

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](#)

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