Poetry Series

David McLean Mathews

- 14 poems -

Publication Date:

March 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by David McLean Mathews on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

David McLean Mathews

Born in 1962, David McLean Mathews has written his surreal and existential poetry since the late 80s.

At times prolific or sparse, Mathews has grown from introspective investigations of art, persona and self to what he calls life-landscape poetry, focusing on his love of the Australian coast.

Mathews is currently working on a book of life-landscape poems based in Bawley Point NSW.

A Corporate Life Part 1

Good evening
I write for a living
Or describe and think
With a visionary zeal
And talk
God I can talk
With nuance and structure
Jack Parlance
With aural posturing
If I go up

I'm good
If I go down
I'm shot like a duck
On the wing in a living room
My mates cascading before me
Clay and pigeon

And if I don't know what to say
Then I make it up
With a tangibility of possible
So the listener is perturbed
By the soothing artefacts
Of war and fortune

If we go up
We live free
If we go down
Then it's a life of solitude
And incense
Of puppies and wifey

How good could that be

David McLean Mathews

A Corporate Life Part II

Christ Almighty
I offer my condolences
To the hostie
Her grim smile
Plastered to her makeup
The wicked throw
Over the shoulder patter
From the dangly
Hostiebloke
Gathers a cackle
From the back
Of the plane

It's sheer carnage
With coke zeros
And green
Thai curries
Poor teeth
And bogan smiles
Breaking into
Cha!
Cha!
As if bogan
Is some kind of
Aussie pre req
When it's nothing more
Than ignorance
And expectation

David McLean Mathews

Anzac Day

The winds groan through virgin pine valleys
as we sit and puzzle over the death
and birth of two nations so remote
they might as well be brothers.

Anzac Cove appears a nice beach for a sunbake,
except for an overwhelming
senselessness which bakes skin
black in the spring sun.

Around Lone Pine lost relatives look
for some symbol of acceptance,
some answer to futility,
sweet tendered flowers honour fragrant heroes.

There is eerie silence,
an envelope of suppression,
to scratch the surface is to discover
a grotesque hand or a spent shell,
a faded letter or a faint hope -
but the thought is mere newsreel, hyperbole,
a cathartic seance driven by illusion and myth.

There are no resting bodies at Gallipoli,
they live unknowing
and are celebrated on April 25
with beer, two-up, words and tears.

(O'Connor Canberra,1995)

David McLean Mathews

Autumn Haiku

In autumn, I tend to
my words and write of
the plane crossing the sun.

David McLean Mathews

Dumper

In two foot of water
Foaming like baking soda
8 footer in front
You’re far enough back
From the rage
Smoking break-your-back
Rage
It contorts then dumps
The 2nd broil
Like cake mix
Hits like a cushion
Filled with lead
Rips your legs out
Sizzles salt
Lifts into nothing
And nails you against the grain
Rashy knees
Giggles and splutter
Quickly turn to watch
Another pole-axing
Monolith
Arc and shape
The avocado water in the barrel
Phosphorate
Instant

(Bawley Point,16 March 2014)

David McLean Mathews

Early Sunrise Over Brush Island

As if one 5: 30am swim
Wasn’t mad enough
Let’s do it twice
In three days
The golden syrup
Glow
Spreading like
Stars across

The island
Visited yesterday
By men
In a nondescript
Tinny
Their tales
Lost in the nor
Easter

The single light
Swinging its
Hello
Where Cook
First set eyes
On black skin
Puzzled
Wondering
If it were clothes
Instead

Little Penguins and shearwaters
Petrels and oystercatchers
The rats long gone
After 70 years
Of joyous abandon
The quiet now
Just rolls in
Like the sets
Fluming on the point

David McLean Mathews

God Dead Dog

god dead dog
aims lips of ooze
fruit of strength
tongue of passion,

dog dead god
of god dead dog.

fog head
stone of deed
wild not wild
broadsmile glistens.
eyes yellow
glaze on mother -
ripple of spark
drives through my
bandaged leather
fire in eye,

dog dead god
of god dead dog.

blown misery
streak of shine
valve & delve
dwell & hell
manic swill
habit of tongue
dipped,
flipped.
great heart,
speck of glisten
ease of proof
of sweet sheet move.
wild acceptance
man of man
titillate,
emancipate.
river of silver
crescent rise,
blow
blow
blow,

dog dead god
of god dead dog.

zing dale bye,
crazed laugh
slipped on essence
driven,
riven,

given to walking
faith live bound.
massive appeal
minds gone flipped
freaked,
seized,
moved throng shamble,
jigged,
frigged.

alive dead dog
hitting shelf
of soul,
brother mole.
monstered image
busted bad
by same dog god
total
total
total,

dog dead god
of god dead dog.

(Glebe Sydney 1992)

David McLean Mathews

New Years Day 1998

vale Ron Mathews
b.1 January 1920

Gambolling gaze across Mount Ainslie
where the azure spray of impeachment blue
meets the harassing nature of gumfull land,
as the heat eases its way into eye sockets
and the glare of memory drifts
into soft resonance of momentary speech
thought but left unsaid,
when the botanical pathway
stones through the rich nose of undergrowth
and jungle plush drips with mountain dew,
there is no thought of yesterday or tomorrow
no anger or pretence or imposing justice,
no dreamings or banishment,
no aggrandising pride
or spite of knowledge,
just an accepting sight through burning haze,
as water is to ocean,
as earth is to country,
as day is to life.

David McLean Mathews

On seeing Nebuchadnezzar on Fire

Riverlets of summer rain
cascade down the outurned
window as lightening strikes
pale Ludwigian tragedy;
the nape of symbolism
reefed into a landscape frozen
by the raven gaze of mortality.

David McLean Mathews

On the 431

There was madness
on the bus this morning,
a lilting, baffling madness
rolling up in a wall from the south
like a huge black thunderstorm

Tenacity.

Lip flicking, brow arching
speedfreak window eyes
curtained by black
arcane hair.
She quivers in my arms
seizure stricken,
fingers porcelain
snapped like twigs.

Splashes of blood,
of rain hailing madness.
A desolate uneven
temptation.

(Glebe Sydney,1992)

David McLean Mathews

Semi-Haiku

Adrift in
the flightless
moon.

Kerouac's beam of
meaning hits me
across the head.

Autumn,
the strangest word
in the English language.

Dialectics of reason;
the challenge of
regression.

Intuition absolves
responsibility in the
perfect creation.

Perfection is
the material need
for love.

The fantasy
of tomorrow is the
creation of yesterday.

Memories coerce
understanding into
acceptance.

David McLean Mathews

Song of Every Sphere

Song of any morning waters blue with dream
(Jack Kerouac, 'Caritas')

i sit on my roof watch the alien birds fly wine and treats to a nest in the Japanese maple ~ i understand the valley breeze puffing up my nose ~ its hook reserved for flicking raindrops when the blackcloud dumps ~ even though the iron is crowned n hot the bluerim of earth absorbs my watching skin ~ a hundred ks in every direction filled with the same remorse ~ at least i feel optimism aloft in the passing space of craft dipping their wings in prayer spraying their fueload over a greasy sponge ~ in time and beyond i crawl into the solitude of a hailstone its prismatic qualities give me hope and the sparkle of crushing colour blinds me for an instant ~ blind to love and hate ~ blind to questions or answers ~ blind to suffering and happiness ~ a vast crunching quality invisible ~ ive been here before ~ over Baluchistan ~ remember ~ 500 metres above the truck stealing past a hotstone revolutionary jail ~ 40 degrees in the shade of the birch ~ the goat brigade camelling in the ditch beside the road ~ i flying perched in the shotgun tower the reigns in my hand a teatowel bandanna over my mouth my guts in turmoil as they are now ~ subversive inertia ~ i dont give a stuff about barrel turns or 4g divebombing ~ pulling out at the last minute my juices erupting over legs bellies beds ~ a bunch of violets growing in the space between reality and compulsive abrasion ~ the hailstone hurts my peripherals and i kick out ~ my flanks glisten with sweat ~ pump blood over the bluerim tide ~ anger frustration impatience ~ ego frail as my flummery body whirlpools through sky ~ i crane my neck to get a better glimpse of the browngreen curtain greeting me like a prodigal friend ~ it impacts on my brain with the beatitude of crushed violets and i compact into the size of a small pod ~ my toe on my tongue ~ my right hemisphere happy propped against a shrub drawing in the dirt a pattern of the next 2 million years ~ the next poetica ~ the next big bang ~ the earth tastes sweet flakey ~ my toe digs a space for my tongue to slide amongst the roots of simulation ~ tranquillity suppressed only by a lack of light ~ not that it matters ~ i have the violets close by ~ they provide sustenance ~ knowledge ~ in a vacuum i puncture the bluerim edge and retender my garden ~ my left hemisphere is full and heavy ~ i feel lopsided stretch and survey the terrain of my resurrection ~ i am comfortable stretch again ~ this time to my angling perch ~ it has rained in my absence and the roof steams as I sink into the ferrous canopy.

(Leichhardt, Sydney,1994)

David McLean Mathews

Sydvegas

Sparklers warblers backpackers frontlackers
Litepackers dull tie-rs
Flashlites bright sparks
Groaners grunters spruikers
Karma futuras

Fuckers barkers
Delighters inbred toasters
Texters breeders sprayers
Gaying players
Blah-ers flashers tightrope dancers

Squeezers mixers
Lightened hair do-overs
Bikers flyers
Duller than shiners
Bummers drummers irreproachable gummers

Mall-ers fallers ladder dwellers
Tiny ant crawlers
Space goats mind notes
Trawlers netexplorers
Wireless junkies rolling spunkies

Silver dollars
Spastic sitters
Hairy goers
Nihilistic spitters
Grunters hunters flaunting punters

Enders benders
Spenders wenders
Ache-rs archers bakers takers
Babbling flayers
Freewheeling Bob Dylaners

Crackers spackers
Suckers takers
Awakers shakers
Idiot servants
Savant umbrellas

On and on
End on end
George on Pitt
Bridge on King
Enough. Go home.

(Sydney,2006)

David McLean Mathews

The Sasfarin Sky

Kuip is 41
Never. Been. Better.
Uses paint like porridge
As if breakfast
Should be eaten and not heard
The messages dissolved like honey
The milk a blur
Swirling in tiny riverlets
Against a green malevolent
Sasfarin sky

Rondo is shot
A duck flapping
Insolently in marshy
Reeds
The dog hunter
Loping after his one
Working wing

20 years after a painful
Birth
Jacqui & Belle
Well gone
Just the two dicks
Never satisfied
Always cradling the chase
The visitation of
Spirits
The baseless diagnosis
Of greatness and fate

The Sasfarin Sky
Its looseness
Created by joy
And fear
The punchdrunk landscape
With four seasons
In one sky
And Kuip the interlocutor
Grown and prescient
Flouting petrol station
Protocols
Just plain fucking
Scary

David McLean Mathews