

## Debt

by quinn *Wednesday, Feb 27 2013, 10:11am*

international / poetry / post

what do u do when u owe  
and the person/s u owe  
are gone,  
yet  
all debts require settling?

to whom should i pay  
the debt i owe, a spectacled beat  
reading zen poetry aloud in  
darlo road,  
or Rosalene pretentious witch  
who just stared at me while i stared  
at her friends?

i remember  
spike, fizz and rado  
they allowed  
me to sit at the table while they  
discussed Satre,  
existentialism, minimalist art  
poetry while  
sipping espresso  
and popping dexies

it all registered on me decades later  
memory is a wonderful thing

this world was a refuge  
away from drunken  
fathers and mirror-addicted mothers  
who never touched me in anger or affection

i loved to visit the coffee shops of East Sydney  
guitars, small percussion  
poetry readings

it might as well have been outer space  
it was so far removed  
from the 'normality' of the times

'a little dab 'll do ya'  
booze and gang bangs,

my friend's sister  
14, would take on seven or more  
desperate teen boys who had heard  
of her reputation --  
catholics sexualise kids far too young  
by drawing attention to sin/genitals

boys happily waited their turn  
and laughed at who got slops, went last  
-- a young cunt full of cum  
don't blame me i'm only the poet  
while her brother and i chewed gum,  
blew bubbles and watched disneyland in '58

herds of roaming drunks,  
vagrants now after serving  
in WWII, would sleep in vacant lots  
on cardboard using broadsheet news for warmth

two 'big kids' that must've missed out  
on my friend's sister  
were flippin' their dicks in a lot  
urging me and nicky to do the same  
we didn't comprehend  
dicks were for pissing at our age

we watched as one undid the belt of the other  
drew down his pants, exposing white buttocks,  
then shoved his dick, wet with spit,  
up his friend's arse - who let lose an, ouch!  
serves him right

who do you pay?

so much refuse in the slums  
but the beats saved my life  
they were radical, creative  
and didn't mind a 9yo  
sitting listening intently  
trying desperately to understand

well now i comprehend and give it all back  
but post-modernised  
i repay by using the skills  
they implanted in my head  
all those years ago;  
subvert the powers, the avaricious pigs  
the forces that devastate and ruin  
bring them down

i am an artist

not writing haiku  
or brushing strokes on rice paper

my warm-breasted girl  
rests her head on my shoulder  
as i write and publish  
almost in one movement,  
a skill i learnt in '58  
from the beats in darlo road

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-428.html>