



Leftside

jim sharp

a prolie
who writes poetry
spoken thoughts
or whatever.

waratahs in bloom
we're in awe of
claret sunrise balls

314

a tropical storm

balmy clouds

hang thunderously inclined

me roots and shoots bind the earth

364 **migration**

me roots & shoots were nurtured
in the rother don valley confluence
one flowered & fruited &
me fallin leaves be in the antipodes
nowadays as a one leaf tree
i'm reminiscin' life's restiveness
about the owd world & the new &
allus me ancestors' footpads & mine
be magnetically lock-stepped
sharp familial souls on antipodal soles.

341 **roman banks 1940's**

in ancient times the imperial army
 camped on top of the roman embankment

nowadays the babbling brook meanders
 singing softly to those soldiers of yesteryear

on one's tod sloan a sharp eyed bairn walks
 amongst grazing & cud chewing contented cows

whilst around him rabbits & weasels scurry free
 a slow moving hedgehog is too spiny to touch

and from the birds nests in the hedge rows
 he takes only one egg for his collection

white elder flowers he gathers for granny's medicinal tea
 & from blue-black elderberries she makes jelly & wine

come the days end a sharp bairn lays in the long grass
 watching skylarks fall out of a fading sun.

073 **Error! Bookmark not defined. ear of corn**

it were wartime `39 &
 st john's ambulance brigade
 commandeers derelict houses &
 all we urchins on mangham road.

where over night we become
 their pliable slabs of meat
 as they plastered us
 head-to-foot in shit & blood.

thumb screwed our arteries

wi' tourniquets & mock-up
splinters on every bleedin' limb.

gladly we partook in regular practice
as bombed-out victims
on those dummy air raid runs.

how we urchins of that road loved to feel
we wer a part of patriotic war games
against those demonized jerries.

one day my sister's ankle skirt...
come well above her bum & like others
of the poor; no knickers had she on.

in a flash! i became aware she didn't have
a thing! a willy like me, so as fast as i
could run to tell dad & mum.

"what have youse seen?"
asked a shocked step-mum
"i saw what looks an ear of corn".

shit wilf!... o! dear me wilf!
he's been & seen and
haven't & ain't i allus told you so!
he's no bloody good that one!

026 **Error! Bookmark not defined.great granddad**

black jack the blackleg miner
was our great granddad one "pillar of society".

but! his kith & kin, lips & teeth,
would never ever speak while workin' down the mine
for razors edge were the class line.

his daughter esther our grandma took me by the hand
in '41 as we crossed a national bus worker's picket line.

for in the peoples' war, workers fought fascists at home
& abroad cos mobilized against them were the army of the state.

our grandma was a frail old wummun but those picketers took no heed
they just hissed & booed as we clambered aboard army trucks.

meanwhile on the picket line that day we left behind consumptive
wimmin & men gaspin' & suckin' polluted industrial air.

o! what a baptism of class rule for grandma & grandbairn,
while the corpse of black jack turned in his grave.

for the class lines that day were razor sharp as the
workin' class fought fascism in england & abroad.

* black leg = scab

201 **kindred heritage.**

granny sharp & i were summoned,
to care for her dyin' elder brother,
our great owd uncle jack.
that's the way it were! no pay,
just his kindred pledge; a bed, table & chairs,
a door key, & the landlord's agreed tenancy.
uncle had been a huge fella for his day,
six foot tall & fourteen stone,
of brawny muscle & bone.
once a colliery butty; in the days of lah-zay-fare,
wi' absolute power over his men,
then a curtailed unionised deputy miner.
one pillar of boozh-wah society,
a family livin' above their class,
wi' fine table fare & french-polished furniture.
but tonight! he's an owd fella ragin',
endeavourin' to defy muther nature,
as she sings him home.
'cause his dead-beat drunken son,
were tryin'-on! some power over,
demandin' all his worn-out furniture.
father & son; a lifetime strugglin'
for equality & power over,
but then, this ten year owd
...couldn't get the drift of it.
and how, our luv'd owd uncle,
defiantly smashed his owd oak walkin' stick,
to smithereens on the table.
and, thru that long long night,
the owd fella's light went out,
whilst his grief-stricken son throws-up.

* 'butty' a mining contractor before unions

183 **wivvin th' bounds of human dignity**

granny sharp telled us stories,
telled a story how twenty six bairns,
eleven lasses & fifteen lads...aged 8 to 16 years,
drowned in th' bowels of hoylandswaine colliery.

granny sharp telled us stories,
telled a story how wimminfolk,... kin & comrades,
stood-by th' warren vale pit head shaft,
while colliers loved, wrapt in callico, wer laid low.

granny sharp telled us stories,
telled a story how th' don valley mourned

& raged, as th' masters decree "an act of god",
w'en five hundred oaks colliery colliers dee.*

granny sharp telled us stories,
telled a story how passionately her mob wept,
w'en her dear eleven year owd brother's 'ead,
'tween two coil tubs, wer crushed ta smithereens.

granny sharp telled us stories,
telled a story how th' masters allus reckon might is reet,
yet intuitively ... th' labourin' class is unselfish, &
wivvin' th' bounds of human dignity, stand-by their bereft.

* dee = die

11 **OUR DEID BABBY**

o! daddy ... daddy o! why's our babby layin' in that shoe box?
because mi laddie o! ... our wee babby our wee babby's deid.

daddy ... daddy o! why's our wee babby deid & whats that mean?
because mi laddie o! ... a wee bad bug as gotten inta its wee body.

daddy ... daddy o! why 'ave we to kiss our babby goodbye?
because mi laddie o! ... in a paupers muck-'oil our babby must to go.

daddy ... daddy o! why's our babby got to go in a paupers muck-'oil?
because mi laddie o! ... 'tis where all deid poor fowks go. (folk)

daddy ... daddy o! why can't i goes wi' thee & see our babby's muck-'oil?
because mi laddie o! ... on a trackless, lawlessly i've ta take our babby.

daddy ... daddy o! why canna we tak a taxi so tha' can tak mee?
because mi laddie o! ... we 'aven't na brass for taxi's o!

daddy ... daddy o! why if i cross mi 'eart i'll say nought can't i go wi' thee?
because mi laddie o! ...well, okay tha's wun mi, so keep tha' bleedin' gob shut.

daddy ... daddy o! why's some of those muck-'oils little & our babby's o! so big?
because mi laddie o! ...tha' needs lot a brass to own one of those muck-'oils.

daddy ... daddy o! why's this big muck-'oil slope like a pit 'ead slag 'eap?
because mi laddie o! ... paupers when they dee are pyramid packed like sardines.

daddy ... daddy o! why does them 'eaps of muck 'ave crosses & stones?
because mi laddie o! ... some fowk 'ave needs to remember their deid kin's souls.

daddy ... daddy o! why o why & what's to remember & what's a soul?
because mi laddie o! because mi laddie ... o shit! ... o shit! **shut it!**

Trackless
Yorkshire dialect?
Muck-oil????

88 **our Saturday ritual**

oxo gravy... & "meat" pie
yes! that's what we called them
in war time '45.
i'm 12 years owd & off on mi todd
to millmoor rotherham united's ground
where it's "up the millers"
and wally ardron was our lad.
i'd allus be thurr early
'opin' to catch mi brother inlaw jack
cos saturday were 'is free day away
away from his mundane 'ot & grimy job.
gravy & meat pies he wudna touch
well!... not on saturdays anyhow
which were his social sabbatical...
ritualised by a pre-kickoff liquid lunch.
and tipsily... wi' this young laddy
'is 'eart & pocket seemed so large
i'd allus score a couple a bob &
be 'e flushed... mebbe half a crown.
we'd allus meet outside the styles
two lads having a regular natter
e'd never say do this or that
we'd talk working life... soccer & family gossip.
kick-off & it's time to go
jack wi' 'is muckers up into the stands
me on the cop... backka the goals
alone wi' mi own... 'todd' company.
this were our ritual
throughout mi early teens
until i had ta werk
& that buggered all that.
& thru mi winter reminiscences
of those owd soccer rituals
i've never forgotten about
me & mi brother jack.

17 **flamborough heads**

on the north yorksher coast,
wi' its high white cliffs,
& a beaut' fisherman's cove.
where daybreak brings,
a deadly silence & the sea fret
shades, the lighthouse arc
& mornin' sun.
and throughout the day,
there's seemingly
endless breeze,
which braces us city fowk.
and come our evenin' walk,
byway of the hotel viking,

we're tilting into a northsea wind,
so we drop in for ale & argy-bargy.
but! beware of the rhymin' parlance,
'cause no longer will you hear,
ancient history, spoken in lingo,
of those bygone marauderin' fowk.
for tonight we give ear,
to a yorksher dialect,
brought together by ways,
of bitumen highways.
and whatever the season,
there's a wood & coal fire,
stoked & warmin' our marrow,
in the cosy lounge bar.
mine-host is a mexborough lad,
from the don river valley,
where coal & steel flows
thru' the veins.
but no matter how ale & hearty
there's allus one last pint,
when he calls the last shout,
afore we brave the elements.
so! whatsoever is the weather,
it's our yorksher tradition,
to feed ye face, on an
open north sea cod & chips.

60 **don valley**

what's your name?
i'm from the coal & steel country,
cradle & the birth,
whereabouts english industry,
revolutionized.

what's your name?
i'm from the coal & steel country,
mother served in service in fury,
& the old man... well! he hewed
at that black coal face.

what's your name?
i'm from the coal & steel country,
coal, steel & "masters" gone,
the tunneled earth,
creaks & moans... creaks & moans.

what's your name?
i'm from the coal & steel country,
this country's now in disarray,
minds & hands in, & in unwillin' affairs,
where people besieged, angrily weep.

what's your name?
i'm from the coal & steel country,

where our people are restless,
& lookin' forward to change,
proletarians! on the move again.

what's your name?

i'm from the coal & steel country,
we're cradlin' a gender neutral community,
& i'm one important link in that chain,
a revolutionized... prolie jo.

336

blue skies

in my early years in the owd dart
we wud on most days always have
the four walls blues.
invariably low hanging clouds
blanket-down industrial smog
fashioning our four walls blues.
we wud never cast our clouts
until the last day of may went out
allaying for awhile our four walls blues.
rain & drizzle & snow wud be our lot
throughout most of the year
afflicting us with the four walls blues.
'tis a gawd awful island this
our green girt miserable country
intensifying our four walls blues.
we envy sun drenched lands
without constant clouds & smog
o! suns to warm the marrow.

eureka! for the antipodes.

'cause oceans and space are tyrannical long hauls

268 **universal prolie**

it weren't in me to be a brit.
 rote leaning flag over flag over flag.

it weren't in me to be a brit.
 a taffy a paddy or a jock.

it weren't in me to be a brit.
 saluting their imperial-power-over 'union' jack.

i was to be shaped;
 yes indeed! upon industrial don valley grime
 a rawmarsh bairn & bramley lad of the rotherham populace.

i was a dreamer who dreamed away egalitarian dreams
 while walkin' the hope valley
 & its wind-swept moors.

i was a labourin' lad of & for the workin' class
 first a prolie tyke, wi' roots on hunslet moor, then

i was a forged on coal & steel & smog polluted oxygen
 nowadays i'm a oz-pragmatic universalist.

111 **owd norm**

norm hughs had that upright oz slouch
 allus tall & relaxed wi' his gait, a proud
 union president of moreton freezer works.

owd norm were a benevolent dictator
 a lovable owd scoundrel; but
 ab-so-bloody-lutely respected!

our local board & union had
 a democratic & militant tradition
 which resisted subordination & hierarchy.

again an again 'tween ourselves
 there would be factory floor struggle
 vis-a-vis class struggle or class co-operation?

yet comradely.... comradely,
 he'd ease-out an caress,
 those hoi polloi tensions.

his humane & bonin' skills... honed
 a fine edge as he sashayed a beaut delicate balance,
 'twixed workin' class action or boozh-wah arbitration.

but his political views...
comrades could always question
cos consciousness comes wi' ones social experience.

sometimes a motion carried!
& he'd be wi' the minority
yet that decision.... he'd always carry thru.

owd norm's practice & psyche were for resolvin' contradictions
by the consensual democratic spirit
that's energin' within the workin' class.

and those seeds he help plant
in yon struggles of yesteryear,
are germinatin' new customs & practice.

poem/ 111
owd norm

norm hughes 'ad that upright oz slouch
allus tall & relaxed in his gait
a proud president of moreton freezer works

owd norm were a benevolent dictator
a lovable owd scoundrel; but!
ab-so-bloody-lutely respected

moreton comrades & local board of control
'ad a fine democratic militant tradition
wi' a custom & a practice of disputin'
power-over hierarchy & learnt servitude

meanwhile again & again amidst oursel's
we'd 'ave vigorous mass meetin' struggles
whether or not to 'it the bitumen
or prevail on the arbitration court

yet comradely.... comrade hughes
would ease-out & take in
those rank & file workin' class frustrations

since his humane & bonin' skills...
honed a beaut a fine edge
he sashayed a delicate balance
betwixt direct class action & boozh-wah arbitration

his personal political views were open
'ence comrades could allus question
knowin' class consciousness comes collectively

now & then a motion would be carried
& he'd be wi' the minority
yet that decision.... he'd allus carry thru

owd norm's psyche & practice were for
resolvin' discord amongst oursels
wi' the consensual democratic spirit
uniquely present within the workin' class

nowadays those seeds he helped plant
in yon struggles of yesteryear
makes certain our democratic traditions spiral

152

down the road

as an autumn moon casts its shadows
shady legal & civil storm troopers
furtively navigate brisbane river.

and born is a new industrial tradition
wi' chemical sprays & drilled savage dogs
& union bustin' armed thugs... g'day!

"all hail!" little johnny hit-liar, & his
shady conspirators... al corrigan speers,
joe reith goebbels... 'stralia's imperial fascists.

marchin' jack-booted all o'er this country
creatin', worker against worker competition
wi' world's best practice wage reductions.

so comrades! come shake off our torpor
we're on the edge of chaos & preppers
wi' immanently complex creativity

'tis class against class so light our candles
we're locked in a life & death struggle
labour opposin' capital... down the road.

TO A WORKERS REVOLUTION!

157 **Error! Bookmark not defined.** ***wavin' on the breeze***

may day... the workers day nineteen ninety eight
bringin' ten thousand on brisbane city streets
twenty thousand dancin' & marchin' feet.

colours rallyin' at albert park, for confab, joy & tears,
many varied flags wavin' on the breeze
there's the red alert, any number of eureka's tru blu,
& onside! a zillion stylized union southern stars.

for an 'oi polloi artist
portrayin' that amphitheatre,
could well surpass claude monet's 1878
"the rue saint-denis" paris streetscape celebration.

'cause those workers on that hillside,
were shakin' off their torpor!
they had dared to fight!
they had dared to win!
they had dared to show some will!

it could 'ave been a dream we've had?
it could have been we're goin' insane?
'cause a six pack we scored,
from the full bench today!

o! how the workers yelled,
o! how we hugged & cried,
o! how we loved this day,
'cause neath a noon red sun,
we've cracked the "power" of our despair.

35Error! Bookmark not defined. **"terra nullius?"**

those wi' state power in this ancient country.

are schemin' & plottin' to legislate & legitimize.

so they hush up ... as softly they whisper "terra nullius."

whilst again & again enforcin' two centuries of ultimate dastardly acts.

all in the name of boozh-wah rights for the rulin' boozh-wah-zie.

so legislate "for gawds sake" but tart it up ... tart it up.

and create a popular misconception which few can clarify.

"indigenous justice" for just them! in this year of indigenes.

*** history of native title around 1993**

36 **seventeenth of november '93**

o! beautiful brisbane city
today shame faced & cowed
underneath dark sub tropical clouds.

for the indigenous owners
constantly livin' life
by darkened fear.

meanwhile daniel yock
youthful dancer songman
lost his blakk life.

in the cuffs & the hands
of a repressive colonial
barbarous stockbrokerage.

yet across this country today
you beaut people
are grievin' & angrily marchin'.

to make this death
the very last act of war
wi' no more blakk deaths in custody.

281 **'stralia's silence**

o! 'stralia's invasion!
genocide & coercive colonization
engenders a brutal soul.

o! & all the while
a concealment brigade
sounds undivided & deadly deaf.

o! soul of this country!
the dispossessions!
the tone-deaf silence!

158 ***a false prophet***

don't be allured by the wanderin' redhead
as she jetsets thru cities & towns preenin'
her fashions upon a socially sour country.

advocatin' discipline & power-over
wi' one nation party policies &
trailblazin' the end of herstory.

o! this "will o the gaseous wisp"
how she fans a very dry tinder
while oz foundations are smoulderin'.

yet! a blakk & white hoi polloi together
are running-up the down escalator fast
undergoin' deadly social burn-backs.

* **about Hanson**

53 **hiroshima '96**

i've heard it said,
no more hiroshimas
by those tribunes with vision,
whom are the people's poets.

i've known them to say,
no more hiroshimas
yet soldiers & pollies,
are number-crunchin' warriors.

i've heard it said,
no more hiroshimas
and that the french & chinese suspect
the "great" powers' nuclear hegemony.

i've known them to say,
no more hiroshimas
by a politically conscious hoi-polloi,
demandin' an end to war.

i've heard it said,
no more hiroshimas
and justly it's our obligation,
to stop a nuclear holocaust.

i've known them to say,
no more hiroshimas
and "power to all the people"
as john lennon used to say.

102 **peace people**

rally & walk wi' trumpets loud & clear
upon that sunday every year.

wi' war your greed assure cos we're
the pawns whose blood youse shed.

since that day you created place, power & greed
'as scourged us our social bein' race.

from the day of anno domini some have read the
books to say conflict resolution is the way.

while today on high a rulin' boozh-wah-zie
bestradle a world-wide human pyramid.

'tis up-side down power! wi' trickle down-sizin'
and a billion starving people.

nevertheless! wondrously peasants & the hoi polloi
refuse to accept "our natural place".

heritage & freedom a boozh-wah right whereat

on every heart-beat one kid after another starves to death.

whereupon hack scholars rationalise & say we can't go further
it's the end of history! & survival of the fittest rule.

but monstrosly for them! seemingly we social species beings
truly are a gregarious social mob.

don't take my word; just walk the lanes & byways thru-out
our history, read the people's & their thinkers.

you'll find wi' every system yet devised, seers 'ave
dreamed & theorised of a by & by social continuum.

whilst today's practice wi' nature & knowledge; we can
distribute & share created abundance everywhere.

palms on sunday wi'-out fear; peace people's power;
bread & non-antagonistic politics our daily fare.

277 **diana**

when a subtropical clime endures
monotonous months of tropical weather
tropo weary bodies & head weary minds
delve into the greenhouse hypothesis.
but relief at last, mid-autumn moonbeams
aid & ripens tree matured fruit
pawpaws sensual as the delicious lips
of diana the allurin' moon goddess.
the greenhouse hypothesis!
and the allurin' moon goddess!
objective & subjective
social beings resolvin' life matters.

48 **a shift ends**

and the most nihilistic of solitude
is to control the wheel
of an iron cube.

wheeler...wheelers in command
and fly...the wheels fly
but the question is? to know why.

a shift ends as the whistle blows
'tis three thirty arvo &
life implodes & s/he
peels away sheaves of tension.

'cause no matter one's age
there's power behind a wheel

as turnin' keys rev's
and roars engines loudly.

and wi' that half-mile of
company road; you bet!
s/he hits the ton,
afore the public highway.

thereinafter releasin'
tons & tons of pent-up
and weightily corseted
alienation boozh-wah blues.

205 **alena**

come! ... uncle jim
come here ... come here!
and i'll show you how i dance.

and wildly she spins
in her girlish excitement

one uninhibited life force
of dance & music within her soul.

206 **democracy?**

owd & crook & of no further use to the gaffers
we may still pick food scraps from street tidy bins
we're so poor that only st vinnies gives credit
and their holey hand-me-down shoes
gives one hellish cold feet
and our mountainous veins are a palmist's dream read.
whilst wi' nothin' left of our life's labourin'
we spend half our days are wonderingly,
after all! we live in a democracy?

owd= old
gaffers= bosses
st vinnies= catholic opp shop
wonderingly= in astonishment

spiral steps out a high walled yard

254 **surly**

universal be the winters wind
snow & rain falls on a frozen earth
sombre moons hang all too hazily
“servile labourers” follow commands surly
how can they bear callous winters?
‘cause insightful seers of the class foresee.

372 ***pugnacious geese***

waddling hither & thither furiously
over the farm yard floor
a flock of pugnacious geese cackle fiercely.

‘tis the lot for domesticated geese
that their sky world view shud be framed
by the owners’ high walled-yard.

159 **Error! Bookmark not defined. an ‘uman ‘orror**
[For Manghams folk]

i’m rapt whilst listenin’ to
chrissty moore strummin’ his guitar.

and one certain line of ‘is lyric
concernin’ two beaut white swans
“the kings majestic birds”.

and i’m wayback six decades in time
and mi ‘eadworks are
by mangham road’s babblin’ dyke.

for world war two was ragin’
and greedy-guts men were wagin’ war
for power over without thought
that their system’s devourin’ nature.

whilst chokin’ coke werkers
werk, live & die under a
one hourly... grit-ash fallout.

and nearby two nestin’ white swans
had been ferociously ‘acked to death
while peacefully flows the babblin’ dyke.

Yet in company slum terraced ‘ouses

251 **roots & shoots**

wi' its deadly death war machines
the evil empire seemingly rules "supreme"

whilst its ideological spinners
willin' share & bond-servants
spin out its lies to the periphery

yet its inherent contradictions
spontaneously ignite battles & light

and in sync universally
a sun or moon lights headworks
and proletarians localised-globalized fight

'cause capital's military industrial complex
and its super profit makin'
feters the social continuum

meantimes!
a million political comrades disunited
and the red spectre catnaps

and dead comrades sob restlessly
'neath a winters sod, waitin' for our
spring renewal; to spiral imminent roots & shoots.

171 **red bullocks & white bullocks**

from the day we combined
as a labourin' faction of the class
into the power of one...
to blue against worker alienation.

one mighty union our AMIEU.
weavin' its class struggles
betwixt arbitration & open class warfare
wi' its fine militant tradition,

and workin' class democracy
there were red bullocks
contendin' the white bullocks
and all shades of opinion between.

wi' one such comrade
allus standin' his ken
wi' eye brows raised & his
ferocious forehead furrowed.

curly was the most bolshie

you-beaut comrade class warrior
when arguin' for his lead line.

those were our days
when labourin' matters
mattered & union meetings
were our daily round.

wi' argy-bargy for the leadin' line
and voices voting non-antagonistically
voices in unionism agreed.

red bullocks= communists & leftwing ALP faction.
white bullocks= national civic council & rightwing ALP faction.
in daily contention, for the comrades heads & hearts,
i.e.(class struggle or class collaboration)

363 **unnecessary illusions**

for half a century & more
i've experienced & watched
the communists
the socialists & the progressive boozh-wah
generating unnecessary illusions
upon everyday people come the elections
blinded they were
blinded they are
and yet! it ain't by light
light & political life come from
the experiences of the multitude

275 **tech-no-lingo**

discern them there spinners
 changin' their tech-no-speak
 while trying to blind us
 wi' tech-no-science-lingo
 then take heed of!
 and prepare to zap 'em.

153 **listen while we can**

comrades! if we're to be heard
 and up there
 wi' the leadin' van.

then! 'tis an ab-so-bluddy-lute must
 that we cultivate
 a hearin' & listenin' approach.

otherwise! we'll be way out front
whilst the people
have turned the corner.

'cause comrades!
absolutely nobody listens
to perpetual pontificatin' critics.

392 **long march**

i have to assume 'tis true
we have to assume 'tis true
there's a social continuum
a continuum which ain't
as straight as the john f. kennedy runway
but one that spirals up & down
like the chinese long march

160 **our theory & practice**

we're for & of the workin' class
and we've got to be true
true to our real experiences.

observin' & feelin' & listenin' to
the material, the spiritual & cultural
poverty, cos from *a to z* we're sufferin'

wi' our lives on the border-line
we're spirallin' -up & spirallin' -down
in a constant struggle wi' change.

262 **estrangement & alienation**

'it's a boozh-wah world still
where their spinners spin
& spin a web of class neutrality.
any which way saying
class estrangement & alienation
just ain't true in their democracy.
they don't spell out to us why
the boozh-wah state 'as power-over
wi' its cops, judiciary & ultimate penitentiaries.
it took owd marx to tell us why
why proletarians live & labour burdensomely
locked in spiritual & economic poverty universally.
while ruling ideology of the boozh-wah-zie

wi' its power-over & middle class authority
dominates our lives in places hard to see & touch
compelling our labour power from sun-up to sun-set
wi' authoritative caresses that tickle our minds
whilst they laugh & laugh all the way to the bank
such a minute parasitic mob
whose transient hegemony rules
taken-for-granted servile prolie "fools".
coz youse say alienation just ain't true
we're all born free in economy
we're all socialists these days ain't we?
so wi' your authoritative minds
do tell me "my friends" why - your eternal
need to spin about tweedledum & tweedledee equality?
cud it be coz of the eternal spiral of
your legislative & despotic laws that
reinforce power-authority & our domination?

you say you've heard all this nonsense before
and it's fools like me, who perceive other ways,
are fuckwits needing a nut-house magistrate
sez i to you, hang on a minute till i finish
you wi' your private &
civil security & mercenary armies for hire
and poisonous mind spinners
spinning the boozh-wah power-over blues.
& yet! i'll offer some kind words if youse can hear.
the contradiction 'twix capital & labour
is getting most antagonistic
soon to disappear up your rear.
youse say what you have is true
& the norm today be non-antagonistic
while me life & dream be a paranoid fantasy.
i sez it's close to reality & near the truth
& that a contradiction is a contradiction
which in due time becomes a material social force
so become friends as we resolve & revolutionise
the power-over & authority domination pyramid
when we invert & seal the sand timepiece
so be it, my friends, coz to be precise
we're heading towards abolishing the boozh-wah-zie
so sorry about that, it 'as to be
i sez what's that you're yelling & shouting
a revolt is revolt & okay; but this is a revolution!
and the chattering classes have let youse down?
you sez you've realised far too late
that the time for word spinners
'as well & truly reached its use-by date
i sez we know how youse feel, been there, felt that
but a resolution be our revolution
where social beings work & live a social life.

269 **power, authority & domination (p.a.d)**

time & times i've heard 'em say

a good whack wi' the cane never hurt no one?
i recall the day; owd billy cocks, out of frustration
laid it real real hard across me knuckles.
it wasn't me first time; but! i made him perform
a pirouette as i danced around a painful clock dial
as my sixty sec' caning felt like an hour.

time & times i've heard 'em say
power-over discipline makes the person.
and i recall me knuckles & the pain from the cane
the day the penny dropped about their p.a.d.
it wasn't the first time i'd reckoned up the social environs
and dreamed & dreamed & dreamed of the day
me & my comrades would measure our way.

time & times i've heard 'em say
without fail the boozh-wah-zie make stupid mistakes.
and i recall that our power-over comes thru the office,
the factory, the plough, & our street rehearsals.
it wasn't the first time & it won't be the last
we'll see 'em tremble wi' fear..... fearful
this time around we'll run 'em out of town.

principles & particulars

there's alus two sides to every question
and recognisin' the principles be easy
whilst understandin' particular particulars
and takin' the appropriate steps
calls for much collective wisdom.

Falling leaves from me deciduous tree

315 **'tis me winter season now**

when i were young & wi' out a worry or a care i'd hear the oldies reminiscing
yesteryear. i'd swear to gawd! it wouldn't/couldn't ever happen to me.

yet! here i am, entrenched in me fag-end years
and me place of birth fleetingly haunts me headworks.

'twas in the don valley where i planted me roots & shoots
until about me mid-summer when i came to the antipodes.

in the '40s our village anarchic squire still thought right & proper
his right. but yet! rough diamond bairns stood the footpath!

nevertheless! tradition dies slowly whilst miners' lads chorister at service
frocked in surplice & cassock carol for pennies outside the squire's door.

winter! when the last snow melts on the chapel-side warren hillock
snowdrops break the frozen earth & i'm a lad bemused at such acute power.

springtime! each brings forth life to old bramley's babbling brook
where me & me mucker net frog-spawn for homework wonderment.

summer! especially in '47 when we ran naked in the finger-licking breeze
and the sun & the heat tanned our pale tyke skin into wrinkled walnuts.

autumn! and january's winter snow had laid heavily through the seasons
and compacted ice from road clearances still hung around the fields.

VE & VJ night recollections are seared into me owd headworks o! those bon-fires!
pop & free kisses & charcoal spuds & crackers that loudly cracked our "victory".

i'm growing owd now, the past comes & goes, i wonder where are all those
lads & lasses now? coz me owd ego asks the question "do they ever think of me?"

note on warren hillock

note on finger-licking breeze and Mike Haywood

67 **mike & me**

'twas in the rother don valley
in old bramley village the place of our birth
that we shared roots & growin' pains.

as school pals thru school &
mischievous teenage muckers
whilst ever proletarian class comrades.

mike were a painter & royal marine

a steelo's delegate & tutor organiser
a playwright, poet & fella of letters.

i were a butcher & a roustabout
and when plying me trade... 'twas
at schonhuts in all saints square.

thirty years have gone by
vis-à-vis me new home in the antipodes
and a socio-political culture down-under.

an idealist full of hope
yet! we're held by a vice-like grip of the guilt
and the shame of the colonial invasion.

this year '93 & i'm visitin' me roots
family & friends & an owd sweetheart.
some have returned to infinite atoms.

haywood! that hoi polloi
political & poetical tyke
a seer too soon

whose visions carried us thru
for those seeds that he planted
wi' such nurturing care.

nowadays findin' the soil life-bearin'
in one helluva clime & turbulent times
in this don river confluence.

'twas in this rother don valley
that mike & me planted our roots
that grew... & grew in old bramley village.

Note on 'fella of letters', on tutor organiser

38

woman of mine

thru all my time,
oh! woman of mine,

i'm haunted by you,
woman of mine.

nature recycled you,
when i were born,

and i've travelled alone,
thru long lonely years,

and been haunted by you,
oh! mother of mine.

first luv reminiscences

hey-up!... angelic white face,
 have you noticed me passin' your place
 and seen the sparklin' music of *my eyes*?
 we awoke to the beauty of adolescent years
 bravin' new heat, together we softly, softly kissed.
 now in the winter of my seasons, weak is the zeal
 of my springtime rhythmical masculine rhyme.
 yet! as strange as it may seem
 sometimes in my daytime meditations
 an angelic white face invades that quiet space.

in my quiet meditations
 this island continent is still,
 could but i send psychic sparklin' music?
 hey-up wake-up, wake-up man!
 'cause oceans & space are tyrannical long hauls.
 even our glass of red tastes of tears.
 yet silently our red-wine
 recalls a past time when we rode shoulder-to-shoulder
 along that malty crags highway
 (and hugged 'neath a flowerin' elder bore-tree).
 nature an' winds 'ave scattered those flowers.
 dare we dream... of another elder bore-tree?

*inspired by Xin Hai (1191) Secret Fragrance.
 adapted & improvized over by jim sharp.*

latent grief

trudy... i never did get to read
 mike's unpublished works.
 i'd planned for so long that if ever
 i visited the place of my roots.
 that i'd dust the dust,
 in walker place library.
 yet for some metaphysical reason
 his works an' you
 became a stone wall... a wall
 i couldn't pass thru.
 coz hidden away somewhere
 latent grief i suppose?

today i'm flyin' home &
we've just flown over bangkok.

i've opened up mike's published book
& read his "up the wheel".

mike & me were school pals... teenage
muckers & allus class comrades.

o!, if i could only have penned
such a powerful sketch.

with perception & vision
a seer for all days.

103

angel hotel

'twas outside the hotel
on bridgegates thoroughfare
where i apprehensively wait.

it's been decades wi'out dialog,
will we readily reminisce awhile
then go separately into the night?

but as of now, it's her radiatin' face alreet
bobbin'-up in her effortless gait
down a sun-flooded english evenin' lane.

past & livin' mind-bogglin' images
bein' our instantaneous reality
as we're assured... & then recall.

a life force of hugs & kisses
talk about feelings of yore
whilst openin' our flirtin' hearts anew.

so! i plies mi words,
like a romantic,
findin' rhyme on time.

while she purrs like
a lost found kitten
lappin'-up every single word.

and we're into gentle skin caresses
wi' fleetin' soft kisses, &
sweet-scented... osmotic wetness.

luvvr's seduced! by a second wind,
'cause intuitively we feel,
the beaut, oncomin' convergence.

spring dreams

far from everyday thoughts...
 mee wi' thee & i'm
 reckons mebbe thee wi' mee.

then one hears the posties
 mini-motorbike deliverin'
 a lovely letter mailed thru space.

we've said goodbye to our springtide
 nevertheless;
 dreams recapture heartfelt emotions.

but dreams cant delay the sun's ebbin' rays
 whilst far from me roots
 i've taken lazy root.

lilac & wattle leaves 'ave fallen
 whilst the headpiece
 worries away these winter days.

so lend us a loan of yowr christian ways
 that i may purge
 recaptured spring dreams.

Inspired by SU SHI's poem, "FAREWELL TO SPRING".
 It struck a cord with my current mood

alone tonight wi' me grief

amongst the tears; a glass of red wine
 i drink alone, no siblings near by.
 i'm without a shadow the clouds hide the moon
 so i quaff a bitter glass or three
 the moon doesn't know about grief
 i endure unhappiness wi' another red wine
 without a moon lit shadow long is the night
 "grow owd graciously they say"
 tonight i cry the clouds make me rage
 when i'm sober i remember our indian summer '93
 we pledged familial luv & swear to dads gene pool
 tonight under the influence of nature we go different ways.

two of my sisters died within 12 hours of each other this week & my conscious grief is the fact that I hardly knew them. I had a poem loosely going around in my head-works, but it just wouldn't

emerge & then I read Li Bai's "drinking alone by moonlight". So I collaborated & improvised with him & wrote the above. "alone tonight wi' my grief".

Li Bai's poem. among the flowers a pot of wine, // I drink alone; no friend is by // I raise my cup, invite the moon, // and my shadow; now we are three. // but the moon knows nothing of drinking, // and my shadow only apes my doings; // yet moon and shadow shall be my company. // spring is the time to have fun. // I sing, the moon lingers, // I dance, my shadow tangles, // while I'm still sober, we are gay together, // when I get drunk, we go our different ways. // we pledge a friendship no mortals know, // and swear to meet on heaven's silver river.

261

season out of kilter

from dawn 'til noon today
'tis such a beautiful cool
and sunny autumn morn

and from our back deck i see
a pair of excited turtle doves
bobbin' & cooin' in a matin' ritual

in our lofty cabbage tree
where they're nest buildin'
between attempted treads

they're the most nervous of birds
evasively they fluttered 'tween branches
while executin' the nest camouflage

and i sit in peace & tranquility
yet! roaming around the thermals
unseasonable storm clouds form

meanwhile tugging at my minds eye
are intuitive questions
as to why natures out of season?

coz it seems to my mindset
we're shittin' in our own nest
and we need to look to it.

63 Moreton island (5/6) (9) (they need to be compared more closely)
(Indigenous ones needed to be looked over by Lila Watson)

63

moreton island

a picturesque & fragile isle
wi' its movin' white sands
so desirously thru their hands.

o! those movin' white sands
on that windy sand island
where she twice allured him.

for it was by chance in time &
space... wi' all one's heart
they shared a grand affair.

o! those movin' white sands
where they bedded their ecstasy
nowadays; passion is so hurtful & vile.

hence their eyes doth yell
leavin' imprints on the psyche
which evade erasure.

o! those movin' white sands
automatically on that nymphian isle
are movin' thru their hands.

62

dancin' in the moonlight

the development & resolution
of social class struggles
were his line; full time!

relations wi' family & friends
far too casual & dancin' &
lovin' seemingly too philistine.

while listenin' to their voices
his inner ear didn't hear
dad's an over-active midlife turd!

they were bemused by his
rebellion & couldn't
dance wi' an ideolog out of tune.

who failed to respond
and nowadays; there's a rift
a country mile long.

but one moment in time & space
an indian summer fantasy
emblazed his time-space.

where dancin' in the moonlight
though fleetingly in time
raised hopes for his owd age.

And my demise into infinite atoms

213

recurrin' cycle's

youse reckon i'm not owd my luv?

hey! never judge a phizog* by its skin,
'cause we're all like deciduous trees,
in spite of me fast holdin' green leaf.

(*face)

spring ... & buds burst into life.

summer ... leaves & flowers in full bloom.

autumn ... seeds & leaves scatter on a coolin' breeze.

winter ... leadin' us to our infinite atoms domicile.

there's reason & renewal in nature's ever cycles

joy & sadness as one follows on the other

life changes thru all the seasons

so rejoice in findin' its unity therein.

243

spring renewal

after a lifetime of struggles

shoulder to shoulder

against the monolith.

in the dead of winter

hope kept us rallyin'

knowin' snow drops vitalise spring.

and that our words & music

composed on behalf of our class

empowers the masses.

355

hardgrave road streetscape cafés

where a latte & chardonnay set gather

where a gabble of babble stimulates minds

where waitresses flit & flirt between tables

where rich kids with twin mufflers crawl by growling

where some diners pursue pure conversation

where others plot for the social continuum

where fever & peace unfold at most tables

where alienated wage slaves transpose

where we raise us above it all

where we enjoy our free time sanctuary.

209

a dialog wiv me long gone comrade

(mike haywood.)

struth comrade: how i loved you
don't get me wrong brother
i wasn't in love
'cause our relationship
most certainly wasn't homoerotic.

struth comrade: one does miss you
'cause i'm growin' owd* &
mindful of our footprints
footprints in that rother don valley*
the mud the slush & the snow.

(*old)

(*river rother)

struth comrade: you & i made mistakes
'cause the long way didn't enter our headworks
sure the system made for hard struggle
and we won boozh-wah rights steadily
and domination seemed to be crumblin' away.

struth comrade: as this owd century ends
one grieves for our class
'cause its political perceptions
of bein' "OF & FOR" the class
gives the appearance of deep-rooted slumber.

struth "**comrades**": on the eve of this new millennium
reflect on our words & deeds
and don't let the dark clouds detain youse
travel in search of the principle in contradictions
then! daily we'll see the rugged red sun rise & fall.

47

song-lines

as i walked the fields
footpaths,
bylanes & highways.

i took root again
in the song-lines
of my youth.

today we give our kids
material
by the ton.

me!
i had some contact
wi' mother earth.

'tis time

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 a white-wash; is white-washin'
 blakk deaths in custody.

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 that white law & white laws
 are lawless & in command.

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 deadly blakkfella voices
 voices of nations in flight.

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 blakkfellas – otherfellas – lawmakin'
 forces in confrontation stand.

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 two hundred & ten years
 'tis time dispossession ends.

listen! ... to the whisper, 'tis on the wind
 land rights & sovereignty
 a nation-state in flight.

jim sharp; a prole
 who writes poetry
 spoken thoughts or whatever.

ode for alena

[ABC bairn]

on this first day of spring
 so be it g'day
 from oz-way.

where buried down under
 a pile of grey leaves
 in this southern land

there's a gum nut
 aspirin' within it's kernel
 for alena...yao yao*
 to rekindle a bush fire.

*(far away)

only then can it germinate
 an' change into an up-an'-
 comin' sapling gum tree.