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Sprung

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Sprung

John W. Gordon (Edith Cowan University)

At war, pretty vacant
Pinned down at my station
I am transfixed by the wood grain
The veneer
Betwixt mouse & knuckle.

Then notice the time
And then the date -
Time on the screen,
Yet date on the cascading desk calendar -
Its daily quote etched below the numericals:
“Flowers are restful to look at. They have
Neither emotions nor conflicts.”
Sigmund Freud.

This makes me think of D.H. Lawrence’s
Bavarian Gentians
& almost simultaneously of a blue plastic shopping bag
I saw on my break
Caught in a ghost gum
In the New World car park.
It is Spring! And I am infected at root
With ennui.

Unlike Freud & his Bavarian Gentians...
Hang on, wasn’t that D.H. Lawrence?
Whomever
Unlike those last century types

I don't

- a) have a special relationship with flowers

- b) feel the subcutaneous sap rising in interconnectedness

I have no strange communion it seems

With flower, tree, beast, nature.

They yield no essence to me

& yet...what do I see?

Only the new material century consumptive way –

The fatal mark of the human ego –

That now knows better!

Yet still without fourth thought

Let alone second

Inserts electronic towers on top of sand dunes

Ravaging melaleuca & fragile tuart,

And polluting in total

The deeper life of place??

Ostensibly, insanely

So we can enjoy better connection!?

And my complacent part in this –

The complicit ego –

That thinks & perceives &

only writes

Of this very serious loss

Perhaps the greatest loss possible??

Yes, *writes* of this real disconnect

& of a blue plastic shopping bag

Stuck in a friggin' tree!?

I feel nothing...really.

I do nothing.

I am alone but I fear

Not in this regard.

“Hello! Wakey, wakey!”

Sprung!

Perceptions blocked

It's back to the date, the clock

And time to knock off -

Another day, another dollar!

Tomorrow's quote (again from last century):

“There is no such thing as society”

Hi fucking ho!