



A Load of Questionable Drivel

Beau Nestor - 1961 - 2026
65 years in the making



PART ONE

The Early Years - Childhood 5

PART TWO

On the Road - Adolescence27



The Key	7
Dot Dot Dot	9
My Way	11
The Dice	13
Nota Bene	15
Hangups	17
It is Said	19
The Gift	21
Life Sized Doll	23
Mixing	25



THE KEY

Being happy is being free
and being free is liberty
Peace on earth for you and me,
Living life is the key.

I don't care if you're black or white
I don't even care which is right.
I only know that in my God's sight,
You all deserve his heavenly light.

You may have lived with persecution,
You might be forced into degradation,
You may go to war with every nation,
But still you'll receive that revelation.



DOT DOT DOT

....., Until

Why? If

But! Me <-> You

.....Time Care

.....TrUST.....

..... Resolve

..... Give Perceive

.....PrayLove

..... Contentment, Peace, Joy, Understanding,

Hope, Happiness, Fulfillment !!!!!!!!!!!

MY WAY

When I go to my mountain
and feel the world below,
I feel my people closer,
Closer than you know.

Listen...
There is a mountain in my life,
that I love so very well,
and it makes me think of
So many things to tell.

A bunch of people running round,
making lots of bread,
and screaming don't be mercenary,
That's something that I dread.

And they drive their fancy cars
And build their homes so big,
They fight to better one another,
But only make me sick.

Is happiness a trip abroad,
A swimming pool or yacht?
Can happiness be bought and sold?
O God, I sure hope not!

I only own a mountain,
where I can sit and stare
about the people down below,
For whom I really care.

Is it bad to be alone
and let it all flow by?
Or should you share it all around,
Making other people cry?

And so I go to my mountain
and talk to my trees,
watching the lights below me,
I cry on bended knees



13

The Early Years - Childhood - From Age 10

THE DICE

One on the dice is peace,
A prayer that all fighting will cease,
The top of the box is quiet,
but even this stillness, borders on riot.

Two on the dice is hate;
Just past one, but one too late
The passions on this side are easy to fill,
The temptation here is just to kill.

Three on the dice is a lucky number,
But love's gamble can be a hell of a bummer.
This is the bottom where it's hardest to stay,
For you're sure you are going to fall off one day.

Four on the dice is heartfelt sorrow.
Don't you wish you could stop tomorrow?
This side of the box is love's best friend,
And peace will console you in the end.

Five on the dice is a front of happiness,
The face we show to all, regardless
It's the side we show to the passerby
But all around, there are other sides.

Last on the dice is the hidden fear,
It sulks and conceals itself in the rear.
This borders on every side, but one.
For happiness can bring this fear undone.

The box is white, the little dots are not
The borders are an indifferent lot
A superficial coat of paint
Covers the colors of a saint.

NOTA BENE

A blind Dutch gypsy passed my way,
warming a cool depressing Winter's day.

A long cool drink, a social must,
As the ice melts slowly into trust.

A driving force, A quiet word,
but gladly more than that was heard.

No match for both those cats, but still,
The con, or pass played on until,

A little whisper at the end,
opened the doorway to a friend.

In Memory of the lovely Norma Baine

We spent a short but memorable time together,
but I was too young to understand.





HANGUPS

People dying,
Children crying,
Happiness is just a piece of bread,
Just to be fed.
We can all help in our own way.
Today is Monday.

People dying,
No-one trying
Tanks & guns & fires rage by,
They'll all die
We can all help in our own way,
Today is Wednesday.

People sighing,
Hypocrites lying,
Red, brown, black, yellow, white...
Is anyone right?
We can all help in our own way,
Today is Friday.

Monday is for Hunger,
Wednesday is for Peace,
Friday is for Equality,
Everyday for Justice,
and have Hope.

Written after an Anti-War Rally in Melbourne, Australia



IT IS SAID

They say, I'm a man, Well maybe I am,
But I'm just like a child, on my own.

They say, love is true, But I'm lost without you,
For I'm just like a child, without you.

They say, love is free, So it's just right for me,
But I'm still, just a child, All alone.

Sunrise paints the window, cold across the sheets
This room's too quiet now, just echoes and repeats
I reach across the pillow where your warmth used to lie
Just empty space beside me, 'neath this lonely sky

Oh, I'm missin' you like air
This heavy weight's too much to bear
Every shadow, every trace
Just highlights this empty space
I'm drowning in the silence, lost without your grace
Yeah, I'm missin' you right now, in every single place

Found your sweater in the closet, held it close and tight
Caught your scent still lingerin' in the fading light
Flipped through old photographs, smiles frozen in the past
Wondering how forever slipped away so fast

Oh, I'm missin' you like air
This heavy weight's too much to bear
Every shadow, every trace
Just highlights this empty space
I'm drowning in the silence, lost without your grace
Yeah, I'm missin' you right now, in every single place

The world keeps turnin' blindly, time just marches on
But I'm stuck here in this moment, ever since you've gone
They say the heart grows fonder, but this distance only
breaks
Leaves nothin' but these empty spaces in your wake

Oh, I'm missin' you like air
This heavy weight's too much to bear
Every shadow, every trace
Just screams about this empty space
I'm drowning in the silence, lost without your grace
Yeah, I'm missin' you right now, in every single place

Death of Anne Findlay
October 1967



THE GIFT

To give for the want of giving,
To take for the want, not need.
To share as though we have plenty,
O for a world without greed.

I don't want your wealth or your money,
I can eat off the fat of the land.
Just give me the truth of your being
And take time to understand.

Give me the warmth of your body,
I'll return it with part of my soul,
Give me true love and affection,
I'll return it with my all.

Give me your grief and your burdens
Tell me your sorrows and pain,
For now that my spirit is open
I will love you, even in vain.

To give for the want of giving,
Not the hunger to receive.
I remember my mother's kitchen,
How she'd cook what we could leave.

She taught me falling in love
Means opening up your hands.
So I'm letting go tonight,
Of everything I hold too tight.

This is the gift, the gift,
More than money, more than things.
It's the truth inside your chest,
It's the songs we've never sung.

This is the gift, the gift,
Watch me give with open hands.
New beginnings start right here,
When we finally understand.

I don't need your wealth or your palace,
I can find my way around.
Just tell me your story, your struggle,
Let me sit here on this ground.
I remember my father's silence,
How I wished he'd let me in.

This is the gift, the gift,
More than money, more than things.
It's the truth inside your chest,
It's the songs we've never sung.

This is the gift, the gift,
Watch me give with open hands.
New beginnings start right here,
When we finally understand.

Take my warmth and take my soul,
I'll take yours and make it whole.
Give me your grief, your pain, your fear—
I'm here, I'm here, I'm finally here.

This is the gift, the gift,
More than money, more than things.
It's the truth inside your chest,
It's the love we've always need.
This is the gift, the gift,

Watch me give with open hands.
New beginnings start with you,
When we finally understand.



23

The Early Years - Childhood - From Age 10

LIFE SIZED DOLL

Take a trip with a life sized doll,
blotting out the past,
Sellotape seals an ink-spot meal,
Turned on by a key in a bottle of
vitamin C.

Hey!! Hey!!!
Don't forget to pay
Before you go away
Because Travel Agents foreclose
In a most unusual way.

They can leave you stranded there.
Don't you think it's unfair
That when you go,
you never know,
if you have to pay more than the fare.

Take a dip in an acid bath,
burning out the past.
Hold on to an even keel,
even though it seems unreal
Because you know that it won't last!

Silent colors melt away,
Night sways with reckless dreams.

Painted faces fill the room,
Threads unravel, seams undone,
Midnight laughter echoing gloom,
Capsules flicker on the tongue.
Rubber skin in lamplight's glare,
Forgotten innocence on parade,
Mirrored hearts too numb to care,
Searching for what they've betrayed.

A promise in a paper square,
Lost in currents you can't repair.

Falling into moments you can't hold,
Drifting out with stories left untold.
Wandering through shadows left
behind,
Life slips by on threads you never
find.
Falling into moments you can't hold.

Candles gutter, smoke curls thin,
Pages scattered on the floor,
Hallowed eyes behind a grin,
Waves of silence, wanting more.
Broken halos line the wall,
Rumors tangled in the thread,
Echoes call and bodies crawl,
Paying debts to ghosts long dead.

Promises dissolve in the rain,
Chasing colors through the pain.

Falling into moments you can't hold,
Drifting out with stories left untold.
Wandering through shadows left
behind,
Life slips by on threads you never
find.
Falling into moments you can't hold.

Somewhere between awake and gone,
You chase the light that flickers on.
Tiny hands, forgotten years,
Left behind in pools of tears.
You search for solace in the deep,
But broken sleep is all you keep.

Falling into moments you can't hold,
Drifting out with stories left untold.
Wandering through shadows left
behind,
Life slips by on threads you never
find.
Falling into moments you can't hold.

Empty corners, morning pale,
Dawn reveals the final cost.
Soft and broken, longing frail,
Counting everything you've lost.

Take a trip with a life sized doll,
blotting out the past,
Sellotape seals an ink-spot meal,
Turned on by a key in a bottle of
vitamin C.

Hey!! Hey!!!
Don't forget to pay
Before you go away
Because Travel Agents foreclose
In a most unusual way.

MIXING

Bottles on the table, hearts run free,
Another restless night in good company.

I stir my drink as shadows cross the floor,
The city outside whispers tales of war.
Midnight confessions scatter in the light,
Dreams flicker softly, just out of sight.
From rooftops I see embers rise and spin,
A world unfolding chaos deep within.
Though everything changes, one thing stays the same:
A hope that tomorrow we'll find a new name.

Dancing with chance, I step into the fray,
Chasing the sunrise at the break of day.

Tonight, I mix a little joy with my doubt,
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.
If the world goes wild, I'm unbroken, unfurled -
For a spark in the silence, I'll sing to the world.
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.

Living in moments that shimmer and fade,
Maps scattered loosely, I never dissuade.
Windows to wonders, old secrets that burn,
Waiting for all of our fortunes to turn.
Driving through stories spun out on the run,
Racing the daylight, outpacing the sun.

I steal little pieces of comfort and peace,
Trusting the struggles will finally cease.
Joking with fate, I slip past all their tests,
Wearing my mischief like Sunday best.

Tonight, I mix a little joy with my doubt,
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.
If the world goes wild, I'm unbroken, unfurled—
For a spark in the silence, I'll sing to the world.
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.
Maybe the madness is simply disguise,
To cover the longing I hold in my eyes.
Chasing the echoes that nobody sees,
Dancing on tightropes with laughter and pleas.
Caught in the current that carries me near,
To hope and to heartbreak, to wonder and fear.

Tonight, I mix a little joy with my doubt,
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.
If the world goes wild, I'm unbroken, unfurled -
For a spark in the silence, I'll sing to the world.
Raise my glass and let the laughter pour out.

So here by the window the dawn softly grows,
And the wildness within me quietly slows.
In the end, with a smile, I watch colors turn,
Still believing it's finally my turn.

Mixing & drinking, the world's gone wild,
Everyone knows, I'm just a child.
I sit by a window and watch Paris burn,
Hoping one day, we'll all have a turn

I live for the moment, tomorrow's too far,
I'll drive to the end of your world in my car,
I'll fight for a moment of unrestrained peace,
and wait for the greed in your world to cease.

I'll sit & I'll wait till I pass the test,
and fool all your friends with my lighthearted jest.
And laugh when they point out my crazy ways,
Never knowing what's left for the end of my days.



One Voice	29	Sun	57
The Circle	31	Melee	59
Rantings	37	Maria	61
Beating	39	The Clocks	63
MT Empty	41	Juliana Hilton	65
A Friend	43	The Compliment	67
Blessing	45	Orville	69
Not Thinking	47	Perception	71
Carve It	49	Mame Carpenter	73
Seasons	51	Prints of Darkness	75
Mother's Day	53	Eye to Eye	77
Coffee	55	RH ^{ve} G Factor	79

ONE VOICE

One voice calls, No-one hears.
One man cries, there are no tears.
One life lived, a duty fulfilled,
My body lives on, Just my soul is killed.

One voice calls, still in the night,
Whispers echo, fading from sight.
One man cries, lost in despair,
Hope like shadows, slipping through air.

One life lived, in silence confined,
Chasing moments, leaving dreams behind.
My body stands, but shadows creep,
In the stillness, where echoes sleep.

If I reach out, will you find me here?
In the stillness, can you feel my fear?

I'm breaking free from this endless night,
Searching for a spark, a guiding light.
In a world where no one sees my scars,
I'll rise above, like a shooting star.

Time may fade, but I won't give in,
With every heartbeat, I will begin.
Finding strength where darkness tries to hide,
In the echoes, I will turn the tide.

One voice calls, now strong and clear,
Out of the shadows, I will persevere.
No longer lost, I'm ready to soar,
In this journey, I'll be forevermore.

One voice calls,
No-one hears.
One man cries,
there are no tears.

One life lived,
a duty fulfilled,
My body lives on,
Just my soul is killed.

Two hearts whisper, the world stops still
Two minds merge, their hearts and will.
One life to live, Two to share.
Nothing else matters, Because we care.

THE CIRCLE

1-6

Yesterday I dreamt I saw,
 an enormous room, without a door
 and a million people trapped within,
 paying with their lives for a horrible sin.

The ceiling was black, the walls were red,
 The people inside had a feeling of dread.
 So in their subterranean life giving tomb,
 they sat and watched and waited their doom.

The dim lights flickered off and on,
 No-one knew what was going on.
 A blue grey mist moved across the room
 They knew that something would happen soon.

And then I saw appear, a door,
 and on it was written one word - WAR.
 Those convicts wanted to find a new life,
 away from sorrow, hardship and strife.

Men first, they formed a queue,
 Women and children followed too.
 Lining up at the door with all they had,
 To escape their cell before going mad.

They unlocked the door, turned off the lights,
 Peered outside to see the sight
 For now they knew that freedom was dearer,
 And so the dawn of another era.

THE CIRCLE

7-12

One by one they crept outside,
Away from the tomb where they'd had to hide.
They vowed to oppose anyone they saw,
who might force them back inside that door.

They met a man whose skin was black,
and slew him for fear he'd send them back.
For they thought that once they'd stepped outside,
Not another soul would be on their side.

They plundered on and one night,
discovered a man whose skin was white,
But he believed in Peace and Love,
Wore a white robe, carried a dove.

So they killed him too for fear he might,
Estrange them of their inalienable right
to find greed, hate, power and war
and remain outside that war-tight door.

They traveled on across all nations,
Causing havoc, pestilence and deprivation.
Reaping a perverted harvest of fear,
enslaving nations without shedding a tear.

They met a man whose skin was yellow,
his body all bent and his cheeks were hollow.
With his dignity broken, he begged for bread,
from an army of captors that wanted him dead.

THE CIRCLE

13-18

But the warriors played their almighty role,
and traded a tractor for his soul.
His self-respect? A packet of seed.
That's the story of a victor's greed.

With conscience sated and a treaty in hand,
they carried on to another land.
But they found a barren desert there,
A vast expanse, arid and bare.

It was so dry, they couldn't survive,
Not even an insect was still alive.
But still not realizing their ultimate fate,
they drilled a well to irrigate.

Out poured water, so they drilled more wells
and decided this was where they'd dwell.
But the wells dried up - then spewed forth oil,
killing the crops, polluting the soil.

Still they labored on through heat and drought,
trying to work their problems out.
With their livestock dying, and short on gold
They realized the oil just had to be sold.

They went abroad and learned to sell,
the black gold gushing from their well.
They found the worth of their trade,
by the hordes of enemies that they made.

THE CIRCLE

19-24

As time went on and their knowledge grew,
they began to make machinery too.
They built factories out of concrete and steel
and monolith flats, austere and unreal.

To protect their cities, they built ships
and jet planes for reconnaissance trips.
They made guns, arms, mortars and tanks
and distributed them among their ranks.

But still they feared their enemies were stronger
(for they'd experienced peace much longer)
So they stepped up the factories' pace
Intent on winning the weapons race.

They learnt about bombs that explode in flames
But the mushroom cloud was their ultimate aim
So the scientists worked until they found,
they could melt the earth for miles around.

They tried it once and then could see,
the destructive power of nuclear energy.
The strength of an atom, far greater than man
could control the world and achieve their plan.

They bombed and slaughtered till they felt strong,
never realizing it might be wrong,
to fight for peace by active aggression
to lay waste nations in their possession.

THE CIRCLE

25-26

And so they traveled on until they saw,
in front of them, a mighty door.
Written on the door was one word - PEACE
and on the ground, a bunch of keys.

They unlocked the door, turned on the lights,
stepped inside and closed it tight.
for now they knew that peace was dearer,
and so, the dawn of another era.



RANTINGS



Isn't it strange, that when you're in range
You still don't know if they'll hit you.
Isn't it so, that although you don't know
You still wait for them to enlist you.

Progress is such a beautiful word
It means so much to me.
It means we're going to lose our past

The thundering silence of verbal frustration
Battles desperately with the soft drumming echoes of social chit-chat.
Midnight dies with you and stays until seven before training you to your
desk.

BEATING

The ever present beating

in my heart so full of care

The sadness in my soul

Not even you could bear.

When I wish for freedom,

I wish it just for you

When I ask for honesty,

I want all you say and do.

Written in the cancer ward at Peter McCallum Clinic, Melbourne - Trying to stay positive after not having had a visitor in 5 months.

Gwen, my wife was busy with Bernadette and Michael and at that stage had no driver's licence or car. She was obviously overwrought and exhausted but my selfish words showed I was masking bitterness and loneliness.

MT EMPTY



I run my fingers through your hair, it feels warm, like water running, running through my hands. Your eyes see mine, but my eyes see stars in a dark clear sky. I caress your cheek - you curl your head and toss your hair, coming forward like a kitten being scratched under the chin. Your soft moist lips invite me to union and they touch, brushing gently like clouds in a breeze. The sun shines through, and sets, the moon rises - then sets, but in the darkness, the light is strong.

You touch me and my heart stops in anticipation, I can't catch my breath, then I feel the heady incense of the moment - realizing that the moment like the incense must be lit by a flame, but is then left to smolder and will continue to do so unaided for a time - but in the end dies, just leaving ash behind.

For the moment, the smell of incense is sweet.

A FRIEND

I need a friend who's warm and strong,
I need a love to last so long,
So I can talk and laugh and cry,
Someone who'll hear me out, until I die.

Fate has sent her just for me,
No - God has sent her to comfort me.
When I need her, she'll be there,
She's the only one I know, who'll care.

Coming Home,
One day
But here is where I really
Want to stay.

Can it last?
It never has before!

BLESSING

What a blessing he has sent me
With this love so sweet and strong
With a feeling warm and tender
And her heart that knows no wrong.

What a soft and gentle person
That makes me feel like I belong,
Such a quiet and loving nature
And her heart that knows no wrong.

Written in the cancer ward at Peter McCallum Clinic, Melbourne -
Trying to stay positive after not having had a visitor in 5 months.
Gwen, my wife was busy with Bernadette and Michael and at that
stage had no driver's licence or car.

She was obviously overwrought and exhausted but my selfish
words showed I was masking bitterness and loneliness.

NOT THINKING



Walking - Thinking - Watching
Meeting - Touching - Holding -
Moving
Feeling - Screwing - Paying.

Crying - Screaming - Feeding
Nursing - Buying - Sleeping -
Worrying
Shitting - Schooling - Paying

Worrying - Growing - Expanding
Carrying - Stretching -
Infanticipating
Laboring - Bearing - Paying

Walking through parks - Wishing
Watching her arse - Asking
Taking her arm - Holding
Greasing Her palm - Paying.

Written in the cancer ward at Peter McCallum Clinic, Melbourne -
Trying to stay positive after not having had a visitor in 5 months.
Gwen, my wife was busy with Bernadette and Michael and at that
stage had no driver's licence or car.

She was obviously overwrought and exhausted but my selfish
words showed I was masking bitterness and loneliness.



49

On The Road - Adolescence - 1970 - 1980

CARVE IT

I care for anything warm and strong,
I want heavy, hard things...

Don't mold it - Carve it!

Don't draw it - Etch it!

Don't hold it - Grip it!

Don't dislike it - Hate it!

Don't desire it - Get it!

Don't fight it - Kill it!

Don't like it - Love it!

Written in the cancer ward at Peter McCallum Clinic, Melbourne -
Trying to stay positive after not having had a visitor in 5 months.
Gwen, my wife was busy with Bernadette and Michael and at that
stage had no driver's licence or car.

She was obviously overwrought and exhausted but my selfish
words showed I was masking bitterness and loneliness.

SEASONS

In Winter when the wind is cold
 The fire inside warms the outside
 Looking in through a dripping window
 From the warmth of the fireside.

In Spring when the breeze is fresh
 We stroll thinking, our hearts linking
 Over hills and valleys we roam
 Until we sit and watch the red sun sinking.

In Summer when the harsh wind scorches
 The rivers and lakes call me back
 Refresh my spirit with their cool
 And replenish the strength that I lack.

In Autumn a zephyr moves the leaves
 Colors bold! Reds and Browns, Yellows, Gold...
 We watch the dawn come and go
 But the colors are left in the leaves for young and old.



MOTHER'S DAY



I've got an amazing wife,
 who helps me laugh and cry and sing.
 I never feel alone,
 When we share everything.
 She's given me the most precious gifts
 a wife could ever give,
 A little girl, a baby boy,
 A reason for me to live.

The pain that I go through
 cannot hurt as deep,
 when you see your little ones
 laughing in their sleep.
 Or when you see your son,
 living from her breast,
 or crying out so he can have,
 a little bit more rest.

But everything's naturally right
 when you are making hay,
 even a simple smile will help
 to make a tired Mother's Day.

In her eyes, I find my peace,
 With every tear, our laughter's leased.
 Through the storm, she holds me tight,
 With every heartbeat, she ignites the light.
 Our little ones, they dance and play,

In their smiles, the worries fade away.
 In the quiet nights, we whisper dreams,
 Together, stitched in love, or so it seems.

Through the trials, we stand so strong,
 With our family, where we belong.

Here's to the nights when the stars align,
 Every moment shared, a love divine.
 In the chaos, we find our way,
 Together forever, come what may.

Even when shadows fall and days grow long,
 In her embrace, I find my song.
 With every laugh and every sigh,
 In our little world, we dare to fly.

So here's to life, with all its depths,
 With a love that conquers, each breath we've
 kept.
 Hand in hand, through thick and thin,
 In this journey together, let the love begin.



55

On The Road - Adolescence - 1970 - 1980

COFFEE

Coffee is a hot drink, at least for me.
Coffee is a warm drink at least for me
Coffee is a cold drink, don't you see
That if you drink it when it's hot
It'll always burn
If you drink it when it's warm, so you'll remain
But if you allow it to go cold - Don't complain.

You for coffee?
I'm for coffee
Twenty cents buys a smile
Drink and sit
Sit and drink
till you're nearly sick and sink
At twenty cents each the coffee's dear
But the smiles are cheap.

HERE COMES THE SUN

Shadows clearing, the road is opening wide
The overhanging trees are thinning now
The sun is shining through the leaves
Now that you're here by my side.

Running through dewy grass with you
Swinging on a tree and then,
Lying down with breasts heaving,
My eyes are just for you.

Rolling over and over, ever and ever,
The world which was upside down,
Has straightened out everything
Since you came, there is no Never.

They used to laugh at my crazy ways,
But even that has changed,
Now they laugh with me
And accept each foolish phase.

Why? What have you done?
You've buried each heartache
and given me hope...
Parted the facade to show the sun



MELEE

Sad & Lonely song of two makes three
There was a time for you and me
but gone are we, wasn't it gentle
The beautiful life of love is gone.

Walking quietly through the trees
Misty mountains surrounding me
Sun breaking through the billowing clouds
Open your heart and feel the warmth

Now a driving, fighting force
Shoving along on a different course
Smashing at every tree
Knowledge of yourselves.

Wistful witches - Vacuum of space
Dancing high - increasing pace
Laughing faces - Prancing feet
Seeing Nothing - Hearing less.

MARIA

Mary, Mary quite contrary, Why do you hurt us so?
with your evil ways and ill spent days,
Your beauty cannot show.

Why did we bring you here, my dear,
Why did we educate you too?
So you can turn your back on us
What did we do to you?

Dear, dear we brought you here
To give you peace and hope
To give you just one little thing
A place where you can laugh and sing
Why is it you cannot cope?

Written in the cancer ward at Peter McCallum Clinic,
Melbourne - Taken to the hospital coffee shop by two nurses.

Maria was a Greek nurse and her parents were fearful
of the social differences in Australia.

THE CLOCKS



For those of you that don't know Melbourne, "The Clocks" at Flinders Street Station is the 'Meeting Place'. ("See you under the Clocks at 11am..." etc) These are a group of large wall clocks, each bearing a sign 'Next Train for _____ leaves at: '.

The clocks are old, they are above the steps of one of the grand old facades that is iconic in Melbourne, and most importantly, around a million people pass under them every day. Newspaper boys used to harass the train travelers and sometimes a person a little down on their luck would stare hopefully at you, or more likely, mutter drunkenly under their breath. Definitely a loaded spring in a city full of cogs.

One day, as I walked across the traffic lights with a friend, I saw a man, under the clocks, shouting to anyone that would listen. He had the voice of a revivalist in the Deep South of the US. His message was clear and interspersed with passages from the bible that he was waving in the air and rhythmically slapping.

"I used to be a sinner, I used to sleep with women, I used to smoke cigarettes, I used to drink until I fell over, I even became addicted to heroin and became a thief. But I found this book – and I have been saved!!!"

I said to my friend, "He used to be Obsessive-Compulsive, and look at him now!"

Sometimes, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

JULIANA HILTON

The day my soul met yours
Ninety waiters crawled for a \$ 2 tip
Four people rolled up for a dip
and one decided to stay.

Two months later, mainly plastered
but things seemed healed
My head reeled
and I decided to go.

But I'll look after you - she said
Stay on 'til you're on the mend
Maybe it won't have to end
I decided to stay.

Three to consider about the fourth
A place to live or a time to part
Please try to consider my heart...
And you decided to go.



THE COMPLIMENT



She's not very tall and not very stout
 She's got a huge mouth and man, can she shout!
 That's !

She has long shiny arms which she waves all about,
 She's got thin lanky legs - she's really a lout
 That's !

She has ears that protrude and bags 'neath her eyes,
 Her nose, like a mountain is fantastic in size.
 That's !

She has great clunking feet and a long skinny neck,
 She's as mad as a March hare and stupid by heck.
 That's !
 And you decided to go.

ORVILLE

Orville & Wilbur got told one day,
to go and fly a kite.
If they could see what they started,
They wouldn't believe the sight!

Not much more than a paper bag
with glue and a cardboard wing
A tiny motor with too much weight
But imagination with zing!





71

On The Road - Adolescence - 1970 - 1980

PERCEPTION

Perception is looking into a mirror
Reality is breaking it.

- or -

Is Reality looking into a mirror
and Perception, the breaking of it?

Perception - I could
Reality - I am

MAME CARPENTER

Two step - goose step - Boop boop - di - do

What's a nice guy like me, doing with a bird like you?

Take a bow - just for now.

Nothing's the same for a graduate from Mame.

Stay the night, Have a fight

Walk home at dawn - reborn

Bacon & Eggs for three

But Mame still calls me.

Put the baby to bed and rest my weary head

Stay the night and then a fright

Move in, Go home, Come back.

Try again.



75

Playing Adult - 1980 -

PRINTS OF DARKNESS

A shining light to the prints of darkness,
A positive sensation in a negative world.
Although our relationship may never develop
You have colored my life and fixed my heart.
And when I'm down, the slightest exposure to you
and I can refocus on the infinite

Piccolo in size and temperament,
you have transposed my whole tempo.

When I'm with you,
I never have a common time.
All my bass feelings turn into high vibes.

Beau Nestor - 1982 - Age 32



77

Playing Adult - 1980 -

EYE TO EYE

To reveal the windows of your soul,
Open the shutters of the blind,
Reflecting the mirrors of your dreams,
and the gateway to your mind.

To increase the perception of an image,
Decrease the perception of your sight,
Tune the transmissions that you send,
and let them see your natural light.

At flirtatious fifteen I saw you dream,
At sweet sixteen I watched you try.
At seventeen you came of age,
you're the perfect image ...
in my Camera's Eye.

Beau Nestor - 1982 - Age 32



79

The Early Years - Age 16

RH^{-VE} G FACTOR

RED LIGHT – STOP!!!!

Green light – Go!

Hurry up boy....

You're moving too slow.

Restrictions come – and they go.....

But I'm still the one that gets to say NO!!!

Early fumbblings of a young teenager left this thought ,
trying to unravel what was going on in 'her head'.

Beau Nestor - 1966 - Age 16