



Michael Farrell

Sky in the Pie and Other Poems

↵sky in the pie↵

last slice
yellow snow
stop messing

We turn from his, Eyes,
to the arresting glow of anothers bum.
when, meaning ends the poem has begun,

The poem of his levitating body
the shadow blotch on his back; a different
jam of hands, forms noted by a post-ghost,
something cold in an envelope, maybe it was us.

Every time that you think youre thoughtless
you turn like a character to the Wings;

is the Creamy Grey man a wave?
A jumper in sneakers, a whale
with fin on a button.

You read more into a closed book.
The Words & moments bigger

poes ill, nothing to balance him
hes dirty but so are we,
the emperor of sweden calls with "gravy."

God Knows, how its made

the slot, that divides him diagonal
hairy calf like a swans neck,
we can imagine he holds his "breath."

This Shade, so far alive

↳for mickey mouse↳

anything (hell do anything, hes a vessel, a tin can) his
voice (both annoying & funny, making nonsense, sense to his
girlfriend) boy

he gets caught up in crime
(his tail gets dirty) its never
his fault but compromised, an Untrustworthy individual
but noone sees him like-that no, hes
a good guy,

though, you might suspect him of adultery

Mickey, whos this, the real mouse say, behind an eccentric outfit

he has to lay

Down does he have to?

i read him like hes superman or grapes, king lear
sitting on the

sunny front steps, living in the moment without money

handsome, white, black, not black like daffy duck is, boring
when compared to daffy duck, never any visitor but trouble
is how i remember it

he goes skinnydipping?)

warms toast, with his fingers, consumed with jealousy cocking his hoop

he has big eyes & flies-at 45 degrees,
angle temperature

mein gott?

herr dummkopf?

in seasonal stories, & in pastiche, hes an unlikely hero,
saving the easter eggs
trimming rapunzels split ends

entertainment?

Hows an atheist do it, without help
without faith to call-on,
witchcraft?

When someones after his blood he sheds hairs
pops pills, spouts folk wisdom, watching

telly, jogs,
(all forms of superstition without a tune, he cant rhyme
for corn, he feels cold in his bullet, his gullet) drinks: Oil

who Goes?

An unborn Orphan with advisers & foes, stealing hollering,
for copyright, wearing a ring handed down for generations

goody two

face,

– never ending, sentences with commas, complaint about gangs of jabberwocks
his castle (his presidency transformed into a hollywood joke) his
pranks, backfiring, gaol experiences, demonizing, media
following his every disrobe, labored escapes bringing new fixes!

There are many cant
recall all hes been, & to who
what is he made of?

(Tattoos

↳ *raspberry beret* ↳

i will afford cookeries.

You look at me that way, firmaments
puns of color listen to a conversation all so clear, drinking makes whiskey town
happy, euphemisms are good things they agree.

& god up There, god cest *moi, moi*
an intricate box.

Circumstances made me free as
monkeys in a vine.

with weapons
to feel myself with

Well be Ok for now
rest up
the resonating nothingness made
me peaceful.

Teatime opens a universe,

we know the calendar,
are these
my feet? Jitter fingers

they slapped &, they held you
this is no wilderness
the keepers eyes drill

through the curtain

the Trucks coming back

one, second
its yours

its a bit of a-

yarn, about

a boy, a silver

spoon? He

always liked silver

& reading books

in italian, he was a little trashed,

as usual, he put
on all the

burners to
keep his date relaxed.

Heads are, moving,

the organ music plays,
& later generations prove,
that hard, solid reality
& maturitys what we desire,

Shoulders & a head,

A common blood Type
All i desperately need
i lie on

the Sofa,
with the heater on, watching

my tv friends, wanting

Something undefined –

Or mousey –

Mutual.

Silence.

The violets
the violets
are leopards look so frozen

lost too old they shouldnt be here alone

watermelon (green white) avoiding the intersection
your visage your attire
the way
you bait & cast . Come
to paris for its cold.

Heard about it on the street in coburg
Its exaggerated, dont you think?

Hurry up life to live
Coral & seahorses fade & bob as the sea goes soupy

Hang on the worlds, bit-

eschatology rules

. hands . but feet

Milky car
nothing to write yourself, on
just leave your name on the ground
Someone comes to steal ferns,

40 day, die
anyway surveillance confirms you have no shame

Author Bio

Michael Farrell has published three books of poetry: *ode ode*, *BREAK ME OUCH*, and *a raiders guide*. He is (with Jill Jones) the coeditor of *Out of the Box: Contemporary Australian Gay and Lesbian Poets*. Michael lives in Melbourne.

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