

## gloria

by lynx *Friday, Oct 26 2012, 1:03pm*

international / poetry / post

gyrate and twist, gloria --  
from that time u first danced  
on the window sill  
of the Saloon bar at the Pigs;  
staffies, reefers and pool  
till dawn  
me so shitfaced i couldn't fuck  
if i tried - tho u did all the trying  
then wisely gave up  
i was a dope fiend first  
nothing came between my dragons  
dreams and muse  
tho u came closer than anyone b4 or since

u made a lasting impression  
which is more than i can say  
for the simple minds  
and shallow types of today,  
Oz culture is going backwards  
where has all the substance gone?

re-colonised by America with the  
treasonous assistance of Howard,  
Rudd and Gillard  
the rough edge of Oz  
has been ground down  
to avoid abrasing  
our new colonial masters  
fuck 'em!  
there is nothing more detestable  
than a mass murdering,  
civilian killing, cowardly yank

move ur mobile hips  
gloria  
outdo them all --  
u sat on my face until  
i nearly asphyxiated  
u worked my body with ur mouth,  
tongue and throat  
until i almost exploded

few since could match ur  
directness  
and lithesome talents

dance, ...  
move serpentine,  
along the entire length  
of my mind/spine

flaunt everything u have  
and u had plenty to flaunt

who knows,  
one day u may trip over  
this piece and recall  
with fond memories  
how u consumed every man  
u fancied;  
Oz nights, wild abandon  
and you,  
gloria

🔊 [Gloria - Them](#)

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-202.html>