

Dad's Borneo

All the grog's gone.
 Brew up trumpets.
 War is for waiting. Never
 stopped what we did.
 Ages pass us yet we listen
 itching for our faraway.
 Time written in the record's
 wrong. In pocket letter's
 decomposing. Battle
 everywhere, jungle in rifle
 sights. Dropped perch to earth,
 the monkeys seeing things
 see us. Toy with a stillness
 of enemies facing, not quite.
 Soldier falls from his tree, I fall.
 Wake in the skull house.
 Brew up no trumpets.
 The waiting is war.

Dad

man with chainsaw sought
 for primal scene

a beer drowning, gut sweat
 great strides show

he is a voice at first
 far as time's extremity
 aside of where I'll be
 – a cure

his winter's wood
 to frame those blows
 to catch at chimney walls come light

and nails blacked deftly scratch
 the hairs in which air noses
 the presence of no one over this paddock

that is a knowledge rendered me
 one step inside you'll always stand
 knowing this arcane resolve

skies open on
 it does no good

o gather close you mute attenders
 hear my paradoxes, pleas

and soon the dark folds
 fortune brings
 fat the road behind
 to whistling
 itself

o father forgive
 the shed throws this spirit

it's then the kookas sing

old keys and the form dry
 type is worked home

one cycle

I learned to walk
 because it was expected
 spoke as per schedule
 sleep came to me of course
 I went to school
 and got the basics –
 wife, religion
 military service
 rose to the right level for me
 demobbed came home
 to the Bible yellow
 that was a ripe old age
 in which the stars
 were something piercing
 they told the last
 of truths
 with me
 I'm not prepared
 to share

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