

O:JA&L

OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters



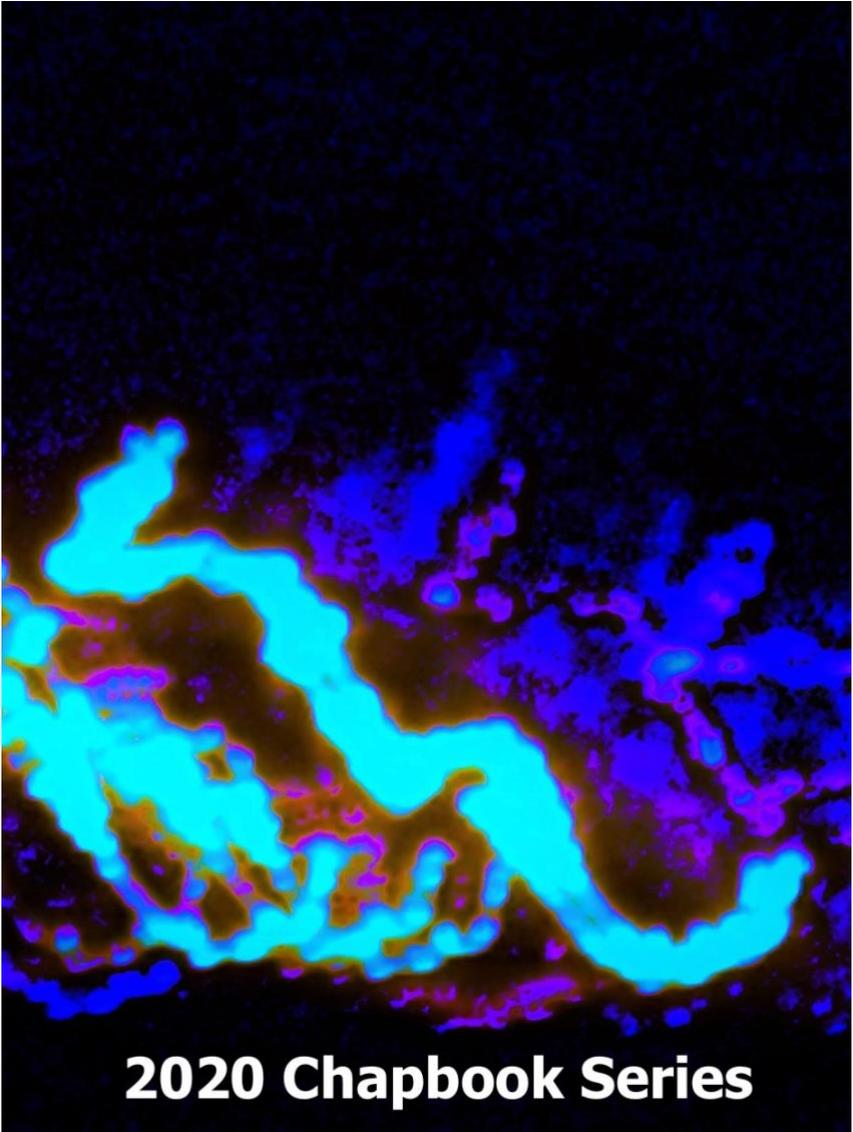
2020 O:JA&L Chapbook Series

Ray-the-Roo

Experimental Discourse

by

WJP NEWNHAM



2020 Chapbook Series

Explore other exclusive titles in the Buttonhook Press free PDF series:

Issues of Aesthetics & Meaning:

POETRY: Three Essays on Craft

by O:JA&L Featured Writers Claudia Serea, Kendra Tanacea, **and** Natalie Young

THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE: Edgar Allan Poe's Misplaced Youth

by Anne Whitehouse

Flash Fiction: A Primer

by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

Flash Discourse as Fiction:

Something Else About Mary

by Kent Dixon

Poetry: All forms & styles:

Horse: 4 Frames

by Jeff Streeby

O:JA&L 2020 CHAPBOOK SERIES

Ray-the-Roo

BY

WJP NEWNHAM

©

Copyright 2020

All rights reserved on behalf of WJP Newnham.

Compilation copyright is claimed by O:JA&L. No part of this book may be reproduced by any manual, mechanical, or electronic means without the expressed written permission of the publisher.



Buttonhook Press
Great Falls, Montana

Set in Garamond and Castellar and printed in USA.

Cover Image: *Electric Kangaroo* courtesy of WJP Newnham. Digital image of the lights of Brisbane. No technical details specified.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

“Ray-the-Roo” and “Downtime” included here were published in O:JA&L between 2017 and 2020.

“The Toss Up” is new work.

CONTENTS:

Ray the Roo	12
Downtime	15
The Toss Up	20

RAY-THE-ROO

Ray-The-Roo, the razor blade whip man, a gin jockey, brick layer; a hunter with S.A.S. commando qualification: an expatriate pom with hostility stamped in burning brands on the memory of his homeland.

“It might well be me motherland

But I hate the stinking cunt what bore me;

I fookin’ hate it!”

Ray-The-Roo, whippet thin and wiry, toothlessly articulate; lips that churn and spit words gracelessly with precise comic timing: he’s got a yarn or two.

“And true god; fuck me if it’s not the truth!”

Me and Ray have nailed ourselves to the front bar at Kirbys’, for the duration as the hot Katherine sun is warming up to another session. We are tapering off, or so the story goes [we keep telling ourselves], but the heat is on for OP rum and we’ve got the taste.

“These blackfellas don’ mind me drinking here, see?”

Cos’ if the did I’d have me little black diamond; Joyce,

Have words with all her cousins and brudders and uncles and

They’ fix ‘em up quick smart!

He sings out to a young aboriginal man:

“Hey Bunji?; how ya’ doin?”

“Hey Ray.....

You got fi’ dollar for me Bro’?”

“Piss off ya’ black bastard!

I got nothing! Look; no money!”

He Pulls My Coat:

“Ya’ Gotta’ Piss ‘Em Off Quick Ya’ See?

All of Joyce’s cousins and brothers and sisters

And the whole fookin’ tribe’ll try

And put the bite on me if they think I’m cashed up.

G’wan’ Piss Of With Your Humbug!”

I went fishing with Ray and Joyce; all throughout the country that belong Joyce’s family: not walk-about way but all loaded up on a Land Rover 74’ Defender with Ray driving standing up as he navigated the path through gullies and wash-outs, through river beds gouged in the soil and bedrock by wet after torrential wet.

“This my country now too!

I’m with Joyce and this is her country

And my country: she’s showing it to me; teachin’ me.”

For three days we just sit on the river and fish; cooking our catch fresh on the hot coals. We drink billy tea and make damper and roast onions. Our days are shaded by trees and soft sand mattresses our backs at night. We are like children without time as birds sing spirit songs and Joyce sings the night time songs of Dreaming:

“This country?

My mothers’ country!

Her mothers’ country”

My Dreaming!”

For three days I dream it too. Waking night time as celestial rubbish hurtles like fire tongues across the star pocked sky. Fruit bats weep like broken women and I too cry with the beauty of it.

Ray-The-Roo gums on the toothless apparitions of the past and present and we notch the air with exquisite lies:

“OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

I fookin hate it when them fookin’ mosquitos bite me

On the nob-end and I joost’ wanna’ grab me fooking

Foreskin and stretch it right up over me fookin' head

And go like;

A'Wubba-Wubba-Wubba:

Scratch me fooking ball bag till I near bleed to death!"

"True?"

"True-Fookin'-God: You-Ay!"

[Joyces' Yarn]

"One time

We bin' drinkin' that rumbo there;

Ray-The-Roo say he bin' hungry gutted and

He gunna' eat that mangy ol' dog there.

I don't believe him and go to bed.

Wake up morning and there them dog feet;

Stickin' ou that fire there."

"And a good fookin' feed and all!"

We gather up mobs of small sand frogs from under river slate and sludge and wait tied to hand lines for the fish to bite. The catfish sing strange squeaking songs as they land; mouths open round, hooting alien underwater melodies and threnodies.

Joyce says:

"Look out for them spikes there!

Him sting you and OOOOOOOOOOOH

You bin' cry all day and all night:

You hand swell like this!"

A busy crew of ants perform indelicate surgery on the fish guts and heads, renovating them and storing them away for future reference. A green python tests the gentle air with rapid split tongued staccatos; a goanna basks in the sun.

DOWNTIME

We met at Benny-B's where he had been hiding-out; pausing briefly, then back to mine to libate and medicate the afternoon into night as me and T: and Benny-B. kick the fucking gong around and get on the piss. Benny-B. brings a recently 'acquired' boom-box: Niggaz-With-Attitude pumped at volume;

Fuck the Po-leece!

Benny-B. on the farm.

'.....it's all good, work and shit...
you're outside, ya got shit to do;
big killer is boredom.
Nothing but time and ya' cock in hand in the hole.'

T:

'That's what you get for runnin' 'round town with a Gat!'

'Fuckin' two and all...but shit
Time off for good behaviour
I made the farm inside a' three. I get on good
With the screws there and there's no silly cunts up
On the farm.'

T:

'Is "Old-Face" still up in there?'

'Fucking old cunt...yeah.
must be 70 and still walkin'
The line ev'ry day swinging his stick.....still telling cunts'
What to do and when and how.'

T:

'He was Boss when I went in the 'Brook'

'You'd reckon he'd be sick of it by now.'

Me.

'Forty Years in the County Jail!'

T:

'What?'

Me.
'They let me out and I began to wail!'

Benny B.
Sum fool tried to hold me down!

Benny
B. &
Me.

'So I Got Drunk And I Fucked Up The Town!'

T:
'Bad Singers More Like It'

Night falls.

Benny-B. on Kangaroo>

'So I comes up from the sheds
heading to the pod for count
The fucking farm got Roos like rats
up in the paddock near the pods.....
Old Man Western Reds with
battle scars from
Running the mob:
'These Roos aren't one bit shy.

Me.
'Red on the head like the dick on a dog>'

'I'm running late for count and
I got two milk bottles fulla' water and I'm floggin' em
Two-handed: BOOOOOSHIIIIIIIIII
BOOOOOOOSSSSHIIIIIIII!

T:
'HaH!. Roo Slapping?'

'.....MMMMMMMAAAAAATTTTEEEEE
Slappin' the fuckin' fur offa them.
Old Face is watching me from the pod
As I comes up he says

“Benny B. Don’t. Fucken’. Do. It!”
But I’ve already swung and the Roo
cops the Old-One-Two.
I hear Old Face shoutin’ ‘FUCCCCCK!’ and
I sees’ him running but the Roos hooked its hoofs
On my shoulder and.....’
‘And Its fucken’ lookin’ at me
I’m fucked and far from\
Old Face is Running down the hill;
Waving a “Wembley” like John-Fucking-Wayne and
I start Laughing and Old Face is shouting
“Shut-The-Fuck-Up-Cunt!” And
“Fucking Drop. Now. Drop. Cunt!”
But I can’t stop laughing

‘Old Face got his Gat at this roos’ head and it’s still just lookin’
At me and him and I’m screamin’;
Shoot The Cunt For Fuck Sake Boss Shoot The Fuckin’ Cunt!
Old face says: “Benny B.You Stupid Cunt!
I told you not to fuck around with the Roos.
Sometimes you cunts have to.....”

T:
“.....learn things the hard way?”

‘Fucken’ you know it Cuz!’

T:
‘Cunt said same to me in the ‘Brook’.

‘ Fucken’ Roo gets this mean look in his eyes
I know Old Face seen it I swear to God that cunt
knew what was coming and he waited for it and
Old Face got his Gat at this Roos’ head and I’m screamin’;
Shoot The Cunt For Fuck Sake Boss Shoot The Fuckin’ Cunt!
The roo leans back on his tail and as Old Face finally shoots him in the head
As the Roo kicks and opens me up like a gutted fish.’

Me.
‘Goin’ down the Hard-Road!’

T:
“Shit Luck and Hard-Fucken’-Times.’

Later still.

T: on the 'Brook'.

I got sent up in that there fucken' hole at fifteen,
locked up with cunts and
Awaiting governors pleasure ain't no
Fucking pleasure at all.

Me.

"This Ain`T No Party, This Ain`T No Disco,

Benny B.

"I I I I, Who Took the Money,
Who Took The Money Away?
”

Me.

"This Ain`T No Party,"

Benny B.

Who Took the Money....

"It's not even the same fucking song!

Wankers!

Anyhoo,

When I got there I just thought fuck it and walked with
My fuckin' head up and minded my own...'

Me.

'Held your mud.'

Top-O-Tha'-Yards was 'Spinner',

seventeen 6 foot 2, 23 stone

He ran the joint and ev'ry morning

he'd tell me "Orright you gotta' bash this cunt"

and I'm saying to him;

Mate they done nothing to me and

He pulls tops saying

"It's nothing personal you know

I see how you hold yourself

a Man: A True Con.

But it's book-keeping:

I gotta' know what page you're on and respect comes natural with that!"

That Fuckin' Spinner

Fuckin' Top Con?;

He goes to Old Face talking, And next:

Old Face drops the classic line-

"You Cunts Just Gotta' Learn Things The Hard Way Don't You?"

Im thinkin' Fuuuuuuuck! Here It Comes! but
Nothin' for days and finally I draw galley with Gecko and
We're just doin' dishes;
Old Face calls me over and says;

“I see how you hold yourself
a Man: A True Con.
But it's book-keeping:
I gotta' know what page you're on and respect comes natural with that!”

he pulls my coat on Gecko
How at thirteen he raped his
6-year-neice to the emergency ward. ‘

Benny B.
‘That's it:
He should be Fuckin' Dead!
Him and That Fuckin' Spinner both:
Deader Than Fuckin' Maggots!’

I went back to wiping and Gecko hands me plates and
I wipe them and.....’

Me.
And you choose?’

....I wraps the rag ‘round his head and put
His head into the sink,
Swinging him into the steel Teeth are flying
blood is squirting Old Face is Calling It in on the Com
And that Fuckin' Spinner is goin’

“Fuck.
T
That's
Fuckin'
Murder!
Fuckin' Stop!”

I Pull-Up and
Say:
“You Cunts Just Gotta' Learn Things The Hard Way Don't You?”

Benny B.
‘Nice!’

Me.

“I see how you hold yourself:
a Man. A True Con!”

THE TOSS-UP

>Pre-Flight<

Rooster lays down the rap, a loose derogatory rhythm and rhyme of slatternly behaviours and appetites attributable to one of Ports-Burgh's lesser though not less famous exports who had left the Port in search of greener pastures and fatter lambs fitter for the slaughter: her reputation had spread!

*'She's a fucking slut.
She's a fucking moll.
She's fucked everyone in the fucking Gulf.
She's given the Port a bad name!'*

Jimmy rolls his eyes at the duality and parochialism of Roosters' out-burst and un-able to help himself weighs in with;

*'Maaaaaaate.....whatt'ya fucken' expect?
Ya gettem' when they're fourteen years' old
Feed 'em a bottla' Brandavino
And run a train on 'em behind the footy sheds.....
Whatt'ya fucken' expect?
Mother-fucken-Theresa?'*

Rooster halts the ebb and flow of denigration and peering curiously at Jimmy asks:

'ooooooooHHHHH, have you been to Ports-Burgh have you?'

Have you?

Have you?

Have you?

Have You?

Jimmy returns from his reverie having without consciousness nodded yes to another drink and with Roosters' wheel-house bar fridge depleted he listens as

Rooster shouts down the hatch to the galley where the crew mingle and drink and;

*'Mah?
You There Mah?
Grab A Coupla' Sixers for Us Will Ya'?
Come Up and Have a Drink!'*

Rooster returns to his chair at the helm and blazing up 'Styvo' he asks;

*'You got any cones.....?
We might be on a special if you got a coupla' cones!'*

Jimmy grins as he pulls a green O-Z and he laughs as he says;

'Coupla!'

Mah-Ree appears clad swimmers and sar-rong having ascended the Wheel-House ivory tower from the galley bearing sixers of turkey cans and restocking the fridge she cracks cans and passes them and asks:

*'what are you fellas doin'?
Are ya' havin a night off or what?
It's her eighteenth birthday ya' know?
Got any cones?'*

Jimmy laughs and throws Mah-ree the O-Z and she busies herself with scissors and mull bowls and with a good chop going with some with spin and 'some with-out!' she packs cones and they do the rounds.

'Whattya' reckon Rooster?'

'Fuccccck! I. Don't. Know. >>>>What's in it for me Mah?'

'I got some of them pills---saved>>>>'

*'Love-Hearts?'
'Hearts?'
'How Many?'*

*'What are you fellas doin'?
Are ya' havin a night off or what?'*

'How Many?'

'Yeah enoughyou want one?'

'Sweet!'
'Two!'
'Each!'

'One and a half each.....and a night off?'

'Yeah.
Go on then.
Bring us them pingers !
And stick some pies in the oven will ya?'

Mah-ree laughs and yells

'HELL YEAH!'

and packs another coupla' quick rounds of cones and fucks off back down the stairs where the crew cheer and yahoo and carry-on and the oven door opens and closes with a slam and back to the helm in a flash bearing three golden pills with imprinted love hearts crossed with arrows either side and Rooster and Jimmy each wash one down with gulps of turkey cans, saving the Half-Extra-Each for later with Rooster saying;

'It's her eighteenth.....ya'never know?'

Jimmy laughs as Mah-ree snorts and says:

'She doesn't want you old fat fellas'
Not with all these
Muscled.....Fit.....Tanned... Young
.....
Deck-hands on tap!'

'What about you Mah?'

'The older I getthe younger they seem!'

'Like that's ever stopped you'.

*'Just remember Mah.....no means no.....and if it's one of my boys...
Be gentle will ya?'*

'whattya' mean be gentle?'

'Can't have you breakin' 'em now, can we?'

'Yeah they got work to do you know? They're not here just for your convenience.'

Jimmy laughs as Mah-ree again snorts and says:

*'No; But It's Convenient That They Are Here! Ey?
Any More Cones Or What?'*

Jimmy laughs and throws Mah-ree the O-Z and she busies herself with scissors and mull bowls and with a good chop going with some with spin and 'Some With-Out!' she packs cones and they do the rounds. Jimmy says:

'Here Mah, give this to the boys'

and hands her a coupla' decent size buds for the crew to chop-on and she fucks off back down the stairs where the crew cheer and yahoo and carry-on and the oven door opens and closes with a slam.

'Do youse want a pie?'

She shouts up the stairs to which both skippers say 'Nah....not now' and they crack fresh cans of turkey and punch cones as they wait for the pingers to kick in and for the party to kick on.

>Afternoon Delight<

Deck-hands climb to the top of the rigging dive bombing passing reef sharks and fresh cartons of beer are chilled in minutes in the blast freeze coils and Mah's chopping up yet another mix and lest somehow, they forgot and an air of hilarity and drunken horse-play the deck-hands hand over hand up stabilizer chains and up onto booms and climb to the top of the rigging dive bombing passing reef sharks.

Cooks mix cock-tails and swimsuits and sarongs and sun-glasses and they toast and they libate the looooooongggggg after-noooooon to night and Mah's chopping up yet another mix and lest somehow, they forgot and an air of hilarity and drunken horse-play the deck-hands hand over hand up stabilizer chains and up onto booms and climb to the top of the rigging dive bombing passing reef sharks.

The sun apexes and then sets and as the Kimberly 's light red from western iron ore hills and as it dips and finally kisses the sky good-bye the pockmarked moon rises like an Orange-Julius in the night they all kick on hard and party.

Bombing passing reef sharks.

The Birth-Day-Girl takes a leak in the head and sits pissing away the After-
Noons Libations with an Un-Locked Door and he comes in, this Blond Adonai;

Wet and Cut from Exertions he leans on the bulk-head like a Vulpine-Young-God and raising a brow he says as he locks the door:

‘There’s something about the sound of a sexy woman pissing that is really fucking hot!’

She smiles and finishes still smiling with his smouldering gaze fixed upon

her as she registers his board-shorts, wet and ‘ **BAD BOY** ’ and tight with his considerable excitement self-evident. She wipes and rises and pulling up her knees and wriggling back into her neon-green-swimming-thong and wriggling down from her waist her sarong, she washes her hands and leaning back on the sink with her hand behind her and still smiling she looks from his eyes to his crotch and back and says:

:‘Show Me!’:

Time slows

He un-does the snaps on his board shorts
And tears open the Velcro fly with loud rip.
Freed he raises True North
with the Celestial Curve indicating:
Brown-Carved-Six-Packed-Abs.
And south again to a tan-line at pubis:
Smooth and Man-Scaped,
Gonads like Nectarines.

The Birth-Day-Girl gasps and says:

‘Oh-My-Fucking-God! [o-m-f-g]

And then whispers reverently as she reaches to take the matter to hand and weighs and measures and inspects as she works her hand from glans to gonads and back to glans:

>‘It Must Be My Birthday!’<

>‘You Have the Most Beautiful Cock!’<

As she kneels and takes him with her mouth and she finds that she cannot engulf him or accommodate his entirety. She works the smooth shaft from gonads to her lips with her hand and he leans back and moans and then lifts her gently to standing and lifting one leg over his shoulder as he kneels before her and lifting her sarong and first through her neon-green-swimming-thong and then pulling it aside and as if eating a ripe-fig pleasures her. The Birth-Day-Girl gasps and says:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

He stands

And lifting her leg up and onto the sink he continues to administer to her with one hand as he reaches with the other into the pocket on his board-shorts and retrieving the condom he had place in there before entering the head he tears it open with his teeth and offering it to her with the quick-raised-flick of one brow and she takes the prophylactic and stretches it over and rolls it down

and down and down she takes hold of his glans and placing between her shaven
and engorged labia she says;

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

And
As he enters her
She feels the pills
And the thrill
And the afternoon chill
AND CUMS
And again
And again
And...
>Fight or Flight<

They hear a commotion in the companion-way and then pounding on the
locked head door as the Birth-Day-Girls' boyfriend-of-the-week searches for her
shouting;

'Where Are You?.....Chrissy?.....You In There?'

This Blond Adonai; Wet and Cut from Exertions like a Vulpine-Young-God
raises a brow and motions quiet with a finger to his lips and points again to
himself and then at the fore-peak hatch and escape and she smiles and nods as
the locked head door explodes in another barrage of poundings and they hear
shouting as the Birth-Day-Girls' boyfriend-of-the-week screams:

*'If He's in There Fucking My Girl-
Friend....I'll.....'*

They both stifle laughs as they re-arrange themselves.

*'If He's in There Fucking My Girl-
Friend....I'll.....'*

The deck hand raises a brow and kissing the Birth-Day-Girls mouth makes
his escape through fore-peak and for-'ard hatch and she nearly laughs out loud
as her ex-boyfriend-of-the-week screams:

'If He's in There Fucking My Girl-Friend....I'll.....'

*the boats' boson investigates the source of the commotion he demands in a
thick Grimsby accent asking;*

*'What Soooooon-Shine? What the Fooock You
Gaaan' Do on Maaaah Foookin' Boat Eh?'*

She unlocks and exits the head saying.

'Jesus! Can't I even take a fucking piss in peace? Fuck off and leave me alone!'

'You Heard Her Sunshine! Fuck Off. Before. Ye. Get. Fooekin'. Hurt, All-Reet?'

'But?'

'Ahhh fooekin' warned ye son!'

She makes her escape and joins the Cooks mixing cock-tails, deck-hands climb to the top of the rigging dive bombing passing reef sharks.

>Nascent Night<

The deck-hand clambers up and out of the for-ard hatch and onto the bow and Rooster laughs and taps the windows and asks with hand up:

'Well?'

Adonis retorts with swivelling hips and
Fingers to lips mimes riding the pony
Rooster gives back
All Thumbs Up! And says to Jimmy:

'Looks like we better get some more pingers and get this party started'

Jimmy laughs and busies himself with scissors and mull bowls and with a good chop going with some with spin and 'Some With-Out!' he packs cones and they do the rounds.

Jimmy says:

'Hit her up for some pies too!'

And laughs as Rooster shouts down the hatch to the galley where the crew mingle and drink and;

*'Mah?
You There Mah?'*

*Grab A Coupla'
Sixers For Us Will
Ya?
Come Up and
Have A Drink!'*

About the writer: Mah-Ree shouts back up the hatch;

'What are you fellas want?'
Are ya' havin a drink off or what?'
I gotta jug of 'dirty mother's'?
Got any cones?'

Mah-Ree drinks and passes them. Jimmy laughs and throws Mah-ree the O-Z and she busies herself with scissors and mull bowls and with a good chop going with some with spin and 'Some With-Out!' she packs cones and they do the rounds. Rooster says;

*'Wheres
The
Birth-
Day-Girl?
She's
Gotta
Have
A drink
With us!*

And

*'Come On
Mah What
About Some Birthday Pingers
For The Birth-Day-Girl
And Us Poor_Fellas'*

Jimmy chants:

'Pingers and pies'

Jimmy and Rooster both chant as one;

*'Pingers and Pies Mah!
Pingers and Pies.'*

Mah-Ree packs another coupla' quick rounds of cones and fucks off back down the stairs coming back to the helm in a flash bearing the Birth-Day Girl and four golden pills with imprinted love hearts crossed with arrows either side and another brimming jug of 'Dirty-Mother-Fuckers' and fresh plastic champagne flutes and with the Birth-Day-Girl hoisted to the petard of the wheel-house chair her birthday is toasted as they each wash one down. Mah-ree says:

Any more cones or what?'

Jimmy laughs and throws Mah-ree the O-Z and she busies herself with scissors and mull bowls and with a good chop going with some with spin and 'Some With-Out!' she packs cones and they do the rounds.

Jimmy says:

Here Mah give this to the boys

and hands her a coupla' decent size buds for the crew to chop-on and she fucks off back down the stairs where the crew cheer and yahoo and carry-on and the oven door opens and closes with a slam.

'Do youse want a pie?'

She shouts up the stairs to which both skippers say 'Nah....not now' and Rooster pours fresh 'Dirty-Mother-Fuckers' for Jimmy and Mah and one surreptitious and special for the Birth-Day-Girl with the Half-Extra-Each for later in and some, a little and not too much of the 'good-stuff, for later on' as well as Birth-Day-Girl packs cones and they do the rounds.

>Disco and Moon-Light<

As the moon apexes, the Kimberly is lit red from the reflected light off the western iron ore hills. The pockmarked moon raises itself like an Orange-Julius through the night time sky and in a shower of flaming meteors they all kick in on hard and party.

Deck-hands climb to the top of the rigging dive bombing silently swimming squid held inky and captive in the glow of the sodium rigging lights: reef sharks feed amongst the squid.

The galley and Wheel-House become Disco-Teque as The-Boys, the Wrecking-Ball-Crew, set up the Party Zone with Rotating-Strobe-Lights and Disco-Balls creating a mesmeric alloy of dazzling party effects. With a rave impending the accommodation and Wheel-House and rigging lights are shut-down as the boats go all stealth and then Lit and then Dark and then Disco as the jam is thumped and pumped through the stereo and crew with chests thumped and pumped break bags of silver and gold disco glitter over each-other and appear and re-appear as frozen vignettes of gilded abandonment to the moment and then again as silver slaves to the rhythm.

The Birth-Day-Girl, Bedazzled in Glitter and Silver she dances with abandon surrounded by shimmering motes of glitter.

The Deck-hand, Bedazzled in Glitter and Silver, raises a brow and motions quiet with a finger to his lips and points again to himself and then at The Birth-Day-Girl, who nods and leans back on the galley table smiling as she looks from his eyes to his crotch and back and says:

:’Show Me!’:

Time slows
He un-does the snaps on his board shorts
And tears open the Velcro fly with loud rip.
Freed he raises True North
with the Celestial Curve indicating:
Brown-Carved-Six-Packed-Abs.
And south again to a tan-line at pubis:
Smooth and Man-Scaped,
Gonads like Nectarines.

The Birth-Day-Girl gasps and says:

‘O-M-F-G’

The boat is then Lit and then Dark and crew appear and re-appear as frozen vignettes of gilded abandonment to the moment and then again as silver slaves to the rhythm.

She reaches and takes the matter to hand and weights and measures and inspects as she works her hand from glans to gonads and back to glans: She works the smooth shaft with her hand and he leans back and moans and then pushing her back against the galley table and lifting one leg over his shoulder as he kneels before her and lifting her sarong and first through her neon-green-swimming-thong and then pulling it aside and as if eating a ripe-fig pleasures her. The Birth-Day-Girl gasps and says:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

He stands and continues to administer to her with one hand as he reaches with the other into the pocket on his board-shorts and retrieving the condom. he tears it open with his teeth and offering it to her with the quick-raised-flick of one brow and she takes the prophylactic and stretches it over and rolls it down and down and down she takes hold of his glans and placing between her shaven and engorged labia she says;

OO
OOOOOOOOOOOO

Rotating-Strobe-Lights and Disco- Balls
a mesmeric alloy of dazzling party effects
she sees and feels the eyes that surround her
as neon like wildlife spot-lit in the dark
flashing silver like shoals of bait-fish
As he enters her
And she feels the pills
And the thrills
SHE CUMS

And again

And again

>Wake-In-Fright<

Jimmy returns from his reverie and without consciousness realizes that whilst the boats are still; he hears the crew in the galley cheering and yahooing and carrying-on???

He descends from his empty wheel house to the galley. In the light then dark then disco Jimmy struggles for cognizance of the tableau of still life splayed out before him on and around the galley table as the now unconscious and no longer participant Birth-Day-Girl still attends to wants and needs and demands where her hands are wrapped around urgently erect cocks and manipulated back and forth with streams of candy-colored-cum flying as Rooster makes use of her mouth and yet another kneels and pokes and prods and counts aloud the fingers inserted:

>ONE FINGER!

NNNYAAH HAH HAH HAH!

TWO FINGER!

NNNYAAH HAH HAH HAH<

In the reflected flash and staccato rotating-strobe-lights and disco- crew appear and re-appear as silver slaves to the rhythm of their own pounding fists as they wait with hands wrapped around urgently erect cocks and with the manipulating there are eruptions black like ink in the disco lights.

Jimmy fumbles for the galley lights as five is counted and in the sudden neon flicker then blaze he sees the wrist slicked with red and without thought he knocks out the kneeler and handlers and wrestling the seething, naked Rooster to a sleeper hold he screams in his ear; over and over

‘WHAT ARE YOU FUCKING DOING?’

and as Roosters struggles subside, he gasps for breath and chokes out:

**'IT
WAS
HER
IDEA!'**

Jimmy releases Rooster and gathering a blanket from a cabin he wraps it around and then lifts the birth-day-girl taking her to the safety of his locked cabin as the herd, some still naked and sporting erections shy and filly and stampede about as one with less brains than sense quips:

***STEADY ON DAD- WE WOULD'VE GIVEN
YOU A CRACK TOO!***

Before he is knocked to the floor.

Jimmy drives the remainder from the galley using his fists and feet and shouting;

'Take Ya Fucken' Shit-Head-Mates with You!'

And

***'NAH!-----Just Get-the-Fuck-Off My
Boat-----
NOW!'***

>Morning-Light<

Jimmy and Rooster meet in Rooster's wheel-house and in the late morning light they lunch on 'Turkey Cans' for the hair of the dog and punch cones for the throb of the head and smoke Styvo's in silence till Rooster breaks the quiet venturing:

'Fucken' huuuuuuuge night ey?

.....

Cunts have got some sore fucken heads alright.

.....

Maaaate she was.....'

'Don't .Fucken. Say. It. Rooster!'

'We didn't know mate.....'

'Don't .Fucken. Say. It. Rooster'
.....

It got out of hand.'

'I said; 'Don't .Fucken. Say. It. Rooster!'

.....

.....

.....

..

Jimmy and Rooster stare at each other through sun-glasses and in the late morning light they lunch on 'Turkey Cans' for the hair of the dog and punch cones for the throb of the head and smoke Styvo's in silence till Rooster breaks the quiet venturing:

'D'ya wanna' a pie?'

Jimmy nods and he listens as Rooster shouts down the hatch to the galley:

'Mah?

You There Mah?

Grab A Coupla' Sixers For Us Will Ya'?

And stick some pies in the oven will ya'?''

>finis<

ABOUT THE WRITER:

WJP Newnham hitchhiked around Australia working as barman, bum and waiter, slaughter hand, deckhand and master, spending 25 years working in the Northern Prawn Fishery. He has travelled extensively in Southeast Asia, the Americas, and Japan and speaks marketplace Indonesian with some fluency. He is the winner of the 2016 The Lifted Brow's Experimental Non-fiction Prize. His numerous short stories have been published in *Nocturnal Submissions*, *Overland*, *The Lifted Brow*, *Meanjin*, *Westerly*, and *Horror Sleaze Trash* [to name but a few].

2020 O:JA&L Chapbook Series

Ray-the-Roo

Experimental Discourse

by

WJP NEWNHAM

OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters
EXPERIENCE/REFLECT/CELEBRATE



