

Familial Oddity

rêver

I'd always wondered why your painting was placed so high
On the yellow stucco walls.

Air hisses as it hungrily fills your vacant mattress, waiting for its next resident.

Your quilt still warming where your
spine deteriorated out from your back.

Laying on top I tried to figure your five-year vision,

Propped up by pillows you would've stared in reverie
Into a past you painted long ago and immortalised in oil.

I'm sure that's where you'd rather be-

Surrounded by Australian hinterland, tending to a small garden
alone, with no responsibility except to yourself,
the vanilla slices left to bake,
and the vodka left to drink.

But you're ninety-six,
And you have a seventy-one-year-old child,
Who lives there and will die there.

Whilst you've passed in anesthetized sterility.

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whilst Dad was away

I still remember him and what he did,
to a child on a quiet night.

Not that I understood what was happening,
not really, though, something inside broke.
it was trust.

I was twenty-four when I saw him chasing other children,
when the peripheral darkness of that night enshrouded me
at our summer family barbeque.

I should say something but,
I still love you,
like a father.

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naomi

Oh,
how easy it is
to be like the starling
chasing tail over train lines,
blinded by a love of love,
weaving between 25,000-watt wires
helping her thread inevitable doom,
as the widow spins a cocoon, and
like slugs, we crawl into her web.

A whisper creeping up from behind,
Delivered slowly,
a lethal injection,
Now you know how frightening I can be.

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Friday nights

Sit down Jamie,
beside the monitor's dim light.
Spectres of all potentialities
witness your demise.

Stay up all night,
feel the woodiness of the seat,
seep into your skull and mind.

The charm of stillness and calm
binds you for a weekend, a week,
months, then years.

Witnesses drop their qualms,
as you transmogrify humanity into
digital experiential totality.

An image of present absence
immortalised faces eternally browsing
the pits of virtual satisfaction.

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woe is we

The gherkin free burger's sour surprise
confirmed it all. The brain tallied it, fetched and carried it,
more negatives developed in darkening rooms.
Imaginary rolls containing one good shot spoiled by the other seven surrounding it,
colouring canvases of projected loathing,
framed in biased confirmation.

Humanity ponders its rotten fucking luck from inside the greatest civilisation,
as the grey skies piss on the strays huddled together on newspaper mattresses,
God isn't mad at you, he's just
not
that into you.