

Five poems by Michael Dransfield (1948-1973)
previously uncollected and unpublished.

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five poems by

Michael Dransfield

H

but the room is hostile territory
the door irrelevant

it's no good

it's no good even
ringing for service
there is a revolution

and it's no good in bed
all i want is sleep and you
with your translations
paging through all seasons
and the four dead hours of night

i am tired of you

i ride through open country
a horse appears on the road
but the road has bored me dreadfully

i have no fear of falling
and lie with the wheels spinning
over my head

where is the good fairy
this time i've done it

but my eyes roll
they will frighten him

plunge a silver
needle in
useless to try your epigrams on me
i'll .. nothing .. useless to try

17/I/72 – 6:43pm



Yerrinbool

The pepper trees are ancient
some are dying
they are huge
they rest their weight
and shadow on the homestead
their death implies an end of what has been love.
Owl skull hillside
desolate as churches

you are in a room
with full and empty bottles on the table
and full and empty you consider
death the place where living brings you
in a tumbril drawn by nightmares
to the tomb you have been building.

5.X.'69 -10:26pm

The Walk In Space

winter
here went
t see
bruce (he
sells furs &
d known tracy well
got a red
fox fur old
kneelength
met m friend
we made love
under my fur and me
there's an inside
pocket
met m connection
& caught onto some
rather freaky stuff
today
might walk thru town naked
& fix in a church & lie down
in a park with a friend

6.VIII.1971 - 9pm

One Commitment at a Time

nothing keeps me
from inertia
nowdays i
drift around
see the sights
make banal
wordgroups
spill crumbs or
little white caps
it's really very
picturesque

poems come out
turdshaped & you
can see what the poet's
been reading
kingfisher plays
saxophone it's
fine to listen
spaced & sort of
dance

select
yr partners
this is a
survival epoch
look around it's
really happening

if you clash keep
out from under their
wheels wear no
badge & learn how to
vanish

4.VIII.1971 - 7:23pm

Why

I write poems
to trick
people into
thinking I'm sane
I'm through with
fucking art
I do it for a
reason.

1972.ii.4 - 1:45pm

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Bareknuckle Books will be publishing a collection of the Unpublished & Uncollected works of Michael Dransfield. This is a small selection of the large body of work Michael Dransfield left for his future readers.