

Jayne Fenton Keane

THE GOLD COAST

Is a triple S credit capital
sun, surf, sex
where dollars speak louder than prejudice.

Young people overdose in spurts,
like bad karma ejaculating
in streams of synthetic ecstasy.

Nobody really lives here.
Everybody camps in their dreams
until bankrupt and busted they head back south
with their dreams between their legs.

You've got to be brave to live in Paradise.

Lots of people turn to Jesus.
I turned to Val Morgan.
Val taught me that there is life after culture
if you learn how to be a 9 carat baby.

I thought Jupiters really was
the capital of a gold new world.

So I went there.
Do you know what happened?

People didn't wave me over to
"Come out come out come out come out and play."

Instead, they told me to piss off because I was in their chair.
And didn't I know that an empty plastic cup
was actually a reserved sign.

And, call me naïve, but I expected to hear
"I'm rich."

Val Morgan told me so.
Later, I saw the same people
queuing outside a Cash Converters store.

I thought that was the box office for carpedium.

Turned out to be just another way
of stamping age spots on the poor.

So I went to the beach.
It was there I had the Paradise beaten out of me.
Not by whacked out speed freaks
or New Age drunks on benders of testosterone.
No. It was a different kind of revelation.

The kind you get when a sky's Tough Love
punches with a fistful of stars.

22