1-4-1.xml  
  
‘The zinc's the thing, says Hamlet  
He pishes in the pail, zips up.  
Zits at the shaving mirror  
Slings the pailful at the prompter  
Sets the upturned bucket on the boards  
And sits enthroned,  
For a moment looking remarkably like Claudius.

1-5-1.xml  
  
Open wide  
Say Ah  
Newborn  
Dangled by the ankles  
The vowel unrolls its bundle:  
Nothing there.  
An old boy nailed to the floorboards  
By the noise coming out his throat. His eyes  
Shedding all the light they'd taken in.

1-5-2.xml  
  
**Mission Control**Amice, alb and girdle, stole and chasuble  
The priest got togged up like an astronaut  
To blast off in a cloud of incense  
Orbit the altar two-and-a-half times  
Do some moonwalk maintenance on the tabernacle nose-cone  
Then back to the chapel house  
For Sunday lunch.

2-1-1.xml  
  
Dark of brow and bright of blue  
Deep of bow. A wolfish brew  
Creaky bough and dark it blew

2-2-1.xml  
  
**Animal Rights: The Musical**Horse-hair bow. To string a fiddle  
Skin a cat. Another song,  
Another songbird.  
Blow the bone whistle, bro,  
Tighten that drum.

2-3-2.xml  
  
Two bob or was it five for a single  
In its paper poke. Blob of vinyl  
With a spiral scratch on it.

3-1-1.xml  
  
My blessing on your frosty pow  
Your salty prow, the  
Stricken plough. Take a pew  
In the snug beside me.  
We'll sink a few.

3-2-1.xml  
  
How they burned  
You never saw you never dreamt  
You never got. Pro  
Career on track  
The sleepers  
How they burned.  
How the buried signals  
Cracked and burgeoned.

3-2-2.xml  
  
This blunt, late-Latin silver probe  
Doesn't draw but follows  
Or at most defines the border  
Of the wound to swab and dress.  
Macerated bandages, rag paper  
Tears like skin the pencil bruises. What  
Else can you do? You see her face  
You say her name.

4-1-1.xml  
  
This cat doesn't mew, it produces a repugnant  
Nasal moo - huong! Huong!  
If any of you knows of someone  
Who answered to that name when he could,  
Who maybe died in a tunnel in the American war,  
Would you please have him put to rest, with all respect?