some land around some bridges that we want to sell or rent you
The rest was lost in the street, along with the Sydney Council's plastic bins
And with Chou En Lai's poems and the Dictionary of Insurance Terms
For Monty's Granny to pick up for free or just a song on Glebe Point Road
As Mum was always saying – a good soldier never looks behind
Roll on many a new day but rethink washing your hair up to pussy's bow, etc.
Daily shampooing wastes a lot of water – but is it sensible to tackle it with you?
Look for the silver lining in an Italian suit if you want to be taken well.

The time has come to play the future in the way you want it
We want it green, for native vegetation and marsupials hand in hand with kids
The time has come to paint the future in the way you want it
We want it in the colours of the bush and then some, like the rainbow's arc
Or like the colours of the original Tin Sheds in which they used to sleep
With equipment at the ready reckoning for causes deemed good in the early hours
They were panda warm when fairly raised with a cup of coffee and toast.

They were the real artists, the hosts and midwives of economists and engineering dreams
For Christ's sake, if you can't stop at least don't throw the bloody cigarette butts down
And at least do the occasional milk or bread purchase and some washing up
The anarchists squatting at the left bank keep losing the vegetable coop. money
What else would you expect, Baby, the natural fucking law?
On your way with your posters to the Second Dead Pope Dance
Tell them not to play the music any louder than we can stand in Glebe.

Dripping with Checkhov and graffiti slogans on the concrete steps
And with Skippy's little mate, the IT crowd and Father Ted to judge
Your speech excites me so my mouth is dry and I must take a drink of water
You can bet your boots David Walliams will be Monty's Granny's choice
She takes them edgy at St James Infirmary and Court. Don't make her mad.

Mother's Day Greetings

This wild and skittish mother your chance captured
First held you at her core, yet not her core
And gladly watched the lightness of your grace
Spread out, encircling life, including her.

This mother's day stock take of my heart's plane shows your gifts
Wreathed brightly in their texta-coloured love
Dried mountain flowers, a school-made wooden stand, a bracelet with blue stones
A lizard pot, for brown days at the beach – like dad's but smaller;

A slender fist which broke once out the kiln
You kept and mended till I found and claimed the flaw.

What must a woman want to love a daughter?
Each squirming newborn climbs a different strand
Your entrance formed my joy and shaped my knowledge
And, warm inside, these offerings nourish still.

Un-birthday Greetings

I've had fun, and learned a few things
But beauty finally flowered through the gates of love
And slowly I became transfused with light.

When once abandoned, I was pleased to find
That many blooms had grounded in this space
Now jealously I guard each bright, calm, flower
Must I remain alone to see them grow?

A new bloom flowers shortly in a turned bed
But mostly I feel personal ties like clay
I don't know why, perhaps you do.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty', Keats once said,
'That's all you know on earth or need to know'.
Their intimacy grows throughout the silence
Yet grows scant personal love in this bright patch
And what of you?

On Being Left

In being left
I never was
Without a reason
Following men
Like Jane, I walk alone
Queen of the monkeys

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Also Lilith the Magic Pudding, Chief Alternative to Faith and Top Chimera