

BRENTLEY FRAZER – THE DEAD GIRL SUITE



RETORT BOOKS

THE DEAD GIRL SUITE

NEW POEMS + MICROTTEXTS

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Temple of Seven Pleasures

A delicate melon perfume tormenting the
Moroccan coffee merchant out on the corner
of primrose and third. Often, though cold and chrome, her eyes
make love on fur. Artificial fruit scents through the vents on the
esplanade as we pass under the marble arch guarding entrance to
the temple of Seven Pleasures.

Nightforms move slowly in the gardens, the
fountains give a misty halo to angels with trays of liquors procured
for kings. And the rugs as we walk, softly sigh underfoot.

A Contract on Union

Dragging the chalk along an old wall it crumbled.

Beyond a mouldy cupboard and in it secrets on hangers.

(Rusted parts of something in a glass of love-juice).

In the pocket of a tartan hunting jacket a week long list that begins:

1. Hopeless/considerate:disguise.
2. Record the couple screaming for an album (edit the bits about being fussy).
3. One backslash leads to another.
4. Open the luminous wound and bleed sparkles into the sea.
5. Scrawled in the dust the moth elegy begs *touch us gently, we may lose our shape if shaken*

And then, what does the peeling star mean hanging in a tree? The sounds you make and the mouth that shapes them. Your tongue will be the weapon...

A boy running drops a paper cup of worms, many birds observe the soft pink bodies as they turn to mud as he stomps them.

An Anarchist burns the verandah

I come to the forgotten house
and not to lose my resolve
nor to seek some souvenirs
but to walk alone under the arch, -

where boots of masters and generals
of armies have also stood in solitude.

Who comes asking for bread at your door
but the Buddha wounded by his charge,
and though you soap his wounds he
dies quietly in your bath (last words
about children selling car-parts in Africa
and the seasonal rain on deserts I don't
remember).

The shades cast on the verandah
and the vines on the fence beyond which
a gang of boys wreck with hammers the
face of an angel in the graveyard.

The Dead Girl Suite

Considering one must be instituted to learn to speak, it all began when she leapt onto the bed. Do you remember the comfort/infant crawling hungry equating the filth with sustenance on the kitchen floor, birds on the awning outside the window peaceful, introducing him to the melody that will one day serve the purpose of seduction and wealth production? The night in the parallel alley's of Babylon had stretched fingers forever into the crevices of her mind, and only as the patrons high on its elixirs spilled into the street did she raise her head from the carelessly discarded kitchen mess outside the service door.

It is not enough to foresee the instituted signs, nor articulate that the sound image *is* the structure, for the ear is always to easy-street and will disobey that logic. They forget to tell you that the sound-image is the structure, they perhaps realise that your (delicate as a) transcendental phenomenology imprint is damaged; though perhaps, not beyond repair.

When that dead girl from the club touched my jacket

Awareness restful & fake is fatiguing – Ezra Pound *Canto 85*

Behind him the moon hung in the sky like a rockstars testicle dangling from leather pants. He toasted the audience and proposed a polite violence, said of those celebrities present that despite the extensive coverage - '*I remain unfamiliar with your work*'. Was he to know that all the virtues nurtured in youth would end abruptly on the battlefield, a DU tankshell cleaving his genius in 2, a waste of education, the chesspiece of a CEO, he may have left in the same bus as that dead girl that touched his jacket.

Walk across the soft floor of the carnival house with me – said she gesturing seductively, hand down her pants. Who did they hire to put the nailed boards under the foamfloors so you sink down and slowly pierce your feet. Who let the anti-self out of the fucking bag?

Take a hammer to her masks, she was never your friend.

Archival Footage

The skirts of a running monk stir up some leaves.

On the way here I saw the dead crossing the bridges; they sing things, praises mostly, obscenities to the picketers and to the reporters. This morning's story: we chased the policeman and beat him, tore out his notes on our misdemeanours, chanting – *burn the law books only*. Before the vortex that crushed us into submission we understood the subtlety of the vision, the seemingly endless complexity often stripped itself of all illusion, standing naked before the awe inspired seeker. Then, evidently, the search would lead us to the rotting docks of the crystal city. And now our eyes won't stop wondering over her body. Compassion is now nothing but the chicken a family eats at feast, greasy fingers tearing out the flesh. Everyone has become a sitcom character, their bibles a filmscript that seems to make sense. The implicits are the bits that make them giggle, all the romance well rehearsed. The dispossessed drill peepholes in lower parts of the fence. On the other side there are generals arguing about weapons; we listen to them, weeping.

The women are being groomed as geisha for the angels again. The ploughshares shaped as tanks.

Camus' Conceited House

I remember those old ladies waving
at me from balconies, yet I cannot remember,
or at least I cannot be entirely certain of the
circumstances leading to my having attained
such acclaim.

I am proud, as sure as houses, like Buddhists
buying indulgences.

Suddenly it's one of those summers,
shallow evenings over fat splattered stoves,
the drone of a game show, old tabby unable
to move for days now.

Cobwebs on her husband's cane,
giant red birds knocking heads up
against windowsills...

It is always the same, children's voices in gardens
over the road, yet none of them come, their ball
never strays, the newspaper man rides a motorcycle.

Bad Magick Trick

The Man wrecks on the philosophic rocks
his soul and washed up the buttresses of a
sick society. But Beauty, there, under the
awning because the sun is blistering today,
she is always present, and their advances
can never sully her. Beauty, when provoked
is as vicious as a chaingang of cutthroats.
Many skinny preachers of disease have
wound up dead under railway bridges,
Beauty's lipstick on their collars, fingers
clutched and frozen at hearts that have
burst at her approach.

Three Angels Making Pasta

After the union in eden
I watched her hunger for others
so I gave her sons.

Some can watch beauty rotting in pits
yet still smile in the evenings with
mug in fist.

In with the storm I rolled
watched them all bleed into the sand,
waiting for the first sign of sail...

Isobel hangs her blue brow into
the lake

an hour from now, either history or
future, who can be certain, they come
to me and make it unknown. And with a
curl of lip, a gesture, to juxtapose
how I think of you with how you really
are, I at last find peace there by the
clocktower on your shoulder.

The Longboat Manifesto

This flower walks in and hands his girlfriend a bunch of brunettes. She sniffs the myriad heads passing comment on shampoos used and the various quality of follicle. (Always begin with symbol manipulation, obscure memories familiar to many, make it ingenious, a science of language).

Meanwhile, this little kid wearing tissue boxes on his feet shuffles up the hallway that has one of those insect zappers in it, to him it was a longboat and he thrashed out at the empty space with his imaginary whip. (Small digression, you are in a space which I have created, and in advance I thank you for trusting me with your mind).

Before long, while we watched, an old man in new robes wandered in to the galley laughing about something that happened on the bus – interrupting our harmless state of joy. We pushed him up against the wall and stapled his earlobes to the door, one of us even stole the innocence from his pockets.

We are left with little more than the dull grey of failure in the corners of the mouth, it was the same as leaving a screwdriver inside the computer, or worse...

Goethe's Dog

i

Blinded by a law wig and with the
Devil on his foot, Goethe ran down
a hundred students heads busted
sending paper tubes of old plastic
cogs across the path where a lizard
cut in ½ by a skate squirms
in the grass cuttings by the fence;

ii

the paint is ruined, flaking from
the palings.

iii

On the curb the spectacles of the holy
ghost by a newspaper, the executive organs
grinding down the alleys.

iv

The fronds of walkers' skirts and
ferns on the balconies...

v

Against his better judgment, to
entertain the strange biology teacher
whose thighs shake when she laughs
like two little old ladies hobbling
down the street, he climbed up on the
paint tin. And as the traveler
wipes whitewash from a roadmap our
book keeper spills his calculus on the
streets of Israel.

vi

Then what's this! Who has bashed Faust
to the ground, the dogs have snouts in
his guts, slobbering as a fat man at
the stripper's thongs slipping in his
semen, warships crowding the docks.

vii

A look across the street/auditorium,
desiring an eternity of nudity in the
garden of your arms/carve an almanac
of unsung/unwritten litanies/not only
is he dying but the child inside is
committing suicide/nothing matters to
him/I can not persuade him from the
edge/no longer blissfed on the eternal
umbilical/no trees left in my heart to
climb/fall down from fingers in ears

squeezing envelopes of pain thru the
keyholes of holiday cabins.

The Long Standing Ovation

1.

outside/a hotel in may a brood
of officials crouched in an alcove
6 men in expensive suits and only
two umbrellas. No key to the door
the store closed for a storm.

2.

law students in the night committing
murders, their common adversaries
have no respect for commercial honesty.

- ~~the body common property?~~ *

3.

question 19 a) describe *infinity*
in 23 (twenty three) words. b) what
is a *symbol*?

4.

The way her virtual tits jiggle.

* No?

Push

Rising waters in back of the mind. Birds all fucked in the rain. A worldwide operation to seal the borders. The military arrive to test the babies. The toes find evidence, kicking bricks in the dust as we run. Push the war out of your poems. Those weapons are ridiculous. Push the poems out of your war.

The family eats weapons.

There on the terrace aiming his snipers rifle, assassin in the crowd with an indifferent rationale gives no warning in his walk of explosives in the hotel.

Shrapnel in a supermodels face leads to grief.

Special Programs Centre

The gravel on the driveway crunched underfoot like the guinea pigs heads he stood on when a kid dropped a box of them underfoot on the subway.

Such a memory stirred by baskets of half starved birds placed at intervals along a fence designed to pass as a metal hedge. The cages suggest some form of aural lamp and they illuminate the path with pathetic squawks.

When you win the witness lottery, the grey-value relation of radars, be sure to use a depth sounder to avoid the vomit on the seats. Cut off the old mask that Experience carved in his isolation cell at the special programs centre.

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