

'Star Eyes'

Ken Bolton

I am doing
all the usual things—

(am I such
a caricature?)—

'Star Eyes'
then 'Social Call'
playing,

reading Schuyler
'This Dark Apartment'—
waiting on this

new poem. Yesterday
I read, quickly, a
bio of Lou Reed

quickly written, too
(the familiar facts
surface)



email Pam, Laurie.

Laurie's advice:

remain calm

be yourself.

How is that

going to work!?

Send Pam

images for putative

board game

'Boogie In Front'

(Big Jay McNeely)

next.

The studio quiet.

Rain I can hear, falling,

on the grape vine,

Cath & Yuri's voices

murmuring next door

('Tondelayo'—I wonder

if I will drop this one,

when it comes to

typing up?) Day

two after Xmas

almost cool (maybe

in fact cool)

after the 40 degrees

of the big day. 'Little

By Little' now

a live version. I
recently saw
footage of him—

Junior Wells—

34 years ago
come, with
Buddy Guy to

impose himself on
the stage, succeeding
then backing off

cool again while
Guy ploughs on.
'Footprints', then

'Gingerbread Boy'
Where, asks Cath
are our hammers?

I show her.
Chooks to be fed.
I feed them.

Poem, how are you going?

The poem that ends
on a question. Like,
you come in the studio—

face a new canvas,
make some scribbles on it
some smudge, some scrawl

—(you're *Cy Twombly*?????)—

At any rate the
'canvas' is now besmirched—no longer
calling out—& you wander off,

time to kill.

Tho I like time (I'm
'in my element'—
but to what end?

Little Walter
Magic Sam, Art
Blakey, coming up)

KEN BOLTON is a poet and art critic—with degrees from the University of Sydney and the University of Adelaide. He has published over a dozen major collections of poetry and is regularly anthologised. His art criticism has been published in numerous magazines & collected in a selection published in 2010.