Home by Dark
Also by Pam Brown

Books
Sureblock
Cocabola’s Funny Picture Book
Automatic Sad
Cafe Sport
Correspondences
Country & Eastern
Small Blue View
Selected Poems 1971-1982
Keep It Quiet
New & Selected Poems
This World. This Place
50 - 50
Text thing
Dear Deliria
True Thoughts
Authentic Local

Chapbooks
Little Droppings
My Lightweight Intentions
Drifting topoi
eleven 747 poems
Let’s Get Lost (with Ken Bolton & Laurie Duggan)
Peel Me A Zibibbo
farout_library_software (with Maged Zaher)
In my phone
Anyworld
More than a feuilleton

e-book
the meh of z z z z

Pamphlets
Montréal
Train train
Sentimental

Theatre
As Much Trouble As Talking (with Jan McKemmish)
Contents

I
Windows wound down 9
Holiday Guide to Everything 17
Wet flannelette 19
Country Town 21
In Queensland 24
Powdery 25
Like 1988 26

II
Femininny 31
1995 34
Half life 37
American Memories, Melbourne 38
A Mo th of Sundays 43
Zottegem 45
The southern of someplace 51

III
Opportunities 55
Rehab for Everyone 56
Spirulina to go 59
No Worries 65
Leaving the World 69
Living 72
Haywire here 73

IV
Dry ice 81
Seriously 84
A moving cloud 86
In my phone 93
Nina Hagen 96
What’s the frequency, Kenneth? 98
Closed on Mondays 101

V
Worldless 109
Feed the orchid 115
iNext twilight 117
All fuelled out 118
A day late 119
Sugar tube 121
More than a feuilleton 124

Acknowledgements 131
I

Just keep staring into that English-language night sky.

Kevin Davies
Windows wound down

parked under
a chalky old light pole,
windows wound down,
dozing on the front seat,
on the radio
Chinese classical music

hot night tonight,
across the road
a man is wearing
his hat, indoors.

the stars that I love,
when I remember
to look at them,
blink above the building

*

I’ve memorised
a Keats sonnet
for February
a Tom Clark poem
for March

&

julienned the carrots
for spicy carrots
with harissa, cumin,
parsley, garlic, lemon,
while listening
to crazy music—
Albert Ayler
*  
a Czech poetry paperback  
bought in 1971,  
there’s a 30 cent ticket  
to the Penguin Reserve  
on Phillip Island  
and a poignant note  
tucked between the pages  
of a poem marked with a pencilled ‘x’  

‘x’—Vladimir Holan, Changes—  
This is our hope : that we have passed  
the limits of the last reality.  
But while consciousness disappears  
it is the very consciousness  
whose constant changes  
remain …  

the note—  

P  
I can’t bring myself to write  
what’s in my head  
I am splitting up north I guess  
I love you  
B  

*  

The Collected Poems  
of Gwen Harwood  
is on the table  
but I should  
prepare a talk  
for Zines in April
going on online,
a small discussion
(between 3 poets)
about experimental poetry
and free verse that one poet says
is really
*anecdotal 'sincerity'*
*wrapped up in the unified 'I'*

oh dear I think that must mean me,
with whom I am definitely stuck,
I have
my limitations, though
not always 'sincere',
and never 'unified'—
only paranoid

*do carpenters
read novels
about carpenters?
do pastrycooks
about pastrycooks?
poets read novels
by poets,
like
Roberto Bolaño

yes, it seems so
another phone call
more cancer
and another
a month later

like Michael said,
now we’ll spend
the rest of our lives
watching our friends die.

*

*End of the First Week*

*

by the time they caught Karadzic
everyone here had forgotten
who he was, what he’d done

*

water on mars?
let’s fuck mars up too

space terrain
flag a claim,
space fear sphere,
see you tomorrow

*

why not
recalibrate your lifestyle
how did Jean Genet
live in hotels
for so long?

*

she wiped her face
with the wettex
then turned to kiss me

let me
track your parcel
darling

*

find a city,
well, find a city first, I agree,
find myself a city to live in.
David Byrne, Cities

I can’t google-map my past,
where we lived is classified

*

cept
f u Peter P !
u know y

*

walk the spoodle
and the labradoodle
past the pot of pesto
under the patio gas heater
grown men
with ridiculous dogs

* 

End of the Second Week

* 

the podiatrist’s fingertips
are orange with nicotine,
my corn recoils

* 

lithium eclipse
a new cocktail
ice wine
a minor fever

* 

booking in to
the Nasty Uncles Hotel
one moonlit night,
a double-bed room,
a mean argument,
a bus stop

*
the first Koreans of the season,
cloth hats, one silver coolie,
comic-print backpacks,
peering over fences at plants
imported from Korea—

it’s Spring

*

*End of the Third Week*

*

gone solar

*

cicadas sucking sap
underground—
that’s optimism

*

I’m not going
to Zines in April,
too old too tired too late

but

still in opposition—
dead prepositions,
and needless adverbs

*
industrialising pollination

my white paper poem
has
no conclusion

I would like to see
some viridian,
in my opinion
a neglected colour

*

End of the Month
Holiday Guide to Everything

thin thread,
spider strokes a fly,
weak sunlight on a tree

the ratio of frequencies—
yellowish green
with pink edges

I’m indoors
scrubbing grime
from stainless steel ridges
on the draining sink

recessions don’t stop
for Sunday

don’t open the door
don’t answer the phone
we need nothing

the wind
has blown the devil
and the dog uphill

fog ascends
round the catchment area,
water seeps under the tor

on the highway
a weird tree stump
in a cage—
The Explorers’ Tree
some pioneer
tried to understand
the everywhen,
blackfella time

but me,
I wait
long hours,
even years

meanwhile

the jury plays sudoku,
short sentence dreaming

Joe Henderson
beams lasers at the high notes

satellites police the stars

sesame seeds stick
in a tooth socket

acquit me of my consternation,
is this my holiday?

pollination is a dying art

the dead princess’s car wreck
up for auction
Wet flannelette

who are those people
running on my grass?

*

dragging the wheely bin
to the footpath,
a shooting star
zim a flash
above the dark pathway
at the back of the house

through the window
little green standby lights
on the computer equipment—
the cat burglar’s runway

it’s a carbon toe-print
in there

*

empty street
in a couch potato smalltown,
every human indoors
in home-entertainment

*

flagpole
in a bare yard

*
the best rubbish
behind
the buildings—
cardboard boxes,
twisted wire,
wet carpet, wet flannelette
Country town

frisky calves
in the morning frost,
that’s this nature thing,
the big cows too
are warming up,
blowing fogs of breath
between each cuddly chomp,
the sun is rising, as is steam
from wondrous and plentiful
green streams of piss

in the paddocks
along the railway line

*

hours later, after lunch,
reciting a poem—
  sheep and cows
  standing for hours
  beneath the boughs—
to half a dozen
variously demented elders
at the day care centre

  what is this life
  if full of care
  we have no time
  to stand and stare

corny even in memory

*
a different morning
coming back from the station
with an unused day-return ticket,
I wave, a feeble flick, to Viken,
he’s in the doorway to his gallery,
opening up for the day,
I’ve just vomited
into some weedy shrubs
next to the garage,
so I’ll miss an appointment,
this is my quotidian
but it’s not everything

*

on the bus
a German backpacker
explains
‘the stolen generations’
to her Dutch girlfriend,
they’re carrying didgeridoos
in custom-made canvas cases

*

every morning
breaking fine spider webs
on my way to the car

*

black cockatoos
squealing and hissing
in the radiata pines up on the hill
above the Catholic church
down here
Orchestra Baobab’s
‘Made in Dakar’—
drowning them out
from the humid verandah

*

outside the take-away
four and twenty myna birds
scrabbling for a chip