A Journal of Unrelated and Complete Events

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OF THE BELL TREE

That is, me, dropping like marl
Unfurling pink wings
Like windmills I've been making

ST ELIZABETH COUNTRY

Like windmills, I've been making
Babies. Bleeding them out, breathing
Them out. Into red soil overflowing
Rising cut-open-water-table, alumina
Waste. In them grow rose flowers
That have never seen the sea – a thin
Promontory makes us feel I will
Live beyond thirty. And we shall be siblings again.

& NOT THE RED FLOWER
And we shall be siblings forever
Each of us in the other

An incestuous tree
A crimson flowering tree

Its name cannot contain it
Its name would not remain

Bloomed now, to the tip
All my streets overcome with petals

In the island where whirlpools beget
Whirlpools, forgotten kisses

Sharks rip tides, dragged to the gulf

Like cloth being
Sewn

THESE BODIES FIRST, FIND REST

Torn open I close everything:
Books, bags, devices
Bottles of rum (for dark and stormy drinks)
meant to neutralize the aggressive; unintended seduction).

Absolute.

These, The bodies who find rest
Imaging bathrooms that open
In paths to the sea, corners hide
Kissing. Hide me.

These funeral beds are where bodies lay
Making unexplainable patterns
   rows         rows
Of dark embraces.
When we see the neighbour
Trespass to pick
What was it?
That was meant for us.

A FEAR OF HIDDEN LIZARDS

What was meant for us:
Covered now with a blue swathe
Of scales made from silver foil
A narrow and surgical mouth,
More deadly in water - eyes
Inanimate and cartooned.
When the light is turned on
It is a shield against fluorescence
To the thousands who suck insects
With crammed, interlocking tongues

THE FIRE AT TREASURE BEACH

That is me dropping like marl
Like the windmills of the cedar tree
I've been making

And we shall be siblings forever

Stitched open to close everything
That was meant for you - that
Was meant for us until, my brothers,
We lick tongues again