

My small breasted friends are strangled by sorrow.
My pain resides beneath the shadow of the moon
where the wounds of heaven pour forth
oriental madness to kill our dreams.
And my Chinese friends, numerous as telephones,
babble on like rivers . . . like rivers.

Barry Seiler

ICEHOUSE

The wagons have rumbled away
from this wooden horizon
bearing the last blue blocks.
In Winter, we'd bolt over the fresh sawed channels,
cut that the beast might breathe,

in Summer trail the drips for chips of bone
to wedge our mouths open
against the waving heat.
If you climbed way up the conveyor
to the small door open at the top
you had two alternatives,
both blue.