
o great south continent!
oh fun-in-the-sun-country!
land of strange fists and jagged blood!
will I ever dig you my homeland who
never was a home?
o great south continent!
land of the clench-people!
the sun has burnt a hole in your soul!
its turned you into a bigboned beergutted tomboy!
how can you expect me to love you, you
bone-fried bastard?
but I do!

*from "Crossroads" by Andrew.

A U S T R A L I A N

P O E T R Y I S S U E

C F

W O M B A T

W O M B A T

- Special Poetry Issue -

We Used Parked Horses.

This issue is being edited (so-called) without the ~~able~~ assistance of Shayne McCormack... to prove a point and to point out. Like when I told her that I was planning on a special poetry issue of Vombat she told me to keep it (though not exactly in those words.....). Err, yes.

Being known for my editorial flair for not-quite-the-usual (you should see what else I have planned) I thought something like this would be an interesting experiment. So, if you don't like 'fannish' poetry you can send this zine back to me unread. Please do... only a limited edition of $\frac{1}{2}$ million are being mimeod and I am sure that the other 3,190,986 people who don't receive a copy and hear of it will want one also.

Anyway, all the poems in this lot are Australian, and any constructive criticisms will I am sure be appreciated by those who sent them to me.

A piece of news: I am currently trying to get back into the fan-pubbing mood; otherwise I have gafiated. Be warned.

C O N T E N T S

Shayne McCormack	poems pgs 2, 3.
Adrienne Losin	" " 4.
Steven Phillips	" " 4, 5, 6.
Alex Robb	" " 7, 8, 9.
Leith Morton	" " 10, 11.
Susan Smith	" " 12,13,14,15.

This issue of Wombat Whole number 3a is published, printed and mainly assembled at 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, 2076 Australia and is a "For We Are Young And Free" Publication. Available for the usual.

ALL THIS I KNOW

All life it seems
is painted with the colours of despair
the hushed, deep mottled hues of fear
that come and go on summer air
that sigh and cry
and disappear
that wasn't really there

All dreams
I feel are but the keys
to other things that never be
to other channels to the sea
that swirl and flow
so silver clear
that we will never hear

All life
I know is but a flick
of some great eye to which we stick
as dust we fly, as leaves we fall
the ground is death
the sea a tear
and hope a river filled with fear

All this I know
for am I not alive?

- S McC.

DAWN THOUGHTS

Come see the day
that rises with the warming sun
and know that days have always dawned
in such a way as this
and always will

But you may not be here to see
and I may not be here to know
and the world may not be here to understand
why it is so.

- S.McC.

MAN RISE

Fire and flame and rushing heat
Rising, rushing, pulsing
the silver monster claws the sky
the sun rises
the rocket rises
and man rides with it
to the moon

Touch it, feel it,
this earth is not as ours
this ground has never felt the beating of the rain
nor known the tearing tendrils of a winter wind

Earth rises
Sun rise
They rise
from the Moon

and turn to Home.

Where the Moon rises, silver orb of night
and Mankind waits for their return.

Is man a cog in some great scheme
or just a part of someone's dream
and will he pass at dawn of day
when some long nighttime falls away?

POEM 2

Death is the joker: he laughs alone.
Leaves us to cry. Alone. Forlorn.
Alone.
The joker - the cardboard clown
Facing us with an empty grin.
Death is the void we all fall in.

- Adrienne Losin.

SPARROW ON HIGH

In morning mist
With crystal tracings of shadow and light
Laying their maze across frozen gums
And the valley swamp
Which curls its icy steam
Like seeking fingers
Up its sloping, grassy walls
And the low white clouds which rub the range
like open moon-bleached palms,
The noble pylons stand -
The towering guards of night.

As the sun steals the morning dew,
Bakes the rocks and dries the grass,
A sparrow perches high upon the smiling wire;
Wires which bear such strength
The sparrow cannot feel.

- SP.

F L O W E R

We both breathe
We both sleep
We both assimilate
And grow
But what is it
To compare with the life of a flower?

- Steven Phillips

*

*

*

FUNERAL INVITATION

The news came at three
 And I was immediately sad.
 I had no dark coat -
 But it didn't really matter;
 Most came in sleeves and beer
 Some didn't even cry.

The vicar seemed bothered
 (It was hot and he had a christening elsewhere)
 So the wife in unrehearsed apology
 Remorsed the more.

The cars, slow procession single file,
 Disturbed a truck at lights
 And the cousin's daughter's friend
 Was severed with a wink of red.
 Nothing like the days
 When young boys removed their caps.

Though it's not so bad these days -
 No phobia as the earth folds in
 Just a closing curtain and whispered flame.
 - S.P.

+ + + +

SUNSHINE

Black mountain, white ice-cap
 Deep ocean, flat sand
 From corner to corner
 Side to side
 The sunshine whisper echoes
 In eclectic canyons
 And brown-slime swamps
 Orange desert
 Blue stream
 Green forest.
 Here, there and everywhere.

- Steven Phillips.

TO OUR TALLEST BUILDING

In peak-hour traffic,
 We made our way through troubled streets
 (The black beds of valleys shadowed by walls of sooty brick)
 To a park of almost grass
 Where almost sunlight found its way to ground.
 There we let our motor idle.
 It ticked to silence.
 We could almost hear the wheezing
 Of the dirt within our lungs.
 Above the first horizon
 Rose the tower of our cities' square
 Spitting out its silent love
 To a faded denim sky.
 Now walking, we made our way
 Through interlocking canyons which chase themselves
 And lead you on forever,
 Till we stood before it - the young girls' dream-shaft
 Sheathed tight in glinting glass and concrete;
 Where its girders joined the earth,
 Hidden beneath bottle-tops and cans....

- S.P.

OFFICIAL OPENING.

I took a walk through the lunch-hour city
 Going the way I know so well,
 And was surprised to discover
 AN OFFICIAL OPENING.
 It was a square - a place
 For weary city folk to rest
 And ease their burning soles.
 The pigeons still soared high
 Within the canyons
 But now they mingled with balloons
 That patched the sky with joy.

It seemed this place had always been a secret,
 Shared by few.
 Now it's just a free for all.

- Steven Phillips.

BY NIGHT, STEAM ENGINE- Alex Robb

I hear a distant murmur in the darkness -
A rustling noise,
In early evening,
I shiver in the cold,

And it is but a moment's wait

Until the speeding engine becomes roaring.
Moon-light on the boiler front
Lights forward.
The slow curve of the track.

Stack talking.

Turning wheels reflect the station's lights
Moving piston-rods will glisten.

Sound and light.

As the engine passes,
I turn to see
The fireman in the cab
Waving to me,
And the hot glow of the open fire-box door.

NOT MOBY DICK

- Alex Robb

Narcissus in the ocean
Fought with a large, white whale.
The whale overpowered him at first; he let it go.
And the whale was secretly good.

But the whale was also singular,
One foot was placed in the future;
There was only one whale to mate with one whale
One white whale to one white whale.

WOMAN : FROM A PLANNED SERIES CALLED
"POEMS OF THE WHOLE GIRL."

- Alex Robb.

Poem 1

It may be Brooklyn water
You are under fish's daughter

Your presence
Your essence
Petticoat and bra subsurface level
Then you will lay cables, and seaweed

Wear a blue dress
Walk in the wide world

Wear white panties, fish's daughter

Remember that you are feminine

I too like Whitman, sing the song of the
body electric

Poem 2

Her petticoat and the brassiere
Metaphysical in their care
Always are revealing
What she is most concealing

Do I shock you ? No ?
Then your white whales are in good hands.

I aim to achieve a new syntax
Where we will talk about what is good.
Look for co-ordinate points.

University

Alex Robb

university

a wondrous grammar in the sky
who built your pre-renaissance towers,
your famous golden bowers?

intangibles incorporated
all that you could imply
way up there in the sky

(i thought of Donne
when i wrote this one)

work

every night I sweat and slave
to carve my name upon a grave

ego

don't you think that I can see
the last man in the world was me ?

mind

my concrete in the sky that won't come down.

ON A READING OF J.G. BALLARD

I walk in streams of fireworn minerets
I carry a golden crucifix
Before
The double track gantry of my mind
Running

- Alex Robb.

P E R C E P T I O N S

swimming in the softness
of your dark brown features,
drowning in the golden dark
of light,

the soft smell of bruised
grass and sky,
like an animal searching for day
a fragile stalk of light
pushes through the stark
blades of blue,

lashes of light bend and weep
perspective folds into a limp rag of leaf,
mixed in a damp of soggy kisses,
the frail wet paper of cheeks stick together,
fragile balance of lip and hair,
brown fire,

fog of brown film
seeping through the glass
the inks are running like frightened animals
streams of soft mauve,
streaks of dark lilac,

the soft brown of your eyes
the warm coffee of your skin,
soft drowse of hair sticking to lips,
woman strong and sweet.

sweet annie

blue ice &
white branches
black moon swaying
like sweet annie at midnight
(gap-toothed, horse-faced
annie, that drunken old whore)
the moon with broken teeth
cutting the church in half
sticking up out of the snow
like an ugly great needle
and that black hole in the sky
sweet blue ice &
annie
at midnight.

shit, what a night
crow-night
splintering the wood-edges
the sharp slivers of frost
eating steam like it was I don't know what
behind the factory
cold and ugly in the moonlight
the dead spittle of frozen bark
& corroded iron
the cold of
the yellow moon.

orange fire &
that burning liquor
and annie,
it was cold
but
Christ, it was sweet
the frozen white
the trees
black skeletons
spread-eagled out against the snow
broken fingers of pine
and the harsh black rocks.

leith morton

Ashes

I gave my love a rose
That I had cultivated
And hid jealously within my breast.
And he took it
And sampled the perfume
And touched my cheek softly.
But its' thorns dug deeply
And it hurt
As he caressed me.

I gave my love my only rose
And he took it
And left.
He left, leaving only the memory
Of its' once red bloom
To warm my nights
And my empty heart
And left only the scar of
 What had once been
Love.

- Susan Smith

If a chrysalid love should be stunted
And its growth cruelly torn back to the beginning
Then end it now for me.
I could not endure your kindness
The tenderness that shall say,
"Not for you, my little one."
I could not endure my raw emotions
Laid bare against your breast
And your deep chest slowly rising
And your head slowly shaking
As you throw my shredded heart to the wind.

- Susan Smith

If, for some brief moment
I have forgotten our first embrace,
Tap gently at my memory
And bring me back to that place
That shines within my mind
Of love, and joy, and fear.
Bring me back to that moment
To the first time that I said
 "I love you"
And that first trembling kiss
That through our youth still endures.

* * *

T O M O R R O W

- Susan Smith.

Tomorrow,
 And a thousand tomorrows
 To be seen
 To be forgotten
Drip,
 Drip,
 Each sand of time
 marks the day,
 the life
Lost in the never-ending sand.

And there was a black grain
 That day,
 That life,
never to be forgotten

So different,
 so same,
 so willing,
 so tame
yet not forgotten.

If rebellion is tomorrow
Be tomorrow today
Is life so useless
That on the beach it must lay.

Yet tomorrow is today
As yesterday was tomorrow
And the never ending circuit
Plays on and on.

Will I see tomorrow
or a thousand tomorrows
Will I be seen
or forgotten.

- Susan Smith

THE LOVE TRILOGY + Poem 1 +

Locked beneath the walls of your ways
you sit and stare out.
You have seen something that you cannot analyse
and it puzzles you.

You cannot touch,
Nor comprehend what I must feel.
Only a fleeting glance
Is ever seen.

Why does my flesh burn beneath your hand?
Why do you withdraw behind your wall?
Is it because you cannot understand
the strange passion that draws me to you?

You know you can concentrate
and disperse all memory of me.
Why, then, do you play with my face?
Could you really love me?

+ Poem 2 +

My loneliness is engulfing me,
and I know now that there is no hope
No hope of your ever reaching out
and touching me.

You cannot see me
 but I am there
 with you always, my darling.
 You will see one day.

Then regret might touch you
 and I will return
 for the darkness shall go
 and love might come to you.

+ Poem 3 +

In the air, the scent of laboratories approaches me
 and somewhere beneath the mountain of machine & man
 I know there is a flame that yet flickers
 in the heart of such a man
 that was created by others
 such as he.

- Susan Smith.

—————ooo0ooo—————

The birth of this issue has been particularly hard:
 mostly in that I haven't put an issue out for some
 time. However, if all goes well, this may be the
 first of the next series of.... well, the next
 series. This should be posted before Syncon;
 various people, most of all Shayne McCormack, have
 put a lot of time and effort in creating what is
 hoped to be the best Aussie Con yet.

Enjoy yourselves! and for those who can't make it:
 better luck next time!

This issue was stenciled on the 24th of July, 1972. I hope you
 liked the poesy. If you didn't: stiff cheeze. If you would like
 to see more poetry, particularly Aussie stuff, let me know. LOCS
 on this issue particularly welcomed.

- Ronl Clarke & Shayne McCormack.

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

PRINTED MATTER ONLY



Joseph H. ...

1881 N. ...

1007-4 ...

Apr 24

By

...

Exa 32304

...

PRINTED MATTER ONLY



Joseph Siclari

1951 N. Meridian Rd

Apt 54

1607-4 McCaskill

Tallahassee

04

Fla 32304

U.S.A.