Greta is great

Jane makes pancakes

Jane cuts paper the shape

of a black and red rooster

while Greta draws a sperm whale

galanthus roots its snoot

up out the crispy soil

as if to say

‘check out my fab tinkling lingo’

get your butts in the car girls

we’re blowing this banana stand!

sure, i want to be relieved of myself

and held firmly by the armpits.

here i am in Nelson, NZ

liberally applying my affection.

i swear i’ll punch right out this comfy cabin.

the trouble is, friends

each day is not a gem!

not with all this sulky creeping

not until (*clap clap*)

the garden is growing ladies

a loafing sprig

solving the salve of solving

with the head of a pig

angry all the time

but the bad angry not the good kind

buddy, smugness is all i’ve got

free speech is all rightaroony but

i just can’t hear you over this frock

nothing like a dying pater

serious boohoo

rough smooth

tripe treat

but what’s it to you granddad?

baa

 baa

 black

 sheep

green green green

goes the ritual beast of Spring

feed the mare

her wormwood and grist

the cat is in

the pretty black stream

go home

vulgaris

you’re depressed

a blossom beseeches

Doom

which is just how i roll,

a stranger

on life’s little road

with my spells

and my cat baby.

What she wants to know is

can i bring the Spirit down?

so

hey ho

the wind and the rain

the rain and the wind

hey ho

my kink is Socialism

and portraits of men with carnelian

listen up good now, comrade

dress sexy

see Tories

go pow pow

lo! what fresh hell is this

to zoom through a wilderness

of middle-aged contempt?

it feels like a thunder-clap

about to start raining knives

like pressure-cooking

a gold-brick

don’t mind me

i’ll be over here

squeezing the song

from this mistle thrush

i prophesy innocence all over the place

innocence all over the place

everywhere the trees said nah saddle up

nah saddle up

we were like steel daisies eating people

steel daisies eating people

we were a practical smiling god

a practical smiling god

all the blood and talking

blood and talking

all the mothers’ little girls

girls girls girls

“May

kindling a peach-pink

birthday rhododendron

as it should

Bats

in the amber milk of evening

in the circle under an oak

and thus

a hex on thee

a return to dust

for real though

you don’t have to be good

just don’t be bad,”

i lie, and bail like a helium balloon

In English:

if i bite a bitter rind

squint in my mittens

and feel my little fruits

i might just kick the dick off it

Damon

spelled Dæmon

has lovely hair

‘yes yes’

Greta greets the dawn

her aura all air

‘yes yes’

Jane

puts champagne

on ice

Dear Foe,

and what’s worse,

low and poor

and now and now

i entrust myself

to the small green vegetables

of the land.

Here is a sphere

of strange currency,

i love you

but you can kiss my ass

if unseen

i sweeten

lobelia

do you decrease?

if i’m

inflicting

feelings

will there be apology?

guile and grief

death is on

the cherry-tree

forgive without end

what new mystery is this,

a power come all in lavender.

So says the sun:

‘watch closely -

this is a little something

I call

O happy day’

Lark, Cassowary, Piwakawaka!

what’s that you say?

‘Greta gets her shit together

and Jane buys a vane for the weather’

bewilderment very much

here on the dark side

of the turtle neck

this word right here

can lay down a ghost

and you can thank Simon

and Garfunkel

for that

all I want

is to buy a good brown loaf

and I’ll see it

in hell

it would matter tremendously

if in our midst

there were

a thresh of frost

its

werewolf vs amethyst

and I know where *my* money is

it matters whether

an iris grew

from that there drop of sweat

and a pumpkin from the blood

glad tidings of comfort and joy

damn

these green trousers

i’m in

no goblin turned heroine

Greta agrees

garish as a peony

for yielding redeeming

jump into the mountain

ass backwards and grin

Let it not be said

that i did nothing

for the war

as acting sass master

i too pronounce

‘take your milkcrate, get out of my house’

though affection never wanes

for Jane

(defender despised)

her sword is called

Truth

‘cos it hurts

grinds broccoli

with

a savage pity

up by the hard ear bone

and she a great dancer

if nothing else

remember this

she made a soup

the woods he draws

his cloudy shroud

about him

what a shy eyelash he has

(come come)

that’s so Nineteenth Century

all bonny maids and sweet pea

so it’s true

nothing transcends

the sins of the father

the enemy of my enemy is? -

well, dangerous.

you there, you are a druid

of terrible portent

i ought to be sick

i ought to be oysters

and lamb fat

poor pebble

i hear humble thunder

killing snow

and more hot white claptrap

But now I have put away

the pepper and dirt

and have a mouth all full

of big yellow teeth

when I was banished

I spoke like the banished

my, my, my,

gardenia and gladioli

now it rains, rains and rains

like wheat in a wreath

lingers his hyacinth

picking up what i put down

enchant

someone’s little blue

husband in the hawthorn

away my grievance

with his blushing blue

frankincense

who needs her innocence?

when i die

i go to boy heaven

surrender

and like the leviathan

consume the air

curse superstition

cutting

as the holly

no contest that other verse

you haven’t met

a reader like me

breakfast be my idle bridle

when winter’s coffee

is soft as the lilly

i sidle out my bed of ivy

as from the pine

lets fly my nightly care

slim picking for finches

more tired than the dawn

that breaks you there

dead bulrush, dead penny

still i will be merry

because some people still believe

(and by some people I mean me)

in the great god Pan and his ritual death

during the wreckage of the year

others sit like tom tail tit

and articulate

the tactical truce

of Christmas

when I was a child, I hated pink

now look at me

the bleak mid

resounds with endearment

how good and proper to be nothing’s mother

my man he is

a january man

he rains

like the dark and early morning

my man he is

a january man

and i say

blow out all

ye little candles

i have two trashed picnics

two trashed picnics

no summer but a family summer

so make like a banana

and have two trashed picnics

my carpets are wet, wet with tears

like two trashed picnics

there’s a hole in my soul

where i keep the two trashed picnics,

bank receipts

peanut wrappers

and two trashed picnics

Damon loves ginko leaves

i love Damon

there’s a ring and you go through it

eyes dropping like pearls off you

what is wanting something?

meaning: i am distracted

stop writing about rain

and breathe some real air

ever stepping into myself

tell me again what i need

food is expensive

you ought to visit me

where there are many

large windchimes and lovely

limes at night

no you can’t just go around being nice

so quit crying and roughly handle your life

say hello world!

the effect is immediate

just do it

i’m well and ever your friend

all the young duck rumps

power should be leveraged

by Greta

making t shirts

it’s a red sky at morning

first one thing’s true

then later another

Greta, do you like all these ducks?

i do

troubled is my bikini

my kingdom

to eat flesh

and kill softly

it is the case that i am

slipping what i have

to become

red red red

is the delphinium

get ready to participate

learn to lean

like a large tree

on a small fence

living is already difficult

walk into a room

they’ll say, ‘hey, it’s you!’

did no one tell you about avocados?

they’re just a fruit

fool in troubled water

fool in the lee

if i ever say

at the end of the day

like there were no

tomorrow

then pal

you rub those good cheeks

‘til trusting makes a nun of me