

SATURDAY MORNING POEMS

- I You
 were standing
 in the doorway of the shop
 looking at the stock
 (sunglasses I think)
- on your own
 not wanting to buy
 the space around you
 was silence
- I thought
 of saying 'hello'
 the crowd pulled me past
 I let them
 why
- II All through the busy shopping mall
 dull people flowed like broken sea;
 the stranger sat on a plastic stool,
 a chainstore packet at his feet.
- His roughened face and coarse grey hair
 bent over a jacket on his knee,
 his nimble fingers stitched the tear,
 those practised hands worked easily.
- While pale youths sucked on paler malts,
 the sailor's tattooed forearm reached
 for another thread of cotton from
 that chainstore packet at his feet.
- III It's a marvellous day for flying a kite,
 alive . . . alive and fighting me
 Old Wind is biting at my tail
 because I swing in his territory
 with ageless laughter on my face.

IV

I'm sorry – you're a
good guy in another
place, another time, but
I'm too busy just now to
pander to the child
 in you.

I'm(po:itely) sorry
you're in a spoilt-brat
blue fug because you
feel I should have nothing to
do but dance for you –
 that's tough;

I think it was Thoreau said
something about the different
beats of the drummer –
my rhythm is Footslogging
African Primitive
 to your

Internal Victorian, so
sleep on baby see you
next time on my way through.
I think I still love you,
now I have work to do –
 see you.

V

He stood like a girder
dangling the crowd
in tough torn jeans –
wavy hair drawn back,

his beard assumed
the 'Jesus' look –
he aimed for centre
pavement and spat.

All power parked kerbside,
his denim proclaimed
(beneath blatant eyes,
raw-tired, half closed)

that Christ was a bikie
 'RENEGADE' –
with a silver earring
through his nose!