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?

4-2-1.xml  
  
Used to mow the grass at Rosshall Park with those  
500cc diesel mowers. Heavy engines.  
Hid one once by tying a rope to the handlebars  
And hoisting it up a tree.

4-3-2.xml  
  
Ah, the mob!  
You can grab it by the gonads  
And shake it till it purrs. The voice  
Of greed, a public thing,  
Your demagocracy.

5-1-1.xml  
  
**Bellagio**Before you look  
Before you can even see  
It turns out  
A vow was made for you.  
He clicks file to view  
She clicks agree and there you are.  
You know they'd not have done that  
Or you think I know my rights,  
Let's renegotiate. But they start  
To drop around you  
And you know, this view:  
It really is to die for.

5-2-1.xml  
  
We stopped in Mid Yell  
Between Sullom Voe  
And a raised beach by the  
Whalsay pitch & putt.  
('He's J.-Arthur-Ranked it  
Into the rough!')  
No trees but in the fossil swamp,  
Every line on each leaf  
Rendered.

5-7-2.xml  
  
Breathe in: bref,  
Breathe out: verb  
In the bin the bin the be-  
ginning, in the beginning, pump-  
ing away like a burst pipe.

6-1-1.xml  
  
'I would no more deprive a nobleman  
of his respect than of his money' (Dr Johnson)  
My parents paid feu duty.  
The flue was coughed with soot.  
The laird flew in BOAC to sort it.  
One of the few who cared.

6-2-1.xml  
  
To and fro, the plantigrade  
On that frisbee floe,  
No mate to track  
No foe to thwack.  
All ebb, no flow,  
It's time to swim in those  
Pantoum pyjamas.

6-3-2.xml  
  
Campbell fancies Marshall something  
Rotten. She laughs herself. Forgets to click  
The seatbelt when he calls to fob off dinner.  
The geomantic junta sees him as young and dangerous,  
Bless 'em. She doesn't see the police car till she  
Stops on a green light, then wonders (him  
Singing the praises of his wife and son)  
What this will cost her.

7-1-1.xml  
  
Blessed art thou  
Under the Roman radar  
Unlike that son of yours, who'd thew  
The doctors of the law  
And throw his negative weight around  
Till he was through with the system.  
There are words for those who've lost a spouse or parent,  
But not for the likes of you.

7-2-1.xml  
  
**Undersecretary**The demagocratic  
Tough at the top  
And his gag of advisors  
Inclined to lick butt.  
Call it nauseabondage  
Though wait a sec:  
What I hold down is still more  
Than I want to throw up.