

Three Poems from Letters to Dr Dee

Bohai Gulf

there are no gulls

and out there on the horizon
the world is being emptied
by steel syringes

no wonder it lies
with its hands upturned
on the blankets

staring into space
counting the stars
on the ceiling

First published in *Takahe* (1990).

coal frog

(for Tom)

cradled in a hole
deep in the coal pile
a frog

quivering

the flashing square-mouthed
shovel just missing
splitting it in two

dull where
its vulcanized brown
gleamed through the black dust

silent and staring
suffering itself to throb
in the cup of your hand

one of the sea of whistlers
that makes the evenings shrill
different here

indescribably ugly
dragging everything
into the alien yellow
line of its eyes

the day
the soft rain
the startling beauty
of your wonder

as if you had
suddenly found
yourself holding
your own dark &
palpitating heart

First published in *Matrix* (1988).

dump toad

it is ideal really
my striped back hid
among decomposing
striped strips of
watermelon rind

my brown clatter
among rattan blind
& brown polystyrene
smutched with clay

and when it rains
all rusts and rots
to my toadishness
I am blessed in all
that blets to my blots

hossanahs I croak then
of eggshells & bottletops
peelings I praise and
parings

for blessed am I
in all that comes to me and
with all that comes to me such

quantity of delicious amethysts:

flies the flies the flies

First published in *Plainwraps* (1988).