

## Returning to Oz

by ryall *Thursday, Jun 13 2013, 12:48pm*

international / poetry / post

on the roof  
of my wagon  
in the red centre  
turning slowly  
a full  
three sixty degrees --  
space,  
endless space,  
one is loosened  
by this openness  
ancient  
magic  
land

originals initially  
inhabited this haunting  
place  
they were always here  
until missionaries  
destroyed their dreaming  
singing  
dancing  
and hunting

no longer do they  
etch their lives  
in timelessness  
paint under overhangs  
the women now wear  
dirty frocks  
the men, once hunters,  
wander aimlessly  
not here, not there  
nowhere,  
hell for Aborigines

most are gone  
though spirits remain  
always

the land reclaims the originals  
murmurs at night

syncopated songs  
the desert wind carries  
the drone  
of ancient didgeridoos  
and the whack  
of percussion sticks

the ground vibrates  
to the thud and thump  
of stomping feet

i climb down  
and check the radiator  
carefully wrapping  
a cloth tightly around  
the explosive cap

my girl sits  
with her feet on the dash  
sarong open  
revealing her crotch  
she must be feeling insecure  
attempting to reel me in  
with her cunt

it's no use though,  
once freed  
no flesh is able to lure  
my spirit back to corporeality

my quintessential self  
awakens and unites  
with the dreaming  
the world of origination and  
continuation

my girl lowers my shorts  
she is expert,  
a fellatrix

getting my cocked sucked  
in the desert  
is incongruous  
no need of flesh prisons  
or transient titillations  
here

spirit is stronger than flesh

i am returning  
to the South

from India  
where i learned  
detachment, dispassion  
and ritual austerities  
all designed to release spirit  
from body,  
consciousness from mind

it was easy drifting into  
timeless dreaming  
following ancient paths/rhythms,  
murmurs and the drone  
of didgeridoos

prehistoric fauna  
and mythic creatures,  
amalgams of many species  
some without eyes  
but able to see  
inhabit the dreamscape

odd exaggerations  
of the human form  
perfectly adapted to  
the dreaming  
arses with faces  
singing sphincters  
talking cunts  
and dancing cocks

my girl realises  
i am going  
she relents  
releasing my cock  
-- wet with her saliva --  
and allows me  
freedom to join  
the corroboree  
the timeless dance