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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

CHAOS, THEY CALL IT THE FORESHORE, 1973 HOLDEN KINGSWOOD FOR SALE

Joachim Raff, what is wrong with you?
I've heard your available discography
it's not extensive but it's pretty good
and has more variety than Vivaldi
and perhaps as much massive skittishness as Mendelssohn
when he became official. Have we been sold
a pup? No, I'm not knocking Beethoven,
Walt Disney introduced him to me, I am a convert.
But somewhere, still, is the awkward doubt:
now I've learned to tap to Vivaldi must I
refuse to listen to the successful competitors of
Beethoven?
Why can't I make the choice? Why not the Pastoral
Symphony
by Raff? Close your eyes, wash out preconceptions,
then sit back as if there were any number of choices,
still.

Carla A. Schwartz

CHAOS

Janey wonders how the world
decided on orderliness;
she sleeps on an island,
in a sea of strewn
books/papers/clothing.
The other rooms in her flat
are filled with slowly decaying fruit
and clothes hanging to dry.
Her order is no one else's.
How can people keep such orderly homes?
How can they find anything if it's put away?

THEY CALL IT THE FORESHORE

In Newcastle,
Like every other
dying city,
development
has shifted commerce,
like a magnet, iron filings;

Introducing the foreshore:
a few pubs and restaurants,
a view of the port
and steelworks;
Top it off
with a large steel penis,
its foreskin
flapping in the seashore scum.
Call it the foreshore-
take the living heart
from a city,
paint it pink and green

1973 HOLDEN KINGSWOOD FOR SALE

My name is Kangaroo Dream.
I'm looking for an owner.
A caring, sensitive
one would be nice
but I'll take Anyone.
I'm great for a family;
kids love me.
Let me make your
road dreams
a reality.

Don't make me sit
by the roadside like some slut;
I have dignity.
Buy me.