

3 textiles para KENT

por MTC Cronin (New South Wales)

SKÁLD

SKÁLD for Kent Johnson

He listens to the life inside life for the life outside life.

He knows how to wear the doubt cape.

He has a wolf of a reputation.

He has all the symptoms of lullaby.

Revolving in his skull is the world with one name.

Detained in his wound everything becomes observable.

It is the gouge of literature. The aching cave forever open.

A book read in desire-time. The heart-display.

Amidst so much misreckoning, tricksters and funded crapola,
turning in the spokes, his voice: "What can be bought on installments
for a trail of rats leading to another trail." (And he doesn't
dislike rats.)

He pins you to the day. Imagines you to death. Little vegetable
in love with vegetables, none of his words are for fun.

All the little flags and followers of you he has drowned
in a tiny basin.

He splashes his face with your souls.

In the burning whiteness his ritual grammar

whispers its translation to you.

Its terrible invisible warmth on your tongue tastes like the earth
from which they built THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Scandal with every word and that peace that comes
with estrangement from the self.

He loves me for you.

He is a long holiday spent in God...

He was once tortured by a gang of gangsters.

He watches you count your handful of etceteras.

He listens to you babbling the lies of your sanity.

Your corpse-mottled cheeks he slaps.

Your hill alone, wall alone, he slops into agitprop.

If you must live against a door, he will slam it.

He properly thieves.

No bridges to burn.

In the grate of non-existence he is the guardian raking ash.

He knows everyone's missing, everyone.

He blesses us in the evenings and frightens us in the mornings.

He is the warning spoken of.

He has ruined failure.

He wrote a real poem.

NO LITTLE GAME

NO LITTLE GAME ~ for Kent Johnson on his birthday

We saw you fishing in the dead of night.

Throwing back the big secret

that just wasn't big enough.

No little game will suffice you whispered

pushing the moon from your shoulder.

You know, *that* moon, no longer blown

sideways by the eye's breath.

Behind your back the river flows
and when you turn to face it
it flows behind your back.
You said it was born in the wound of the sea.
You know, *that* sea, with only wave
reminding you that the reminder
returns with what passes.

It moves through the idea
with the idea of you ever-present
and you break down in its reminder
as if a trickle over a great and masterful expanse.
We joined you then on the banks of your June.
That June which had a spare tomorrow
caught on its hook ~ possessive

and lucky at the source.

STRANGELYMET

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kent johnson

The president's little fiddly brother. The director who loved the wolves. Eccentric sherd. They had many names for him. In fact loved name-calling. Foam stays as the wave retreats. He waved goodbye. Even now, he said, even now this goodbye is speaking for me – in the headlong, in the held back. In the ur-song, the bedrock. Being not ignorant he knew what to ignore. The sky goes unnoticed by the ocean. Sky star down unlocking the small gate in these occasions under the trees, these mentioned histories which order lips to the darkness of this perfect war. No fight. All/perfection/magnifies/the sun/watches/mistakes/pile up. He piles. His poiesis. His justices. Poet of Justice. So much justice that he had to settle – had to man-up – for man of justice. He is what happens

when one *hits* bedrock. The only actual phenomena in this animal's evolution. The realized inability to 'let the wrong'. Underpinned by the deep breath no-one else could take he suffered the bullying slapstick of being ignored by the barbs of pretend-concept poisonous characters too unoppressed and too unsuffering – all body parts and blasons – with their faux inclusiveness and veteran stupidity, sorting and so missing that life is about missing. Little did they know he is a sexy old pig, a silk purse of a pig who whispers unpalatable everythings into the sow's deafear... Exhaling he plonks his append on the diddle and forces both to breathe in time. On his haunches he widens the definition of the crime to include 'the great'. Towards their renovated deception he cocks his multi-cool carnivalistic haw words which they mistake for the stutter which hides his absolutely whatever is most important laughter full from his patent shoes to his nutshell, from their sinkhole to their forked road stuffed with the agony that comes from lacking agony. He says, in effect, they need a showerdown and I gave it to them! So back to beauty as he turns the next magician corner –

The black sheep shining light on a shadowed wall. A lizard tight as a paperclip. Laundry-tub dreamer. They had many names for him. But the jokes always jump. And against no odds he jumps above. So full of unsure insistence. Involuntarily frequented by hearts. A plague on no houses. (**A plague on no-one's house.**) Strange that he was met by so many on a road all his own. Sad that so many chose to remain by the wayside...

Editor's Note: People like you are usually dead so I'm pleased to sit here today meeting you.

"I still meet him."