

all your free base are belong to us

we're brick proof  
we get our qool wholesale  
we glow in the dark  
we only sleep on the synth line  
we got da def jam  
we got da lyrical grip  
we glass gravity  
attack us we need the practice  
we so far underground we're molten  
260 bpm 180 db  
we're in a ménage à trois with the dj  
we spook the devil  
we taste like magic apples  
our blood is midori  
our teeth are osmium  
bring the bling bling  
we're the psychedelic spring  
hit the air raid siren  
sweep the house with green lasers  
boof up the break beat  
watch out we're mad as wingdings  
this is the best life of our lives  
we got more play  
than a sack o crazy-assed meerkats.

## seaweed crackerz

the future which will be soon, omni-sexual, parallel-processed and hyper-real cos we got all kinds of apps and anodynes and where to be in our minds or lounge or dance lights and the world is bigger but smaller and doomsday's past we missed it cos we didn't read wednesday's papers and we have mini power tools and our friends are intimately networked and we'll friend more cos we stay open after extended shopping hours and we always get another chance and pockets full of plastic and we know we are cool cos we keep learning and sampling and fascination and what's more our bodies are pumping with preservatives and pretty good teeth and the soup i just invented is swimming with sushinori coconut milk fish sauce (oops too much) chilli instant noodles lemongrass but i'll eat it cos it's all i got till payday and yikes it doesn't matter cos we're streaming the silent zen river which we don't comprehend so maybe we should get the rusty bike out the shed or tame the little dog next door or the café spunk and invite them out to see an indie film or emo punk band or some bad fringe play and tell everyone sweetiedarling how talented you are and how fucking amazing that final scene was that it made me laugh slash cry like i recognized characters as if i was totally there and hey love that cardi let's get together and yeah do something whatever as long as we're drinking the best coffee talking about anything that catches our wide-angle convergent eyes whatever swerves in from outta space in the right hand drive side of the brain and yikkety yakking like power steering along the curves of cigarette smoke careening around walls of mud cake or saying zip just staring over the horizon thinking sticky pudding dreams that you don't gulp down but like i said the future will be very soon and edible as a box of seaweed crackerz!

# Flight of Fancy

I got busted.  
The police were ... vivid  
Their silver badges and buttons  
glittered in the blue strobe.  
Their uniforms so blue  
Prussian blue  
Deep blue as an ocean in a cheap post-card  
blue blue .... blue ... blue

But they were not happy people,  
inside.  
They charged me with culpable writing,  
scribbling through a red light  
colliding with a semi-colon.

The con-stable re-corded my poem  
directly on his lap-top com-puter  
The rhythm is the inter-mit-tent-tap  
of the keyboard  
It doesn't rhyme, constable  
It doesn't have to rhyme  
Alright! alright!

Arrest ~ attest  
handcuff ~ dandruff  
police station ~ crustacean

I refuse to incriminate the moon  
and the usual constellations  
There are no pastoral scenes  
No nightingales or marigolds  
There are no allusions to Greek mythology  
For example, constable  
there is no mention of the abduction of Persephone  
(except that once but the word  
was later rejected by spell check  
and replaced by "persimmon")

I was permitted to phone a lawyer  
The Legal Aid solicitor advised that  
my defence lacked efficacy.  
She concluded that beyond all reasonable doubt  
my case had no literary value whatsoever  
and further, with regard to  
the alleged abduction of the persimmon  
she couldn't give a tinker's cuss  
The constable mixed the metaphor  
He couldn't give a rat's arse.  
I signed the statement.

## It started out innocently enough

It started out innocently enough on a staircase and it didn't take long for us to get started.

There was a young woman standing behind me in line as I waited for my chicken salad, and she asked me about my tattoos.

The Rotary Club was looking for leaders. Maybe it's you. Maybe it's me? A phone call and the whirlwind began.

Next thing you know, I'm en route to a scrap metal place in Wollongong and before you can say "dingbat" I am the owner of an old printing press.

My friend said I had to try it cause it was awesome. I'll admit I was scared, but tried it anyway since I didn't want to look like a pussy.

It was my first day in Drama School and this babe, let's call her X, told me she lives, breathes and eats latex.

Eugene, Gav and I decided to make a movie. We wanted something without substance, without a plot.

Grandma began buying a little more scratch than she needed and putting it away for a rainy day. In those days she made everything from scratch.

It started out innocently enough with my spiritual adviser congratulating me on successfully driving her home despite a blood alcohol level of legally dead and she turned to me and said "Wonder boy, it's time you lost your virginity."

It started out innocently enough, but it sure didn't end that way.

## GlooGuns

Rockwell pulls on his lucky socks and laces his boots. Gel. Mirror check. Bodoni black leather jacket. Fifty bucks Bondi Markets. Aubergine shirt by Kruffy. Aftershave by Mistral. Ripped for Saturday night. Rebounding. Forgetting.

Train to St James. Comfort of tunnels. ATM cash out. Rendezvous at Slouch Bar. Imported bickies straight to purple says Mr Special with quickie smile. Believe. GlooGuns. Sorted. Rockwell necks a pill and rinses barf taste with beer-storm. Boarding pass. Ticket to fly. Saunters up Oxford Street. Something for every chromosome.

Amnesia Club. Ten bucks. Flouro wrist stamp like Japanese lucky cats. Rockwell segues into rustle and chirp of electronic insects. Hello metro-sexual crew: Felix, Croobie, Studio Boy and Jokewood. GlooGun kicks in fast. Nice. Nice. Eyes go italic. Bar stool. Mesmerised by rows of fluorescent bottles. Mates chuckle rubbish base-jumping off each other. Planet Love. Head-bobbing groove. Panorama of strapless girls swaying in sensual rhapsodies. Yummy blur. Rockwell is fluent in all fonts. Freshbot double-entendres. Blah blah balehhh. Cleavage. Rockwell manoeuvres conversation to tits. Angels slip away like slinkies. Rockwell drops another GlooGun. Brain browses Napster. Sudden apparition on dance floor. Ex-girlfriend from hell. Silent daggers. Derringer stand off. Rockwell skulls Corona and exits to shivering street sans goodbyes.

Rattled Rockwell grabs cab to Oxygen Room. Queued out. Mesomorphic Fijian bouncers in ridiculous suits. Marlboros and gum from convenience store. Greasy Lebanese roll stroll to Do Club.

Hydraulic legs lift Rockwell up tatty burgundy carpet to easy flow incognito. Sleaze theme-park. Rockwell percolates. Hello Priscilla. All smiles in neo-tribe on electro-odyssey. Bubbly synths in rising layered horns and four-on-the-floor beats. Butterflies in

bottle brush. New intimates. Mad all around. Cheers to Oakenfold. Eye wobbles. Jaw chatters. Sweaty hands. Cheesy babe beckons. Girls in boys' room. Four in a cubicle. Cheesy babe unzips baggy and racks up line on cistern. Ice crisp bliss. Shebang! Thank you, Sugar Tits. Back to boogie. Shirtless gay boys in Serengeti. Gender amnesty. Seamless neon-lit lullabies. Chain gun smoking. Rockwell tinkles ice cubes wallowing in phat-warm melody. Lost hours. Yawn. Rockwell redials Mr Special. Message bank. Blank. No leads. Bail.

Street eyes. Sharp chinks of morning light. Chill air smells like fresh asphalt. Chewing gum tastes like bong water. Rockwell spits and sticks gum in grill of parked beamer. ATM. Iranian cab driver with PhD in maths.

Home sweet alone. Drops keys. Check pockets check. Lost Nokia. Shite! Hot tub. Spliff. Throat stings. Vivid house on fire with sirens. Looks again. Gone. Lights bounce on bubbles. Butterflies knock on eyelids. Rockwell bites marmalade toast. Saliva deficit. Beer buzz. Messy come down. Rockwell drags off lucky socks and tosses them against the wall. Dozes off tugging. Sleeps till lunch. Ditches work.