



w

Mongard, John



here

and Majstorovik, Dragan.

CONTENTS

w here.....	1
FOREWORD.....	5
MOTHER TONGUE.....	6
What world awaits you.....	8
Anxieties.....	9
if perhaps.....	10
Hunting turtle dream.....	12
The lake swallowed the window.....	13
In spring.....	14
One day trees will bear strange fruit.....	15
Tall POPPY.....	16
Show me your tail,.....	17
iiiiii.....	18
in the end.....	20
nancy Goodman.....	21
no touch or leaf	22
I've waited.....	23

Bianca.....	25
BEBE.....	26
green skies leaf blue.....	27
all them.....	29
A woman’s shoulders.....	30
each time I whisper.....	31
if somehow beyond you see,.....	33
They crowd you like so many noises.....	34
Sleep finds you.....	35
I block this area of green.....	37
The patio simmers.....	38
People,.....	39
This turning	41
CARNE DOC.....	43
The wind cannot hear.....	44
who have made I this.....	45
12 silver steps.....	47
two men.....	48
no JAZZband.....	49
If on alone.....	51

Gentleman.....	52
1.somewhere.....	53
Mooloolaba	55
steering a course.....	57
White mist disguises the sun	58
KYOTO.....	59

FOREWORD

This slim volume of verse introduces two contemporary Australian poets. They are immersed in the information age. Beset with countless competing audio-visual stimuli, they too risk drowning by information excess.

Poets are makers and creators who use words as their instrument. They retreat from information tangle-foot to reflection and perspective. They draw on words to interpret thought currents, to gain insights and awareness, judgements and understanding.

The information age must be portrayed and interpreted. Poets make creative leaps, evoke new imaginings and weave dreams of what might be – quite aside from the logic of the silicon chip. The poet's place is still unique for secrets of life, in any age, can be revealed by the poet's art.

John H. Tyrer 11/12/2000

MOTHER TONGUE

My words like yours can peg or pin a thought
Hold an idea tethered or hooked on the frame of time.
We choose a word and then dictate its fate
Cast it out and the idea flies away.
A flow of words keeps coming in its place
Drawing slave-thoughts within a net
Closing in on freedom and programmed by our past.

I want fresh words for carnivals of thought
I need new codes to stop the maternal flux
To free me for the revels in my mind.
I look past words to the world outside
Watch laughing eyes and hands that talk, actions telling all
In older more primeval ways than Mother Tongue's.
And the signs I leave for her are gestures of derision.

John H. Tyrer, 1982



What world awaits you
beyond these green fields

You are what you became
and drag the fossils
of your being.

Bring them into the sun
and examine their textures
Trilobites
of pleasure and pain.

Each time they lay before you
You fondle them as new
placing them in the box
again

The toys of your past
will never leave you
and you will never discover
their names and colours.

Anxieties

like little hungry fish
fight
for my attention
born from the broad waters
of my imagination.

They spell doom
with their open mouths
but only if you watch them.

short of time
and patience
seeking small urgent requests
like they might stem the tide

Face onto that fear
that dreams are made
to break sometimes
and that boats
will often leak..... ..
.. .

if perhaps

an arm should stray
to brush
the collars'
virgin white,

and if
perhaps, our eye's
should meet
as all along
we'd hoped
they might,

it should
perhaps, be
like it was
all those many years ago,

and if perhaps,
I don't know.



Hunting turtle dream

fishing lines into pools
where time is a sinker

Octopus bait for blue fish
spear making with bamboo
black boys restless
with promise

white chalk on red cliff
primal paint on carved heads

Tracking porcupine
green snake
whale rolling off the reef

with the Goolarabooloo,

Broome, 1994.

The lake swallowed the window

the sun tore up the walls
and placed his toes
in compromising warmth

Naked underneath
he slept in the rays

and when the wind clasped
the window
He saw the lady of the house
staring at his balls.

and then I fell asleep again.

In spring,
a blossom appearing.
Nothing so awkward,
as with a scateur
the knowing,

where and exactly
when to pare,
to have forever
a flower.

One day trees will bear strange fruit

the taste of our spent emotions
tears in the berries

I have a shiny apple
it tastes like our laughter
like joy on the beach
like kites in the wind
like reading in the balcony

I hope you have one too.

Tall POPPY

blowing in the wind
trophy of another
kind
waiting for a flower
the scent of which
finds no other

Show me your tail,
I'll show you mine,
lets put them together
two lovely pink swine,

the pork and the pork
with gristles white too,
no-one will know
that you're really you,

nor will I know, me I am,
like thinkspitgrease
and lovely big piece
of boneless ham,

for the gentry to crackle
and drown on their wine,
no-one will know,
two lovely pink swine.

iiiiii

iiinnt ooooo

some**O**nes
something
some,**H**ow

itzer

OO

july 1997



in the end

they tracked her down
through her tea stains

these were meticulously arranged
so that the pale brown clouds
made a panorama
and when you looked closely
there where tiny letters:

each one told
of daydreams born

at the awakening hour

these stories were her true diary
hidden behind sleepy eyes

nancy Goodman

scared the pants
off boys in dressing rooms
and chants on tongue
sharp as razors edge;
nancy preferred bench to bed.

nancy Goodman runs a store
in central c.b.d. whatsmore
a haberdashery concern
she still cuts a gorgeous gal
with proceeds from
her daddy's pal, who
once a week when not at golf
but busily doo-in the rounds

meets nancy in the
outofbounds.

no touch or leaf
swittles,
birds,they rest
& whistle
to the falling arc of
Natures readiness.

A sun shines –
eyeing through
gaps in branches –
Light swells about edges
not there,spilling
to the ground;

in silhouette
there are dreams-
small pieces
of delicate nothings,
woven into a fabric of thin air
and ageing.

I've waited

with words waited and waited
with words,wanted
to say yet
only ever whispered with
words.

You waited
to hear,waited,and longed
for words and wanted,
wanted to hear them
loud enough (just loud
enough.)



Bianca

child of the desert
water
for an oasis

Where is your heart
they cried
as they took your
soul
Spaniards and catholics
and all

Your bones
lie splendid
red and turning
in the sand :
waiting
for the return

who will listen
to your whispers
as they clamour
for the gold
?

san pedro de atacama 1995

BEBE

Doting brother
(tiny daughter still
crawls and
somehow) his
wonderful wife because.

green skies leaf blue

yellow sand sun brown

black day evening white

cobalt heart eyes crimson

violet pain tears ver, million

cadmium over



all them

lonely hearts
in here man,
the pretty faces with
toothy smiles
pretty gals achin'
for pretty boys
got brains in their fists
and dollars between their legs
now aint that
somthin.

& then when we was friends
laughin our heads off to nothing really,
nothin at all,
jest laughin , punch
drunk
happ()end

A woman's shoulders

are the frontiers

of purpose;

her neck

if she is spirited, is

all the mystery

of a border town.

each time I whisper
there are endless days
of sun and wine

they flood out together
into a life

you and I
had those heady times
bathed in gold
the glories of a time foretold

mauve and blue
we shared.
as the hours grew old
they stayed but darkened

and now I come to you
my quiet solitude complete
I am that same one
you fought and loved
equally.

I bring with me the secrets
and my infinite memory of past
so you and I Kay
can journey on together.

1997

if somehow beyond you see,
an ever-smile may paint itself
upon your face;

leaving tears stretch
down waterslide cheeks,
as a simple scene plays back
some then of we; of an

in
sign
if
I
cant

gesture , or
crook of an eye,

perhaps a head tossed back-
adorned with a because smirk.

They crowd you like so many noises

the rain battering the silver roof
in this Tasmanian night.

Turn them over
there are colours blue-
the taste sad

Where do you find solace
for this ?

I face your fearful one
wandering the wet fields
Nothing more
than the silent saints
of unborn ideas

These pasts which nag me
will never be
they hover
lightly
kissing
my
unbegotten lips.

Sleep finds you
but I am gone
we share the gap

When the morning comes
the room tastes
of other things

There can never be
the dark of the night again.



I block this area of green
yellow fringed
my mind does this
wondering about effects on paper

These red and pinks
and the buzzing
are glimpses of moments
in child

I came here to dream quietly
to find moments
that will lead
or follow
me
like that patchy goat
tied to the fence

The clouds march
to the sound of Joe's bagpipes
something
bangs in the background
an itch to this scene
it doesn't worry the chickens.

The patio simmers

quietly
Geraniums dance
during siesta
old Spanish walls
are reconciled
as the
future
captures the fleeting past

Split city
old and new
fashionable
and not

The sun burns women bronze
hiding last years creases
they are immortal
beautiful for one month

There are no gaps for regrets
as they idealize themselves.

People,

they say, grow into each other

and after a while

don't recognise themselves anymore.

Then again some People sometimes die

on the same day. Some may stay themselves

more or less whilst others seeing themselves

as images of one another may feel a part

of them becoming slightly smudged, blurred perhaps

at one edge and traced over again

with the faint imprint of their partner.



This turning

watches time

waiting

for the passing

of your direction

Small niches of laughter

bounce in that hallway

as you walk

it

with those black boots

opening doors

and shutting them

in the finding

of your elusive

thing to do.

Surrounded by terry towelling

pointing two grey eyes

counting grey hairs

You have become a warm envelope

of yellow light

I stand in that luminescence

the gentle shadow cast

is my presence

of you.

1997



CARNE DOC.

(doctor meat)
takes no pride
in Frederick The 2'nd
who like an Etruscan pot
was unearthed
and acclimatised

Not any nativity scene
will take away
the stains
of collective memory

Saracens kill crusaders.
Crusaders build churches
to remind them
of Saracens.

Four pink breast like
domes
do not make it better

You can paint over
the mosaic
but the haloes
keep shining.

We buy bread
and eat it .
They did too.

The stones
last longer
than our thoughts.
(they slowly forget them .)

The wind cannot hear

The roll of dice.

Two women under the light

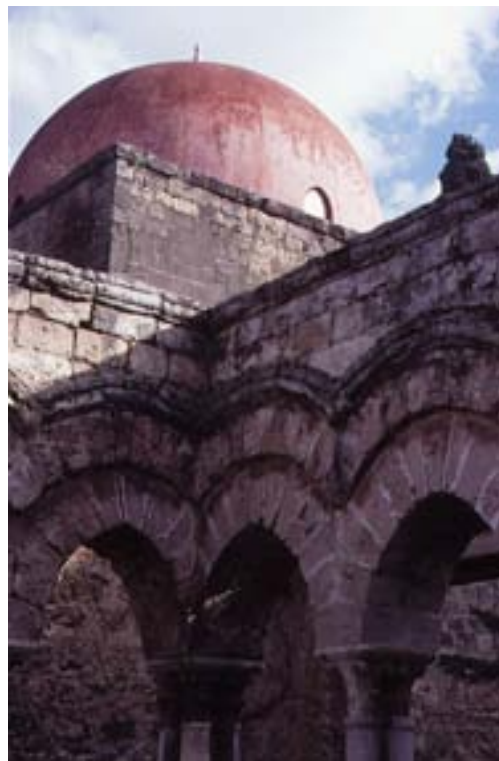
one man and a potato.

who have made | this
unchoice, now

with empty pockets
and squeaky clean

hands, can *only look* (as any
one who hadn't and everyone who

had put it to me 'simply') *forward*



12 silver steps

travertine

stains

ochre wall

standing

un stamped

ticket

ostrich feathers

garlands of plastic

door to mausoleum

this painting

not that

rounded space

quiet light

cut out nativity scene

marble scrolls

Two girls

have red hair

two boys

have bubble jacket

two women

have bimbo shorts

Rome 1998

two men
have eyes
for one woman
any one

two cardboard dividers
called a hotel
cluster of men
like pigeons
searching for two
travellers
with tickets.

Rome 1998

no JAZZband

bingbong

tickle

you

fun.

E

like

CY mbol

of ten (

X)

ra ted

non

-sense

1988

If on alone

you train
and nowheres
going faster still
when somewhere
in the night
wooooooooosssshh you saw
you thought;

quick-as-lightning it
seems,
just another space
in the seemingly
endless scheme of

things.

Gentleman

**born to hold the flag
man of remembrance
bearer of the old standards**

He moved between worlds and words
searching for what was lost
in his homeland

Memories are stronger
than reality
the lives he lived
were so diverse
sometimes disparate.

The cross-word
begins
and finishes
in Chile

We are all travellers
some of us
never left home.

1998

1.somewhere

beneath the spaceage
the space
age the
space

some (2
freckles between
my know)

are

there.

2.out there a
butterfly &
boy did itswing

curling
ly upon a leaf
&greenly ripe

hatched idea(you
smile at me) a wind

breaks over
head
pro
creatin

glee.

1998

Mooloolaba

*Well, Misters O.SoSmarmy and Son
made a squillion dirty bucks razing a
lotments procuring
speculative genius re:
'how to fit a hundred boxes
where there used to be just two.'*



steering a course

for who knows where

your spirit
glides

in the turbulence
the wind
carries you
other ways

but
where you land
is where
you should be

White mist disguises the sun

The deep blue of the lake
lies flat and still

Beyond the pier
and floating boats
large black fish play lazily
on the reflections
of the sun

I approach them
from the heights of the pier
I release my body into the sky
and for a fragment
hold still the world

until I plunge
cold piercing
the water melting the sun
scattering the fish

and as I am swallowed
the dark blue claims me.
I am that fish.

KYOTO

I read to you a newsarticle comma pre
paring liver(wurst&chilli in
parenthesis comma dash over your
highbrowperched glasses comma
upon your
noses bridge questionmark
about HOW

it is POSSIBLE(slightpause semi-colon breath
semi-colon tightlipped enter) HOWARD&Co.COULD comma
GETAWAYWITHIT

I notice pause exclamation(sanserif) mark cough
f l o a t i n g High above the
windowsill
b r e a t h e commawheeze HIGHERthan
must be in parenthesis

greenhousegasses&RHETORIC

dot.

1997



c. 2000 by Pop-o-matic
All rights reserved
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Graphic design by Jacqueline Ratcliffe
Typography by The Design Bank
Printed in France 10 pt. on Raleigh Navaho 104 gsm stock.
Bound by Kent Larson.

National Library of Australia
Cataloging-in-Publication Data:
w here
Bibliography
ISBN

1.Poetry- Australia-I. Mongard, John
and Majstorovik, Dragan.

Printed in Australia at The Design Bank
Electronic version by www.amparose.com

Front cover and Dust jacket:
Photography by John Mongard

