

## IN ANY WESTERN CITY

At 8 a.m. on the narrow stair  
The toilet weeping through the floor  
He climbs up to the rented loft  
To mount the tattooed whore

And all along the painted streets  
The living corpses stalk  
From the leatherboy bars to an alley  
Where the pigs are beating a wise-arse raw

Gerda, the third-rate dominatrix queen  
Rules our local public house  
At the bar she clocks a spineless man  
His arms wriggling like a pubic louse

One by one she takes these things  
To her place across the street  
Strips them and commits them to film  
Binds their testes to a leash

In an early morning café  
Over a book by Herman Hesse  
A whore-infected man across the table  
Still animated by Goldmund on the verge of death

From the late-night haunt Pinocchio's  
A dreadful couple lurch  
And stagger up the alley  
To copulate on the steps of St. Nicholas church

From the cradle of St. Olaf's chapel, a foundling  
Crawls like bacteria across the floor  
Bleating foetal in a piss-stained Sally blanket  
Spiked up at the locked and terminal door

As the once-pretty Glaswegian waitress  
Vacantly spreads her knickerless lips  
Unclasping the safety-pin from her second-hand pinstripes  
To gather in their morning matrimonial fix

As the brutal restauranteer from the poorly-run hole  
Ploughs his disillusion into her  
Her pinned eyes riveted to this defunkt order's portal to the Lord  
Inscribed with *Amor vincit omnia*

The transaction done they resume their trajectory for the sun  
Zeroing in upon a cold back-alley doss  
She with her incubitic babe beneath her wing  
He making their nest amidst the spikes at the last station of the cross

## **A SHORT HISTORY OF LUST**

*... esse delendam.*

*After Hans R. Vlek*

Mithras had forbidden unto Mani the dewy grape,  
even Augustinus, with Hippo, defended the law –  
The buttocked peach was only for the gods to take,  
and the asparagus, dear ladies, ask of it no more...

Fellatio and Cunnilingus, clowns from Ostia, south of Rome,  
went roving merry the flat globe round,  
Cunnilingus with a peach, and the good Fellatio  
with a creamy asparagus in his painted mouth -

Hippo went to ruin on the old Carthaginian shore,  
for an old Carthaginian shore is the best,  
like Tanit and Dido. And lastly, to rest,  
there's been nothing since then but lust and more  
lust and luxuria, three gilded ells high. And Vi  
behind a window, humming as her money multiplies -

## SCARAB

The Warmoesstraat is a seven-  
Hundred-year-old tapeworm  
In the belly of the bourgeoisie  
A mercantile street, lain  
Out from the river's dam  
To the harbour  
The houses, built on sand  
Now crane together  
Wearing a tickertape of colour  
Like a cheap boa  
The stiff-necked gables confiding  
How each is more shamefaced than the other

Because the children of this ghostly mother  
Have rouged her skeletal face  
And hiked her skirts  
And have scattered like a fistful of grain  
Across a field of stone  
From which springs hyenas  
And these twisted, pickled foeti  
Grow high  
Here in John Calvin's good earth  
To their necrophiliac mirth

I walk across the tombstones  
Of elegant ladies  
A sneer beneath a feathered *chapeau*  
Their decomposed, dissolute souls  
Hocking their cheap corpses  
Where once they traded  
In slaves, diamonds and gold  
Here in the bartered alleys around the Old Church  
Where the cheap tarts swivel in their short skirts  
As the bloated scarab of the city crawls from its turd  
And slithers as swift as continental drift  
To drink from the eye of the bay

Now follow the line of the city wall  
To the old harbour  
And hear the wails of the widows  
From the Crier's Tower  
Their men frozen like pearls  
Far away on Nova Zembla  
In the ice-fields of their greed  
Hearing the staccato of laughter  
From the sailors

On their lovers' hearts' radar  
In the taverns and brothels  
Beside the amnesiac water

Where over drifts the jurisprudence of crow-pecked cadavers  
Condemned by mayor and burghers  
For their misdemeanours  
And rent arrears  
Like the migrant girl  
Strung out in the centre  
The refusnik sex-worker  
Who slew her would-be parasite with an axe  
And who will hang till the bloated sack  
Of her womb bursts  
And gives birth  
To a city's more obedient daughters  
These soliciting cadavers  
That we now observe  
And before whose feet  
The supplicant painter  
Steps from his rented scull  
And kneels at his leeching palette  
As he hurries to cure a corpse  
But will testify only to the transience of the flesh  
Swifter than Mt. St. Victoire  
As it swivels from a gibbet in the wind  
While the skilled scalpel of the sun  
Perfects its canvas of flesh  
The pigments oozing and fresh  
As the portraiteer of death  
Genuflects  
In the cathedral of the evacuated breath  
And what was transacted for sex  
Now dangles from this phallus or cross  
As limp as a Dali clock

## **PORQ**

*After Hans R. Vlek*

Forgive them, these models from Porq with their perma-tanned tushies  
And their quims bristling with depilated hair,  
With nipple-rings dangling from their silicone titties  
To fire the inferno of the poor voyeur –

Ah, these girls from Porq, they like sir's penis,  
From the front and from the back, but they hate sir's pen.  
They may come from Sodumb itself, but they wave Gomorrah to  
Ta-morra, from Daguerre's pictorial chicken pen.

Oh, the snapshots from Porq, good for the open hearth,  
Full of crackling oak and a dollar or three.  
Their gleaming centrefolds could have been set apart  
By a Renoir or a Hendrick-less Van Rijn to be –

Ah, the tarts from Porq, slip them a generous portion.  
Feed them with photographers, for what the undertakers know is just too awesome.