

Hard Poetz Sampler

Five poems from Brentley Frazer's
A Dark Samadhi

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Monitor Lizard (sleeping)

Flowering in the death of a fake bird twitter they take from
the nest the empty egg and carve in its face the misshapen
form of Entity. The yolk sucked through clear plastic tubes
from precise entry point just

below the bones that connect your shoulders to your chest.
This Idol, erected in the Center shall summon the (very)
elements that produce the illusion in Our favour.

Valiant perhaps but dangerous none-the-less.

And in this day, that such be proclaimed from temple,
rooftop and parliament floor, I will take up arms and face
The Beast myself; it's true, my fear for her floats like a
bruise in a bowl of milk.

Watering an Uneasy Beast

You have not before seen this manifest, attorney over this district of pigs, outcast with an immaculate manicure. Outside as we speak amass an army at the walls, we have done the repair work for over a decade now. Preceptor extraordinaire my spoils in rucksacks strewn from hackled plastic logo sewn with hemoglobin. Haberdashery by an independent sewing team. Smells like liquorice at the back of the factory. I tell the Truth this pharmaceutical floods my blood mum. Parthenos to the needle and partially attracted. I will pilot the spitfire in the gyrostatic sky, man the helm in these holohedral dreams and love you in polaroid. *Careful* said the sign, *not to trip the digital insects*. They sit there visualising the future, old faded rockstar photographs with the plume of smoke just right in the light. Time to air your aspirations, blue yellow and pink can be clever marketing. Don't make it a simple purchase, present your product as a lifestyle choice. Don't just give them something to read, infect them with a memory.

The Clown made a fool of itself before The Board of Jokers. Reality mimics the action of language. Dressed like a bad 70s couch with back to circle of laughing with shonky still-cut to old wicker basket of plastic fruit. Stinking of serious deep down burning almond, a waxen lustre she wipes the perfume of petals on her skin while within a beat a sound machine allows to see the complete possibility of believing.

365 Day Guarantee

A sentence for you. We are in a lake and glory floats past us. On her shoulder perched a very complex nightingale; with silent finger points at an animal in the camera. Only a clown lights a fire and laughs as he puts it out. Fear would then rise up with its battalion of shadows, part animal part angel, as I had imagined it. War in the evenings when insects beat their wings. War in your hair this morning.

Small meat doll

There are those who would plunder the displeased of her
dying word, and others there to lick clean all her wounds.
In the pure undimmed symphony of morning, while we idle
watch the kites of boys and old men stoop beneath the
towers, she comes.

Outside and lonely and wearing a little green plastic
farmyard fence around each nipple and her lips somehow
oriental, holding a meat-doll like an old friend

I want to say to her:
- where did you get those boots?
but I remain too shy.

a suicide of the mind

a smiling sandstone angel from a glass table leaps
westward. she joins the early afternoon galaxy of dust
mites on stairs of light descending from a window above.
an elbow, pressed into the couch while writing this down, is
crushing a lullaby left discarded. hands are still stained
from the history painted this morning.

a white paper, wire & cane sun swings above & elsewhere
people are killing each other. warmth & compassion are
curdling on the city winds.

(a corroding fire extinguisher & a pillowcase full of plastic
curtain rings)