

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE:**  
A POEM IN THREE ACTS, FEAT COMMERCIAL BREAK  
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ACT I

I want to raise my fist in the air with a **Hell Yeah**  
for the things about which I care without the fear  
that my hand will be pulled down.

I'm riding through west Footscray, feeling really fortunate.

I want to raise my fist in the air in the crowd  
without the fear that it will be pulled down.

I'm riding through west Footscray looking down at my bike  
tyre in motion, and i think of the guy who hosted wheel of  
fortune.

I want to shout loud about what I care about  
while everyone else shouts what they're about  
**and not hear dissonance in the difference  
of opinions** but instead a vividness like we're  
all instruments none of whom is insignificant.  
In fact only when every single voice is allowed  
will there be an omnipotent synthesis of sound!

The guy who hosted wheel of fortune I can't remember anything  
about him, but I think of him now as rich white shit.

**"applause"**

*"Weeknights from 5! See the wheel of fortune in action"*  
but never from the right angle.

Everyone should be allowed to shout

Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel and try your luck!

what they care about, while of course listening.

**the rubber rudder every microsecond baton,**

A world without difference would be ridiculous;

**a low blow to the high hopes,**

no stimulus occurs when things are frictionless.

**a suckerpunchline.**

Still I get it if you receive these hopeful words  
with ambivalence or perceive a little indolence  
because of course it's far far trickier than this.

**the rubber rudder, every microsecond baton, a low blow to  
the high hopes, a sucker-punch.**

Because of course it's important to maintain  
vigilance and resistance against wickedness...  
but should voices in the crowd be shut down  
if they seem impudent and villainous? Yes?  
But isn't this the antithesis of the omnipotent  
vividness of our polygamous symphony?

**And you possibly have different ideas about what constitutes  
wickedness or insolence than me.**

And he possibly finds a frivolous ignorance  
in what sounds quite felicitous to she.

*"Welcome to wheel of fortune!"*

Imagine being the rubber thing at the top of the wheel of  
fortune and the metal spokes keep hitting you in the face as it  
spins, like clunk clunk clunk clunk.

*roll ad break in 3...2...*

## COMMERCIAL BREAK

Are you worried that you're stuck in the mundane drudgery of your 9-5? You are! Well throw another shrimp on the Barbie. And by shrimp we mean you and by Barbie we mean plane!

**Clearly, you need a holiday bozo!**

And where better than gorgeous Indonesia!? Visit incredible Legian, Kuta, and Seminyak beaches! Marvel at a traditional wayang puppet show! Check out Chappelle's cell!

Indonesia is ranked in the top 5 human rights violators by the UN

... I mean, #1 in Lonely Planet's 'Best of South-East Asia'!

*Roll poetry in 3... 2...*

## ACT II

I wanna walk around town in my dressing gown,  
I want every book to be so good I can't put down,  
I want to rise above that thing when you're  
homeward bound and you just want to be home  
already so you don't enjoy the present.

The wheel spins but never from the right angle  
from the front its all glitz and glamour fortuitous fortune  
channel 7 primetime glitter and LED spectacle bintangs  
on the beach.

*Switch to camera B*

96 degrees later... The right angle...  
Change your perspective and All the bars on the wheel  
line up to form a cage...

*No deal, No stage*

It contains all of the audience members

**"applause"**

Who don't even realise

**"applause"**

but just keep clapping.

**"applause"**

It seems evident that there's some driving impetus  
that's underneath all of this, some mischievous  
force of change and discord that's always going forward  
from way back when we were Australopithecus. **Pethicus?**  
Into whatever sort of ridiculous future is next for us  
Can we do our little bit in this tiny dot  
along the line of progress that grows ever longer  
to make the collective voice of our particular  
crowd a little zanier louder kinder stronger?

'Congratulations Tim from Wodonga!  
You've spun the wheel and look where you ended up!  
The proud owner of two tickets to Ubud.

*"I'm really glad and I really should... check it out!"*

Imagine playing tiggy back and forth for forty years or more.

*"What for?"*

Just imagine, except you'll always be it.

*"Sounds shit."*

**You'll always be chasing, they'll never be caught.**

Tag, you're it!

*"Now I feel sick"*

No you don't! Barley for tricks!

Bali's for dicks.

## ACT III

Aku ingin supaya orang-orang di mana-mana dapat menaikkan bendera untuk hal yang penting - dan benderanya tak seharusnya diruntuhkan.

Tetapi bagaimana?

Memang, aku sudah berhenti memakai tas plastik.

I want people everywhere to be able to raise a flag of the things for which they stand without it being torn to the ground in rags.

But it's hard to know how.

I mean, I've stopped using plastic bags.

Aku ingin memasang radionya dan tak mendengar bunyi sesuatu laki yang memburu saudaranya seperti jantan.

Tetapi bagaimana?

Memang, aku coba tak merokok rokok prasangka dan kesombongan.

I want to turn on the radio and hear something other than the sound of a man hunting his brother like a stag.

But it's hard to know how.

I mean, I try not to light up the cigarettes of prejudice or presumption and take a drag.

Aku ingin mendapat kopi untuk ahli ilmu yang coba mencegah penyakit.

I want to go on coffee runs for the scientists who are helping diseases to be prevented.

Aku ingin berkonversasi dengan kata-kata yang sedang dibuat sekarang. Tak mau orang-orang egois menolaku dengan teriak keras.

I want to have exciting conversations which result in new words being invented.

I don't want these self-important people to wave me off dismissively with rich grunts.

I don't want some willy-nilly witch hunts where people don't really care which cunts' bodies they end up dumping in a ditch. Shunt the trains of intolerance into the seas and let us all tip-toe together across the tracks carefully.

With our **voices** in beautiful **disharmony**.

Our **voices** in beautiful **disharmony**.

Our **voices** in beautiful **disharmony**.

