

MARK MORDUE

From Darlinhurst Funeral Rites, a work in progress about my experiences in
Darlinghurst in the 1980s

Rock 'n' Roll #1

R-r-r-r-r-rock 'n' roll

Beer and speed and you

Trade Union Club games of pool

2nd floor warm up, cool shadows

Chalking every blunted cue

Polkies chinging down below

All that smoke, the stench of stairwell

'King Ink' spilling down each concrete step

There's only one floor left to go

Who remembers anything?

There must have been a show?

The Moodists, Nico, Kill the King,

The Birthday Party's demon, cowboy heat?

Upside Down House, Sunday Painters,

John Cale's freezing, lonely scream

His downbeat hangman's dream

Of Elvis in a prison cell

'Heartbreak Hotel'

The story: never leaving

Folks we drowned in the mourning glory
Of dark blue bells that keep on ringing after this
The slow stroke of a guitar and someone dimly singing
Embers that we took in while we thought that we were breathing
Through a winter of deceiving and spot-lit discontent
Electric warriors caught inside a spell of wherever the sound and fury went.