

## Four Poems

### *Dan Disney*

#### **Countrycide (after John Howard)**

A small man combs an under-regulated eyebrow and brays like a  
mule  
into the island wind. Grins as apparatchiks firesale heirlooms with  
bombs  
falling thru headlines. Transactions process while groupthinkers  
gaze greyly  
from the hillsides of mortgaged content. There is a chorus of  
mulenoise now;  
telephones clog with the whisper and guffaw of it. Paddocks and  
vases  
sprout perennials while donkeys echo in televisions. The beam-  
ish sun alights  
on cities dulled with the shuffle of hooves. The sky is a wing-filled  
thing  
bright above fences and the boatloads bobbing unwelcomely out  
to a low sea.  
The small man uncorrects an overbite and smiles smart as a  
haystack.  
Bankers and golfers nuzzle. Armies of carrots get tied to forests  
of sticks.



### Passing of the Farmhand Psychonauts

On blue-eyed mules they came  
trotting  
a little to the right of evening's unquiet middle.  
Some in the township stirred  
their cheesy gruel  
                    and watched dwarf trees  
                    not grow ('if it falls  
will it make a noise?') while learning tunes in Esperanto.  
Others of 'em  
                    steered their mind's pulse to ten megahertz or less  
                    as the rest of 'em pushed their squawking young  
                                    toward the nuzzle of fitted dreams.

Next day  
those of 'em digging holes outdoors  
  rubbed at their eyeballs  
and marvelled at the muleshit piled up high.  
                    Others of 'em just stared straight ahead  
                    in rocking-chairs  
                    as pigeons misnavigated into the side of a mountain.

**The Day the Devil Came to Town  
to Talk of Politics with the Youngsters ( A Play)**

(the audience has gone. A blackheaded giraffe gallops wildly out  
a sudden cleft in the stage  
[with lightning]. Saddled to it: a very small man with dark and  
pointy beard. They pull up together  
like the end of a bad conversation. He gnaws the heads off stale  
turnips. A ragged black feather  
sticks out his crooked wing. The giraffe mumbles in Latin as ho-  
munculi chatter on golems  
trailing out the void. The man can see [adjusting thick glasses]  
that even the dust has packed up  
and left. There is an eye at every keyhole in the universe. The  
man pulls on a plaid suit and hums  
a threnody then waxes down his hair and deals a hand of soli-  
taire. Everything pretends  
to sleep. This will go on for an exceedingly long time. Audiences  
may return when appropriate)

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