

Rhymes for a Mood

Alexander J. Watt

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For my mother

*Let's describe to everyone, through art
the inherent perfection and harmony
of every thought in every being on every star*

Forkword

all us egoists
writing forkword
tryin' to pick the plate
for a feelin' we had
try to make a meal of it
but all we got is forkword

try no to touch
tender subject by spikin' it
place in nothin' anywhere
but forkword jinx us
eats our meal too
we are lost forkword

Astrolabe

I calculate a peanut
that is the sun
sits fathoms apart from
roving Jupiter, a speck
pummelling the blank
substance with
no reason to be there,
and see
the finesse in the detail
twixt rock and molten core
is escaping the program
of the ages
and bathing in the cracks
between fire and ice

the crux of it
is planet earth
planted in orbit
about a sun
smattered
galactic hell

This spliced
is life;
through the fire-door
in pyjamas, a space walk
on the rosary of jettisoned
rocket stages,
piping the paralysing ricochet
of radio beamed thoughts
to star afar; "who am I?
who is there?
who is breathing in the dark?"

Aged 4 blues

Had 11 cents in my pocket
aged 4 was all I'd ever owned
had 11 cents in my pocket
aged 4 was all I'd ever owned
weren't even enough to make a call
to Santa on the telephone

Bought myself a tadpole
best friend that money could buy
bought myself a tadpole
best friend that money could buy
turned into a frog and hopped away
broke my heart I thought I'd die

Walked all the way to the bus stop
aged 4 thought I'd run away
walked all the way to the bus stop
aged 4 thought I'd run away
mum called the cartoons were on
gotta leave scapin' to another day

Got my juice now and my cookie
got my bottle in my hand
got my juice now and my cookie
got my bottle in my hand
mom says "oneday you gonna get grown up"
maybe then she'll understand

The Game

Can I bring a . . . ?

snow goanna no

goose down no

feather. yes

pink slipper. no

fool pant no

game show no

liquorice yes

blood sausage no

raw sewage no

black mamba? no

Chairs up

Chairs up!
this bizarre ritual
perpetuated by schools
ended nearly every day
of my growing into an adult
never thought about it since
but what import it had then.
The first day of a school year
all the chairs were larger
and like a judo belt
had changed colour
blue changed to green
then red and pencil orange
for the twelfth grade.
When I was little
I'd pass by the door of the big kids classroom
and look in
and see the enormous chairs there
fit for giants
and giant bottoms
emitting giant farts.
I would turn and run away
to stay a tyke for one more day
before time started striking old.
Chairs up!
We stood hopefully still
behind our desks
as the teacher let us go
row after row
of voice erupted into the afternoon.

Shipley Valley Afternoon

In the silly still air;
bird sounds from a
speck of dust suspended
in the stone library

almighty leaves alone
against sky, a
parapet of dire falls
isolate the cry

frosty air tends the ear
and clasps neck, a
horse thuds on turf, a plane
pricks the evening gown

banjo frogs lament an
empty wineglass
I am tied Tom fool and
grown senseless to it all

the bird is still barking
cooler, cooler the blue
— it's a cockatoo

Morning cat squeak

You want to go out
but it's raining
so how about we give you
a little fish?
no.

Morning cat squeak
you want to go out but it's raining
fire crackling, tea is just made

thin blue air
instates wet trees
after gales darkness washes through the glass
into the kitchen
- the sun following

Jup up Jup down
Jingle Jingle Meaow crash!
you want to go out but it's raining

New BLue Poet MACHine

*In the Beginning was the WORD
and the word was
unheard*

We come
Welcome
to free fearing
 minds and voice

battered
 by indecision
 by choice

- the high road/or the low road
- the right path/or the left path

Behold: turnpike driven media voice

There is no NEWS=!

The New Blue Poet Machine
 moves
 seamlessly
 through time and space

with eternal worlds,

 abandoning earthly ties

leaping from mind to mind

sowing

the word
of one heart
unbeaten
beautiful
beatific

- blind vision

the sound
of which is

‘AIRWHO’

Vreudian undiscovered source of dreams

Golden noose
The silver chariot

WORD

lifting us into space
or
another place
deep inside this place

Holy in one
pinpoint
accurate word

to finish the show
uninvent the wheel

Power vision
Open tin life

reality TV
this is not

Check
out
One
Word

buster!

and inside the One Word –

Many voice

Thursday song

life is not a line
to live from end to end
life is but a canvas
upon our brush to wend

life is not a novel
to read and then say 'hum'
life is like a garden
the work is never done

life is not a measurement
a span in time to know
life's a restful pond
a stone at which we throw

life is not an hour
a year of half a day
life is just a field
for hearts like ours to play

life is not a fragment
of some much larger thing
life is more a magnet
a flame to draw us in

life is not an apple
to bite perchance to chew
life is something else
what I wish I knew

Trying to start the cat

the kitten won't play today

Rose strokes it and fires the rumble tum

but Peter's out

a leap – an arched back

orchestrated flop to one side

he lies between us

like a little apostrophe

it is an invented word

Bat

today is i think a yellow sound
in my blue mind bible

habitat

of speed

i tasted the plane of arithmetic

with a quill

struck the quiet gridlock

spunk with episodes

oo wormholes

willie

rah

aha

!

the sound envelope

hid me

like time

that mammoth task pane

weevilled

RIDDEN by bullet ••punches

Welltris® amusement

apple core

bathymetric pressure

a card table

a bubble

in under my blue mind

↑

bat

Bean

you and me
poo and wee
endless embalming
you with nappy
bouncing knee
make you happy

you and me
cup of tea
at three am
you a cry baby
rock you bye baby
in a high tree
was it a hickory?

woo and wee
cause we woves ya
you'll see
one day I'll come
an visit you
all grown up
in the academy

shoe and pee
lipstick for lunch
visit grannie
back with
the milky one
(that's mummy)
for tea
lucky he!
he he!

Braided Ham

Shooting off into the dark art chart part
with a lanky lumberjack vagabond nose
in a blue jinxed disaster car dashless on
great unfortunate wheels one flawless fall
that put a cigarette hole in my India blanket.
Wanderlust took it and us into a vacuole of
blue sky peppered with squirrel trees for a
weekend alone, we two, alone by an ill sea
whose guts had been brought up on the sand
by a storm. The stink permeated everything.
We lit a fire, got drunk, and writhed with
frustrated dreams. Later I walked alone
along the perimeter of the ocean
a cue ball of desire bulging in my pocket,
to find rocks to smash my egg on, hard by a dead
sting-ray lying upturned, mucousy; a lump of tripe.
I filmed you clambering up a promontory
in black and white, by soundless surf;
scarfed explorers clutching glasses of wine
we had stayed past closing time.

Grandpa

old tooled
hand and nail
leather S T R A P
&
sharp KNIFE!

I think of all the things you managed
to do
in your life

left school -
hard Rap
then Rail against the war cast dice

Home land
 abandoned to sea
Land home
 to make ends, amends,
and shoes
 for –
You, you, you, you, you, you, you, you and me

placed down the oiled gun, replaced grinding ox
with magpie, galah and currawong

found and married the olive on
freedom's branch of gum
hard grafted an empire of footwear repair
onto the family you both created there

fatherhood mellowing into grandpa-hood
a fine vintaged Slovene
under the southern cross you could un cork at last

the only things you couldn't mend
that bloody nose, that heart, that old bone

when I bring the axe in from the rain
or carve wood with a blade
or walk away from a room leaving the light on
your words arise in my conscience

Grandpa
the family spear
the fear you fashioned into work for years
 answers to no tears

Heard a bird

heard a bird murder in the park
just after dark
hoped you were not up to it

heard a bird murder under water
the dead bird's daughter
that's what happened in it

heard you dared dirt bird with word dirt

I am Flesh

Our place
in the perfect
space
might be compared
to the gritter
between tiles

This is our
luck

Born to extend
our home
our comfort zone
we utilise
the rungs of reason

what more
than this?

Our purpose is all
our own
it does not
satisfy
to dream

but to act
we
bend our mind
to its role

: there is no soul

Religion is the viri
of human
society it
distracts us from our ability
to think clearly
when priests speak
to stir blind faith
it evokes passion;
it is irrelevant

I am Spirit

My place
in the perfect
face
is the glitter
in the eye
or a smile

this is His
wish

Born into a gift
of love, by love,
expelled
I roam
this to believe –

Wisdom exists.

My purpose is all
I know
I am alive
not a
machine

a mind
attuned
by action
is my goal

: I am pure soul

Worldliness is the viri
of the mind
venal thoughts
distract us from the goal
of charity
and science seeks
to break our faith,
our core purpose;
it is irreverent

We seek to know life
and are strict
in our knowing

show us the tangible

This is the life.
This is the edict.
It is beyond knowing

but yet it is here

I am not the body

like words are not ink or sound

but this idea roots us here

Helen

Saul

Yode

Indigo blue in heaven I am not

I am not *only* the body

!!!!!!!!!!!! yells !!!!!!!!!!!!!

the 'not' glove

moves o'en

severance

yells open the pen !!!!!!!!!!!

. a point of view | open in

a gun .

Notes of spring

The wind of spring is all we hope for summer breath
brings calamity and hooping song of death.
The quaver wrens begin to sing, an auburn force,
lidless spirit warms the day and brings it focus.
Breath of never-never washes dog faced over time.
Groaning land answers even when it's hoarse:
"the lancing trees are rooted in the quartz pus -
the sentence of the fences reminds me of a crime"

So one foot goes before the other for the other.
I raise my head the sun spins and stars rise up.
A hollow echo froes the wall of the gully spirit.
My stomach heaves I have a strong urge to spit,
and knees desire sharp stones on which I fall down
to kneel and hold them like the hot hands of my mother

A broken ant upon a burning plate looks round
the soil and sticks decide its passage on the ground.
A china lantern peaks into the river hollow,
while all its rodents creep inside the rocky spaces
and from a limb a bird falls into its swallow.
These are the tiny movements of a limitless face
whose fire animates the day and all who dare live
are victim to the ordained sentiment of the land.

Our planet

is a seed
and the yellow sun
has cracked it
into a furze of malt

all our little faces

the tree from which it fell
was defined by its event log
scattering fruit to the furthest
loaded with identity
fertilised by the fabric of space
the universe is our father
the event tree our mother
somewhere nearly identical
our sisters and brothers

for the purposes of this fancy they shall exist

Small poems

Poet
open
pen
delight me

I lark the sky
smiling a poem
pleases just me

A dragonfly kiss
the dry grass dropped a twig
- startled stick insect

a poem is not a piece of bread and butter
(you n____
it's much better)
it is water

an artist draws a few leaves
then with a brush of his hand
it is autumn

white.
a plate

Prayer from the Terrapolis

{**Terrapolis**; ¹tɛrəpəlɪs, *n.* A city that covers the Earth.}

come with me my son
and I'll tell you something I heard believe
that is the world is round, rolls
toils and round that its city lets roil
and seethe and breath and blow
the boil of a thousand
timepieces running useless

I, dressed in rags, a plain old fart,
say "let the world know itself through art"
will you like me a drunk in the sunken quarter
lie shat in the old town, a concrete tomb
and dream a nightmare under spy satellite?
a nightmare blowing cold and warm
fused to a candle burning in the night air,
fondly forgetting the never –
lying breathing the never never fever

I dream that up to me through the dark street
walks a man like myself - "yes Sam. Listen twice." he says
his is the eye that never sleeps
as still-backed water reflects a moon
amid oil rainbows + star ship skeletons
that star that in fever I dream and cry
"favour me master. hand my hold & inform me"
blissed by pills I have an after-life taster and see
God Eyed Theo the Styx river burning rafter

swaddled you waddle to Memphis
missioned to evolute or pollute
a prise from the mouths of black holes
we are parts in all life's common strain
all sprung from common media
we are the spores exhaled across a dish by time
Invented, just as when you are hearing this
in some other life and I am just a fiction -
and the spark in my eye is as dead as nova

[plant me
there
one foot deep
- unsoul me]

our rivers stopped running last year
whilst they rinse space with their wings
& construct citadel piano lands
radio shacks and far away Salome's
yet here under the Olgas I rear you
my hands planted on the wheel of your life
I fear for you. Ruining string, we bail air
while they lifeboats return for the precious thing
return to drink and mate like flies on a pond
with a belch coloured bilge whelp – burp!
heaving out to the sky from the city gullet

I will you will not live in a polis
that bleeds ruddy car cases into the rivers
and rots frond-like designs touching the stratus,
fit to amaze in blessed metal and noise
and nuclear light, the thrum thrum
of reactors tiding you to a sleep
filled with implanted wrongs.
Can i not place
a ganga stone lingam in the hand
of the tiny baby on my knee?
Flogging the greasy air
barely awake - to him
I am a remote abstraction of
care outside his understanding.

*gather him in coils of hope
I tread the mortal stair
and carry my boy into time
though know nothing
of what lurketh there*



Supposing there is no end or
beginning
the universe not expanding
from some big bang
but brought into largeness through perspective

and so light also relatively
ageless and
always fresh
as when first flicked

'first' is the bastard child

An old man running dough through the spaghetti machine; a universe
branching and unbranching; both are wrung like an idea from foam.

the Lobe

tigers and bathers
crescent over water
in an ebon pool

a peacock in prison
in a pen
of peahen

man stands in the image | mirage thin
white dhoti at full mast
his smile a bird polishing the sky

in the room
in a wardrobe in the room
woman sit in lotus

outside a child
in passing might think:
'I hear a sound'

Toolbox

First thing in the morning:

a comma and an asterisk
are quietly fucking
in my toolbox

an ampersand looks on while a

pair of parentheses surround the scene

“what the hells going on?”
I scream and thrust a hyphen between
them

(&*-,)

a case of stops
birdshot
opens and spills
across my divan

it's a royal mess
in the park

.....

punctuation
stacks like burettes
where to start?

||| |!!!!!!? ? ? ? \\\

I pick an
A
for Abacus

put it in an envelope

this begins my letter to you

1.●

In the beginning was the word.
Was the word absurd?
It fell off my pen
into the
yesterday's
climate changed
accordion playing
bible

- belt up! –
sacrilege hunting
wowser
buster - !

Peter
Paul
Sacramento
momento
polo
●

We two

a
dot of matter
a knot
knows itself

I
divide sunlight
arbitrarily -
day and night

O
this endless
moment
exists as is

α
decided to decay
early today
so say

*

a shoe
in to
Jupiter's pelt flew

as
we two
only lived to decide
when to collide

Six fish (five alive and one dead)

swim i am
immature
in blue
my eyes a speck
that time
and science
explore
field of reed
i lie on the floor
gobble water
and breed

scaled fear
i am lovely
and lonely
related to
stone and brook
slimy fanged
guts full
of mud
I am rude
in the sea
in the nude
unshod

i am a fish
my hide
delights the
tide
find me
among
reeds
in a pool
grasp wide
for me
fool

i belong in river
and creek
and dell
my death
is just a
smell
i gape
at your
air
i am
nervous
and
everywhere

feel me
with
cold horn
fingers
see how
i wriggle
in your
hand
you'll
never
understand

lie me in
butter
or in
salt
left
to hang
i am
piscean
and stiff
and end
up

Byronic urge

I found a scrap of paper, on which was written:

Byronic urge
to which I think I said "I'm no Byron"

Don Juan
Sweet Childe in time

"and when not meditating
probably wanking"

Garden 0 Sylph
Quick white breast
amongst
the tussocks

Deep in the forest
". must to India"

A distant calling in his heart
yearning - not knowing - feeling
a word - unyielding - to &
fro-ing

foot to dusky India
Foot to Morris Olford
dusty soul
planted
!
B A M

indigo blue
a stroller
fig plum under
thought he found his lover
believe - twitch
train and bus to Ganesh
& that thing
yeah

what would he find? *perpetua*
 & the answer
 in
INDIA

train through rocky graze
 & punch
 rails
opposite a man in linen
who spake of Ireland
a convent there
a refined air

around
 me
towers
rise like the rocks that part Hispania's
 land from Gaul

didn't bother me at all

a well
a fish

I stood and dropped my mind in -
the fish ate it
all my thoughts went through the fish's guts
 it was lively
 it was velveteen

fifteen inch spanner

portwine news
how to hold on to the figurine?
how to print the news today?

For my Love

*My Love said "why
don't you write poems
for me?" "I don't know"
I said, "It feels too personal"
but she insisted and so
here are a few words about
Stinky*

When she smiles
it's as if butterflies
come out of her shoes
I am o'erwhelmed.
Also when she smiles
wild horses are let loose
in my loin parts
and she has to get
a hanky
that's why she calls it
'hanky panky'
& qualifies me
for some spanky
(ha ha! not really)

My love is a bird
that much is clear
- at least it's what I hear
her feathers ruffle
easily —that's when
I find I've done
some mistake
or not understood
her whim
in every way
in all its facets
taking into account
her *real* whim
which is disguised

but easily detectable
to Him

Him is her lover
to whom I aspire
and cling
like a barnacle-thing
on the side of a great
silent wail

My love does not
love me
in the ordinary way
- our love is much deeper than that
it is beyond the calculations of
supercomputers, its fires are more subtle
than the faint pulse
of the furthest star
just barely detectable to man
using instruments calibrated to reveal the deepest paradox

I am here today
covered in dirt
my arms are too long
my nose is too big
you cannot escape my hold
when we kiss
I poke you in the eye
to whom else
will this friendless man travel?
when the road is unwound
where is his heart
but in your clutch?
where is his aim?
his crutch?
It is way out
it is broken
all I have is you