

## Appropriate

by serge *Thursday, Jan 15 2015, 9:42am*

international / poetry / post



it seems i have never  
behaved or conformed to  
appropriate cultural values

i was not invited to my father's cremation  
-- he wasn't buried cos he blew his brains out --  
but what really killed him was a Doris Day record,  
"Once I had a Secret Love,"  
and the sexual stench  
of my mother who didn't have the decency  
to bath or shower after her filthy liaisons,  
i was only 10 but had a sense of smell  
like most mammals

i remember the night my weak-as-piss father suicided,  
my slag of a mother took me to her stinking lover's room  
with one mattress on the floor and fucked him with me in the bed  
i was still in shock from that Doris Day bullet to the side of the head  
-- that sick, unimaginable episode was worse than her stench sticking to my nostrils  
as she waffled down the hall of our Bondi flat rubbing death into my drunken  
father's back where his spine should have been

i have yet to determine what is really appropriate in society;  
i ride large bikes over 120mph regularly, playing chicken with police  
the pigs have never been a challenge, morons!

i used to climb around towering apartments in the city  
45 stories up without a safety harness cleaning windows  
but i knew exactly where my hands, arms, legs and feet were at all times

the psychologists have a lot to say about my need to cheat death on a daily basis --

i have become expert and have been doing what i do for decades,  
their behaviour is so appropriate and predictable i should actually inform them what i really think,  
but they are a useful study tho unaware they are the object of my analysis --  
it helps me navigate conservatism and others that know no other existence

except living by prescription, in a 'box' of someone else's making -- poor 'normal' fools!

yes indeed, my experiences catapulted me so far away from normality  
it became imperative that i cultivate a finely honed persona in order to re-enter  
society on my terms and do my work, which is -- see if u can guess

if u met me in real life u would scoff, what a disgraceful 'kitten' of a man,  
but you would never imagine that i am armed with the heart of a lion,  
the stealth of a dragon and the teeth and claws of a tiger burning in the night

have u determined yet that i not only survived my parents and numerous other abuses and injustices  
but have thrived and become something of a freak  
in that i refuse to tolerate injustice of any kind and constantly dispense justice  
to those most in need

how thoroughly inappropriate you would say but then what do you really know?

i am currently about to turn the world on its ear -- catch me if u can but u have no hope  
what does the appropriate know of the inappropriate?

maybe i should have mentioned my Intelligence Quotient but then  
it would have been too easy to track me down but do not be too sure of anything,

rely on ur government and Fox news for information and the truth about the world around you

is it a crime to kill what is already brain-dead -- you tell me?

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1435.html>