

POOR DREAMS

Berwyn Lewis

All these keys, keys, people jumping ravines

Are you down there? he asks.

'No, I'm up here, no I'm up here, no I'm up here, she screams. People writing about themselves in faint Edwardian tones, listening for the stealthy tread of cockroaches on stones.

Pity the whore and damn the chic, I'm not having any of their shit.

Now come on, let's not get serious. I'm really talking about old *Chain Lightning*. You know the man? Used to be around about 6 months ago. Won't talk to me no more.

And now we sit around a lot, re-enacting our dreams on cold marble tops, lovingly polished to a whiter sheen. A white nurse's cap sits on their heads and that's where you go to scream.

Hello, Mummy, Poor Paw, how's he? Remember me? I'm Topsy Turve. Isn't it incredible that I had the nerve. Well folks the performance is all yours, take it home with you or leave it inside the door for the roars. Stock sentences, censorship and crippled art. Are you crazy? You're not going to fly that machine? But old *Chain Lightning* always did it for a girl who wore a sweetheart neckline and had the cutest pair of bows.

There's a ghost in there, in me, I've got to get it out, take a look at it if you can so I can see it in you and like you for it, I suppose. I suppose. I love the stage but we're all so working class at heart it's the tradition we've been taught and we're all acting it out in the most absurdly snobby tradition it's nothing more than fuckin' middle of the road. Our language is incomprehensible and we have everything in little boxes, even our morals are bonsai so we can fit them in. It's gunna be chick to speak proper'n all

and if you don't go Fascist you might as well walk. Our girls are called Janet and they wear plastic side clips in their hair, they have awful faces that they hide behind radios. They listen to tapes and read comic strips of Mr & Ms at home.

At home they sit back to back in their His'n'Her banana chairs. They're reading the Sunday news and taking coffee on their 3' wide sundeck on top of their mews called P's and Q's (or Naffomania). It's really 1983 and this is the Right Wing Squadron Captain at home with his woman. The garden was specially landscaped by Zennon (he branched out from hair). The tallest trees are at the front and in neat rows, going towards the back of their long sundeck the trees are in long lines going down and each tree is about 6" smaller than the one in front of it creating an optical illusion of a forest. Here in the main street of madness there is an illusory forest of a grandeur never dreamed of in the country. This one reaches into a line of Taubman's green hills which slope and roll gently towards the setting sun. Between the rows of trees there are rows and rows of flowers all matching each other and the paintwork on the walls of the house. Ms turns to Mr and says, *you know Darling* (this is over her shoulder), *you look awful*.

He turns his head over his shoulder and says, *so do you My Dear*. With that they raise their elegant coffee cups and say, *Schol*.

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