



consumable gifts



Janet Jackson

July 2011

Warning to Young Minds

This zine contains some poems relating to sex, a few 'swear' words, and a poem in which I get angry because a little kid is treated violently. If you or someone you obey reckon you're not ready to think about those things yet, you might want to stay out.

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For Coral

When we sat on the stage steps
you with your camera
me with my silence
and leaned on each other
I played with your irresistible hair
and I thought
people will think we are lovers
But I didn't edit my actions
Being true to oneself, even in the light, is more important
than anything people might think

Coral
Carter -
Poet,
Artist,
Friend.

Credits

Some of these poems were first published in 'Cottonmouth', 'Creatrix' (WA Poets Inc), 'Positively Geared Anti-TaxPax 2010' (Perth Poetry Club), 'The Broadkill Review' (USA), 'Fresh Poetry' (WA Poets Inc) or on the author's website Proximity at www.proximitypoetry.com. 'edit' was performed at the Bunbury Shorelines Festival 2010.

In my secret garden

In my secret garden

there are vegetables with peculiar names, strange shapes and
foreign heritage;
twisted herbs whose leaves and buds are functional in particular
situations;
fruits that are an acquired taste;
contorted bruise-coloured blooms.
I love and love and love them all,
talk to them, irrigate them,
reconfigure their habitats,
fertilise them, preserve their vitality.
Certain hungers need specific foods.

In my secret garden

all the plants are beautiful to me,
always, always, and occasionally
a wanderer appears who has been initiated
by genetics or experience
into the appreciation of the unusual, the non-obvious—

but most of my visitors don't see a garden.
They see a collection of quirky spiky things,
dangerous cycles, dizzying fractals, transmuted dreams:
the frightful unknown.
That's ok, I guess—
I don't want it crawling with people all day, anyway.
That's why it's a secret garden.
But it gets lonely.
So I visit their gardens.

But their gardens are so alike!
All plush swards, sculpted bushes, splashy petals
and I get bored and uncomfortable and hungry
so after a while I come home
to this odd foliage
and silence

"It's not art, but it
could be worth
\$1000" ..Transperth.

Talk to me, brother moon

Talk to me,
brother moon.

I cannot be another moon

I am a tree and a forest of trees
I am an oak; I have acorns and robins
My twig-fingers, roots and limbs,
seedlings and saplings and sap-boned friends
generate their noisy green all day

All day I am bedecked and bespangled by sister sun
Her fluff-clouds muffle me, fuzz me, obscure me,
then blow me bare
Her thousands of cameras regard me,
blinking their lizardskin shutters
again and again
and again

So find me,
brother moon.

When all the breathless butterflies
have fallen from their worn-out wings

When the busy squirrels are still in their hollows
dreaming their consumer dreams

When the squeaking beaks are voiceless
before the voice of the dark,
and their peacock-in-paradise fashions
are black & white like the rest

Look at me,
brother moon.

I cannot be another moon
and one moon
is enough

When the night is glassy and damp

When the wind is stilled to a moth's breath
and the moths with their grey-flannel dignity repose
on my well-wrapped trunk

When the odd owls
signal and silently hunt
When the wolves bring out
their clear eyes

When the ghosts of things are apparent,
the truths of things,
the feral amoral open mouths
of things

Limn me,
brother moon.

I will inhale your lupine light,
taste its plain taste, like deep-cave water

and shiver these starry shivers
and gleam this wyrd gleam

and sing this mossy song I have kept for you.

NOT
MORE
POLITICAL
POETRY!

breath

brush with that nightskin this dayskin.
tangential coatmerge. totem furs.
chimpgirl. panther.

chill chubby sunmemory, thinlimbed mist.
faintly known. vibrational. space-hung.
zone. locus.

taint inspiration, carnal miasma.
turning. pacing. turning. pacing. focus.
flash flood of star-mangled breath

just outside the scent markers of the gang boss
just outside the territory of the tribe
as they sleep. snoring. gone. I alert,

both eyes scanning,
skin stretched wide

he says
when they were younger
he had a crush he loves
her voice and
her poet's words
her poet's words
so I
watch the clip

she has long black hair
a short black dress
too much mascara for that
industrial area for those
scrubby dunes for
all that sand for
anywhere in daylight, really
she's indie alright she's windblown
and lonely and her voice is
smoky

it's true
about her words
and I dig the guitars
but
her voice is a
tailor and not
a rollic

and maybe that explains the
filmy mini and the
close-ups of her
arse and thighs

or teleport

wanna be outta
this chip-
board decons-
truction, this ar-
id plane of rep-
eated monoch-
rome tags, rust, car-
casses, wreck-
age, raz-
or sedges, death-
wish trees, com-
pacted, shallow, ac-
id dirt, shat-
tered stones, bone-
dry names

wanna pack up
my collected and selected
seeds, and those that have arrived
in the mail
and fly or walk or teleport
to a ground they can sink in deep,
be rained on (not reticulated),
and not be built, but grow

A nasty poem
containing
cigarettes.



He does not make words for me.

He does not make words for me.
He makes me a mirror,
frames it in jarrah.
He makes a coat-rack
for my long black coat
and the children's raincoats.
When I ask him to,
he installs tracks and poles
for my curtains, moves furniture
to where I want it,
devising solutions
to the problems engendered
by these eccentric walls.
On a mandolin,
with its pairs of strings
too taut for bending blue,
he plays music that shows me only
itself.
He asks me nothing
but the open question of skin.
He makes tea and toast every morning.
He does not make words for me.

The moon is not full as I look up
at three o'clock in the morning
trying to lead him by the hand
to my front door He will
not take my hand He puts
his hand on my butt
instead and we walk
to my front door
in the cloudbloom dark
having kissed and kissed I pause
and look at the moon thinking
it may be full But it's not
There's a big chunk
out of it and clouds
fuzzing and veiling it—
his halfclosed rolledback eyes
at four o'clock in the morning
as our hungry bodies
connect

I say I'm a poet
I look at the moon
But the moon is not full and he will
not take my hand

Towel Cakes

5th of October 2008. Capitalism is teetering, tripping, reeling.

At 1:25am on a Sunday morning I'm not at an anarchist punk gig. I'm awoken by a scream on TV. Samantha (12) has friends 'sleeping' over.

I get up, yell 'for fuck's sake, Samantha!', and go back to bed.

I dream the New York Stock Exchange is on fire—literally—and other financial houses across America.

I don't know if it's Al-Qaeda or spontaneous combustion.

We said 'bring a plate'.

Two of the parents get the Green Left Weekly. I hope for sandwiches, homemade popcorn, maybe crudites and hommus but it's prepackaged dips, may-as-well-be-empty packs of cornchips, single-use plates. I put out the rubbish twice.

In the post office

that has to survive by being a gift shop now that it's no longer a government service but a profit-making enterprise they're selling 'Towel Cakes': strawberry slices and chocolate rolls made from washcloths compressed and served in transparent plastic boxdomes. I pick one up. No recycling symbols. (For what they're worth, anyway.)

—\$9.50! and it's a *washcloth*, I remark to the senior woman queuing in front of me.

—Ridiculous, she agrees.

—And think of the packaging, the waste of resources, I add.

—They're going to have to do something about it, she says.

—There is no 'they', I say.

Samantha's birthday is International Women's Day. Mine is Buy Nothing Day.

← a GFC poem

Five dollar toothbrush

Yesterday I wanted to visit you bring you consumable gifts It's Christmas in the chocolate aisle of the supermarket They're flogging all that crap again to keep the desperate money-mill running I needed a toothbrush that's why I was in there But some of that chocolate's really nice and I thought of you: your tongue savouring the sweet melt I wanted to bring you a smile maybe touch you maybe not: only what you need today listen talk maybe not: only what you need today I mean whatever we could just sit and stare at the windows together just anything together would really be okay

I got the toothbrush for only a dollar It's just as good as the five-dollar ones and probably made in the same hellhole factory in some hellhole country

when you no longer use
that word
to mean
disempower
and that other one
to mean
victim
then maybe I will
believe

the confrontationist
warrior
agenda
the personal
vendetta
the entourage of quiet women
'FUCK AUTHORITY
FUCK THE POLICE
FUCK COPYRIGHT
FUCK THIS
FUCK THAT
FUCK YOU, CUNT!

nigtstick

Continued
overleaf

next to another
hellhole country
with people getting on boats
not planes
not even ships
boats
for Europe and Australia
and I guess they're not thinking
of visiting friends
or supermarkets
I guess
they just don't want to be raped and starved and shot at
any more
It's that simple
for those
people
I think the violence
and starvation
and the melting
are happening
because someone told me
and continues to tell me
I need a five-dollar toothbrush
but
it was 3pm
on a Tuesday
so
(using my Visa debit card)
I bought eight iced buns and two large mangoes
to feed to my beautiful
beautiful
children
and
in the evening
as Facebook showed me vanity publishing
virtual dating
and
other new skins
I deleted an email
from Amnesty
International
and left a comment
on your comment
on someone else's wall

How do you handle
- supermarkets?
- Social media?
- Information?
- Friends?

Read
'Parenting for a Peaceful World'
by Robin Grille. Longueville Redia 2005.
www.our-emotional-health.com/book.html.

How the fuck would you feel?

On a street of dead lawns, security grilles
bricks through windows
where St Vincent de Paul's have moved out
because of crime

I'm thinking about soldiers and guards.
Fire stakes, nine-tails,
gas chambers, rape camps,
waterboards.
Detention centres.
Deaths in custody.
Cell suicide. Paddywagon murder.

Along the footpath a young woman
pushes a stroller.
A little boy toddles behind her.
He strays too close to the road
as two-year-olds will.
She grabs his ear and drags him back.

Another few driveways, he strays again.
She picks him up by the hair
and the other ear,
lifts him through the air,
dumps him next to the stroller,
walks on, staring at the horizon.
I can hear him howling all the way up the street
as he toddles bewildered after her.

I want to cross the street and get in her face with
'Oi! How the fuck would you feel
if someone did that to you?'

but I suspect
she already knows.

Fly free

FLY FREE Beautiful Bird FLY FREE Though it hurts to watch you

Though my face aches for your feathers against my jaw and my ribs ache to be pierced again by your claws FLY FREE Stretch your golden wings

in the wind
Hunt in the city, the country, the sea FLY FREE while you can Fly free

forever

Once, twice—thrice
you allowed me to touch:
the balanced bones and muscles,
the stiff crest and soft down,
the intricate markings,
and behind the eyes bright light, electric storm FLY FREE Though it hurts to watch you

Though I wonder whether you truly enjoy your freedom
Whether its price is worth paying:
The squarking nest rejected
The distance put behind you
The trail of skeletons and rags
The empty tree, bare branches FLY FREE Though I ache to join you,

launch vertical, play, stratospheric, wingtip to wingtip, matching move
for wicked move, racing, twirling on thermals,
dipping and wheeling,
dropping and rising,
screaming and diving FLY FREE Take your meals

at all the garbage dumps of the world
and all the palace kitchens
Eat each as if it's your last
And let your shit fall
where it will FLY FREE!



Artwork by Hayley Eudge

Fly truly free! Escape your remaining chains!

My chains are made of the blood that runs in my veins and I can't get them off without dying.

How about yours?

↑ Yes, I know. It's a trite bird metaphor written in badly disguised pentameter. But I like it.

My Fave →
Spot the cliché.

Broken hearts rattle like shell-shards in a tobacco tin
Broken hearts rattle like shell-shards in a tobacco tin
The torture abuse
The shrieks of bayoneted babies
The groans of beaten babies
The noise of babies calling for love
The dead eyes of disabled babies
The silence of babies whose hearts are broken
In Uganda, where the warlords—
In Afghanistan, where the soldiers—
In Australia, where the preachers
and the books
and the fathers
and, bewildered,
the mothers
and the poets—
At the book launch
One hundred superior brains,
roughly level
in this vaulted room
You would think—
You would think we could—
Broken hearts rattle like shell-shards in a tobacco tin

Vaulted

FICTION!!
My actual
mother is far
more
enlightened.

My mother said

not to put it in the dryer.
All that heat! all that wind!
Hang it under the verandah.
Don't go out to the laundromat
with its strangers, bad coffee, trashy magazines.
Stay home, stoke the kitchen fire.

My mother said not
to put my identity in the dryer
but I did
and it came up
fluffy and gorgeous.

Annamaria Weldon at Poets Corner

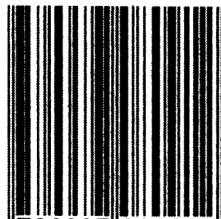
Stand still / in your black-
layer drapes / and black-
drape hair / glossed
and glossed / shoes / jewels / vowels

Stand still / do not move
your feet / to step / or trunk
to sway / Stand still
move only / your mouth
your face / your voice / and with care
your hands

Black-lashed Maltese widow
Of woman born, of world
Petite, but towering
when measured
in phrases

Stand still / at the mike / a rock
a tree / a seabird / a small
stone shrine / Stand firm
in your stream
of language.

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