

# *Moon over Melbourne*

*& other poems*

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*& other poems*

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# DEATH OF SEX

## Death of Sex

is something he'd like to write about but is afraid that he can't write  
very well about  
for so many things have been subject(ed) to death that even the poem  
that he is writing now may soon become another death  
should i remind you of those deaths:  
death of god  
death of literature  
death of love  
three most important things in life  
for me at least  
the only thing left undying is really human beings  
who are so everlastingly eternal that you wonder what to do about  
them too

let me come to the point  
where she was asking me to go faster and faster  
at 100 miles per hour 120 miles 150 miles 180 miles 200 miles per hour  
despite the red speed camera of our sensory systems  
the number of thrusts of positions of entries and exits of intercourses  
and discourses and main courses of frequencies of techniques of  
different  
skins smells smiles stains spheres of videos books mags etc etc etc  
is just something a bit too much  
so that i ended up being hard  
and unable to come  
and told her:

you know how men die?  
they die with their cocks bone hard rigidly speaking  
no not like women  
who die with something like the stain of sperm  
yellowish whitish on their crotch  
you know

having said that  
you look down at your own self rigidly hard  
staring up at you with one accusing eye  
that shows hollow inside

## The River

The river dies at night  
it does  
without warning

when my clock stops dead  
when my pen starts  
scratching sands

you are not dead yet  
i can set you ticking  
any moment

a mechanical thing  
you have a life of your own  
in spite of them

but drying up  
where have you run to  
the clean white tissue?

a substitute  
you've been going strong  
since times untold

suppose one day they  
run out of it  
will you stop flowing?

the substitute  
day and night  
howling to all directions

you die  
at this hour of the night  
when I live

when I only live  
when I live all over again

## Birds

Playing

Playing with the little birds

Between my tree trunks

Will she fly

Will she fly far

The red bird

That for years

Longs for a long flight

Into the cloudless land

The green bird

That sprouts shooting from the nightly soil

Into so many sweet eyes

The white bird

Oh the white bird

That paints everything pure

That floods from sky to sky

That always dies

After the intensest joy

At the strangling hands

Fly, off and away

My little birds, red green and white

Never come back

To this love-desert of mine

Nests there

At every nook of heart

Elsewhere

## Making Love With Time

*Dying, dying every night  
at the breast of time  
dripping with unwanted semen*

### I

making love under poetry  
under music  
making love  
to time  
that sings in these things  
hold the face of time in your hands  
the dumb and deaf and make it scream  
with ecstasy of coming . . .

time in a timeless land  
sells herself like a whore  
touching your sex with her pointed shoes  
making you come with dark nights and eyes

### 2

making love to an organ  
an organ that opens and closes  
like a concertina that plays  
under the enemy fire

making love into the seconds of time  
matching each with a rhyme  
that ticks precisely

stretching it like a noodle  
that splits into infinitesimal  
as thin as an idea of coming

making love to poetry  
holding the pen between your  
fingers/eyes/legs

3

making love to the time  
pinning her hands down like  
a Chinese eight  
or up  
like a V

the movement is your movement  
not hers  
up and down    up and down  
the keyboard of  
a piano by an invisible hand of  
eternity

your face does not matter  
for beauty is but a thing of the market  
your face matches mine  
inscrutable even in ecstasy

making love to me you give back all you have  
your timeless seconds that die instantly

making love to the time  
through her deep tunnel of past present and future  
to impregnate her with semens of de/con/struction

making love to the time  
as if every second is a behind or a before  
to grab at or thrust in

making love to the time  
putting seeds carefully  
into holes of each second

waiting for the seconds to grow  
into cells of love  
in the body of time

making time to love  
in a sleepless bed  
that flows in rhythm

making timeless love  
or loveless time  
making love and time to a T

making love to page or pages  
of minuted sex or sexed minutes  
that pin all images up on time

making love to one poem only  
that has one single line  
the line of least resistance

making love to eyes  
between ice and fire  
into the eyes for fish

making love to ears  
through both ear rings  
the music of fuck

making love to nose  
one at a time  
breathing in the notes

making love through so many tunnels  
of time simultaneously  
always with an eye for more openings

an ear for more rings of love  
a nose for more breaths taken  
making love to tongues

alien to each other  
the more accessible  
the tastier being tongue in cheek

and everywhere  
making love to things pointed  
the long and short hands of the c(l)ock

## Sex Notice

I

I have come to this country for 90 days  
90 days without a fuck

I've seen your dirty books dirty videos  
and dirty, dirty mags

I want your women I want your girls  
I want whoever is willing

Your sun is cold your moon is hot  
your suburb is too too dead

and your city is arty your money thirsty  
your life farty and lousy

so instead of boring me let me bore you  
with a brand new china-made flute

to play you a tune of starved-love  
for five thousand years

to flood you with the fresh cum  
of the yellow river and the yangtse

so if you want to come and be my love  
call me at six six six plus triple sex

2

you knew how I spend my nights here, girl,  
the nights that I would have spent with the moon  
the red-hot summer moon in bed in China  
with a frog-filled creek running low below  
with lotus flower wafting through  
with a thousand memories, bitter, sweet or sour,  
and with ceaseless thrusting, jabbing and penetrating

ai, the melbourne nights  
don't tell me it's a modern city  
with shiny cars and everlasting gardens  
with steely green lawns and stony unsmiling faces  
and uncommunicative phones  
(to whom the ring tolls?)  
and the all attentive t.v.  
(why should I be watched at all?)  
and the non-existent neighbours  
(have we ever exchanged a word?)

but, girls, where are you hiding yourselves  
at this time of the night  
when I'm masturbating comfortlessly  
against pages and pages of shit?  
I feel cold I feel old I feel uglier  
for my skin is peeling off my hair turning  
grey my body wasting away  
I'm losing myself

but the silence of the night is devoid  
of meaning as devoid of flesh  
only you sleeping beauty is singing far away  
of my second by second death

3

well, somehow, these things are so unfamiliar to me now:

the gazing longingly at the red high-heels  
the snail slow arousing of the primitive animal  
the unbuttoning unzipping and undoing—

my ten fingers wouldn't know how to do these things  
my lips have clean forgotten how to say 'I love you'  
my heart is turning into a stone

and my cock  
he knows only my hand  
and the loo

4

so if you are interested in making a little extra money  
phone me write to me or come directly

teach me how to handle my next 1001 nights  
how to avoid death in a dead place  
how to make the phone shriek with ecstasy  
how to make the stunning actresses walk down from the screen

how to use my penis more creatively  
to know more  
to crave for more  
to grow younger and stronger with each use

instead of becoming this pen held in my hand  
that ejaculates these dirty lines that whiten the old ugly cold nights