

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Justin Clemens**  
**- poems -**

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## Justin Clemens(22 April 1969 -)

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.

## Dürer: Innsbruck 1945

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, cowed 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.

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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-arse 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!

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# 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

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## Sound Urn: Sonnet To Orpheus #5

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 sinked, 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.

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