

## JONATHAN BALL / An Ode and a Short Story

### That Most Terrible of Dogs

Waiting. Waiting to catch the drift. Waiting for the ration of rainwater to decrease and the run-off to increase. Waiting for this to carry soil. Waiting for something empirical and wise. Waiting to be bushwhacked by a few of them. Waiting to read all the info and be impressed with everything they say. Waiting to determine whether Nick is Hemingway. Waiting to find out who is speaking at all times. Waiting to be either of the two. Waiting for it to turn. Waiting to find out it's really great and that my life has changed. Waiting in the material world. Waiting for all that exists in the world of forms to be perfect. Waiting for the collision of two plates to produce larger forces. Waiting for triggers and hairy delirium. Waiting for denial and magpies. Waiting to be conversant in veal. Waiting for acrimony as a literary device. Waiting to stagger antagonistically to an ejection. Waiting for my car to humanize and tap reserves. Waiting for a solution that is less final. Waiting for warlords to decide. Waiting for my immunization and for the exhibition to begin. Waiting to pole vault over bookmakers. Waiting for compensation. Waiting for the files. Waiting for waterproofing. Waiting for improvement in terrorism. Waiting for a boost to being underrated. Waiting to adopt a panicky creed. Waiting for the theatre of the tabloid. Waiting for phrasing with nitrogen. Waiting for colour bites. Waiting to teem. Waiting to cleverly make contact with the myth. Waiting to counteract the haste. Waiting to recur. Waiting to effectively use the existing infrastructure in the best possible manner. Waiting to see the real war while the public sees only the nationalism and the patriotism. Waiting to become even more involved in the stories. Waiting to be whatever I want to be if I am willing to work for it. Waiting for my work to be unlike others. Waiting to market my resilience. Waiting for the empire to mount its tenants. Waiting for the violence of the megaton. Waiting to thrive on the wiretaps. Waiting to glow and decay. Waiting for inspiration, surreal and corrosive. Waiting to be involved in a third-rate gallery love affair. Waiting for the resistance to break the hunger strike. Waiting for your sneaking blush to grey. Waiting for a modernized voting booth. Waiting for provisions to show me the way. Waiting until they quantify the results. Waiting to love the aggravation and drudgery. Waiting for my area code to stand in for my abdomen. Waiting to test my hypothesis, for the best man to become a heavenly

windbreaker. Waiting to speak to the creator of society and grapefruit. Waiting for a torrent on the patio. Waiting to embarrass those bourbon federalists. Waiting for the adultery to haemorrhage. Waiting for the period at the end of the outboard motor. Waiting while yonder a credit card gleams. Waiting for my posthumous guarantee. Waiting to fasten my principles to cynical schemes. Waiting with the impartiality of a counterfeiter. Waiting for my luck to bygone. Waiting, glorious in insomnia. Waiting for the anniversary of the fetus overcome. Waiting for a series of vicious courtships. Waiting, boastful and rectal, quoting panhandlers. Waiting to vigil with Virgil. Waiting for the affirmative, to tar the feathers, short circuits, implement nausea. Waiting to resign on corruption charges. Waiting for rheumatism, lumbago, and other complaints. Waiting for the plain fact that it was my heart. Waiting with my pennants for eternity. Waiting to discover the full extent of my lawn. Waiting for the deportation of all these saccharin products. Waiting with the other parishioners for the generalized entity. Waiting to take the shortcut, the barrel. Waiting to pervert it all. Waiting for exoneration, alleviation, dislocation, to be rephrased. Waiting for my generation to generate. Waiting but for nourishment, thus nonchalantly, for the cheetah to stripe. Waiting in homeroom for more monkeys. Waiting to increase my vocabulary with an adventure safari. Waiting to appeal to the working class literati. Waiting, succinct. Waiting for it to be unusually hot, and to tire easily. Waiting to face the increasing gap between rich and poor, the huge international debt, and the need to redistribute those responsible. Waiting for actions and events that occur around me to go beyond my control. Waiting not with science, but religion. Waiting to avidly study the Bible, seeking truth, in religious fervour. Waiting for what constitutes jade. Waiting in a non-violence quandary. Waiting to be misread. Waiting for the intense retail reality of the hornet shopkeeper buzzing around its pie charts. Waiting in studied irreverence. Waiting to deflect openness, to deforest anarchy. Waiting to nurture the apolitical. Waiting as an enraged post-artisan. Waiting for the athletics to be tastier. Waiting to steamroll over the palaeontology of ice. Waiting to condense after a series of trials. Waiting, confident in my ascetic. Waiting on the on-ramp to extinction. Waiting while imperilled by billiards. Waiting in homage. Waiting incongruous with the voyage. Waiting literal and figurative. Waiting and indulging my inner sociopath. Waiting to be educated by billionaires in drag. Waiting for readable authorities. Waiting drunk and not sure which fork to use. Waiting, in the jaws of Cerberus, that most terrible of dogs.

## Salvador Dali Lama

I am the Salvador Dali Lama, shake my hand  
marvel at my power, shake my hand  
let lobsters now be telephones, wave my hand

invite twelve more for dinner, I will be the thirteenth  
the betrayer, for that is my great genius  
mixing religions with metaphors, mixing oils  
slick back my hair, stroke my moustache, where's your wife  
she will die and be reborn as mine, my Gala Lama

you didn't look her in the eyes, I see nothing else  
I barely see her breasts, look at her eyes  
I will put her in a painting, edges blurred  
but those eyes sharp, tigers leaping from fish

I am the Salvador Dali Lama, shake my hand  
all dogs are Andalousian, wave my hand  
let all ages be golden, wave my hand  
in robes of shadows, melted watches on my chest  
pulling me down, from melted trees, dripping earth

in eggshell worlds, on the backs of elephants  
legs all the way to Heaven, virgins break  
I will be reborn as nothing, will be made perfect  
ants crawling out of my head, freed from want

I am the Salvador Dali Lama, shake my hand  
the world is made of nightmares, take my hand  
all of the faces are mine, or my mother's  
all of them laughing, all at different things