

## SELF-PORTRAIT AS GIRAFFE POET AND CAFE HABITUE

I'm 6 ft 2  
 I have large brown freckles  
 on my back —  
 I'm a giraffe poet.  
 I write my poems with an ink  
 made from peacock sweat.  
 I too have stood bowed  
 by the Thames  
 where so many of love's lepers  
 have thrown their prayers.  
 I sit in plazas great and wide  
 and watch the pigeons —

eternal dandruff of the world.

## A BOOK BY CONRAD

The girl  
 wanted a horse  
 for her birthday.  
 Her father bought her  
 a book.  
 The girl begrudgingly  
 read a few pages.  
 She realized  
 that a good book  
 is a form  
 of horse.

## THE ARSONIST

For me  
 lighting a match  
 is like eating  
 a whole box  
 of chocolates.

## POETRY

I've always  
 liked that episode  
 where Superman  
 squeezed a lump of coal  
 into a diamond  
 in his fist.

— Peter Bakowski

East Melbourne Australia