

TITLES and FIRST LINES

NB References work written between 1967 and 2006

Titles are displayed in bold; titles within sequences are indented under the main title; titles identical to first lines are double asterixed; untitled poems are listed under their first line with an asterisk

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XXVII Olympiad

Abandoned Cricket Pitch

A birthday poem at thirty-five

About The House

Above the treeline

Abraded on the golf course of our lives

Absolutely No Extensions Possible

Ache

A *Collected Poems* Tomb-Tome

A cup of water set against

Acquired on the beach

Across those slouching plains

Adaptation

Adelaide Festival 1984

A distant noise

A feather bears the weight of the world

A kookaburra's blubbering laugh

A letter could be the scar of a wound

Alexander, Not I

Alien P. Grotesque

All that rains in the reign of hearts

Alma

Alma Schindler Mahler Gropius Werfel—

A metaphysical option is delight

Among The Florentine Gallery Tributes

Among those hanging distances

An Armada perishes at sea

An art not deciduous

And The Winner Is . . .

And yet to tell no more

An empty cricket pitch

Angel

Années de Pèlerinage

An open grave of crows

Another morning begins in pain

Answer, An

Anti-Definition

Anton Bruckner

Anxiety On Annapurna

Apart, the stalks of green

A photo of me

Apocalyptica

Apple On A Plate

Appointment

Aranda, Arrernte, Bundjalung, Dharug, Gindavul, Galmahra

Are we worthy of great art?

Ars Poetica

Art isn't enough

Art is the triumph of the human race

Artist's Agony Aunt Replies, The

As a patient by a nurse touched

Ascent

A shrivelled tide

Asking Auden

Asia-Pacific

I Not A Haiku

II Haiku

A smell of burning woke me in the night

At Cannes

At night the torrents

At night when the earth seems still

At Rydalmere the sunlight whirled

At the bottom of the world

****At The Concert**

****At The Levee, Life**

Australia

Australian History Lesson

Australian rules is better ideology

Autumn Elegy

Autumn swill

Aux armes!

A warm-up gesture in the wings

B

Baboon border between

Bad

I Favourite

II At A Glance

Bad Hair Day

Barrier Reef

Battle Hymn

Battle mud at Agincourt

Bedtime Story

Begin In Gladness

Be Kind To Insects Week

Behind the clouds his face appears

Being And Somethingness

Bequest

Below the city turns

Beneath the Inverness cape of the sky

Bent sails hang in the tide

Between unconsciousness and time's ambition

Beyond the flitting brilliances

Bienvenue à Boom Boom

Big Orange Sunset

Big Stuff

Bit Black, A

Black 1988

Bliss

Blood on the screen

Blossom in fragments

Blow Of The Axe

Blue Period

Blurt

Body Politic

****Bountiful Is The Mutiny**

Breathless

Brobdingnag into Lilliput doesn't go

Brought To Book

Bruised horizon

Brushing confetti from my suit
Buoyant matrix, shape unfurled
Bush Imperial
By summer pools delinquencies

Camomile
Can't know nought, far off to eighty
Century
Child soldiers of sex slaves
Chopin
Circus Animals Burning
Cloudburst
Clouded Sky Is Now Serene, The
Clouds
Cold
Compound Interest
Comrades, citizens
Confused In The Pacific
Country
Conclusion, bringing fear
Condemned At Kangaroo Court
Confetti Candour
Corrections in the printed text
Corrections, The
Could all our various lustres meet
Court Official, Chinese Textiles Exhibition
Creeper clouds
Crest
Critics interpret. It is their lot
Crocodile Tears
Cryptogram
Cup Of Water, A
Curriculum Vitae
Cut Skin

Dangling from a Roman ring
Dawn breaks
Dear Diary
Death and imagination
Death isn't straightforward

Death's compounding night

Decades

Decay's insistent rush

Dedication

Definition, A

Departure, and empires end

Departures

Did you know

Digestive clod of conscience

Dogs in the distance bark

Double

Download through the internet

Down under

Dramatis personae gather for the kill

Dreaming

Dream's absurd ambition

Driving

Drought Breaks

Dry hands in a clean bed

Dust in a room at Claridge's

Dust, the crumbled edge

Dwelling Place, A

Earning the dentings of your face

Earth is turning in its velvet space

Ecstasy beneath the wing

Editors, publishers, agents-send them off at dawn

Either/Or

e je danse

***El Blandino*, Customer**

Elegy For Ruth

Ella

Emily—

Enormous wing, enfolding Earth

En Route

Etching

Ethics

ET turns out to be

Eucalyptus grandiflora

Evening

Evening News

Everlasting spine

Every day a blessing that you live

Everything is a fault

Failed, the volute of your will

Fake

Falling there

Farewells**Father Of The Year****February****Feedtime**

Feedtime. Forget time

Fiery light

Fifty**Figures In A Landscape****Final Proofs****Final Solution*****Fin de Millénaire***

First part going

Five Shakespeare Studies**Flamingos**

Flamingos in their thousand bonding pairs

Flying down to the city of churches

For many an hour at evening

Former**Forty****Fragment****Free**

From a bedroom window

From a dynasty beyond dreaming

From leaning windows

From migraine, a pool of light

From stacked paper you plucked

From Verse To Worse

From your horizontal plane

Full Frontal**Full, Half, None****Further**

Galileo

Garbage in, garbage out

Generations

Getting ready for bed

Giant**Gifts****Gifts, The**

Gingering the boredom

Glorious niece of language's funambulist

Go

God is a rough house artist

Going

Good for trout fishing—

Good Weekend

Governments will wring their hands

Grace, A

Gravity's puss stalks through grass

Great Attractor**Greats****Green****Greenpeace**

Grey clouds at dawn

Grey slough of skins on trains at dusk

Gym Junkie Freakout

Haka or haiku

Hail And Farewell

Hair reflecting flame

Halfway House

Half-way up the Pyrenees

Handicap

Hauling time

Here a gold symposium

Here, at a height

Here, at a limit

Here at the tawdry burn-out points

Here flanks of sandstone roll above

Here, in the shopping mall

Here, near the edge of the heliopause

Here you sit

He wanders through the city streets
Historiographicalwissenschaft Heimatland

History

Hitch

Homage To Rema Nelly

Horn of light, bright as bone

How should one dwell

How strange the air on which a shape can glide

How strange, the life that we must have

How summer has declined

I

I am burning

I am not an other

I am young, the world is old

ICI REPOSE VINCENT van GOGH

I don't write

If God exists

I have been a beneficiary of night

I haven't scored three hundred goals

I have over three hundred children

I heard some distant music

I may be some time

I listen, hearing a noise

Illumination

I'm doing press-ups in my gym

Imperator

I'm waiting till the darkness feels like killing

In A Country Garden

In A Temple

In Celebration

Margaret Sutherland

Grace Cossington Smith

Joan Sutherland

In cling shirt, skirt

In Logic Lane

In Logic Lane some memes are verified

In our barren presences

In paradise

In Parenthesis

In silence, or that movement
Insouciant, laughing spiral
In the distant suburb
In the salon while I'm giving

In The Making

In the morning we may rejoice

Intervista

Into the city of coffee and Klimt

In Transit

Invitation To The Dance

Inwards spatters the fluttering moth

I opened a packet of biscuits

I Remember

****I Saw Elvis In The Supermarket Queue**

I smell presented roses and swirl the toothpaste round

Item

It had come to my attention in the local boozers' pub

It has come to this

It lands on my desk with a thud

It lives

I too have made them

It's true, I'm blue

I've got to lock my psyche in the cellar

I want to love people older than myself

I write this in cold Europe

Jambalaya

Julian P. Mauresque

Kicked by the hoof of Pegasus

Kursk

Larkin Land

l Larkin Letters

ll *Hot! Hot!*

Late Afternoon In The City

Late News

Laurel

Leaping on you, claw and mane

Leaving the past

Lecture, A

Left in the Outer Hebrides

Les Invalides

Letter

Life, A

Life filled with dreams

Life is an odd thing, and death is odder still

Like a giant damper, the sea

Limits to living, selvage of the soul

Literary Lickspittle

Literary windbag holding forth again

Look here

Looking at the camera

Look, scurrying there

Lost in glitter

Lunch At Centrepoint

Lustre

Lyric

Mad, diseased and tortured poets

Maestro, lover, dreaming poet

Majority

Massive flesh is gathering for a fall

May I Have This Dance?

Medium Level Sex Scene

Memorial

Memphis in myth-mist

Metamorphosis

Micky Takes Valium

Mid-Life

Millennium

Mind The Gap

Miniatures

I Wasp

II Moth

III Spider

Mirror

Mister Venus, articulator of bones

Modelled

Morning

Morning Assingation

Morning obeisance before the shreds of dawn

Mortamadonna

Mountains of greenery

Mousetraps

Mud, monkeys, Mahler—get it.

Muse Of Fire**Music****** My Blogorama Soul**

My face with autumn signatures disgraced

My hundredth birthday telegram

My omnivorous eye for beauty

My pineapple book-ends

My Pineapple Book-ends Won't Meet**** My Simian Roots Are Showing**

Nailed to fame

Near granite mountains

New Affection, New Noise**New England Graveyard****New Year Retro**

Nice to be sure of life and life's long leavings

Night's fly

No intermediary in the passing night

No promptings, and one exit

Not another attempt

Note**Notebook**

No thanks. I am not an animal

Not here the slippage

Not pasta or prosciutto

No Traveller Returns

Now silent is that throat

Now the Bride of poetry beckons

Now, Voyager**Nuclear Nightmare**

Numbers there for the asking

O**Ode To Suburban Man**

Odi et amo

Official Secrets

Off To The Orkneys

Old Acquaintance

Omnivore

On a beautiful day, mild as sleep

On a bent pier ocean slops

On a broken pier, away from seething crowds

On a cold day, near the end of my stay

On a television screen

Once upon this stone-stocked earth

Once you said: life

On Children Going To Sleep

One climbs the sticky stairway

One gone

One Hundredth Birthday Telegram

One is entitled to dream

One knew a grace

One should be a lover of the world

One Thing Or The Otter

On its snug peninsula of dirt

****On Platypus Rock**

On Wings Of Song

On wings of song I float above

Opening curve-but the close

Open Season

Orange Penguins

Orange penguins

Or, if you like

O, Rose

Orpheus

Other

Our brave new world

Our dust sings

Our Mutual Friend

Our sum

Over-zealous Gold Coast guide

Owed To Feral Face

Palm

Panes of burnt grass

Panorama

Parlez-vous francais?

Paper bending upwards

Passing Trade

Past the sludge, fudge and bludge

Patent Pending

Path Taken, The

Patient, Found Hanged, A

Pax Imperium

Perhaps

Perhaps this sifted life is right

Philosophical Investigations

Pierrot

Pitch hard as nails

Picture those brave captains of the past

Place on its preen

Poem Of The Real

Poet

Poet And State

Poet At Work

Poet, The

Poetry Of Lists

Polar

Poolside

Posh

Posh presence by the sea

Possession of a country acre bit

Posture, prance and preen

Price Of Shark Has Gone Up, The

Problem Of The Versions, The

Process

Procession

Prometheus

Proof

Prophecy, A

Puss In Boots

Put your attempts at grandeur

Put-downs sharpen their steak knives

Q.E.D.

Quantity Surveyor

Quickly, take me to the people

Racing colours take the money

Radiance

Raptor

Reaching at skin's limit

Reaching this age

Recognition Scene

Reflection

Rehearsal

Remembrance Day

Remembrance Near A Trace Of The Berlin Wall

Reminder

Removal

Rendezvous de Fruits de Mer

Rendezvous Of Victory

Requisite aegis

Residency At London Zoo

Restored wing

Revaluation of intention

Revenant, Armidale

Reversal

Rising

Rising in a swirl of ash

Roadkill At The Bottom Of The Freezer

Rock Face

Roses While Cleaning Teeth

Rough House

Round Sydney Harbour

Royalties of light

Sad bouquets of life

Salt Music

Same stars tonight

Science will give you that

Scorpion

Sea Storm

Seconds are clinging to your face, minutes

Self-Portrait

September 11, 2001

Sh . . .

Shed skins

Sheep-Dip Muster

Sheer demise

She sits beside me as she reads

Short History Of The World, A

Short Prayer

Signal

Sighing of skin in Whitsunday passages

Sign the cheques then put each form

Silence becomes a form of bread

Silhouette

Silhouettes chop winter skies

Sing your corrugations!

Skin slides

Skin's hugger-mugger

Skin sucks on skin

Slept Soundly

Slipping between one night and the next

Snake stirs in the cupboard

Solar hum in the cherry tree

Soldier Song

Sometimes I believe in light

Some, when they hear the word *science*

Somewhere between a bad habit and duty

Somnambulist of the frittering days

So much uncollected love

****Songbirds Came From Australia**

Songlines

So, there on the ledge

So when the world is over, baked or frozen

Speech To A Mountain

Speewah Ballad, The

Spine

Splintered sound

Split

Spring Song

S.S. Snakebite Docks

Star crocodiles

Starnberg Quartet

Starnet Continental

Star Sign

Stars that know our destiny

Steady State

Stone

Strange

Suit Of Our Dimension

Summer Nights

Summer With Mosquitoes

Sunday Afternoon

Sunless

Sunlight fading, world in shadow

Surfer

Surfers Paradise

Swan

Swan Box

Sweatloaf

Swimmer out to sea

Swinging up from sand

Sydney

Sydney Spring

Take Me To The People Who Know

Terra Australis 1974

Text Edit

That flickers

The backward bowing of the swamp

The battle hymn of dinosaurs

The Beautiful Game

The beautiful game: not soccer, life

The bright and shining trophy of this planet

The Case Of The Baffling Planet

The changeling years conspire

The clerk, third class, goes through patents

The extra moves furniture

The face of winter darkness blends

The fetish letters God sends down appal

The God of gaps is in our nerves

The God that dies
The guillotine blade of my severed tooth
The heart turns bad, and history's muck on your shoulder
The jungle with its hidden tracks
The lion's claw retracts, and stars glint
The other side of difference
The problem of the versions is
There's always a hitch in things
The rooms in which we live decline to dust
These lucid intervals
The prime of a plastic smile
These itsy-bitsies
The split veranda
The spurious dawn comes up
The tear shows we are human
The viscous clef of time abrades
The world is home to those who love
There you are, shagged shape
Things are not as you would wish

Things Wrong In The Dream Kitchen

Thirty-five

This Birth

This Earth is good
This pretty world
This ready-to-wear life

This Sporting Life

I Unscheduled Pit Stop

II Come In Spinner

III Check

IV Dangling

V Sin Bin

VI Excellent Hard Runner

VII Australia Rules?

VIII Hit The Gee Gee Spot

IX Flog

X Sea Swell

Though remembered millions wish us well
Those we have loved, unseasonably perished
Though blunder

Thou Swell

Through country dust

Thus

Time likes passing trade

Time, that is swifter than an acid burn

Timor Gap

Tired

Tired of verse, verse tired of me

To A Child

To a fragment

To be present at an assumption of splendour

To imagine the dead

To know of, not to know

To look for simple things

To Mr W. S.

To My Mother

Tonight I feel quite posthumous

Too much biffa matey

Too Serious

Too serious. Yep

Tooth And Claw

Tooth Fairy's Desertion

Tongue

Top Hat

To The Islands

To the land of music you will go

To this suburban block

To Those Who Come After

Tour de France

Towards The Source

Trace

Transformation Scene

Tribute

Triple bypass near the burnt bush

Trophy

Troublesome priests in my head

Trumpets, Diamonds, Flowers

Trumpets, diamonds, flowers, pure things

Truth

Tutors

Twilight Of The Gods

Two Travel Poems

I Wien

II Berlin

Under that overhang, branches tossed

Undisclosed, from sea to sea

Unearned graces come in the sunburnt land

Unfinished

Unfinished Self-Portrait

Unrequited

Up And Away

Up cracked sides

Up To The Living

Veni Creator Spiritus

Vespers

Videots lounge in a popcorn retake

Views Of Muse

Views To A Bridge

Voluntary

Voyages of exploration

Wagner never changed a note

Waiting

Waiting for devouring

Waiting To Abort

Watching the news

We are waiting. What are we waiting for?

Well done

Well, not really; certainly less painful

Well, we've all wished to go

Well, the tooth fairy didn't bring

What ends had grandeur once

Whatever energy God might be

What Horses' Eyes Have Seen

What's Up, Doc?

What's your function in this life?

What Thin People Eat When No-one Is Looking

When banksias flower in the bush

When time has tripped you up-down you go on rocks

When thinking of the world, or tired, or excited
When you know a mouth that lies
Where treaties signed near rubble

While The Billy Boils

While the billy boils the tea is turning sour
Who'll go with you all the way
Who slept with whom, and where, and why
'Who,' the inquisitive will ask
Will the mathematics of the sky

Wind blows hard

Wind shears

Winter Solstice

With Wound

Wing

Winter fins

Wise

Woman with bright oranges

Won every prize going

World at hand, weary world

World Without Tigers

Why Chocolate Is Better Than Sex

Wilfred Owen

Writer's First Cause

X

Yesterday's world has mistakes you cannot find

You bellow at night

You belted the ball

You bend your head

You do not like what the world has become

You don't have the feet of Astaire

You knew that many died for you

You will remember, under brilliant stars

You reel in scent

Your promise was pure as it conquered

You're giving yourself a pat on the back

Your words are liberal enough

You serried ranks of critic clouds

You, who have come

You, who have come thus far

Zero At The Bone

Z Waits