

MUDROOROO

## PRESENT SIR

Flung into the present denied a past the sun sinks  
 No one to bluff, they write me as they think I am  
 I am owned, dissected and foolish me I can't comment  
 They know me, my past, I can only claim an eternal present  
 I walk as a lie, put there by rejuvenated outcasts coming in  
 Yes, yes indeed I am denied myself, they know me falsetto  
 I walk alone, deterred from mixing with my unkind kin.  
 No more shall I mate or make with those I considered fine  
 No, indeed no ore in the mine, no water in the well  
 No handshake or eyesight for this refugee of the spirit  
 Remaking myself, leaving out entire words and sentences  
 I know better now, present I don't want to be with you  
 Maybe Bob Dylan, maybe His Holiness Karmapa, love  
 Let the lights flicker out, let the rituals be unperformed  
 Let me be as I am which does not include you he, shit  
 The washing machine cleans my stinking act of unrepentance  
 Yes, I have nothing to forgive or give you not even a sad wink  
 From old eyes half blind peering only into misty death  
 Hey ho the wind and the rain and a hey nonny nonny hey  
 This is the place where the sigh fades airless the world ahead  
 There are no words, no despairs, no cravings from a self denied.

( . . . )