

# **Death of the Lizard King and other poems**

**a collection of poems**

**by**

**alex broun**

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**Death of the Lizard King**

You can't see it from the path  
But it's there  
Squeezed in between the crypts  
And tombs  
A simple hunk of granite  
A brass square tacked on:  
"James Douglas Morrison"

No bust  
No statue  
No la grande monument  
Just dirty sand, neatly raked  
Covering scarred earth.

On the rock  
Above the plaque  
Sad flowers  
Yellow and Red  
Wilt in the midday sun

A security guard prowls by  
Eyes angry  
Gun ready  
Hurries along the eager happy snappers  
Grabbing memories by the Shaman's grave

They don't see  
Deep below  
Flaking in a crusty coffin  
The bones of the man himself

No leather pants now  
Hugging writhing crotch  
No beads  
No vest or unkempt hair

Just fibula and tibia  
Stripped of gristle and marrow  
Rotting quietly to the accompaniment  
Of ant and beetle

He was the Lizard King  
He could do anything

Millions knew his name

And now thousands still  
Make the pilgrimage  
Answer the call  
To that lonely corner  
Along Montmartre

To visit the final  
Tour Stop  
Of the man  
Who opened the door

Desperate to catch the magic  
One last time

To hear the secret whispers  
Scattered across unknown highways  
(Bleeding)

And all day they dig  
With dirty nails  
And battered hearts

Desperately retrieving  
The magic that lies buried  
But still very much alive

For them.

27

The rockstar's magic number

Jim Morrison  
Ian Curtis  
Janis Joplin  
Jimmi Hendrix  
Kurt Cobain

All dead at  
27

**The centre of the feast**

when I'm gone  
don't cover up my body  
as it lays silent  
on the cold barren stone

Leave my bones unfettered  
and paint a smile upon my face  
and do not cast your eyes down  
as you file slowly past

But tell jokes and laugh  
then listen  
to hear me giggle  
in response

And later hold not a mournful wake  
but a bulging feast  
and leave a chair for me  
middle of the table, centre of the fun

Make sure my plate is overflowing  
and my glass full to the brim  
For that is where you  
shall always find me

mouth full and belly laughing  
chortling away  
cheeks red pinched and merry  
at the centre of the feast

## The Whirlpool

Do you ever get the feeling  
Deep down inside  
That you're not part of the world  
Don't share the same space  
That you're just visiting for a short time  
From another planet deep in the void  
Where soon you'll return  
Where everything makes sense  
Where everybody speaks your language  
Where you're just not so weird

You see there's this guy  
It's like an episode of Seinfeld  
Although it's not all that funny  
For you  
Or him

I think I might go live in a convent  
And only come out on Sundays  
On every second week  
Of every fourth month  
Of every third year  
I just don't get it

You see when I was new born  
A little ball of crap  
In a crappy little crib  
Someone came in with  
Very fine sandpaper  
and they wrapped my body  
shedding the outer rim

They delicately rubbed off my  
Top layer of skin  
Shredded the outer rim

Leaving me naked, vulnerable  
Unprepared

So now I'm one skin layer short  
Ready to be kicked  
And she did just that  
Right in the cajoolies  
Middle of the sweet spot

I'm not in the middle of my life  
I'm watching it from the sideline  
I'm on the edge of the real (pool)  
Scared to put my toes in the water  
So why can't I just dive in ?

I'm an addict  
An alcoholic  
An obsessive love nut  
I'm gone  
I'm lost  
Down to my last cent  
Spent

I'm cornered  
I'm fucked  
Sucked in  
Sucked out  
Chundered

Maybe I'm just really tired  
I don't know if I can  
Keep my head afloat  
I'm slipping under the water  
Drowning in it  
Fast

Right up my bum  
Slipping from the rope  
The truth of my insane brain

I wish I had my own personal  
Wind up Jesus  
So I could wind him up  
And he could save me again and again and again

I'm outside the pet shop window  
Looking in  
At the stupid little puppy  
With his stupid little wet nose  
Squashed up against the glass

What you couldn't believe  
Always turns out to be real  
Impossible

Incredible  
Indelible  
Real

Once upon a time  
The veil slides back  
And you glimpse the true horror  
Of reality  
That usually remains hidden

Life without filters  
Full blown  
In sens-surround-sound  
Cinemascope  
35 millimetre  
Technicolor  
Dolby Digitalised  
Full on  
Unedited  
Uncut  
Frightening  
Fulsome  
Full Blown  
On top of you

I don't know if I can do it  
I don't know if I  
Can make it through  
This day  
Without You

I don't know if I can live  
One more hour  
One more minute  
One more second

One more breeze  
One more breath  
One more ray of sun  
One more glance

I can't breathe anymore  
Life has sucked all the air out of my lungs

I don't know if I can live  
Without You

I seem to be missing this layer of skin  
Because I feel everything so much  
Everything hurts so much  
Everything makes me so angry  
Happy  
Silly  
Sad

I just can't be outside it for one more second  
I'm always in the middle of it  
Drowning

There's something missing  
I lost a piece  
It fell out the window  
On to the road  
A few miles back

The weathercock on top of the stable  
The hoof of the horse  
The oar on the paddle of my little canoe  
The last piece of the puzzle that makes  
The whole crazy world make sense

May, 2003

**i don't really sleep anymore**

I don't really sleep anymore  
 Just prowl the hose all night  
 Fulfilling meaningless tasks  
 Washing and drying singlets at 1am  
 Eating dinner at two  
 Chops and re-heated pumpkin  
 Speckled with dijon mustard  
 Between three and four  
 I'm flicking channels between  
 New and sport  
 Motorcross on Fox 8  
 Russian Soaps on SBS  
 Turkish News  
 Afghanistan, Iraq, Zim  
 Walk up the stairs  
 Walk down them again  
 Walk up the stairs once more  
 Polish my shoes  
 Whiten my teeth  
 And just around 5am  
 When the milkman is delivering  
 His load  
 I scour the bookshelves  
 For French love poems  
 Turn the pages  
 Not even bothering to  
 Make sense of the words

I don't know the cause  
 Of my unending unrest  
 Concern for the world  
 Running wild at large  
 Pestilence  
 Famine  
 Terror on the loose  
 War war war

Is it absence of love  
 Or lack of inner peace  
 Or cause I just can't fit the world  
 Into my overstuffed head  
 Is it the weather  
 The moon and tide  
 Or the words behind my eyes

Tumbling on forever and ever  
Syllables without end

I don't have any answers  
For this creeping indolence  
Suffocating need  
That keeps me up  
Pawing the carpet  
Like a love sick cat  
Till first light mercilessly breaks

I don't even know  
Who I am anymore  
Where I came from  
Where I'm returning to  
Why I can't just  
Shut up my skull  
And be  
Just be  
In the moment  
At last  
Clear clean free

And when dawn does finally  
Blissfully arrive  
It's okay  
Because tonight  
Guess what ?  
I can do it  
All over again

**Julian Cope is dead**

Julian Cope is dead  
Bill Drummond said

But Julian didn't die  
He just went a bit weird

## The Man With The Gun

Last night I dreamt I was shot  
By this man with  
The biggest gun I'd ever seen  
A giant green revolver  
The colour of mouldy bronze  
With these enormous bullets  
That he needed two hands to load  
Into the gigantic chamber

He asked me to go outside  
With his enormous gun  
And I said "No thanks.  
Not with that gun"  
Which was understandable  
Sure

So he didn't hesitate  
He just raised his giant gun  
With both hands  
And shot  
Me

Through the chest  
Or was it the stomach  
Or the ...  
Put it this way  
He didn't miss  
And as I lay on the floor  
In my dream  
Bleeding torrents into the dirty brown carpet  
Now red

I thought "This doesn't hurt so much"  
But then  
It was a dream

Then I thought  
In my dream  
"What happens now?"

"Big gun, big bullet, didn't miss.  
I guess I'm done"

But then I thought

“If you dream that you die  
In a dream  
Then don't you die  
Out of the dream  
As well ?”

So I thought I better wake up quick  
And I did.

Leaving the man  
In my dream  
With the big gun  
To clean up the carpet  
Smiling

Waiting for me to  
Enter the land of closed eyes  
Again

(May, 2003)

**Marlene Off the Wall**

Suzanne Vega  
Wrote songs  
About  
Being lonely

Now that she's  
Not lonely  
Anymore

What will she  
write songs

about ?

**Ode to a virgin**

Madonna

Half of the world wants to sleep with you

The rest already have

**Why can't you just believe ?**

Why can't you believe  
 In something  
 Something that means something  
 Anything

You look like an extra from Eraserhead  
 You masturbator  
 You perpetrator  
 Of crimes against language  
 Against sound  
 Against sense

Give us the best thing you can give us  
 Silence  
 And then maybe we could believe again

Why can't you just believe ?  
 Why do you have to be so  
 Sardonic  
 Nasty  
 Crass

Why must you make fun of  
 Anything that frightens you ?  
 Turn it all into a joke  
 Wasting space  
 Offending time

Why can't you just believe ?  
 In hope  
 Forgiveness  
 Promise  
 Tomorrow

All of life's answers are not  
 In the bottom of your beer glass  
 You're not that funny  
 You're not that cute  
 You just use a lot of words

Why can't you just believe ?  
 A spiritual void  
 You're not dying  
 You're already dead

## **Ingmar Bergman's Art**

Ingmar Bergman's Art  
Consists of

Emotions  
Rhythm  
Light

In slightly different amounts

30  
I went to see a film about  
Ingmar Bergman

A documentary  
Covering his art

Personal  
Probing  
Intimate

Rhythm  
Emotions  
And light

Bibi  
discussing her pants

Eliot Gould  
full of praise

The man himself  
Surprisingly open

At at the end  
Everybody got up  
Quickly  
Quietly  
And filed silently  
Out

Awkward  
Embarassed

As if they'd just walked in  
On someone  
Having a crap