



Pam Brown

Three Poems from *the meh of z z z z**

↳ Rehab for Everyone ↵

hands so cold

 fingers cold

tucked under legs

 sitting in insect hiss

 low white noise

 gas heater undertone

 no other sound

 nothing

almost asleep,

 a car pulling up the hill

a currawong
does that shrill thing
into pink air

a huge open yawn
almost breaks my jaw

the pen that makes the marks
alters the angles of the letters

a patch
of yesterday's chocolate
stuck to my corduroy sleeve -

a signal
imagined and interpreted

we look back
at the years in the tops
waiting to be taken out of time

red brick
wall map of Australia
grass green carpet
mustard coloured plastic chairs
clumpy piling on the mittens

mitts on the keyboard
pushing thoughts and jingles
out

to Dublin to Seattle,
Adelaide, Kane`ohe,
Faversham, Glebe

sadly notating dim trivia
me-minus-you
outside community

literary festivals
can't help anyone
like a rehab book sale

making mistakes,
so different
from being morally wrong

in an unsettling world
it's a rabbit life,
built the walls from Castrol cases

black tyre ribbons

strewn

like a giant's licorice

under the striated cutting

siding on the highway,

say goodbye

to the Woodford bends

sometimes the clunky

can incandesce

but I want to know

how to vitalize gawkiness,

sometimes

I'm in my no-mind sometimes

in a technological mindlessness

sometimes nowhere near limber,

although that's unusual

some people

just float along all the time

accumulating the placid

sometimes
when you think you're going down
you're not,
you're going straight ahead
to a utopia of modernity.

↳Sister Morpheme↳

excipient ties, like ell oh vee ee,
leaving
nothing to chance

I always
wanted
to plagiarise you

sleeping, you were ill,
and smelt like a mineral,
but different

at the start
your subwoofer
shook me to my microbes,
emergency exits
opened in my night

I loved to you a woman
as I returned your sounds
from phone to morph

slippery gleams
slithered into darkness,
your fermented prosody
ripe for traffic

↳ **Self Denial Never Lasts Long** ↵

very busy here
finishing up a 900 page epic poem I've been working on off
& on for
25 years!

telereal

I am
kind of continental

I want to come back as
a false witness

your gifts of cheap software
cannot compensate

what is
mazarine
what is
teazle

frowsty hairdo

it worked for the chimp

good to be young, indiscriminate, finding out,
with time to
BROWSE

then,
after the libidinal,
twenty years of scooping

locate
a happy go lucky cunt, a lookalike

now, there's
your fillip

this is the stich

section

picking at the price sticker,

everything must go !

*These poems first appeared in *the meh of z z z z* (2009), Pam Brown's poetry collection published by Ahadada Books.

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