

Bushwalk

by cyd Sunday, Dec 17 2017, 6:48pm

international / poetry / post

rolling around the voluptuous hills
searching for the coolness of a secret valley

moving deliberately, tho i wish
sometimes i could race with carefree abandon,
not so in these virgin hills and hidden valleys
where the unwary easily come to an abrupt end

the grasses are riddled with serpents, most of which
are venomous, welcome to Australia --
and if the snakes don't get u the aggressive black
funnelwebs would, and if they miss ur soft inviting flesh
its red-back cousins would give u a terrible toxic
episode tho few die of a redback bite
but another creature is what i seek

the toxic spur of the duck-billed p-pus
only in Oz do mammals lay eggs
then suckle their hatched young,
monotremes to be specific

sometimes i feel a twitch in the centre of my forehead,
i'm always on the alert for a dick growing
out of my forehead,
this strange land infects everyone

i release my real dick from my shorts
to take a hissing piss, the hiss created
by the jet stream on the bark of a gum
and notice the gum trees here have
fissures similar to vulvas
some of which are hollow
allowing rare and endangered parrots to nest
and squawk for their mates
to regurgitate food for their young

pissing is an experience in the bush

finally i stumble on a hidden gorge
that hosts prehistoric pine trees
that clone themselves rather
than bother to exchange DNA,

create seeds then hope they take root,
why bother with pollination
and the exchange of essences
here --
and to think that these trees were only discovered
recently, tho the entire area around had been logged for decades,
gorges offer a haven for the peculiar, i am in my element

where is it? rocky outcrops offer little vantage
tho to my surprise i see a patch of wild cannabis
maturing, so i divert and find a female
with sticky buds ready to seed,
what luck

i fill my pockets with the sticky buds
hoping to cure them later but impatience
overwhelms so i find a hollow twig,
it will do, and stuff an entire bud
down one end, and light a fire
from dried twigs which act as matches
suck and cough, cough and suck until
i'm shit-faced, bush walking has its rewards

whoa! these green buds pack a punch so i recline
disturbing two scorpions under a small rock,
fuck it, i'm too stoned to be concerned,

the clouds seem to breathe swirling above me
tho i wonder about the tinges of crimson and violet;
a little agitated i stumble forward and trip thru
bushes which were hiding the valley i sought

its steep slope presenting a challenge,
no problem i imagine, until i trip and stumble
to the bottom, neatly etched out of the ground by
a gurgling creek over the millennia, the perfect
habitat of the p-pus, not that i would attempt
to handle a male in this state

spinning, i stretch out and flake

when i regain consciousness its twilight
so i decide to camp here for the night
and boil a billy with tea and pulverised
buds -- refreshing, soothing and physically exciting,
this is good shit for wild bush weed

now i'm challenged with an unwanted throbbing erection
so i finish the brew which only further aggravates my cock,
which is now ready to explode, what do i care, it beats wanking
so i focus elsewhere and tend my campfire

the mosquitoes are having a field day they are attracted to
the blood of those animals in heat emitting various scents
from their pores

i learned from the indigenous to accept annoying insects
when too tired or incapable to prepare the usual protections
thick smoke from a green fire and clay mud, which i luckily find
by the creek and rub on my exposed skin

the creek gurgles in the dark, various nocturnal animals
and perhaps snakes make their way thru the wild grasses
and brush foraging for food, seeing with their tongues;
who cares, tho a wrong thought would tip me into paranoia,
so i stay cool with a hot cock, which refuses to
relax?

i become accustomed to the sounds of the night
and flake again

squawking parrots rouse me to consciousness
the next day, i boil a fresh billy with more pulverised bud than tea
shit-faced first thing in the morning, but out here,
hidden, i relax and munch on protein bars and other sweet goodies
none of which ease the pressure in my groin

u are probably wondering why i don't have a wank,
well u should know that it screws a good head stone
so i accept the pressure of an almost permanent erection
now attempting to burst thru my pants

familiar bush sounds are interrupted
by the faint sound of chuckling and laughter,
i must be tripping, no way i think
until three young feral girls
emerge from the bush to a natural pool in the creek
a short distance from my camp
they relieve themselves of their loose clothing
and wade into the creek thigh deep

if they turn they would see me and as soon as thought
they turn, see me and burst out laughing, of course i'm still stoned
and take it personally, relax one says, we noticed someone
tampered
with our plants and judging from that rabbit in your pants
it must've been you

sorry i say, i thought the patch was wild,
no matter one responds come join us

ummm, that would be a bit difficult,
my rabbit would be a problem,

forget it, the cool water will do u good
so i strip and join them at the natural pool
tho with the younger one in hysterics,
no, the erection was unaffected by the water
so i jus let it be, tho the ferals view it differently

it would now be a good time to end this piece
as i rarely venture into blue prose,
suffice to say the rabbit got away

after which we all sat, spent and smiling sipping
my brewed tea and watching the shimmering scintillations
of wild flowers quivering in delight in the cool valley breeze --

just another average day in the Australian bush

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3057.html>