

Dear Deliria

PAM BROWN's poetry has been published widely both in Australia and internationally. Since 1971 she has published many books and chapbooks of poetry and prose, including her most recent title *Text thing* in 2002. She has also written reviews, essays, filmscripts and theatre performance texts. Since 1997 she has been the poetry editor for the Australian literary quarterly *overland*. She lives in Sydney.

also by Pam Brown:

Books

- Sureblock* (Pat Woolley, 1972)
- Cocobola's Funny Picture Book* (Tomato Press, 1973)
- Automatic Sad* (Tomato Press, 1974)
- Café Sport* (Sea Cruise Books, 1979)
- Correspondences with Joanne Burns* (Red Press, 1979)
- Country & Eastern* (Never-Never Books, 1980)
- Small Blue View* (Magic Sam/EAF, 1982)
- Selected Poems 1971–1982* (Redress/Wild&Woolley, 1984)
- Keep It Quiet* (Sea Cruise Books, 1987)
- New & Selected Poems* (Wild&Woolley, 1990)
- This World. This Place* (UQP/ETT, 1994/97)
- 50 – 50* (Little Esther Books, 1997)
- Text thing* (Little Esther Books, 2002)

Chapbooks

- Little Droppings* (Never-Never Books, 1994)
- My Lightweight Intentions* (Salt/Folio, 1998)
- Drifting Topoi* (Vagabond Press, 2000)
- eleven 747poems* (Wild Honey Press, 2002)

Dear Deliria

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

PAM BROWN



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for Jane-i-o

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“I order you: RELAX”
JAMES SCHUYLER, *The Night*

I remember dexedrine. 1970

one of those days
i'm saying things
i don't usually say
and
verboballistic comets
are shooting
from my mouth
like films
run backwards
i race through the rain
like a rocket
to a dance hall
men and women there
are taking off
their shirts
and
they are friendly
but I wonder
what's inside them
ill in the head
by now
but not thinking
'this awful music'
'this stupid rain'
and then
there is something
the saxophone does
and I have to leave.
the taxi driver
looks right through me
and sees
the corroded rubber hose
that is
my bronchial tubes
i cough like a car
and

drop the money
all over the seat.
in the kitchen
i polish the brass taps
for a few hours.
on the table
a scrap of paper
where I have written
'the blank bullet
in the firing squad
is one image
i am sick of
i tear it up
and later
i feel i KNOW
what REALLY happens
between
dark and daylight
but i've forgotten
by breakfast
which i can't eat.

Straight all the length of me long

balcony boys
mothering their motors
and eating saveloys

ankle sox
& polka dots

700 teatowels marching backwards
up lygon street

Honky tonk sunset

the chickens

the guitar

the chickenshit

the lid
of the can
suspended
for the rifle

the fence

the chickens

the guitar

the chickenshit

Pastoral solipsist

an' the clouds
are gutherin'
oop on
i

Tree farm – Monbulk

the writing table
 supports
 two summer spiders

moved out now
 to department of agriculture
 poster country

the grass four feet high
 beautiful
a wonderland of ticks and snakes

evenings old songs

kookaburras
 watch ploughed ridges
 change colour at sundown

and no one working
 on the tree farm

Leaving

so now I have to pack my forests
and baggages.
so now I have to pack my eagles
and teardust.
and the way you talked to overflow
and the way you were so fast to change
into your many shades of sorrow
and the way you swept the miracles
away from your shabby gentility
and the way you trembled
as you chose the latest props

so hello attache case face
hello briefcase face
hello screaming suitcase

Capricornia

the red moon rises over the lake
like a giant motel sign

dead kangaroos hit and run
for miles and miles and sugarcane

the neatest farms in the east
and here i am in an o'nite van