

## DINGO-MAN

big black butterfly  
with white & red markings  
on cement block wall  
pulsating his wings  
as I pee on the grass  
alongside the house

sometimes I have the soul  
of a dingo  
the dingo grinning  
at the door as I  
wait for the next check  
the next bit of money  
to save me from destitution again

I suppose a man like me  
who sometimes has the soul  
of a dingo can expect nothing else  
but the life he has skirting  
the fringe of poverty rich  
with priceless power  
of releasing the poems  
& pictures locked  
in his butterfly  
dingo-man heart

all I'm really good for  
is to write & draw  
& be my own boss

Jesus it feels good  
to write this down

## #27

I've written a poem  
for a killer after  
watching him on the news  
lock eyes with the father  
of the 2 teenage boys  
he murdered  
& say  
a long silent sorry  
just before he died  
in the gas chamber

why I wrote it  
I'm not sure  
maybe it's because

I feel sorry for anyone  
faced with the last  
split-seconds  
of their life

#37

trees swaying  
in the bar room window  
they seem to move  
with a will of their own

I sit alone  
writing  
in a crowded pub

it was late  
when I got back  
just a curl of smoke  
at the gate where  
the pile of bulldozed  
wattle was

100 YEARS LATER

we know  
this lady  
who went  
to the Van Gogh  
show & said

"so what  
I could  
do that"

& she  
calls  
herself  
an artist

FOR A WASP

break on porch sofa  
with a beer & a smoke  
after writing all morning