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THE DEAD
AN AUTOMATIC POEM

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LJMcD Communications

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The logo features the stylized initials 'LJMcD' in a cursive script, with a horizontal line underneath. Below the line, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a small, uppercase, sans-serif font.

I

Windchimes in the distance

Old traveller of filament

Wreathed around the wound copper wire

Of winter's dark night.

I watched the ice float corpses

Across the windswept

Fields of the city

Where people wandered

Oblivious

To the funeral pyre

That burned

O! Burned!

Within the very night

Of winter's tough heart—

The dead silence

Of snow

Where the pallid skin

Chirps and cries out.

“O! Martyr! What innocence have you!

Where do you draw the line

Between my skin and yours?

My holy invalid skin

And the dirt of a thousand years?”

“What’s the sunset?”

Said the child in the hackney cab

A coal gas reek floating

Through the air like summer gnats.

“The end times,”

Old man grubber the fisher of eels,

He wound a piece of string

Around his little finger

Ennobling the day’s end

With a rush of purple blood.

The light was failing over the plain of corpses

Where the wither-wand dowses

And the rains fall in sleety sheets;

The movement of the winds

Rankles the senses in such delight

That we forget

That we were ever corpses

Or ever

Alive.

The sunset withering

Pallid and hairy over the horizon which tilts

Like a pinball across the fields of vision

Hemming and hawing over delicatessen

Sandwiches, roast beef and mustard

A little something sweet

For afters

In the end-times

The gush of putrescence

Which softens the belly of the fish where Jonah

Lived like a mountain king.

I am old father whitebeard!

The sounds no longer play

Across my dusty phonograph

I am left to silence

Which burns across the seashell

Of my ear.

I do not contain

Or withdraw from silence,

But simply occupy the same space

As something which came before.

This is a delicate situation

And we must be careful to tread
With the lightest touch not upsetting
The thieves and dogs of night.
The lively holler of the pubs and nighthouses
Rolls on through the gloom
Like an organ
Playing the reels of an ancient youth.
I am old father whitebeard!
My head has greyed and my hands have
frayed!
The wither wands dowse over me
Towards the endless sea
Which chimes like the city lights
Twinkling fisheyed and silent
Over the waters of the soul.

This is a terminal case

Where the trains come to stop
And the mountains cry out in rejoice
At the tarnished name of man
Where he feasts at the foot of rivers
On dung and clods of dirt
Leaving nothing but bad odours and dissipation.
Old father whitebeard,
I have come for you
And you will withstand my silent death
As you roll up your beard
On rancid breath.
On what do we live?
On what corpses do we feast?
What death awaits us
When we are death already?
This is the ending of the dead end street
This is the strip mall of the soul.

II

O! Holy roll mackerel smack in the jaw

Old dinosaur bones pinked fish

Winklebone trinkets herd of oxen

The time is now

And now is the time

The windchime of tomorrow

Is blowing yesterday.

This is the thunderclap

The stench of age becoming youth

In translucent wanderings of

The soul

O! Jellyroll!

O! Carnal knowledge of the fistula flight

O temperance league Sundays

Lifeboat gonorrhoea stench of waste

The waste land

The addled bride of municipalities

O Holy holy jelly roll holy

O holy moly

Ten cent stanchion

A thousand bees in swift succession

A thousand ants to bite

In the night of flight

We turn over the turmoil

Of inner tumescence.

Sun! Light!

The Solar brightness sweeps the landscape

Welling up in shades of light

That move mountains with their intensity

And rollick on the river

Riveting starlets to the curb

Of minnowed waters

Tallow coloured and rawling
A pox upon the beehive of youth
I fell upon the hallowed ground
Of churchyard estate sales

O Holy Holy!
The ooze of contamination sluices
Across the skin of everything
That touches the light
Of the holy sun!

O Holy Solar light!

Rum-tum-tum
Little drum on the offal of office
I held the bronchoscopy
Tubular inflated like a used car lot
Rum-tum-tum
The drum of war tootles on like a jazz symphonic

Jazz warden gamed out of the park
Moving on like rabbits to the moon
Here in the lifeless lane
Of lovers' jilted promises
We move like flowers
Across the earth of the solar eclipse
O Holy! Moved across the shadow
Old father whitebeard!
The Holy Father!
In the stenchful mist of day!
We move onwards like a tallowed candle
Do no reproach me!
I am the beaver lined skull cap
Of another morning's fulfilment
This is the earth of decay
And there is nothing left but moonbeams
Where the light fails

Across the waters of Lethe.

Do not forsake me

O father of fathers!

There is a time and a place

For everything

And my time is wearing thin

Where the light is nothing but

A cadence of flowers

You do not tempt me

With your dancing girls

And the milk of maidens

Moving with the cows

To a brunch of tall grasses

Carrying flowers like milkweed

Purple bloated the lips of corpses

This is the waste land

Described in an earlier passage

Waiting for realisation

Through the dense fog of nothing and
nobody

The weary weaving

Of baskets and cloth

That the natives perform

On tribal nights

Across the world

O triumphant resounding ring

Where the elephant meets the sea!

The animals move over waters of death

Moving away from the sound of everything
nervous

A slight movement of the program

Where everything comes together

What do you have

That others lack?

What intrinsic movement of your soul

O Holy Jellyroll!?

Do you wander the ladder that belonged to Jacob

And hoist the flags of your forefathers?

Or do you eat with the noise of possums

Digging trenches for their dead?

This is the beautiful soul O! Jellyroll!

Decipher the sands

Of time

Through the movement

Of the wedding weeds.

III

I stop.

I stop again.

I move onwards with the constant haste of a snail
in heat

This is the terminal case of something forgotten

An automatic recitation of the holy sutra

That lingers on the tongues

Of a thousand dead

Where did I read this before?

Perhaps in the eyes

Of wolves and weasels

The sinewed movements

Of the duck

This is the djin of yesteryear

The sinewed movement of

Something that does not reveal itself

Until it is seen by the dreaming eye
The movement of sleep
Where sanity fears to tread.
Perhaps you come along
And pry open the Orpheum eyes
The dead eyes
That roll in the sunset
And make living and impossible task
Made only for the dead
Of which we do not partake
But only the holy dead
The rolling living dead
The dead of the limitless night
Who take on glorious forms
In shades of light where the people
Do not seek to maintain their lives
But live on in the shining black hole

Of death

That overtakes and lingers

On the tongues of hymn singers

You may take this song

And sing it over mountains

You may take this song

And roll it into a cigarette

Smoking it with the grandparents

Of your youth

This is the hymn of light where the darkness fails to
take hold

The hymn of life where life fails

The life which does not abandon hope

At the first sign of its own non-existence

The life which rejoices in nothing

Because nothing is everything

And everything is illusion.

O Buddha of the eclipse
Say your sooth to me and speak truth
Do not try to make sense of the embers
That spark into the night
This is the rolling movement
Of the hills
That do not speak
But know their names
And whisper them on western winds
Creeping through the night of nothing
Everything
Buddha of the soul
Rolling in the green grass
Of weeds and noxious rodents
The death that is life
Throw your bible on the fire
We could use the heat

Throw your mandala your prayer beads
Throw yourself in your muzzy-headed woe
Throw your husband your wife
Your street where you grew up
Skinned knee a red t-shirt
This is the moment of living glory
Captured one camera flash in a poem
That was never meant for you
This is not the word that you seek
This is not your shibboleth
This is a different matter entirely.
I do not know what to say to you
I have nothing to say
Perhaps I should say it
But I say it anyway
Here is the dying light
Which means the light in life

That dying life

That speaks of the waste land

And eats the breath of corpses

Do not abandon me

On the pyres of the night

Wait until the day blooms like a rose

Across the dark threshold of nothing

And let me wash in the light of rivers

IV

O heavenly death where the windows of the soul
move forwards like shades of light the window to
my soul that eats forth like the day of carrion

I do not understand all that has gone on
before me but I cannot reach inside and pull out the
remains without first touching on the soul of
yesterday and everything that has happened in the
past

O sun! this is the moment we have all been
waiting for—this is the moment where everything
fades away into the soft distance of whatever flesh
remains on these old bones

O father whitebeard! Where have you been?

The dead wait for you!

I wait for you

And I am the dead!

O Father Whitebeard!

Where have you been?

The world is waiting for you

And the world is dead

The world is dead everything is dead there is
nothing left now but the dead and the dead are
living and life is death and everything is holy
illusion

O Father Whitebeard!

Everything is illusion!

I am alive!

I Am Alive!

The Dead Live

In the place of the sun

Where the light touches the water

And everything is endless

Do not leave me

Lift me up

This is my final hymn

O Holy JellyRoll!

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