Justin Clemens (born 22 April 1969) is an Australian academic known for his work on Alain Badiou.

A former lecturer in the Psychoanalytic Studies department at Deakin University, Clemens now teaches in the School of Culture and Communication at the University of Melbourne where he earned his degrees.

Clemens is currently Secretary of the Lacan Circle of Melbourne, Australia, and art critic for the Australian magazine The Monthly. In his own published work, he writes extensively on psychoanalysis, contemporary European philosophy, and literature. Clemens has also published poetry and prose fiction.

Justin Clemens has written extensively in and about philosophy, poetry and art-criticism. His poetry books include The Mundiad and Villain, and he has co-edited and contributed to many major collections on thinkers such as Giorgio Agamben, Alain Badiou, Jacques Lacan and Jacqueline Rose. His essays and reviews have appeared in The Monthly, Meanjin, Overland, Heat, The Australian Book Review, The Age, The Australian, and elsewhere. His recent works include the poetry chapbook Me 'n' me trumpet, Minimal Domination, a collection of art-criticism, and Forgetting Takes Work, an digital artwork made in collaboration with Adam Nash and Christopher Dodds. He is currently working on a book with A.J. Bartlett about the concept of impossibility.
I, quiet, reflecting, reversed my inanimate lids, 
not knowing then that the high heavy black 
spires and closed roofs had often shrunk to snows 
in the waters glimpsed in the vision 
of an interloper air. At the back, cowled in the real 
All, now I find Dürer repeats once more, 
that, slumberous, the alien dead trespass on mind 
to find colourful ignorance, dream-painted waters, 
men’s books warned of it. As robber of the would-be, 
I knew it, perceived it too, in the easy art that I have. 
I am still that swan, but others had not read its I 
is no one.

Justin Clemens
Et En Es Eh Er Ed El Et Ta To Ti At An As Ah Ar Ad Al Ot On Oh Os Oh Or Od Ol It In Is Ih Ir Id Il Ne Na No Ni Se Sa So Si He Ha Ho Hi Re Ra Ro Ri De Da Do Di Le La Lo Li

Post Perec

1
Ohr-stained L,
Tin-lead rhos
Lot drains. He
Holds tain. Er
R dolt, shine a
Shit on dear L
Il, at shed nor
Shorn dale! It
Is not el-hard.
In hard stole
I hold Ra’s net.

2
Shore-nit lad,
The sail dron
E shrild not. A
Horde stain I
Ards Hilton E
Lders. A hint. O
Tinsel hoard,
Let a shin rod
Nail red shot.
Shine, Lord, at
The darn soil.

3
Set-hard loin
S? — art, hide! Lon
E talons hit dr
Ain, short-led
Head. Sin. Trol
L the drains, O
Dirndl-shat eon,
Date no shril
L sated rhino.
Silted rain, h
E sat on hr lid.

4
It alone, shrd
Or shd, oh late in
Nite’s hoard, I
It sonar-led h
And. Lore-hit, s
Lit-arise hon d
Ealt rhinos.
Hail, snore, DT
S, hard line to
Shield tan or
Shred L in Tao.

5
Ed shirt lano
Lin hot. Sad re
Al stoned. Hit r
Oan Trish. Del
I loan rent, sh! D
Irest halo, n.d,
Nor stile had,
So dint ear. HL
Trod hail. Ens
Stand, he roil,
Hardline sot.

6
Halted iron
Threads loin,
Ideal thorns.
Short denial
Sailed north
Thins ordeal,
Helots’ nadir.
Horniest lad
Loathes rind,
Latrine shod
Harlots dine.

7
Retina holds
A torn shield.
Oh, a tendril’s
Drone as hilt
Holds inert a
Shrine. A dolt
Lashed in rot,
A heron’s lid t
Old retains h
Ints, hoar-led,
Its herald on.

8
No heard silt
In shared lot
Islander hot;
A drone’s hilt,
Line-hard sot,
Slither! A nod,
Nodal. Theirs,
Near doltish,
A hornèd list.
Holster a din,
Its head lorn.

9
Lo, nits heard
Or deaths! Nil
Tho I slander
Or handle its
Loaned shirt.
Laden, hot sir,
Another’s lid;
Stand holier,
Retain holds.
Nadir hostel,
It shorn lead.
10
Shard-lion, te
Ar it, nosh-led
Shred. Not lai
R, not leash, id.
Hoard nits, le
Er at loins’ dh
Al. Set Rodin h
Ard, let shin o
Il rash tone h
Int. Sear old h
Ind, roast hel.

11
Head nostril,
Dearth loins,
Dilates horn.
H dons litera
L drain. Tosh! E
Lohim stand, re
Tard hen’s oil!
No hate dirls,
Ah, old strine?
Hail, rodents’
Shoal tinder!

Justin Clemens
Kinsky Villonelle

with kinski's yowl i shift straight into dogshit       ack
i skid                        & i & he are on another track
i hear louise stand by the stove the day
through face black with smoke and soot
each night she lie in bed of straw
the blood–rage in her belly she be just
poor orphan child would rather be
a tree in summer wind the sun
and smog bear down the master see her at
the stove she well worth ducats for
the night but she her face
is perfumed by her no like roses go
shift up the summerwind there with war
stain in the night the heavens red
and in the slaughter lay the master need
across the fields so many riders blown
as leaves from forgotten years no prayers
so white their hair like snow the summerwind
will come to her from year to year i swerve
for klaus while in her blood a wild beast screams
but she was just a tree in summerwind
the gears whirr crazy down the hill and bone

Justin Clemens
Eric, tit–keening dank sty; lusty Rosa
knew hey–days; yah, Sue sigh, in gun–stained balloon.
Then all faces hissed: sigh Hermes, tar more foes, err
in demand! Damn weir–soul, Lenin's nicked moon,
human dray, harm men! Infer Guatemala
hissed, or flay us. Venice sanked, her common gate
is snicked. Shun feel. Vendredi rose in chaleur.
Ooh my Pa, target man's smell who bears state,
oh, free air swindles, moustache ears by grift!
Hunt when himself, hawk–banked dust, harsh wonder.
Indemn sign–wart, diss hear–sign who bears drift,
hiss her, her shone door to woe in ears' nicked bay. Light it,
dear liar, get her swanked! Him necked un–hander,
under cay hawked, under mare who bear trite It.

Justin Clemens