

25 06 09

And the world is twittering, ... the thrill is gone
His spirit is lingering in the electro-fog of never never land,

When you wish upon a Star
...makes no difference where you are

it's the last Friday of every month
Little Con - the land of improvisatory dancing lands
In downtown Fitzroy.
Cecil st.

Bikes arrive,
Safety lights flash to off
Wheels chained
Moored to Residential Priority Parking Poles

Shoes abandoned at the door,
Coats unbutton
Its warmer inside

Outside the moon
A Turkish silver crescent
Hangs in a short winter night

Seats are sat, fleshed
the chat slows to silence

Rest in peace Michael Jackson states MC, - Dianne Reid introducing the nights guest stars luke, jade, grace, caroline and joe and one inter stater David who doesn't show.
Regular Con artists - Dianne, Shaun, Anne-Marie, Joey on LX and Paul not here home in bed at rest

Live sounds on strings and things by sonic improvisory Barry Hill. Playing his Bulgarian pre C19 three string converted double bass to four. Hellen sky on keyboards - MAC OS X 10.4.11

Shaun, starts in still dark

Fingers signals in the pink afterglow, tempting the bass,
..... stuttering, fall tap slap,
He skates like a pelican migrating to t horizon..
... lands at Wimbledon rebounding.
Marking something short of AFLabout so high and so wide.

He's a man coming in from the cold,
A soldier captured between hands in a fiery pressure prayer..
Flicked away forced back through a turn style door.

A close escape

He draws the Maverick's card
And settles to cushioned rest.

Anne - Marie, backs away down wards,

Its under hand,
Somewhere behind
No its under her foot

He Plucks up
A swankish strut .. mustering a rapping up

A little more salt please Jack,

She's caught
Unbuttoned
Perhaps
too close to wriggle away

Nuzzle, to knee

this could be an end,

..... ah ha

She's up against the wall in an angled avoidance

Heights held,
... notes held in air in the lingering dusk

Jade & Luke telephonic mini mobile bits and bytes

Chattering and bowing
Pushing swerving to the curb
Slips slides black,

Wheres the taxi, ?

Shes catching a glimpse sideways
Holding a telescope

..... then gravity rolls towards them

Sittings sounds and sighs,
Toes pressure the strings,
Lamenting.

When push comes to shove,

A tip toeing retreat brings them closer
Theres a kind of attendance,
Hes flirting with her neck,
Adjusting his shoulders
This might be the beginning of a fling,

Toes to knee, scrimp , sideways ...

A courting couple?

Its hip, in the hips... a kind of compulsion to get in the groove

We could be on Bleaker St.
Off Off Broadway,
In the gutter smoke.

A Spook,
A Pimp, A Count-ish stare
..this pair is cool in the groove

But its your turn to put out the rubbish honey, .

Dianne -Invigilating. – A vigilant watching A surveillance

Keep the snow coming Ben little Ben,
She ducks under the covers,
Folding in time,
In her black ski pants
Rustling memories

His snow white features, melting in snowland..
, . its so melancholic.
She
He is Tugging at the strings,
Strings, slapping
It's the culmination of many Michael moments

Chassé -ing away
A relief..
A gallop
to wheres my horse honey.?

She opens up her zip.
Shes hotting up ..
Its all there. In the costume,
Leaning sideways out the straps

She scatters, spinning, splatters invigilating,

Can you reach me?.

Lamenting the lack of lamé
Lar may
la maire

.
Scratching at my back, .
Not stopping all the details of the whole lot.

Backing back into working words,
The wonder of it all Ben my friend take my hand.. hold my head, my sobbing Ben.

Grace & Jo wades and waits, bass hoo arr

Dredging drones over hair taught tension down lower and deeper speeds chordacious, uncurling, flags pivot.

Sounds re wound high in harmonic dialogues angles her twitter,

A jointy hang on it's a bit damp under foot,

Torqued, stuck on the wirey fence fencing

I think not.

This could be a cool counter,

A fledgling, .. fingers some where near the ear, .. coaxing, casual, Aldantee. Tangled. . . . slapped. And suspended.

Hanging. in black, adjacent ,

Mouthing some past coalescing, here . understood alluded to.

Perhaps heroic, perhaps, melodic,

. sometime ago. It has been suggested she states that the world was ..

Angled slightly more fully to the heat.

They feel it through their hands, . still .. suggesting something other.

. filling the silence,

She can't remember what was going on .

Generations of gestures,

A recognition. Of paths shared.

Just there.

Its just there,

Where that man ate along time ago.

The bus passed by the river, of arteries, miles from the music.

Muscled from the hill,

underneath the working foot peddling base.

Strolling along the neck,

caught on the riffs,

the racket of ribs.

Adjusted by touch

the scalp, parts the harping,

curving around the waste.

Walled against wait.

Weight.