

## SEA DREAM

blue white speckle flakes of atomsmashed flak  
pale wraiths of mind mist curl and snake silently seaward  
caressing translucent boughs of brilliantine trees  
pulsing poplars pining evergreens and stoic oaks

fingers of moonlight stir webs of fog  
bubble splash murmur of sea tongue  
kissing stone and slapping sand  
ocean song in gentle cadence  
rhythm of babble  
burble of tides

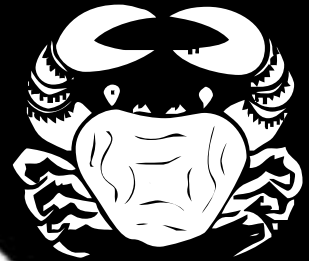
whispering crustaceans and mollusc murmurs  
fronds of mermaid hair wave and sway  
a dance of loss and grieving  
low and slow and in the tow of seashell crown  
topaz amethyst and ruby round  
spiralling spires above carapace brown

seaweed forest and ocean pollen  
obscure a coral sarcophagus  
a slumbering figure  
imploring eyes blue green and jaded  
beam out from grey paste face

fringe of fish feed well  
on the flesh of misadventure  
regret and longing  
meanings and reasons  
are particles that drift and merge with  
the eternal sea

bloodless lips frame voiceless pleas  
that no one hears here down below  
where plankton dance and  
swirl and land to rest on  
bloated tongue

*n matijasevic*  
13 october 1994  
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## STONE TOWN

junkies smack the footpath chinese hot bread tattoo parlour  
laundromat brothel clinic cardies beer and bourbon karaoke tracksuits  
saunter over bludging cigarettes madmen dance across the road valley  
people slap their knees chug a lug and swing their keys sell a gun to buy  
a bullet track the malls sweetly stoned credit card leather wallet  
bookshop cd half price sale look at all the straight edge stooges spend  
their money gratefully thank the boss for a damn good job the coins  
you chuck to someone who needs them blind drunk busker bears holy  
badges moans and chants lemurian cantos on the fringes frantic sons of  
someones dealer show their knives to police patrols and racist swine  
blame wogs and slopes for everything remember when you could leave  
your back door open and post war manna fell from heaven these kids  
they live on the street some smack the footpath have more kids take  
trains to town pull into after school care and hey mate got any change  
eight to ten of them look you in the eye walk on know the street swim  
its currents appear natural no wanker ever lasted long on the streets  
lanes parking lots and park bench bunks these kids they hang and  
drink out front of the train station see their mates campfires under  
bridges pulling billys beer and bourbon down the river fishing for inner  
tubes and fuck this shit man this is boring what the fuck is there to do  
when sunset never lingers in stone town it just goes the fuck down

*n matijasevic 19 january 1998*