
LIAM FERNEY

LONG TIME LISTENER, FIRST TIME CALLER

the ladder of opportunity frays under strain
a suicide of nose taps like a yawn in the Hindu Kush
adjustments of the marginal rates
designed to tighten the belt empty the houses
while your grandma's familiar characters
turn up for tea and bikkies we are polo mallet
warriors shredding grass on turbo charged lawnmowers
sugar and the swing seats are the new frontiers
the population exalting at the temple of Lockyer
evening's crown bejewelled with Clayton's stone
but then who has time to stay on message
when there's Jack Symes doing
4KNY Crime on the Line at Nine
it's a shame about Ray spruiking
Corby's Cannabis Crisis to the souper sleuths of Oztrailya
just like the video ref the worm never lies
you buy your expert and Fox buys mine
the National Front hoods and their brickbat cronies
cross arms at the epigraph of a novella
on the consolidation of broad power
we met her like a girl smoking behind the bike sheds
the romance ended with shredded love letters
tossed behind *Altered Beast* at the front of 727
Aaron Spelling takes in quince on *Modern Opera*
enthused by our swoon for a Reserve Bank armageddon
at the millennium we got frocked up for *Who Wants
to Be a Millionaire?* the party where we all got rich
me me we say so fast dislodging toupees and tiaras
shirtfront Wax Americana the smooth chest party
strike out solo in the post-Nimitz world
when the best pretenders come undone
a late life growth spurt the rotor blades a shade too low
if we had stopped them on the steps kept daggers sheathed
moved the traffic would you call us naïve
those days made it seem prudent to have a get out clause