Mixed Bag of Tropical Sweets
Sitting Outside the Hotel R & R

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n is a g of the c
walking peeping like his prother kaukan
whose lost in islands of imagined para-dices
panting, pounding, desperately waiting
hiding in the nut-less tree

e is still in the never never y
waiting 4 decisions on the unknown x

denial
bereavement
the sensitive issue
yes?

hmmm still-awaiting the pigs 2 fly & grow wings

o is an aa with gold chains and a moo-stache

(ie donkey beyond the limit+)

drinking & driving & driving & drinking with balls and balls and no balls – to say stop!
keys will fall upon graves soon
just as blood, just as time, just as day

m is queen b (jnr)
flies upon aotearoa’s wings
breathless she trips upon her uncustumary arrival
squashing the yellow tipani & pink tipani & white tipani in2 pools
of oil spoiled plue
mummy queen B (snr) coronates daughter queen b (jnr) with
a specially prepared & recycled
paper cut crown
ceremonially wearing her golden lathen kikau plastic t-shirt
magnificently star studded in plack pearls & plue pearls & preen pearls
forming the ohh so humble words ‘she came from me!’

bc brigade
march barefoot in trench coats
with their writing pads & their writing pens & their writing hands
that do not write
accompanied by their lists of 4gotten witnesses
with their no names & their non accounts of incidences non-4seen

inside the mixed bag of tropical sweets
sitting outside the hotel r & r
white cockroaches walk & fly & play
as the chaos of bottomless chastity sings his vowels of virtue to the
airport with no wings

kia orana!