

Opus Caementicium

I hate
the smell of
cement.
That pounce
we rent
from the body
we rent,
to live on.

We pump out
clouds of gas,
to make
solid structures
to dwell in,
ruining, what
we live on.

Kept in
paper bags,
like pastries.
If I breathe
in clouds,
will it cake
my alveoli?

I hate
the smell of
cement.
But without it
would the
little pigs
have perished?

After the event

Put the trestle tables away.
That was a nice event.
Stack them and lean them outside,
in the sun and grass and the pretty white flowers,
and let's make a start on this tent.

4x4

I wanna a nice big truck,
with huge tyres, tread like canyons,
rugged, tough.
I'm gonna drive that beast in Africa,
take the family looking for beasts in Africa.
Take a book of birds, take the binoculars.

Sit for a while, next to a water hole.
Stroke my steering wheel,
fondle my stereo.

But by the water hole I'll turn off,
and we'll wait patiently, hardly breathing.
All eyes fixed, on the grass and trees,
whisper, we may see a leopard this evening.

But a hyena or a bateleur,
that'd be enough for me.
Because I'd have my truck, you see,
(oh yeah, and my family).

And we'd bounce home to camp
in the dusk in the dust,
over the rugged ruts,
in a 4x4 lust.

Honey

Mmmm, what's that smell?
nice honey, hot toast,
liquid gold on a porous slab,
liquid God on adulterous slice,
mmmMmmm, smells so nice.

A Guy

knew a guy,
had a beard,
died young.

said to me,
one night,
in the pub.

“Most people's lives
are like this”
and his flat hand, palm down,
cut the air, smoothly.

then he said,
with the froth of his beer,
on his beard,

“But my life,
my life's more
been like this”
and his flat hand palm,
rose up and down, up and down, up and down.
And I knew what he meant.

life's a ride,
sure enough.

(begin new stanza)

and if you want to find love, it's at those peaks,
when you look down on the rest of life,
and whoop like a crazy.
and with it, come the lows,
with the inevitability of gravity.

when we're teenagers, life tells us this,
but we're not equipped to listen,
the ride's just too intense.

but remember the scream, and know,
as you dream and plummet to the sad below,
that the other choice, is the in-between,
and that ain't livin' you know?
he knew.

so hold on tight
fall in love
feel sad,
and fall in love again:
it's a ride