Westerly Articles in Electronic Form

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word prison, Son murmured to himself, amused and interested
how nice if i could put the one in prison who sang ‘ching chong
chimnman’
to me the other day or beat the guy with justice who called me ‘you
fucking Chink pig’

not so here in australia Son, the father sighed
they hadn’t even invented the word prison yet

Fuck You, Australia
from a penniless gambler

when i was boarding the CAAC plane for home which is of course
china
i said to you through the arse hole of a window:
fuck you australia!
you thought i had made myself a millionaire didn’t ya
digging for gold in your cheap sunshine
you thought i had wanted to get a kangaroo certificate
in order to live on the dole like a cheap unemployed fat man
you thought i had wanted to learn your english that called me
names
that fucked whenever you could anybody especially us
you thought i had liked your women because we were essentially
an immoral people that’s right we came to you to look for fun in
sex in the first place because yours was supposed to be a
country flowing with gold and fuck-holes
you thought i was every bit unlike you
funny inscrutable wily cunning miserly full of dark designs
you thought in your heart of hearts that we were
not fit to share the continent with you

fuck you australia
i said to myself as if i was australia
i said that i’d go back to china and tell everybody how vastly
cheap is australia and mean
i said that i’d forget you as soon as this very second when i was
fastening my seat belt my shit belt
i said though remembering that i had never fucked anybody yet
that i’d come back one day and pick up an australian woman as
my tenth concubine

fuck you, australia