

These are notes.

Sometime between now and half way through the dinner I will edit, rewrite, rearrange and generally tinker with this material and it will be used as ingredients for whatever happens.

Frequently I will edit poems between reading the line and speaking it.

Andy

Just what is a poet doing at an I.T. dinner?

A poet at a business dating dinner

What do you expect of me?

Am I setting the scene?

Sowing seeds for conversations, sparking debate, future liaisons initiate?

Or like in the cinema perhaps, the government, public service health encouragement

or the cartoon before the main event,

and a local curry house advertisement.

"In the very end, civilizations perish because they listen to their politicians and not to their poets."

- Jonas Mekas -- 24 Dec 1922 - 23 Jan 2019

Dress codes, party frocks, themed dinners, making an impact, the entrance. So many things to remember. So easy to get it wrong.

The Nat Lib dress code for dinner: 17h

Spring from the shadows.

Mouthful of wine exits nose.

"Go! Put on some clothes!"

Just a little reminder that the reason we are not in our proper place in the food chain is cooperation. If we don't we'll end up being eaten and that usually means being eaten alive.

The hawk:

Bird feeders, safe shelter of an apple tree
Goldfinches, feed skittishly
a flash of yellow
perfect trajectory
through camouflage of twigs and leaves
snatched from the air
the goldfinch gripped by talons tight, it almost breaths
trapped under foot nearly hidden by the grass
while the hawk surveys the scene.
I watch, looking round it seems to talk to me.
No, I've not seen, a goldfinch you say
wasn't me
Held firmly still the finch gives up its quest to breath.
The hawk with practiced grace and strength
one seamless movement, takes off and silently leaves
to find a quiet place to eat its tea.
Away from prying eyes looking slightly accusingly.

The carcass rests
its hollow cavity
once proud feathered breast
song, life, breath
bereft
feathers left
where they were ripped from sinew bound in muscled flesh
a life so cautious and terrified the prey is dead
its life, has as a baton to the victor passed
the lifeless prey its life possessed
will allow perhaps the victor another day extension to its quest
what hungry beast will find you next?

Drones:

Oofy Prosser
Tuppy Glosop
Barmy Fungy Phips
Gussie Fink-Nottle
Boko Fittleworth
and other assorted twits.
Catsmeat Potter-Perbright
and Bingo Little and Stilton Cheesewright
not noted for their wits.
Drones famous, mostly, for being thick.

(The members of the Drones club from the books Jeeves and Wooster)

The definition of Drone as a haiku.

Drones, single function
For the most part useless men
'nuff said about them.

Drones – loiter then deploy - everyone's a spy:

Unnumbered sleeping spies and assassins in our midst,
feel them in the shadow cast by freedom's sunset
the Stasi's fingerprints.

(History seems to come around quicker these days.)

This: so nearly a haiku.

Drones, everyone's a spy, no logic, single payload, no A or I

Friending, following,
just being there, watching, listening, loitering
waiting for the word
Hashtag BURN
then all at once swarming, ferociously attacking.

False information as discarded mines info-Drones – oceans of propaganda
and misinformation engulf us. Swamp the truth with impenetrable sediment.
The interpreter, translator imposes (pony play / horse play)
False information, sediments of layered lies
a supporting maze of ritual to reinforce the lies.

Who was Harry Tuttle?

Propaganda, posters, discarded papers, endless forms
circle all around, silent hunting packs of hounds
just an irritation until you try to find a truth
share something that you've found
suddenly they surround, encase entomb consume.
Leaving not a trace.
the process is the punishment
The faceless masses, face no consequence.

**Harry Tuttle. Freelance subversive heating engineer from the film
Brazil. Robert De Niro - Devoured by the paperwork he fought against.**

Not used:

Time cannot be undone:

In a single step, the path is made.

The decision done, the option to reconsider or retreat is gone.

The past is cast it must remain unchanged.

What might have been still just in view

regret is instant, nothing new.

Almost memories of what should have been about to be,

seared in your vision of the scene,

remain in view.

Stepping back (to) unsay, undo; impossible to do.