

Michael Farrell

genre poem

next move, after Viewing leaves

genre like a-water fall or bus.

a water melon-toss upsetting a boat.

The day that you mark every year, "Sweet."
Always below but today we look up.

"The dolls!"
The flood

"Hong kong!"
In theory

The-flocking-of Geese, & personae in ice

we logon thinking what a way to go.
At the Wedding, everyone, Shivers in the minimum
were there to see the tears,

tiny frozen moons, insignificant cherry blossom,

the painter, Discreetly piggybacking each tour, & funnelling,
it into Subject matter, some queue some do aerobics.

Taking planes to see the Poor place
themselves Between him & a sight – What to depict?

~

return to the poem

lets go down in kid sam history,
 make a dog from cemetery dirt; plants
 grow in abandoned sponges, but not in
 violins playing yellow submarine. regifting things
 that dont work to strangers might sound mean
 ... (a body played the violin)
 . the cafe tables & the swings are
 occupied in the darkened mall; bikies needing
 durian at midnight. 'not a coaster
 family'; 'elvis records & other
 ...' the bush self-edits.
 in the bookshop, are you my publisher
 ? here: where the absent pipes a
 verb & heats a preservative, my feelings
 resurface, but are soon flattened – only
 to be transferred. the merlion & an
 au gratin: the philosopher youd recognise anywhere
 . puns will lead you back / come
 quickly, whatever ... purring on the national
 art rug. a tactful rather than sparing
 reference. my last hours in your country
 , reading v– in j–. thoughts turn
 to lunch, a paper on a print
 -bare book, a piece of watermeadow
 . a cement figure approaches; a goat
 vogues. the boy retrieved by gunmen now
 a front-ranking communist teen: oprah.
 . but its not tv that makes me
 write this! 'stop talking, put
 both hands on the handlebars.' got
 your togs? at last ive found the
 fabled transvestite park, melting ... (the
 bodega with its edgy drinking campaign).
 do you think literature unimportant? what
 makes your shitkicker job worth talking about?

~

the poets sense of form

a poet wouldnt cut a cake he didnt
 make, wouldnt cut a tree she didnt
 grow. statues can hold the lotus position even
 after losing a head, a torso.
 it was a good time – & i
 had the most of it. body products
 can be too intimate; think packaging:
 & youve already thought too much. a
 slice of ham, two of coconut youve
 got an indies sandwich. trace it back
 to the first restoration, dividing inexistent fauna
 from extinct. im going to eat flute
 now wrap / a glass / champagne/
 to go. madu come back ... each
 lonely day, lets make a plan.
 he wanted the magazine to be like a
 small boy that spoke finnish. dear masters
 ... the movers rued: a warning.
 & i kept my french purse inside my
 batik handbag. pursue the curtain: everything
 you left behind & now recognise as your
 desire is on the other side. tracey
 curls up in the cashew position, like
 its an anti-histamine. a jug
 of watermelon rind: so you (yet
) so cheap. am i an ideal
 ? four fish say no. sunday afternoon
 verse ... (foxing on the arp like
 the growl of angels.) 'ive
 got you under my arm'. you
 described, with your sabots, a path
 resembling a w; when questioned you denied
 it saying – these are everyday crimes,
 anyone who can count past four in hebrew
 has my support, can make the team