

B. R. Dionysius

Five Poems, April 2018

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Thirst

LEST. WE. FORGET.

(Manus, Nauru, Syria, Palestine...)

~ Yassmin Abdel-Magied

rainwater is pooled like ammunition
gathered for a last stand. men who have
not showered for days count water bottles
like precious rounds as the sky attempts to
break the siege, keep their supply lines open.
but by midday, the sun cuts off the rescue
mercilessly, as its ray's bright tracer dissolves
moisture; a medic's bandages absorbing blood.
it's hard to keep fighting without fresh water.
australians learnt this the hard way at gallipoli
where plus forty degree heat killed the body's
appetite for slaughter. the real enemy was not
the turks, but bureaucrats thousands of miles
away who never went thirsty; their liquid lunches
toasted our national success in killing ten times
the number of the enemy. in making gains for
the empire's last shout. dehydration massacred
the wounded on both sides. men not slain outright
were tortured for days as organs collapsed; wet
wheat bags shed of their seed. prisoners spied
canteens passed back & forth but not to them.

butchers who only obeyed their pride's borders
poured water out before the wilting detainees;
their souls dank, a demonstration of power's
terrible thirst that can never be slaked.

Becoming a Nazi as an Agent of Christ

there is a pyramid that no one will want to study.
shoes are laced together so they'll be easier to find.

the wooden garage could fit two mercedes at a pinch.
a star is painted above them like a tribe's supernova.

long hair is collected in potato sacks & will be used
as seals to stop U-boats from sinking in the Atlantic.

a silent spring of geraniums ashamed at what they see,
blush beside the bathhouse. or perhaps indigo blooms

stiff beside the styx as the ferryman coos about inhalation.
this token flower landscaping that doesn't hide anything.

all augmentations are told to drop their lizard-tail limbs.
receipts are not given for valuables at the strange counter.

an ss man is deep into his sales spiel. *you must only take a deep
breath in the chamber, that widens the lungs;* bellows like a pastor.

the hackenholt-foundation is false. the diesel engine breaks
down with the sound of sobbing. *hauptmann* wirth belts them.

two hours later combustion begins. the motor runs for half
an hour to make sure there are no faults. gases flee as ghosts.

kurt can tell the families for they are hard to pry apart. standing
they form tight circles of completion. commands throw children.

two dozen dentists prise after the sorting of gold & non-gold.

death is classless. they are upset working with oversized tools.

the corpses are planted in messy rows & bloat like a melon
patch. dead from the trains are grave-robbled a second time.

when they vine-shrivel days later, gravel is raked over them
to a depth of ten centimetres like tending a golf sand trap.

kurt leaves next morning on the first train. tells the swedish
ambassador everything. the holy see asks the ss officer to leave.

at his trial the judges say it was not enough; becoming an ace
at disinfection, diverting prussic acid & the odd prayer to god.

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States of Poetry

a found sonnet sequence

(i)

dynamic

brilliance

amidst

nature.

illusion

shifting

in

poetry's

sideshow.

imagination

argues

ways

to

begin.

(ii)

anthologies

trace as much as what is

illusion, that they set

recurring

snapshots

where

assemblages

fight.

bickering

re-imagines

&

enacts

mapped

convenience.

(iii)

deeper

connotations

secret

angles

about

burgeoning

lineage

slashed &

cut

in different

ways.

this

forms

those ways.

(iv)

maps

suggest

affairs

by

thinking

just six

for this

even

the

stellar

two

have

an array of

new.

(v)

old

suggestions

remake

paths

from
resilient

energies

&

waywardness.

gossamer
conversations

unravel

the

energies.

(vi)

rewriting

earlier

afterglow

provisional

undertow of

music
sampling

its

own

spindrift

& language.

they insist on

space they take

vital signs.

...

States of Poetry Queensland

- Series Two

a found sonnet sequence

(i)

luminous
statement
continues
a collusion.
things
always
heading towards
why we
describe
the loop the arc the fence.
endlessly relived
when
writing
is like writing.

(ii)

never
go
or
generate
a poem
through the body's
fire.

physically
the
assemblage
keeps unsettling:
secret
well-wrought
meteor.
(iii)
like
a hand
poems
are
converse with
memory.
therapist's
taking
tweets.
ted bundy
is
energy.
just
thrilling.

...

Your Job is to Protect the Vulnerable Amongst Us

Your job is to protect the vulnerable amongst us.
You think diversity is a river that should be dammed;
The age of entitlement is just white for the potus.

Holly from Miami F.L.A. became your transgender focus.
She hitch-hiked across the U.S.A. only to be slammed;
Your job is to protect the vulnerable amongst us.

All Muslims you know, are terrorists in the fetus,
So immigration from the axis of evil must be banned,
The age of entitlement is just white for the potus.

This is evidence-based, you used twitter's omnibus
To reach your conclusion that certain words be canned.
Your job is to protect the vulnerable amongst us.

It isn't science-based either to celebrate Christmas,
And moving capital cities doesn't always go as planned.
The age of entitlement is just white for the potus.

And you, my President, there in your sad office,
Splutter, rage, as fake news about you is fanned.
Your job is to protect the vulnerable amongst us.
The age of entitlement is just white for the potus.

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