

# The Rat Fathom

A digital facsimile of  
the Codex Rodentalis

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# THE RAT FATHOM

IN 3 INTERLACING PARTS

by

Top rander Bopp  
Partly Wig  
Ahalo Candle.

## The Agricultural Revolution

Hopefully will end pollution

Though I think it much more likely

It will only ease it slightly. (!)

This contention, I contend,

Is but a means to butt an end

And thus the kings of Rome expired

+ the Canars were all fired

Thus the plot & moral's clear:

If you want to season beer,

Place a leonor very near

The person most admired.

Place a very leman near

The child who's closest to the hearth

The child who likes the hottest bath

The child by Cupid most desired.

The king dislikes a coup d'état

And Y a rancid abattoir

And many men a gooseberry sponge

And every are, a gloomy dungeon -

On filled <sup>with</sup> chains and fearsome fangs

- The water drops, the cell-door clangs

And dormice chatter in the wind

The academic fails, alas, to see

The cats who knew the dormice ruined

- the king dislikes them all, but me.

10

20

I wandered lonely as a swat  
A blue fit from the hedge outside  
Aside I cast all thoughts of use  
"Go, thoughts" I said, and then a bit  
Of bark my lofty thoughts defied  
As fire will melt the falling snow

So you & I will lead the march  
And bravely spurn the biting cold  
And leave our footstamps in the sea  
Whilst lesser men beneath the larch  
The older men (as prophets told)

Forbear, tho' rich, to pay the fee -

Thus spoke the prophets, long ago

My thoughts were then on other things —

The kings who taught me semaphore

Can hardly be said to bestow

To souls that soar on silken wings

That sublime sense of knowing ~~the~~ more

Than doctors & nurses & artisans too

Than the men from the mint, or the men from the zoo.

Than business men's parents who've come ~~in~~ from the cold,

Than the sage who grows ~~Id~~, or the seer who grows mould

On saucers of milk left out on the sill

Or chocolate shrimp that they make at the mill

Thus spoke the prophets, so strong and so ~~the~~ true.

30

40

50

The ostrich, then, inveterate beast  
When nesting in the scrub  
Eats large blue cakes with unripe yeast  
— it buys them at the pub.

And drinks, therewith, a pint of ale,  
+ cleans its nest with gusto  
And when it's sad it tells a tale  
A ~~sing~~ tale of death + lust - o!

60

But when it nests on mountain-tops  
Or perches high on crags  
It takes its ease in cast-out slopes  
— It doesn't sing, it brags.  
In such a case it brags with vigour  
And even sends its friends away  
Sony sight, o fallen figure  
O fallen pomp, relinquished day!

Chorus:

70

At times it haunts the lonely shore  
but when distressed, it wails  
and sings weird songs of ancient lore  
~~which~~ in which invention rarely fails.  
Thus ostriches are creatures strange  
Like poems, they are wont to change.

I was always sad, when the people round me said  
That the elixir of youth must contain excessive lead  
And that animals, vegetables, the humble wombat too  
Would never become younger by drinking salty glue  
Or go over the eight & collapse into bed  
With a navy-blue flute on the top of your head  
What a frightening picture the elephants drew!

80

\*

I was always glad, when the folk around me sang  
That the secret of the tiger lay in its horrid fangs  
And that Parsifal the Porcupine and all his hateful ilk  
Could live off petty cash receipts & half a pint of milk  
Or kill a baboon with a Swiss boomerang  
Or poison a pig with a tainted meringue.  
And embroider the tale on a mural of silk!

\*

90

I was often mad, when the men about me cried  
& pretended they were sorry when a king they hated died.  
And remorse was all I felt when the Revolution came  
And the horse was all I smelt when they tried to change my name  
or lace my meringues with strong cyanide  
& pretend that my father was not horrified  
The day that my mother was ~~fed~~ & ~~cried~~, ~~fried~~.  
led lame

At the edge of the forest a little bird sang  
Of the brauna of Life, the 'Sturm' & the Drang,  
+ the predator pigeons, the communist crows  
Spoke on all of the topics which everyone knows,

"But does anyone care?" asked our hero, alarmed  
On the field of dry stubble so dreadfully farmed,  
So appallingly Haughed, so disastrously sown

That the ploughshare was ruined, the ploughman had  
"O does anyone care" cried our hero again

"O does anyone dare to harvest the grain,"  
"Yes, yes!" cried the hoopoes, "yes, yes!" cried the twites,  
"We agree on the principle but shant waive our rights,"  
Let's continue to continue what men have begun  
Let's take up our ~~Red~~ cannon and fire our gun!

From eighty leagues distance the blast could be heard  
The report was excessive & scattered the herd.  
The elephants fled and aardwarks withdrew

The twites they all twittered, the chaffinch crows they all crow  
at the edge of the forest where the avocet lives.  
and The people are potbles, or sailors of sieves,

The eligible elephant spoke of the day  
When the king had seduced his great-nephew away  
It was thus that realm of the forest declined  
By the vice of the king, it was all undermined

I rode to the sea on the back of a goat  
 And sang to the moon of a beautiful stoat  
 Infused with this sense of ineffable glee  
 I squared the heart to an + went into the sea  
 The brine it engulfed us, we sang not a note  
 We searched for a sail, but there wasn't a boat  
 We sought in the sea, for aught that should float.

X

I slid through the sea on the back of a fish  
 Methought it would make a delicate dish  
 But there chanced to appear a demonstrative beast  
 For whom every meal would end like a feast  
 My fate it was sealed + I cared not a whit  
 That the board was prepared and the candles were lit.  
 And we started to eat, and the beast we all lit.

The importance, I claim, derives from the fact,  
 That the goat became wedged in my di-gestive tract.  
 The pain (do I bore you?) was great, I assure you,  
 I swore at the doctor with minimal tact.  
 And the fisher came round + condemned me outright  
 Their voices all raised ~~to communicate~~ to ensure that their  
 Would be better than mine, this abominable night.

plight,



Buy me a bonnet and polish my boots!

Bring me a bouquet of paranoid coots!

Follow me down to the waters of Bath

And fall on your knees at the fishmonger's hearth.

Sell me your money but give me your land

Invest what you owe me, & give me her hand

My dawny, my dearie, must be of the best

(A hairy old Tony from south Budapest

has the white of the cash of the crew in his care)

And my wealth must exceed that of Arimithaea,

When the trumpet is sounded, the king on his knees

shall show off his singing with great expertise

And ninety grand pianos, all played by one man

(Though the tuning is faulty, yet sounding worse than  
a million cats that sing in the woods)

And make a vast profit by purchasing goods

From the gnomes on the left or the sprites on the right)

Who is wretched in practice but good on the night,

Arrayed with medallions and headdresses fine

The song of the days of the summer + wine

In a ready falsetto which lacks any timbre

Like tyres on a road with a very poor camber.

Meanwhile the old king will be choking to death

In the arms of his widow, the evil Queen Beth

Who poisoned her stepsons with strychnine and salt

Which ensured the proceedings were called to a halt

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There was an old person of Bognor  
For pets he had neither a dog nor  
A luminous tope  
~~A rare calliope~~  
Or the best armadillo in Bognor.

She never tells me yes or no

It pains me so

It does you know  
To hear her "No"

She seldom tells me why or when

But now and then

Some nine or ten  
She'll 'Why' or 'When'.

She often tells me whereabouts

180

Between the shorts

The ins + outs

Of crassest courts

She, whom I have so admired, is often somewhat vague

And he, my colleague in the woods, is often plagued by colds

And I, though scarce allowed to walk, have visited the Hague,  
Where, legal wrangles understood, the king his sceptre holds.

And we who are so many now that we cannot be wrong

Should not be forced to make a point already made before

~~This~~ Our lives are overgrown with weeds—the way is very long

190 The prinnose path shall peter out in eightscore years + four.

And so she never tells me who

~~is bound to know~~

~~she~~ Is bound to do

To wit, to woo

My kangaroo

Or who will come another day

+ what ~~will~~ say

or throw away

Of come what may.

200

In the mountains of Tibet,  
 (Though I haven't been there yet)  
 An oboe and a clarinet  
 Are sampled up + day.

In the forests of Nepal  
 (If there's any there at all)  
 A nineteen-sixty-nine Vauxhall  
 Is stranded by the way.

These two things are all I know  
 (Save that Ignorance is best)

In my bliss I'll fight the foe

210

Who has risen in the West

The west! those fabled storm-rent shores  
 peopled by ageing, witless bores  
 Such as those behind these doors  
 Within these strong immures.

The west! those storied sable steeps  
 peopled by ageing wits creeps  
 That wallow in the timeless deeps  
 Devoid of smecves

220

Thus let me rest in solitude  
 Without that hussy Grindstone,  
 And pass away my days in peace  
 & play the piano without cease.

MINUET IN G MINOR

By T. King Quoniamus

# XELLA: THE YEARS ABOVE

(OR MERVYN THE MARMOT)

by: Laurie van Carr

Ahmed Kah  
Mengh E. Spurk

I sought the truth, the truth I sought  
Wide seas I sailed, ~~so~~ far ~~to~~ lands I roamed

I plucked a rose in every port

And nodded much, but never homed

And when, forlorn, I looked for grass

On which to graze or bark my skins

I found ~~so~~ but miles of broken glass

230

Medusan mounds, litter bins...

The trees were bare, the bazaars were dead.

Lost in this larval landscape, I

Hoped to find some softer bed.

Then that in which I hoped to die

The thought of hope, the hope of thought

The fear of loss in years to come

The weeping of the Argonaut

For each unfathered child at home

Let each unmothered child adopt

240 A rabid tapir from Brazil

Ensure his fur is aptly cropped

Or else a mangrove swamp Gazelle.

Thus came it hither, thus it went

The deftest darts struck home and true

Sure pierced its hide a score were bent

But truth had killed the kangaroo.

The rabbits too had died, alas

Through eating uncooked rhubarb leaves

They gave off noxious orange gas

250

And all the world in darkness grieves.

## My love's like a pea-green leek

like a drop from an old split barrel

She's mouldy and giddy and ever so weak  
But her love is a feller called Harold.

## Harold' the Hartstongue—thus y-clipped

By the cuppe, the spoone, + the saucer —

O'er the buckets and pails he leapt

In a desperate effort to force her

But Morgan the Margrave was close at hand

## 260 Through acres of mice he ran like fire

Raving and cursing (egad it was grand  $\Sigma$ )

As ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> piano) He sank in the mire.

Belching like ancient empty volcanoes

wheezing like geysers that spout to the sky

~~Croak what you said,~~ <sup>Who it was</sup> whom you say knows

For life's a pirate (I wonder why)

So my love, like a wizened anaemic sage

+ dark outside, emerald swaying,

Brass feet + clay head (for such is the sage)

Mopping and mowing, barking and braying

Slaying with slings that are sold by the sea

And wrapping up writhing wee wrinkles

She longs to be in her own countree

Where the lutine bell still tinkles

Thus Harold' the Hartstongue still roams wild

and climbs the groaning trees in winter

The spoone + saucer still talk Chaucer-styled

And the cup ran away with the splinter.

3  
280 "Not of this world!" the polecat cried,

Scratching its hairy underside  
And scarcely stooping to divide  
The red ones from the yellow

"Nor of the stars!" the stoat replied

(As, latterly, all rodents cried)

And hardly bothered to provide

Excuses for his bellow.

"Nay, to the deep" the molluscs crew

Waving their tentacles aloft

290 The which, though barbed, are smooth & soft  
As all the Phrygian sages knew.

"Now we retract" the orchids wept

Giving up their bursicles

"Chop them off, + use yr sickles

O you unspeakable nympholept"

"Never again, O not ever more ...

You Soaring up inwardly above

~~No~~ No second time, O once my love

Can mermaids win the matador?"

300 "Hes ~~far~~ too poor Gloucester, what a fool!

Alas" the mastodons exclaimed

The traitors, nameless, too proud + cruel

Because it was the last of Yule

Eventually were named

Green grow the roses - o

In The Vale Of Vale Mecum

There they found Wee roses - o

### Telling tales of Harry Seacombe

Whose song has Medusa in it ?

310

The Chanson de Famous Roland,  
The turtie, the redpoll, and the linnet

And the spotted deer of Poland.

Which song has Medusa in it ?

"Which has not!" the fulmar cries

"Tell us, do not lose a minute "

Shouts Black Morgan from the skies

Moses and his Joe, the Gorgon

(a hopeless case for treatment - o )

Sprayed blue paint at our-black Morgan

And cut in twain the Greekman's toe.

320

Use this maxim, learn it well

Tie it in a Gordian knot

Liberally laced with caramel

Just smother gently, watch it clot .

So green grew the ghastly crew

On their bannisters green and darkly

Coming back from Timbuctoo

By way of Nagasaki

Their toes were dead, the gang was green

The ~~rumour~~ rumour 'tis a mad, mad tale

330

But Melby Dick's a mad mad whale, And all we said was left unseen.

The stoops without ~~try~~<sup>the need</sup> to conquer  
Queen of all, she knows no bounds

For hatred 'gainst the men who wrong her  
Or e'en the smallest of her hounds.

Engrossed she hunches o'er the loom

To weave a tapestry of woe  
For in a brontosaurus' womb

340 No happy notions ever flow

Weep then, o prophets of disaster

Turn your eyes and hold your hearts

Let no evil fiend outcast her.

Shun the wild lugubrious parts!

Incensed she weaves the warlike woof

A wilderness of ~~the~~ shame takes shape

For heathen\* spirits need no roof

Dame Nature's Neckbones need no raps

Once, riding in a mossy dell

With staff beside a rod to guide

Upon a maid her eye once fell

She joined the staff, she joined the rod

And into forests lead their path

By murky steeps and grotts unholy

There, by Cithernis one-time bath

They prayed so deep & lonely

But only once the wolf was heard

And only once the darkling rote

And then at dawn a broken shard

Was seen to reach its goal,

O grimly soft-shaped earthen hole

350

360

6  
"Yet once more, O ye cabbages, and once more  
Sit you down by the water & sing  
Sing of the leeks, o ye cabbages, and their lore  
And the bee in the tail of the sting

Turn again, o ye stumps of suspense  
To the conundrums of Constantine  
Sing once again this song of mine  
or else be sleeping.

370 Yet once more O my blunderous, once again  
Let's hear ~~by~~ thy belching thundersous once again  
**For the strongest sword in far Touraine**  
all else o'erleaping

For why should the spirit ~~of~~ Mistle be sad  
**Or the quagmires envelope Sir Galahad**

For when will the lyre-bird agen be glad

~~Being~~ being (with all else equal)

So turn again, ye methylated mangold-worzelz  
Wreak out your wrath ~~of~~ on King Guffuzelz

380 And all the rest that Jove embruzelz  
And tell the sequel "

**Thus spake the king of the vegetables**

Esteem him and give him ~~the~~ due homage  
Feed him with nectar at silver tables

Credit him with the famousest fables

**That ever came from unripe porridge.**

The thought of hope, the hope of thought  
 And what price Conrad's glistening goes  
 When, frowning, studying laws of tort

390

He realised 'twas time to go.

The art of going, going acts

The running sore, a soaring sun

### The carrot in the cataracts

Then here for tea & a currant bun.

In fear and dread, in dreadful fear,

We told the runes, the bells were tolled

The ruined bells were dire to hear

My soul was here to die unsold.

400

The doves were wrong, with wrongs undone

They doffed their shoes, and bootless coughed

And naked danced beneath the sun.

On ill-made sand, nor firm nor soft

### The casebook on the bookcase stands

And waits for gravity to fall

Serene and sambre (like brass bands

That roam the forests of Nepal)

8

Xella

Sofly blue and rippling slowly  
Sighing seldom, lying lowly

Gently yes, and yet not quite

410 Xella yields

**Yields as rock to water wholly**

Lapping lightly

Napping lightly

**Over Aphrodite's fields**

How jolly !

# "THE ILL-DRAINED) TWOSOME"

or 'What is Not'

by  
Reinmar Riesen  
T. A. MARINER  
Dack Till

The Welder was welding as never before

Bright sparks & hot metal were strewn on the floor

The woman they paid to keep everything clean

Had once sent a card to an African queen;

But this fact, however, had nothing to do

With the welder's great-nephew who shrieked, from the fire place

" Begone, you fat dunip, begone from my life!"

Be you ever so clever, you puzzle my wife"

This wife was a moron, as thick as the woods

And no good as chattels & useless as goods

To the African Queen she was sister + niece

But his husband ~~stabbed~~, he shot her, (to keep the ~~peace~~ peace)

And the welder's third cousin had a stepson who thought

That if wives could be won, why then sons could be bought.

So off he then doundled one day to the market

(His car was so big there was no room to park it),

In his pocket were a map, a fire, ~~and~~ a stool

(A small immature one bid off for a great),

A lampshade, a bus-stop and fifteen gazelles

Two oxy-acetylene hermit crab shells,

An antidiluvian Turkish trombone,

No wonder his stomach did rumble and groan!

The market was full of the oddest of folk

Selling horrible pancakes that make children choke.

The Welder was weeping aside and alone,

For his grandfather's sister (an aged old crone)

Who was dying a blanket with antelope gore

And hoping to sell to some mad matador

For scandalous profit, usurious price

Who the soldiers from forever through acres of mice.

The humans wobbled horribly away

As the traffic jam wound slowly o'er the lea,

As the jaguars from Jupiter lay down at last to sleep

And monkey slunk along to lock the day

450 O the dreamers are the sleepers but the sleep is not the dream  
(or so I deem),

And every little jaguar comes some day home for tea

Tea with traffic jam on Jupiter, for traffic jam is cheap.

For the gardeners of Jupiter are fair

The seeds fall softly from their velvet hands

lying twelve months in the rubble till the first small shoots appear

To burgeon forth in blossoms fresh and rare.

But <sup>the</sup> seeds are not the flowers, and the flowers not the seeds

(or so one reads)

460 And the jaguars of Jupiter are known in many lands

for ~~their~~ skill with plants + random amounts. Their expertise is clear

But no, he could not ever break the spell

That deemed him ever to be small and thin

To wobble ever horribly + breathe the fetid air

He couldn't really stand the movement or the smell  
But the move is at a standstill, and he shuns the standard move

(This I shall prove)

His eyeballs shot a thunderbolt, his amput' goan a grin

Yet doubt it not who dare: for doubt foregoes despair.

O The dreamers are the sleepers, but the sleep is not the dream

Will the swallows ever sleep again?

For the sloop is not the schooner, nor the yacht the galleon

Is it swift enough to plough the main?

Will the swallows sleep again?

O the spider spied a mayfly, and the fly may fly away

The web will not, I say, be spun anew.

Yet to spin is to the spinner as the daystar is to day

And the curfews to the cur, at least a few.

The web will not be spun anew

If wafers feed waifs, name me widower's fate!

(for windows eat wind, and waiters do wait)

But what of the orphan that waits at one gate (?)

For the old orphan-ginder who turned up too late?

Name me the fate of the mad potentate!

Nor shall you hear of the Welder's new mate

Whose tale is sadder than I can relate.

Although I have spoken in words of eight

So the workers are the waiters, but the weight is not the work

Weld me to the writing on the wall

And I'll dream my life away until the coming of the Turk

Till the rising of the empire, or the fall.

Is there writing on the wall?

For his trumpet is a limpet, but his limp is not a trump

~~and it gives a melancholy note~~

Yet to note is not to notice and to slide is not to stamp

~~The groaning grabe is not a goat~~

That gives a merry note.

500

If aught of love should make her heart despair  
 She would as lief have ~~left~~<sup>left</sup> her native home

**If aught of home should make her linger there**  
 Then none but love would make her want to roam.

If sighs and weeping hours had brought her joy  
 (If joy had brought her sighs and sleeping flowers)

Then creeping cowards that took her home to Troy

Would have to bring it back (Such are their powers!)

But powders she lay, her heart a-torn in twain  
 Long hours ~~she~~ forlorn she dreamt of torments dire  
**And hope, though not enough, is not in vain**  
 And pain could not put out her heart's eternal fire

510

Once, long ago, when but a lissom lass  
**A winsome wench, she met a gladsome lass.**

Both northerners, they frolicked in the grass  
 Now she's a mum, and he, of course, a dad.

**Now she's a wife but he alas is ~~dead~~ gone**

What shall a poor wench do i such a strait?  
 When children went, she took a Aladdin's lamp on

**A fishing trip. They used the lamp as bait**

And ~~When~~ when the day was done, Venus came  
 Clothed but in seaweed and her native hair

**Her foot caught in the lamp - It made her lame**  
 And sing a wild lugubrious Cornish air.

520

O ~~Venus~~, Venus, how your sorrowed heart was wroth  
 When stormy Vulcan rent your rings, and fields

**And Constance Plank was judged too thick, + sent...**  
 Where aught but love could catch the heart that yields.

In the evening came the cycles

Through the mist they span unerring

Round and round their eyeballs rolling

Bowling, boling, uncontrolling

530 Howling, hairy demoniacs

As the footfalls sounded softly

As the snowflakes fell like faces

Fleeting from some unknown kingdom

Treed by sycamore and linden,

Pry the poplars soaring loftily.

But the branches swaying sadly

Seemed to sing the saddest music

Chanted by some noisome teacher

Who away would gladly fetch her

540 On his tandem, madly.

But when morning dawned, the fair one

Seemed to vanish in the brightness

O eschew Medusa's gaze!

Sing again sweet Lethe's praise

(A German physicist called Erwan)

In its cycle come the evening

On the haystack slept St. Michael

Brawely groan the sad "Amen"

Or sing of Robin's merry men

And their unwholesome evilness.

550

ENVOI

May the cycle chain be shattered!

May the unfat calf be fattered!

As if it really mattered!

let me know the day before you promise to forget

For I would write you long, long sonnets in the trees  
Where chimpanzees and marmosets recline and take their ease

The trees are where we parted, the trees are where we met.

Long will I remember that you never will return.

Your sight still fills my mind, your memory my eyes

560 The sonnets of the universe are of a constant sighs

The sighs show we are martyred, the sighs show how we yearn.

But isn't this, the yearning, what we yearn to feel within?

And we yearn to show without, the things that only burn  
(for without the burning show, what things can any learn?)

And yet without the food of love, I should grow thin

Trees are where we started, and trees are where we'll stop

To pick the mellow apricot, the acrid mangosteen

Next summer you'll return to me, and we will not be seen

Lest the keeper of the easthouse ~~that~~ should catch us on the hop.

570 So tell me when you want to go and I shall go before

I'd not prolong your staying if your heart is set elsewhere

But before you go I'll tell you that you're rotten to the core.

Had you been a fairer love, I could have loved you more

I would have loved it more, had your lover been as fair.

Deep in the dripping forests of Rangoon  
The mongoose creeps  
Lured by the languorous bassoon  
**The glowworm sleeps**  
And every creature fears the wild ~~&~~ racoon.

580 Soon in the flaming summers of Iraq  
A flautist lurks

Awaiting the silence of the dark  
to play the ~~one~~ works

**The secret secret anfew works of JS Bach**

Far in the rapid vortices of Sind  
The Hindu stays

**His body racked by snakes of wind**  
He longs to graze

In silent <sup>wispy</sup> fields, but not rescind

590 High in the hanging heat of Hell

The camel swings,  
Eating cakes of caramel  
And sweetly sings

**Supposed songs that camels all know well**

Then in the mangrove swamps of far Cathay

**Where we were born**

(A mile along the road to Mandalay)

The unicorn

**Devised this irreligious ~~smoking~~ roundelay**

600 Many long years with hate and lyre in hand

**The bard was barred**

From writing sonnets in the sand;

**The bard was hard**

**It melts when all the people understand .**

Oh had I James in my grip

Then I would build, for I am skilled  
And never make a slip.

Oh had I Etna in my grasp

Then I would write, till long Funks Night  
of Cleopatra's asp.

610

Or should Elektra grace my house  
And feed the fire of my desire

Then I would never grouse

Reverse the hearse! Release the verse

Reveal the peal! Repeat the veal!

Imperatives are these

Pejoratives are worse

For those that cannot feel the veal.

Who squirm + squirt but never squeal

620 Or scatter far like frightened teal

For them I save my hearse!

O were sweet Helen here with me

Then she and I would purify

Our early-morning tea

O dappled Daphne, stay in Rome!

For laurel shrubs make hardy scrubs

And bloom around our home

So should a Grecian Goddess come

Her I would strangle, in the mangle

And pickle her in rum.

630

ENVOI

O Lady, when compared with you

The ocean hardly strikes me blue

- And nor do you.

From Turkestan and Samarkand with opal eyes they came  
On his charger, Maximilian. On his horse without a name  
Young Sophocles, his nephew; and on a cow called Kate  
The Tatars came a-storming by - they feared they would be late

They stumbled through the ~~the~~ Caucasus - a wilderness, a mire  
A luckless land that every year is swept across by fire

Meanwhile the Turks were moving up from deepest Ethiopia

Beside them rode young Mysaine on a silver carriage

His stony shaft swung low about his strong and subtle neck

Bounced back upon the buccaneer who, born in far Quebec,

Where all the folk are charlatans + sell their sons for slaves,  
Was bathing in a highland beck and washing in the waves.

But now the Mongols charging came and wrought with swords of steel

Such blows as those of goodness knows who of dexter blows can deal

And careless Kurds that use no words but those of Catalan

~~reversed the heart~~

Rehearsed the verse that bodes the worst for woman, child, + man

And bodes worse still in far Brazil for pumas and their ilk

Now Goths and Huns, their many sons, came bringing corded milk

And Teutons brave, that rant and rave, and vicious Visigoths

Then Slavs and Greeks, with broken necks, who rode on sacred moths

Show! for one + Show! for All: Usurp the tyrant of Nepal

And spoil ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> beer with froths!

From Burma far & Kilimanjaro, the Kings of Carthage came  
With ~~five~~ fifty thousand slave-girls who, with hearts and eyes afame

With thoughts of hope + hopes of thought etcetera as you know

Were ransomed for a crown of gold and adamantine glow.

So all the hordes of conquerors that teemed throughout the land

Were thwarted, nay aborted; Chaos ~~the~~ strangled all they'd planned

The Kings they willed, and all were killed. Across the silent plain

On the shells of would-be heroes fell the darkness, fell the rain.

A April daze is here again

B And May may soon be on its way

C Cradled now the Milky One

B That Juno's breast did spray.

C And duly stem the Creamy One

D Or gusty winds that ever blow

E Through the empty Nebulae

D Dismembering the Honied ~~the~~ Foe.

E The thund'rous knights of Febulae

F Came marching to the Northern March

G (No vent bereaves them of their air)

F They Jam no airy pie with starch.

G {In the transept embers flare

H A Foot, sock, toe bereft of limbs

wading through the mire fen

We hum, we hum the honied hymns.

680

Yes, April daze is here again.

"PAPIST"

or

"THE PAPIST"

Written by

R. Burroughs  
Arcturian Curry.

Ebenezer Tide

The Eight Bone

O green, green, green, they all come out of the green.  
Casting their cares to the wind, they shout to each other with glee  
Why must I listen?

So green is the sea

The sea that in this awful place is, O, so rarely seen.

O fie, fie, fie! I toil + I struggle + try  
Pushing my letters away, I strike <sup>strike</sup> up a thorn in ↓  
**Who must I strangle?**

So orange are we!  
So horribly orange our glow has infected the sky  
Like a <sup>rotting</sup> Spangle

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a ~~no~~ luminous glow  
**Labouring over fields of glutinous loam**

When shall I slumber  
While writing this poem?

**Or reciting the lies that I shall never know?**

O death death death - <sup>\*</sup>my parents are both out of breath  
Through breathing their last in a Shoemaker's box

**Drowning in leather**

While stitching their socks  
And pronouncing in Gothic ~~work~~ a low shibboleth  
Predicting the weather.

He writes with the left who are wrote with the right

**And does in the day what he once did by night**

And those who know him now take fright

And warn off their kin from a similar plight

He cries in the rain who once reigned with a cry

And furrows his brow with a sizeable ~~strong~~ sigh

**And his awful errors multiply**

The quotient of eight by the sum of reply.

Till the power did he become banned from the sky

**And are forced to descend on a lame eremite.**

The load on the ring of a ladder was wrong

By the neck for the song so appallingly sung

**With lugubrious larynx and terrible tongue**

With a writhing wind from a labouring lung.

Alas, Orgelissa, his time was now up

He drank a curdled vote from an old paper cup

**As if the volcano was about to erupt'**

Then he grope, and he grape & he gripe & he grope

On August the 8th it arose with the ~~last~~ pup

Which I fed with a dump of wild rubber dung.

I feel like a pair of a peal at a fair

**A lascivious Czechoslovakian all pair.**

From where I stand no sound is heard

Save shrill + lucid mutters

And still no thought my mind has stirred

~~Save "how few cats have stutters"~~

Save "how few cats have stutters"

And with this truth I'll live my life

Until my grey beard crumbles

Or leaves me + attacks my wife

Who always groans & grumbles

A graceless squaw who plait's her hair

And fashions shapes exotic

And sleeps while floating 'ce air

In postures quite ungainly,

Mainly,

Aquatic.

\*

From where I sit a no smell is small

No sight is sought unsubtly

The lighthouse keeper ten feet tall

He closed the door quite shutly.

His mouth wedged open by a spoon

He ~~had~~ kicked the blarish curvy

+ shouted "You may leave quite soon"

— they all left in a hurry.

A graceless harr who squats alone

For two is <sup>and sings in base Turkish</sup> comely, three's a crone,

And four is scarcely lawful

Angrul

Alergisch

"FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA"

Upon a far-off gloomy shore,  
Where octopoids made merry  
My father left a bottle brown

### Enclosure which was like a town

A city drowned in sherry

\*

### The first day that he left it there

To board his vessel brown

It dug a hole full six foot deep

### (As if an ageing witless creep

Had dreamed it up in gentle sleep —

His intellect is tiny).

\*

The phantom Welder raised this eye

My father helped him pickle

And looked around the burning bath

### Awaiting the dire aftermath

Of flying Sodium in the bath

-These fearsome fiends are fickle.

\*

His eye, it leapt from wall to wall

We squashed it with a racket

But bouncing back, it broke a vase.

The Welder, rolling 'long his 'r's

In imitation of Papa's

said "If it squashes, sack it"

\*

The hedgehog is the nesting boe

The wild ducks are prickly

My father stunned them with a mace

### The Czech book-keeper fell from grace

And grace fell silent quickly.

Hunties inferno <sup>is</sup> long since extinct

As extinct as the greenhouse to which it was linked

The greenhouse decayed as the sunflowers grew

The flowers grew green as the sun house did too

Till everything burst with an ominous 'Bang'

And the debris was scattered to farthest Penang.

Where ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> natures approach natures seek widely游走,

Till the day dawns again & other kneebones are sore

The kneebones delayed as the coronaries crew

Had a thrombotic vote just to see who was who,

But hold, ye Atals!

Avaunt, ye Scarabs!

Elope, ye Lapps!

And turn of taps

Begone, all Fins  
And Mandarins

For as the poll was counted out,  
We buried flavour with the last

And laid the regal plinth.

"FONDUE makes the heart ABSINTHE"

And melts the wane of love

As it cries out aloud to the heavens above,

Desist!

You're pist!

under ground and followed path up hillside of limestone and carbon  
dust. A lot of limestone dust was being washed out of the  
water as the water fell down the hillside in pools and fine sand  
was washed out - Elephant Rock

# Belshazzar's Snack

OR

Watch This Space

The follies of the Argonauts are terrible to tell

The arguments of Falstaff, they were pretty dire as well  
But all are over now.

Yes all are dead & gone

And dead birds smell.

The Duke of Gloucester's "John"

And petty actors look to him as to a sacred cow.

An operatic cow, that used to low and ~~grin~~ grin  
And wring the neck whose knee belongs to Jason's kith and kin

Do I light all the hoods?

Yes, the hoods should all be lit

Let the holocaust begin

(For the tunnel is ill-lit)

And the Miners are non-plussed; as they beseech their bovine gods

"Jove, I now beseech you, say the words that fires the bolt

That upsets the stable down, calls the sunrise to a halt"

Thus called the coal-black crew,

Poisoned pigeons in their hands

From far Hainault

Or other tainted lands

Where birds are bait for businessmen and buxom barmaids too.

The Follies of the Shepherds, or Bergerie to the French  
were always re-enacted in a Caledonian trench

Far beneath the Highland Block

Far beyond the Vistand realm

Where dead birds smell

In Iolanthe's helm

For here, as everywhere in fact, corruption is no shock.

I tried to count the Pharaohs at the bottom of my garden  
Where roses grow and, fading fast, the snow begins to harden  
But my eyes had scarcely focussed when they <sup>lit</sup> upon a locust  
The locust flew away and cried "oh dear, I beg your pardon".

The Pharaohs and the roaring cats in deadlock fight no more  
(As Roman wedlock was a match that knew no three or four)

Yet for polygamous sphinxes, or per' patetic hyuxes  
such interrupted combat was a part of ancient lore.

And the law of ancient parts disclaimed the Pharaoh & his tribe  
"Try below the labyrinth" they cried "for liquor to imbibe"

We pursued a bevy ~~too~~ tunnel down a lengthy ill-lit tunnel  
And soon we met a helplessly inebriated scribe

"Where's the locust where's the locust" cried he, clutching at the air  
With hyacinths and daffodils embroidered in his hair

But he might have been an Asain, or of other odd persuasion

Had ~~he~~ the welder's second cousin not been swindled at the fair,

Where the roses baren softly in their concrete-hard velvet

And the amaranthine lilies bloom along the shores of Crete.

And the sickly lady Pharaohs much their Pictures & their Aeris

And the psychopathic jester serenades a parakeet.

Seven ages lives the Swan, for swan ages pass away

Seven swans saw the sage at the breaking of the day

It was well & truly bonken & the splinters, ash or oaken

Were burnt to make' the sunset; the dusk was ashy grey.

O The Jester & the Pharaoh & the Welder and the sphinx

And the welder's second cousin (o, miserable minx!)

With this greeting I shall greet em - Quitt ~~you~~ you now my Arboretum

When I'm roused I'm more ferocious than anybody thinks,

# ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY CHILDREN

by:- Arthur Itis

**ANNA STAMOSES**

(F)

MYCROFT XX

(C)

RAY PISSED.

I've lived all my life on an island so rare,

## My only companion ~~is~~ <sup>a</sup> fat polar bear

I've existed on fish from a hole in the ice

The whole of the fish was a nice Camembert

But there certainly wasn't enough for to share

I've died all my deaths in a scene from King Lear

## Immersed in a jar of best quality beer

My brain became pickled, I just could not think  
I sank to my knees with a sorrowful tear,  
And wished that the colourful duck could be here,

## I've visited Heaven, I've called in at Hell

My leg fell off-

Oh well.

Now I've learned in <sup>not</sup> ~~run~~ to be invisible,

## And aimed to achieve a ridiculous leap

I missed the last bus and I had to walk home

But my life flashed before me & then became clear

That a plum is a fruit, and a fawn is a deer.

## My tail is too long and my stony's too tall

I can't seem to fit in this rhyme - where at all,

I struggled & rose → the flower smell fine

But the daisy was dashed, for the bees were too small

## And the Bessner Conventer came 1st overall.

I've been to the belfry, I've drunk all the fat

I jumped from the bell-tower,

Splat!

The girl awoke, she looked astune,  
while the handsome prince asked her to dance  
**Avert your eyes**  
**Were her still eyes**  
I must resist your bold advance.

He lunged at her madly, she welcomed him gladly  
She fell into his arms, and they kissed. But, suddenly,  
They missed attack,  
**And tumbled back**  
Onto the bed, where they dined badly.

This terrible aim had a cause in myopia

He said to her boldly "I really do hope you  
Can help me make ...

Toorrow a cake

Or dancing, I'll really soft-soap ya

She said she with a grin "If you do that I'll yell,"

**The bad fairy appears at the touch of a bell**

"I know it's a bird,

But if you do you'll go blind",

**He replied it was truly a monstrous sell.**

Said the fairy, "I'll hit you and join in the fun,  
And the elves & the pixies came out one by one

The goblins appeared

**And the fairy fairy was scared**

By the burning gold rays of the luminous sun.

The sun it had set in gelatinous mould,  
It had glowed, then sank as the day grown old.

**The golden orb waned**

And the sandbar was saved

By the old Neptune of gold.

**By casting a statue in smooth polished gold**

# DUCK SOUP

A green feathered duck flew round the moon

Its phaser banks firmly on star

It whistled a loud unmelodious tune

And dreamt of a red leather ~~bun~~ bun

The fires died down to a ghostly glow

And crackled away in the hearth

I pondered upon the existence of To

As I warmed my nose in the bath

Green figs in blue wine

Are excessively fine,

But they will not suffice

Unless ~~they~~ simmered in brine.

Its primaries soiled as the poor bird was forced

On many an errand I ~~would~~ tell,

As the Irishmen taunted, abused and reviled

And the fairies all danced in the dell

The maidens went down to the glade by the stream

~~These~~ faces were covered their pale bodies green

With the after-effects of tea with the Queen

Who had served borkel carp & with the truncated bream

Pink Ferrets in Sieves

Quite frequently gives

To unfortunate mortals

And salubrious spurs.

The shoe string tie gave way to the wide,

A penitent route and hair slickly styled

The man with forked tongue denied that he lied

But was noneth less firmly and justly reviled.

On a fine sunny day we went to the zoo  
To see cardinals and elks, albatrosses and mice

**And kangaroos sucking pink coconut ice**

All life flashed before me, like that, in a trice  
**and a tombol of hairpins, a whirl of white lice**  
Which flashed by in an instant all covered in glue.

The sheik of Abdulla fell down on his knees

And cried to his wives, who were singing a round,

Another like that and you'll all be divorced,

~~At~~ The chief wife said wifely why don't you say please  
**And we'll coat you in lemon & fry you with cheese**  
And jump up and down till you fall to the ground.

The finger which pointed the way to my doom  
Showed the Webber the way to the Whispering wood,

**Where nudibranchs always have eyes for their浦**

Or else moolg around in ~~green~~<sup>a dark</sup> cloud of gloom  
for a room with a fish, or a fish with a womb,  
or a cataclysmic announcement in bloom

**The walking stick up-hung by a thread from the light**

As if held there by God or by Araldite,

**And the butterfly fluttered by tied up in a knot**

. And the bee has just been though the ~~wash~~ it was hot  
With the waspish-type anger one knows it has got

I stand alone, though having loaned a stand

I grasped the red hot poker most firmly in  
my hand

My friends have all left me they've gone to Siam  
O desperate am I, how unhappy I am.

I lost my last friend, I could not stand a loan,  
~~I from the indigent friend of the half-baritone~~  
**Unwanted, unsuccoured I fell in despair**  
The bloated blue bats ~~were~~ caught up in my hair

I crawled to my feet which were three yards away  
With three feet to the yard then I sat in the hay  
**And waved a white sock to a passing top hat**  
Which turned upside down <sup>sooon</sup> ~~soon~~ digorged a cat

I felt for the maze while amazed at the feel  
**of unbasted hyena and monstrous teal**  
Surrounded by hedges of mushroom & maize  
I was dazed every night and benighted by days.

**I tripped over the sky as I walked upon air**

I discovered a fly in the roots of my hair  
The root of the matter was - where could I fly?  
To Wigan perhaps? Well, let's have a try.

The glutinous mass which I took for my nose

**Was really a Pobble a seeking his toes**

<sup>The sky fell down with a crack on my head</sup>

**'Twas the end of my dream ~~when~~ I fell out of  
as bed**

^

"If you see a dustbin, paint it black

For blue is not their colour, not their style

It would not suit this dreary cul-de-sac

In backwoods, downtown East Troy"

Thus spoke the sullen knight-at-arms

He was, as you will see, a man of many charms.

\*

He rode at night through silent gloomy woods  
And bowed strong pots of tea in silent cells

He drank them with emetic treacle pudds  
And played sweet tunes on tiny bells

He bought them from a charlatan who sold illicit goods.

\*

After many days he found the Toads

And bargained with them for a floated bat  
Who sat upon a pumpkin wading odes  
Of Noah and his ship on Ararat.

Eventually his stubby feet

Were like Jan ~~fatigue~~ painting by Magritte.  
undecided

+

With new-won bat and <sup>he rode</sup> marlboro rope upon his way  
Through viscous mires and unrelenting marsh  
And shot the peasants ~~swimming~~ in the Tay  
The peasants whose brass bands were too harsh

much

They never practised more than twenty times a day

\*

The Plumber damed his instrument  
It made a pretty sound  
And split the sundry airs around  
(the airs are what I thought you meant)  
Until the jilted cat was drowned  
(the cat that was so covetous  
it did the village folk astound).

He dug deep-freezes from the soil  
And later by and by  
He woosed a phantom butterfly  
And wrapped it up in silver foil  
He sent it to his mistress shy  
Who drenched it in boiling oil  
(its feelers went awry).)

But gashes wept upon the floor  
And drowned the plumber's feet  
And spilt the plates of fetid meat  
With streams undigested gore.  
Corpuscles dancing to the beat  
of musselman and matador.  
Whom panthers never eat.

"The Jug"

or

"A CEREBRAL PALSY"

As the chicken to the cabbage, so the walnut to the swede  
An incorrigible dictum of the Venerable Bede

I've wasted words for weeks + weeks + still no sense you speak  
I've boiled myself in oil just to curb that squeamish shriek.

As the crayfish to the octopus, the bedesman to the loach

The horse unhorsed the driver who was paid to coach the coach

I've asked the Mayor to ride the mare, the clerk to read the rote,  
The jeweller to line my hat with gold and peridot.

As the bipinary ladies to the mineshaft, tither coaxed

By the subtle semi-satrap from the state of Knabatogget,  
To look for semi-precious stones and worthless ones as well  
And to wash their skins in ether and to ring them like a bell.

As the women raked the liftcar, + the foreman raised his fist

Then the Welder raised his eyebrows and the Wrestler broke his wrist,

Came the hoarse & clattered hoofsteps on the cobbles of the town

As the middle-aged pretender was about to claim the crown

As the coroner, didactically pretended to be dead

Came the crayfish cry 'Then let him die' & 'Amputate his head'

But they took away his body and left the head behind

Does the heart contain the spirit, does the pelvis house the mind?

Do the houses mind the pelvis, does the body heed the limbs,

Does the puritanic Welder mind the elves that sing no hymns?

See the Pilgrim father father fewer paltry pilgrim sons

See the swiney punster make unfunny punny puns,

As the punster to the pilgrim, so the manhole to the maid

Though the whin may be soberer the adder's twice as staid

Though the viper may fit up estate, she <sup>eats</sup> the adder's cake

Then putting on her Sunday best she wallows in the lake

As the miners to the milliner, the jewellers to the Jack -

The Welder was a humble man: he knew when to turn back.

The Queen + King, through thick + thin, they knew when to turn black

She leapt to her feet with a cry of dismay,  
No vigilant sage her fears could allay

No diligent vassal who cudgels the mass

Nor masculine ~~cow~~ cowhand could save her, a loss.

For how can a cow-hand deserve such a fate

When bulls with four feet cannot open a gate,

And a gate cannot hinder a four-footed bull.

Learn to hinder the better heron and fling to the gull

And the wide open spaces the philistine grebe

That quakes in the quagmire and gloats in the glebe

The welkin exhibits no greater prestige

Than the drunkard who mutters "My ankle! My knees!"

The welder, the wheelwright, the maker of loaves

The cobbler who cleaves on chameleon clovers

The peasant's revolt! was it 80 B.C.

Was it April, November or January?

Was it raining that day, or was Edward the Third?

Did Robert the Bruce know the way of the Kurd?

Now little Miss Muffet she stinked a Stinket

(Her last had been scoffed by a vigilant poodle)

I told you the system was Feudal.

I told you the system was atrociously bad

I told you twelve times till you thought me insane

I told you the system was mad.

For why should the spirit of mortal be sad

When hopes can be high, and rays can be glad

And why should the marital spirit decay

When a wedding can last for a year and a day,

And a funeral more than a miser could say.

Or a diligent vassal (on half  $\pi$  his pay)

Unerringly witty but sombrely clad

For what can the spirit of mortal be had?

3  
"Take that!" he cried, and kicked the hopeful frog,  
**Who'd** ~~famed~~ so long at ~~dear~~ Deirdre's bedside bed  
Where Deirdre's sister slept as ~~like~~ a log  
Had barked her skin, and shunned her barking head.

### **The hopeful frogs + pessimistic toads**

The nubile salamanders and the newts  
**Were** hatching, hiving, spawning in the pools  
And swimming for the town by divers routes.

"The town!" they cried, "where we shall all be saved  
**If** doglike Deirdre grants the boon we craved  
Princesses shall we kiss, and turn to ~~water~~ corp  
That play sweet water music on the ~~tree~~ and ~~the~~ harp."

### **The pyre lay ready in the market-place**

For <sup>the</sup> fishmonger's nephew whose soul was reprieved  
For the desperate distiller whose dice were deceived  
And the bishop who fled at a furious pace.

### **To the zone where the zebra is better believed**

And the swift are the best, and the hares win the race.

"The town, the town, the town, the town, the town!"

Get up, sit back, Fall short, move out, lie down!

### **Pursue, rescind, elope, transpose, give blood!**

I wrote, in tone, in like, in soft, sly mind,

But never, never, never curdle ice

And never heed this sensible advice,

This maxim ~~never~~ Deirdre's sister used, ignore

Amphibians and ~~the~~ reptiles and their lore.

### **The hopeful frog <sup>and</sup> out + cried "Take that"**

And Deirdre turned once more into a rat.

I bled to death on Highgate Hill

I rose to heights hereto unknown to man  
or artisan

For Art is ~~a~~ a Narcotic Pill

And kills the soul as no narcotic can.

I bled to death as Artists must

I dyed deep red my soft four-poster chair  
and, debonair,

They ban her for her ~~best~~ loathsome lust

The same that led her to the lion's lair.

I bled to death as King of gore

I cried in monarch's tones "A haversack,"

a lass I lack

A daisy calls me to the fore

And scrawny autumn rocks pull me back.

And shall you bleed who follow me?

Or ~~see~~ see my sanguine bath overflow with gore,

I ask no more

Talisman try to swallow me

That line's exceeding poor bad, appalling poor

And shall you follow me who bleed?

And you shall bleed, who ~~criticize~~! dare to criticize!!

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~, I die for pies

I crave the Cassaway seed

I saw the craving in Cassandra's eyes.

Despite all this, I bled ~~a~~ unseen

I sank to depths unknown, vacated for I.

Unknown I lie

surrounded by the green.

That is some corner of a foreign sky.

Hope and yet unsad were his weary ways.

No one dared to drive him from his home

A purple jake hung o'er his ear

Dab + dear, O dab + dear.

I wot not if he were a gnome

Rose and barely clush were his dreamy days.

O weary days!

But though she sought to laund all her garments in the foam

She wept & read strange curses from an ancient crowding stone

The curse was true. The clothes were filled with Peat (some call it Loam)

She telephoned: an urgent call to Auntie Meg in Rome

The Pythia pretended that the lines were all engaged

And thus <sup>gorgous</sup> heroine by year & year she aged

While pushing stones up mountain, thirsty Sibyls assayed

Who at the distorted mirth was horribly enraged

MS

Ey

# AN ARQUEBUS

or

## THE PLAINTIVE YEARS

by

Nigel E. Fish

D. G. Talis

BB

BB

I sing of rabbits and the pristine rat  
And all the sons that rodents e'er begat  
Which fear the coming of the lynx-eyed cat.

I do not sing of aged peas and beans  
Nor yet of ~~aubergines~~ and artichokes and aubergines:  
My words are not of vegetable scenes.

I sing at night beneath the argent moon  
And though my lays are always out of tune,  
I'm better than the baritone buffoon

I've never sung in keys with many sharps  
I've never warbled to the sound of harps  
And never sing, on principle, to carps.

The carp, salubrious fish, I do not love  
I love the orange-purple Hopping Dove  
I love all things that shift around and shove.

My loves, you think perhaps, are strange and odd  
(You do not understand my love for cod),  
But you weren't born, I say, in Norgoood.

You didn't spend your youth in silent woods  
Where silent elves eat ancient Christmas Puds  
Clad but in velvet ceremonial hoods.

But I, once when the gods here often spate,  
Sit down alone, and to the unhearing gnat  
Sing songs of rabbits and the pristine rat.

The uncoddee pie did wily smile and say  
"Much have I pondered now on life and death,  
For thought is not a pearl, that elephants will know  
Nor thoughtlessness a crystal in the snow.

Though many things exist, so many more do not  
That know nor dusky night nor eye-bright day  
Like nursery moths that never did give breath  
To sullen syllables that ease an insect's lot.

"Much have I pondered now on life and death."

\*

Thus saying, to the oven went the pie:

He was a true blue stoic to the last  
(His gut conceived where ~~cherries~~ ~~ripe~~ ~~do~~ grow,  
pomegranates

And where the pirate kings their trumpets blow  
To lure the mermaids). Then the pie became

A tiny speck of pastry in the sky  
Grimly rememb'ring his joyful past  
His sweet but fleeting joys, his momentary fame.  
He was a true blue stoic to the last.

\*

And he is still remembered 'mong the tribes  
That wander o'er the plains of Kazakhstan  
These lost and weeping peoples do not know  
What happiness was found long years ago  
When pyres were burning in the mountains, on the plain  
Hung heavy silence — language scarce describes.  
Among these tribes it is a Sacred Yam —  
The Holy Pie: its shrine lies near the lane  
That wanders o'er the plains of Kazakhstan.

# "TERCES the FURTIVE CLAM"

OR

'BIT OF HALLEY'S COMET'

By

Dai Gestive  
The Leaden Potto  
NORE

For one night of rare enchantment, I passed ~~the~~ ninety nights of dis-  
May my lover from the factory give me more eternal bliss

Let her shudder, let her snore, let her quiver let her roar

Let her do just what she will - for after all she ain't no whore

In my night of rare enchantment on the food production line

I woke in ~~parsimony~~ agony pain to find a rivet in my spine

Let it stay there, let it be, it's no catastrophe

Let her do just what she likes, after all her will is free

My night above the casement was worth all its weight in mould

The mushrooms sang a lullaby of sweetness quite untold

Such as milk or flowing honey (or maybe of flowing money?)

It matters little which, but it certainly was runny.

The serpent is pure!

Strive not to unloose

The secondary goose

or Mallarmé,

or piously pray,

For Charlotte Russe.

Is rather obtuse

And sings in the bath all day.

The bardsman is buff!

They pay him enough?

For that yellow stuff

or La Fontaine

Yet once again

My lemon puff,

Is often gruff

Like the kings that thund'rous reign.

ENVOI

So rarely is the serpent slow

Enough to see a walnut grow

My nights of rare enchantment so

Slightly blemished.

"Pass the vallet, goblet," cried the sergeant in a trance  
"Ease the stands" said the conductor an hour before the dance  
His baton had a bat on: if you gave it half a chance  
*You could see it dance the polka*  
I was saddest when the folk a-round me said: "No More Romance!"

The day was over now and yet the lusty knight was gone  
*On an errand for the Marquis of Lower Babylon*  
Whose kitten had a mitten with a mangold upon  
You could see it dance a tango  
*When they cried "Spaceman" aloud "You can go now"*  
Now" I said, and rambled on.

The catatonic couple dropped in death-throes to the floor  
Like the epileptic crisis of a month-old matador  
What's the matter with the hatter? Surely twasn't him we saw?  
You could smell him rape the typist  
Crying "Diese dumme Weib ist nicht so schlecht!" Who kept the score?

The new digestive amphitheatre never looked so grand.  
(It was new you see) A fact that everyone should understand.  
(And yet it would be better, if everyone were banned  
From waltzing with a warrior  
~~Those~~ whom nobody is sorrier  
To see than those who walk on sand.

The poet was a picturesque but sadly lacking shanty  
He lacked the necessary shade to hide a lion cub  
He invested all his savings in a desultory tub  
*Where the foxes learned to trot*  
and de-rail the irate Scot  
Who wheezed: *Rhubadub dub dub!*

Let us drink a Hungarian toast to the Whale!

That's to say, spout the liquor 8 feet in the air

And later go back quietly home, to where  
Music's unsound, and the sirens are male.

Let's crunch an incredible toast to the Melba

Unimpeachable dish, beyond all compare

And later go slowly back home, to where

my loves lies, leaning on her elbow

Let's burn a dead duck, let's fry it, let's roast

let's spit it 8 miles to a far distant coast

where we hope it will simper and give up the ghost  
of the mallard's aforethought "How much is the most?"

But if ducks don't exist then nothing is "more"

Like a beingless apple devoid of a core

On which our toothless old shorts incessantly gnaw

In lieu of the joys of an unwilling whore.

May the clue to the cox of this capital clan ...

May the root of all my rabid revenge

Be uncovered in ancient Stonehenge

Or in sultry suburban Pege,

Where the underground railway eng-  
ine Ran.

\*

② ye subtle engines of the slimy Northern Line

Where the nauseating despot holds his court

Of antiquated boxers that never yet have fought,

Of delapidated mousetraps, that never rodent caught

(Those excellent devices, so rarely these days bought)

These things of ancient myth will come no doubt to nought

The numberless confection the doughnut-counter sought

As he downed the methylated mud and spurned the parson's port  
+ the night's rare entrancement. In cyst upon a Waft!

"I most certainly will not"

The table was laid, the glasses were set

I thought of my grandfather's silhouette  
Enshrined for all time on a large photograph  
I think I shall chop it in half.

And sell it for sixpence at Widdicombe fair

Answer no scrupulous questionnaire

Frighten inquisitors, bound for the coast

Mimic your grandfather's ghost.

The candles are lit, the board is prepared

Card-watching in silence the Horrible Laird  
Enshrined his grandfather within a cassette

His body is rotting there yet.

I'll sell it for nothing if any will buy

For Agatha's my alibi

She slept half the night in the verminous fort

And wrote graffiti on't.

The font was defiled but the altar was clean

Until the wee small hours, i mean

When Aggie awoke with a visible cry

and altered the altar all terribly wry.

"A change is as good as Arrest!" shrieked the police

(They'd just arrived from Greece)

As they battered my grandfather's house to the ground

With a humbling decibel sound

Enshrined for all time in the growth of the wheat.

For the epileptic cheat

Enshrined for half time in the womb of a goat

(Six o'clock in the rowing boat)

Enshrined for a ride in a buffalo's hide

(Six o'clock is the mystical ride)

Enshrined for enchantment for never, for right

(Six o'clock is worth half an ape)

For the grandfather clock that was battered: its plight

Was rather dire. A squalid grape

Is not the nicest of things to sight

It spoils enchantment in the night.

5  
The keystone stood aloft beside the sea  
It was the best of friends with Nosnibor & me  
I see the loofa stood beside the quay.

I see it well.

I feel its smell.

Pardee!

\*

The buzzard soared aloft above the Po  
No softer lord was known, or now or long ago

To dominate the ~~black~~ dwarf, incognito

His name is not

I have forgot

Bardot!

\*

The sofa floated 'twixt the swiv'ng trees

Its ~~black~~ backside roughly level with the sergeant-major's knees,

The sergeant major's backside rough as gravel fails to please

The roughest wrench

To say (in French)

On brise!

\*

A ~~black~~ gravestone in the mattress of my bed

It's but a feeble paltry substitute for bread

To serve at bridal breakfasts to those about to wed

About to knot

(Believe it not!)

Ahead.

\*

Enchant me with your whining repartee

Till screams should reach their apogee

And, falling, splash into the sea

Ask Nadia

For Bacardi or

Me.

See the polecat dance the polka  
Before night falls;

On me, on thee.

And on the stoker  
In this night of our enchantment  
Which your aunt meant  
To cook, for tea

\*

See the walrus waltz by day

To an eerie reel

At dawn, frosty.

And far away

In this day which you enlighten  
Or else frighten

Those still unborn

\*

See the vixen, watch her foot

Or else, if not

(Unholy good!)

The Irate Scot

Shall cover your mouth with oats.

And rubies stoats

(Out, out, damn spot!)

\*

See the albatross apply

The potent oil

The Sheik prefers

A blackened eye

Sheik may safely ~~the~~ gaze

Up on plains of supple jelly:

Like all am I!

\*

Beside me now you are, beside myself I am

My second friend was not ~~now~~ a Justice clam.

ENVOI:

# THE THIRTEENTH AFTERNOON

or

The Follies of Krishna

by

General De Terence

The Whale of Tintoretto

## The merchant of Venezuela

Was ~~locked~~ locked in his room by a sailor  
 Who demanded a bushel of blood  
 Or at least the address of his tailor,  
 And a lesson in chewing the cud.

The dream of a mid-autumn night,  
 Is like an unreliable kite  
 Which will land in a tree,  
 On a Saturday night  
 While trying to act like a bee.

Have you ever seen a meringue  
 Delivering a violent harangue  
 Or a dissident dove  
 With a sharpened parasang,  
 To give as a gift to his love.

The shagaz once sang to his mate  
 "We'll meet at the buttery gate  
 And slip on the hinge,  
 (For this is our fate)  
 If we ever go out on a binge.

## The ~~mad~~ metallurgical monk

Was attacked by a scurilous skunk  
 And the bullfighting Basque  
 Sailed away in a junk,  
 And the skunk ran away with a flask

As the flames of the candle grew dim  
 There appeared from the glow Cherubim  
 Who made off with the ~~wax~~  
 Though feeble of limb  
 (They have strong dangerous backs)

I wish I were a porcupine upon the banks of Dee  
 Or else a gilded telephone in far Trincomalee  
 For then I'd find myself at ease, though often I have said  
 That effervescent lemonade is better for the head  
 Than Montezuma's regimen performed while drinking tea  
 (for Montezuma had a thought: a lentil is a pea,  
 And half the sea is molten wad, the other half is lead,  
 But which is which we'll never know for Montezuma's dead).

I'm glad I'm not a pot of jam on Chile's distant plains  
 Or Genghis Khan's best blunderbuss, or even Tamburlaine's,  
 For then I'd feel that curried sel, though often rather poor,  
 Was the only proper food to eat in Warsaw or the Ruhr,  
 Unless riding down the Rhine by night with sadly slackened reins  
 My silver-plated tie awry, my stomach plagued by pains  
 I'd strike an attitude of wrath, a posture quite demure,  
 But what was what you'd never know for cancer has no cure.

Though there was a young doctor named Blake,  
 Who kept yellow mice in a cage  
 When they said that he must be insane  
 He replied he undoubtedly wasn't  
 But of course if they said he was wrong,  
 (And in fact he was right all along)  
 He would make them a very fine cake.  
 As an underhand Christmas present,  
 For 'twas all the result of a wage  
 That was not to be paid again.

I'm sorry never to have seen the marmoset at play,  
 For he's a child, and I to him in loco parentis  
 He dangles from a lofty limb and sits athwart a brook,  
 And cries in sundry ancient tongues "pro camine illuc"  
 He speaks an appalling French and shouts "je suis bête"  
 A cheerful lad he is, you see, just like a summer's day  
 And if I try to stop him, why - he greets me with a look,  
 For if am a bishop, why then he must be a rook.

Oh, The gramophone is a marvellous beast, half bat, half snail, half prawn,  
 Half wombat, half elephant, half kinkajou, the remaining half is the least  
 Only three and one half in captivity, it's kept on a verdigris lawn  
 It has nothing to do from even to mom, but at night it is always released

It roams through the streets  
 And whomever it meets  
 It cries "Where do you do?"  
 Like an arrogant you-  
 through a mouth full of sweets.

It roves over parks  
 And it frequently barks.  
 To the denizens of  
 Far-Slavy Herzegov-  
 -ina "Linear B."

It runs through the town  
 In an old dressing-gown  
 Which it constantly doffs  
 (You can hear as it coughs  
 That its feathers are down)

It paints at an easel  
 The size of a measles,  
 Two armies in combat  
 Both chucking a bomb at  
 Whatever the breeze'll

~~the~~ Bear to the river  
 Be it kidney or liver  
 Or pieces of balloon  
 The cat has forsaken  
~~that~~ For the sake of a quiver,

Whatever it be, the gramophone beast, half this, half that, he will paint it  
 On a canvas so rare that ~~the~~ wealth of the world ~~for~~ to buy it could never aspire  
 So rare, so unique, that the wrath of the world would descend on any  
 that taint it

An assault any seller who would try to dispose of this treasure to an ~~elegant~~ buyer;  
 (Yes, the wrath would be dire).

The burglars of Leamington Spa  
 Are renowned for their daring and dash  
 For they never make use of a car  
 Unless they are travelling terribly far,  
 In search of illicit cash.

\*

The Lemmings of Bergen-op-zoom  
 Have stormed the municipal pool  
 And invaded the manager's room  
 (Which is next to the emperor's tomb)

The emperor was a fool.

\*\*

The martyrs of Montevideo

Were lynched every night by a ~~good~~ mob,  
 While the soldiers would faintly say "Oh,  
 My goodness they are getting rough in their play - o,  
 What does a burglar, but rob?"

\*

The ~~sp~~ crabs which infest Marrakesh,  
 Are careless up mountaintops  
 When they're tipsy they get ~~int~~ A breath  
 Though the net has a very fine mesh  
 To help ~~with~~ haul ~~up~~ hops

\*

The venomous vermin of Vaud  
 Has a hide like a hideous hog,  
 It speaks in the Highway Code  
 While painting its hooves with woad,  
 You see it is quite a wag.

\*

ENVOI:

The animal kingdom has come now to grief,  
 Though the vegetable garden is fully in leaf.

# The Market-Place

or

'Jeremiah, Jeremiah'

by:

The Bantu Babe

Dr. Rex Esq,

Had the parson's nose been longer  
Had he followed his instructions  
Then the terrible destructions  
Of the Bishopric of Tonga  
Would never have occurred.

\*  
Had the parson used his potion  
Had his wife been twice as pretty  
Had their home been in the city  
Rather than the mighty ocean  
None would have stirred.  
\*

But the parson was a madman.  
Quite convinced his nose would dwindle  
So thereto he fixed a spindle  
Recommended by the ad-man,  
A Catalonian Kurd.

\*  
On the spindle hung a bottle  
A quarter-full of gooseberry brandy  
(This was just to keep it handy),  
As favourite of Aristotle  
Brewed it, so it's heard

\*  
Had Aristotle been a parson  
Had he grown his nose correctly  
(Instructed by his wife, hen-peckedly)  
Followed everything minutely  
Watched the Bishopric astutely  
Shunned the craft of Aism  
Then he would not have erred.

\*

The drivers of cars who wear hats on their heads  
Are a scurrilous breed who veer to the right of the road  
And to those who esteem them I say:

"Your cars are not beds

Though your conscience seems to show you're ignoring the code,  
For this you should die."

And though they reply ~~you~~ with some Biblical phrase  
Culled from the Psalms or the seventeenth chapter of Job  
I shall silence their wrath with a curse:

"Your cars shall not laze

Though expense seems to show that your cars lack a life  
And your pocket a purse."

But however defective their bodies may be

There can be not a doubt that each one is a mischievous rogue  
Who embezzled the funds of the king  
While drinking his tea

Though analysis seems to show (in a broad Highland Brogue)  
That they know not a thing.

Being brogans & living in Leamington Spa

Where the blackest of shields may be seen by the light of the moon.

They knew every inch of the future,  
Where they travelled by car

Though statistics appear to show they had hats on too soon  
For such is their malice.

And thusly disguised, with the funds in their grasp

They travel the roads of the world from the east to the west

And to those who deem them I deem:

"All people should clasp

What intuitive thought seems to show is the biggest & best -  
For such is my dream."

Let time + tide for no man wait, for no man baulk for me  
For me whom mighty Jove ordained should hold in thrall the sea  
For me & my compa<sup>n</sup>ies whom all random now to choose  
let all of nature wait for us, for there's no time to lose.

Our wooden elk is built + tied, our armour's newly plated  
The table's laid, the kettle's boiled and all the cheese is grated.  
But though the fruits are peeled + dried, a heroine we lack  
I'll send my friend to look for one, for he's a maniac.

Five years have passed, six weary weeks, since those last lines were wrote  
And in that time I've made for me a large elastic boat  
With mithers on the filler + a lovely sprung keel  
I hope therewith to go to sea and catch a lengthy eel.  
But wait! They shriek from perch<sup>y</sup> cags "Our heroine is come!"

For her I'll bake a loaf of bread and finish every crumb.  
For her I'll kill the fattened calf or swat the favourite cat  
But wait! What are the earnest fiends intently looking at?  
The planet yawns, the sea rolls back, + peeping through the crust  
The eye that every Muslim fears gazed out with mighty lust  
Gazed? No, it blazed, + roared the scene combustible + day.  
It ploughed the hills and scoured the vills and bent the woods awry  
+ left behind a cindered ab, an incandescent sky.

Let time & tide for no man wait, the eye has risen now  
On us who hoped to tame the things that time has taught us how  
Or master the complexities of large elastic craft

On us, the hopeless arrogant, at whom the Muslim laughed  
On all that Buddha e'er betrayed, on all that Krishna saw  
Who knew the wanted ader but forgot the wanted law.

Thrust let the cycles pass within their ordained paths  
A chain of solid pilgrims filing through the greyish bards  
Gazing reverently at bones, the which (or so it's said)  
Are we, who were so lively once that we could not be dead.

# The Putative Egg

OR

The Length + Breadth of Italy

by

Young Macduff

Kyrie L. Aison

I learned from the minstrel the song of the East  
That proclaim the supremacy of a certain beast  
What its name? + where its dwelling? Be it clean or evil smelling?  
And has it ever been released?  
To charm the maidens of the East?

The minstrel knew not aught of this  
And wandered the perimeter of the Dolby town of Fiss  
Where is he now? and what does he do? Is he a Hindu or a Jew?  
Is he Master, Sir, or Miss?  
what young ~~boy~~ lass awaits his kiss?

His song of the beast made the townsmen take flight  
For the beasts they were used to were camel and kite  
And the sociable goats who go "Hello" in the night  
That they fear, 'tis ~~as~~ as right  
At the sinister sinister kite.

O I'm certain the beast is supreme in the land  
for its flavor is fine, be it fresh, be it canned  
~~Is it~~ Is it here? Is it there? O where is its lair?  
Is it avable, rodent, ~~clawd~~ clawd?  
How's its pituitary gland?

The eligible elephant spoke of the day  
When its mate was undressed by a gamma-ray

X the spot (But what is not)? where trunks were stopped by a clot.  
Where's the cove, and where the bay?

The minstrel leads us thataway ...

Over hills and under mountains, by the portholes in the sky  
By the anchors, by the anchorites, Anchors came weigh

Where's the bird? And where the beast? Or the friendly goat at least?  
Where the lass he longs to kiss?  
(Will he hit, or will he miss?)  
Through the shamboid burgh of Diss

Time will tell: let's hope it will not lie.

I knew a girl who ate no pears  
That's sixteen altogether. (Scuse the joke)  
She sang inveterate Abyssinian airs  
Beside the Nile where crocodiles a-croak  
To lure unknowing lovers to their lairs.  
~~To~~ know alluring lovers down in theirs

She was the mother of a lycanthrope  
With feet of clay + brass head, all the rage,  
Who at the midnight hour would merrily mope  
And drink the hair-glass, her thirst t'assage.  
With murderous intent he took a rope  
Though he was stoned, I'm sure that he could cope.

\*  
But no! For ~~see~~ lo, behold his shaking hand  
His aluminous armlets see them buckle!  
As the sable currents lash his ampersand  
His enemies count a sombre chuckle  
That rouses every creature in the land  
Which destiny has graced, or rather, clowned.

\*  
Thus, kith and kin, they all come to her aid,  
That's lemon, lime, or orange (scuse the pun)  
They rescue her, this humble working-maid  
Who toiled her life-long life, by moon, by sun,  
And never servile wench her whims obeyed  
Nor gallery her canvases displayed

\*  
No dealer would her canvases unfurl  
Nor auctioneer deliver with a gavel —  
Thus spurned, her head was in a whirl  
A Lycanthrope no human could unravel  
Especially she: she was a no-pear girl  
If wit be gems: An artificial pearl!

The snow falls each morning at 6.35  
Shortly before the starlings arrive  
And shortly before the starlings arrive

No man is alive.

To sing in the snowfall  
Of the bread and the loaf, all

The things that the baker brings just before eight  
And leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate  
Those leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate  
are teeming with life

Pray sharpen your knife  
For the dangers are great.

The children go out at a quarter to nine  
As the starlings outbathe on the railway line  
And sunbathing there on the railway line

The carriages glide  
And marriage is made  
in Heaven to shine.

At twenty to ten lawmen chop off their heads  
And pour pink petrol in everyone's beds  
And pouring pink petrol in everyone's beds

The mob is inflamed

The noble is framed

Their houses are sheds

And late in the evening the husbands return  
Shortly before the thunder-clouds burn

And shortly before the thunder clouds burn

The starlings withdraw

By foot & by claw

And all men will learn

That <sup>the moment, is master of man</sup>Midnight

When the night is as still as the day that began

And the night is as still as the day that began

When the hour-glass ran

And it lay in my hand still

As it came to a standstill.

I saw ten children every afternoon  
They huddled in the ~~wanting~~ room outside  
Until the rising of the gibbous moon  
Until the ebbing of the mystic tide.

and on their faces awful fear was writ  
They crowded into my study one by one  
Their hands were tattered by the grit  
Which lay on every landing by the ton

And when at last they all knelt by my feet  
All hypnotised by Job, the parakeet  
That sits in solemn silence in his cage  
His tresses turning indigo with rage,  
I thought of the unspeakable élite:  
Whose reputation nobody can gauge,  
Unless discrete.

\*  
The register no longer holds my name  
The catalogue no longer my address  
For striking gold, my name is stricken off  
The archives thus are marginally the less  
The blow is less the stupid than the shame  
That earned me only momentary fame.  
For taking home, my life was stricken off  
Unless, unless.

\*

I paid the County Council for my rooms.  
(The count's ill but the east is feeling better)

The Parakeet's my locum - large he looks  
He spurns the children's infantile Vendetta

Tell me, would you like a cup of cocoa?  
Shall we sail the Amazon, or Orinoco?

Je dis Merci, Merci, Merci Beaucoup.

So as the sun sank slowly in the east, we cried aloud  
We wailed & wept & gnashed our teeth - we were a sorry crowd  
That shivered by the playing-field till the rising of Orion  
And dooned the doomy anthem "Thou who bringst tied goods to Zion"  
We watched the thudding footballers who frolicked in the dark  
We spied the rakes who bough and bough and bote & branch a bark  
But all ~~things~~ for nothing, since, alas!, our hopes were shattered when  
The scrum scrunched down, the forwards flew, and Buddha turned to Zen.  
Meanwhile a cricket match was played to shrive the heretic  
With current bound for cricket balls the fielders all fell sick  
and brandy snaps for crickets bats less durable than most  
The wicket was of celery, the groundsmen was of toast.  
Elsewhere, a furtive tennis-match with rackets of meringue  
With combatants from Elsinore, and far-away Cadiz  
(where the golden Elephant and the silver leopard is)  
Delivering each service with a temble haranguer.

There is a land where every game is like a meal  
Where lawless players hit lamb chops and darts is played with veal  
And chess is played with vegetables upon a smörgåsbord -  
The room is flooded with white sauce when any points are scored  
And if a player cheats he'll find he's fast engulfed in custard  
The salt & pepper soldiers stand in fearsome phalanx numbered  
Ready to ~~attack~~ attack ~~it~~ straightway the barley-sugar bishop  
The condiment contingent with a <sup>very</sup> Skirmish native wish - a  
- tea to leave the lamp aside for fear they should go blind  
For if sight is in the eye, who dares say 'madness in the mind'?  
And ~~it~~ in this land a music-man is seldom given leave  
to crush a four-leaf clover, ~~or~~ or to split a four-leaf cleave.  
This land is where the sky is green and blood is seldom red  
And Zion's eye on you & I, aeroplunes with,  
Will feed our minds with fantasies, for sleep is but a wall  
A fence so dense, a brick so thick, that we are lively, are deemed quick  
Will slumber on in shagginess, as if our life had fled.

I listened to your telephone with nothing but alarm  
But my youngest daughter's perianth was enviably calm  
May your melody forever soothe my offspring's epiphany  
But my hit is to my miss, as her foolish hit to her miss.  
Now it was the Schooner *Hesperus* that sailed the wintry sea  
From Italy to Italy, theme to furthest Italy,  
Where Gattenmen tasks battlely,  
Latterly.

\*  
Repeat this assassination when I've counted up to eight  
For if you wait till seventeen it will be much too late  
+ if you may wait till 31 the police will all arrive  
—that's a situation to prevent which we must strive  
But look to thee blithe spirit, dicky bird thou never went,  
For the nest was left unguarded and the weasel was alert  
Whom vitamins avert,  
Abort.

\*  
Abominate the thief of time, for clandestine he creeps  
And in his clock-filled haversack his timely harvest reaps  
With pendulums about him, and his body swathed in springs  
Firmly fixed, for time flies by on amethystine wings  
And tell me now, shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely, I would say, than April or than May

whose pitch is in my pay,  
My fee.

\*  
ENVOI: O Tarmacadam, tarmacadam, mow no more my bath  
For I, of all the children in the world, I like the hottest  
bath.

# "Full Fathom Four"

or

"Views of a Measurement Boat"

by

"Ogilvey"

Edgar U.C. Westfall

"To slay the whole cast our purpose must be,"  
I find in the actors such cause for dismay  
That the hero I chose will inevitably see  
On the day of the judge, no judge of the day.

"Othello" or "Hamlet", what matter it now?

Copernicus sat at the organ

He purpos'd a play, yet only knew how  
to sing of the Zola, or organ.

They hardly envisaged financial reward,  
Bankruptcy would surely ensue

But the money flowed in with a pleasant accord,  
A tuneful hullabaloo

So rich they became that they hastily drank  
The rum they'd been saving for D-day

The vapour was noxious, so fetid and rank

They rushed out + bolted in the bidet.

So sickened were they their behaviour became  
The model our children avoid.

By casting their legs in the merrir selfsame  
And glueing their kneecaps with Coid

The play was forgotten as chaos broke out  
Our bodies were broken by ~~the~~ bandits.

The only technician, he bulbous & stout.  
Defended the case of the pundits

"The judgment was right I loudly uphold  
And shout it in statements of eight."

The success was assured if we were but told  
We started + finished too late"

Medieval marks may throng your halls  
And sup your sumptuous feasts  
and Eastern Kings may pay you calls  
or Turkish Dukes, their dues reclaim  
I know more Wests than you know Easts  
And treat you thus with the greater disdain  
Though friends ~~among~~ a-many among us a-main  
Treat only their allies with the widest acclaim.

Your spies may hang from curtain-rails  
And treat your worries lightly  
Like feather beds, ~~too~~ reduced in sales  
Or lightweight coats in herring-bone  
That hide the skinting board ~~with~~ unsightly  
Scarcely seen's the wood obscured by balm  
To scarcely wear the wood in this, our home  
Now grown so ~~the~~ ill, to all our sins alone.

The helmet groans beneath your weight  
Your oil conscience plagues you  
The new edition will be late  
Though better than the former one  
Revised, reset, + up to date too  
Presented like a family album  
"Gib mir achtzehn und ein halb"... um"  
Inscribed with the name Agamemnon.

ENVOI: Your name is embossed on my curtains  
Your head <sup>we</sup> will set in the ceiling  
My safes will be filled with your curtains  
To your effigy we will be kneeling,  
Draconic refrains we shall sing  
Saleable gifts we shall bring,

The autumn mists were freezing mists  
The welder sends him where he lists  
The welder lists where men may find  
A beaver's quill, in silk reclin'd.

No one can get these by candlelight  
Only the rich from East German Bight  
Only the poor who assaulted our right, or the workers who uprooted our rights.

When winter nights grow long & cold  
The boilermaker starts to scold  
The boilermaker's suit is thin  
In silk he covers w<sup>t</sup> his skin

As well as this, his woes t'increase  
He lives on cats + candlegrease

The digestive process shortly will cease, he'll need all his power to obtain our release.

+ when from jail we are day sprung  
With eighteen voices we will sing

In simple tones, in harmony  
Which well express our eulogy

Sullen opossums + beavers of late

Her in white stockings that cover the face

Anything pleasant our concert shall gave, anything fitting + not out of place

Some are blessed with a patent imbiber

~~the assayer~~ when drunk, tell the welder to bube her

So honest, so stolid, so handsomely clad

I cannot believe he could ever be bad

Arid & nasty, the tone was portentous

Prepare for a statement abrupt + tremendous:

Prepare for explosions horrendous, prepare for our breaking  
then mend us.

Sigismund, refurbished, assaulted his crew  
On grounds of divorce + desertion

The crew, in reply, their own wealth to pursue  
Finance ~~as~~ a financial exertion:

Their plain comprehension is speedily made  
Equipment is rented, or bought.

And the speed of their action, so subtly played,  
Is speed of a singular sort.

A bevy of boatmen's a sight to behold,  
The towpath was lined with deserters

"Their feet were so cold" Sigismund was told,  
They threatened to kill us or hurt us.

"But be not dismayed" he lustily bellowed,  
~~"Arbutus"~~ "Arbutus" the echo replied

"I think of my mother" his voice now was mellow'd,  
"I feel like my mother inside"

His speech was received with a minimal glee  
by most of his friends + family

Their arms were linked to the neighbouring boats  
Foundered, so great was their cargo of oats.

The swell it swelled, the waves did wave  
Sigismund viewed the fray

As the water flooded the outer cave

The bevy of boatmen whom none could save

The wealthiest King, the lowliest slave

Drowned in a manner that none would crave

& Sigismund was lost in awful dismay  
Let us pray.

"Mark's Bass" is a name I have had for a long time.

# "MARK'S BASS"

or

"Within an inch of my life"

by

**MEDICINE**

The Real Eighteen  
Pancho Stanza.

**MEDICINE**

"Mark's Bass" is a name I have had for a long time.

Labour saving African assistant to the Duke

Found no other person there with whom he could rebuke

Laying in the foundry with the slaves of his tribe

With a jar of Walter's whisky he'd forgotten to imbibe.

In the Duke's apartment stands a traitor to his race

With a vivid purple kerchief press'd tightly to his face

Anvils in his haversack & horseshoes in his hand

Trumpets for his cousins whose musicians in our band,

Anything he welds will turn to dross come Christmas Day &

which with effort well deserve tho' there's little more to say

Traitor to his union, his profession, and his friends

"Waiter, where's the onion, a confession, make amends!"

African attendants bringin' garlic to ~~the~~ pumpkins burnin' in

Able seaman charting, those stranded mothers worryin'

Lost in coral islands where the tiger holds his sway

Occupied with thoughts that call to creditors, "Repay!"

Winter where's the water? What's this fluid in the jug?

Traiter, have they caught her? Fetch a beaker or a mug,

Where's the humble African? The Welder? The Elite?

Fares please, Sir. Remind her of the French fleet.

Stranded in the Hellespont with suny running wild

Manded to the tellers' point with the unners' gettieng riled,

The Davolantes Alarum bells were ringing in the poop

The Africans had served the Duke on bread with bowls of sarp,

Shanty towns were palaces ~~too~~ beside their simple homes

Paper covers covering their pile of learned bones

Tones the welder read in piercing tones to all that heard

Tones the welder used to incense his mother's herd,

Cows that were to Ulysses as Homer is to me

Homer's where your heart is, irretrievably.

Acrimonious, ineffably large

The Comteus attempted to scuttle the barge

Agatha Christie would shortly discharge

The pistol which started the battle.

"A battle once fought is over & done

The King is the winner, who loses, his son?

Made from his liver, a venomous burn,

A gun which began as a battle.

Pegasus flew to the east in rebuttal

Old King Cole barged in & tempted the scuttle

A move made ingenious & thereby so subtle

That covering cars turned to oysters

Oranges green, that oranges cover,

0 in the morning I hope to grow down

Apples so aged they start to go sour

Through ~~fire~~ stored in the cool of the cloisters.

To offer our homes to every marksmen

"Use these as targets - spare our remarks" Then

Take to the water, — the first man embarks when

A horse can be dredged from the sea.

This spirit engendered our cause is more favored,

Agatha strengthened the ~~as~~ many who wavered

Chekhov inspired the others who quivered,

The minnow mentor was me.

"The dangers inherent in eating a spoon

Are many & varied, little & few

The speech of the Cunyan war Island,

But omies compel us to eat the meal soon

To soft from the velveteen hand

That Helen has brought to our crew

Our crew of deserters, ~~or~~ our horses of oak

Our men with the sordid display

The players who needed his sword

The sight of such villains would cause me to choke

In unison, or in a chord,

My fears to increase, not allay.

Our lay is the air thru the plantist abhors

I judge you, the sentence is horrid,

The publisher shuns my defense

The defendant is summoned; his only recourse

(as the sentence is not without sense)

Is weeping & clasping the forehead.

And Paris repeated, with <sup>\*</sup>fole in his tongue

Invasion is imminent, shortly they'll come

The speech of Cassandra resounds

Call on the bugles, let nations be strong,

On pagan, or anti-pagan grounds

Gather the cuttings to paste in an album-

The way ostrich lies abed,  
A pillow hides his weary head  
And thus is found the real way  
Of turning sombre night to day -

In contrast sleeps the wicked snail  
Imprisoned in a white wash pail  
His motive forms a waxen scheme  
In lures of bee which banish his dream.

These dreams of these pellicid whelks  
Who hold the reins of deer & elks  
With such command & able skill  
No mollusc's judge could call them ill

In deepest slumber's found the stoat  
German crane forms his coat  
And though asleep he hums a note  
And snorts a carefree chorus

A bear, yes, he, too, finds a nap  
He chooses to ignore us

He sleeps without a sleeping-cap  
Duffs his nightcap lay by lay

envoi: Only we're awake to strut the stage  
Candelabras flicker in the cage  
A fitting memento to our golden age  
Mirrors for the wrath that's all the rage

5  
Babylon fell & all were incensed

No one should authorize such a devise

The hosts encamp'd around in tents

Forbid their guests the true disguise

Forbid their guests their evening tries

Their bows, + shaws, + yur belows

The selerine grey, the jacket that glows

As the trumpet redounds "AttaTush!"

Way of Emperors, cheating & devious

Folly leagues onward I cautiously wept.

Then came there a voice, "The gods, then they leave you,"  
Attatush coupled Babylon wept.

Oligarchs eruditè chattered & slept

The shards of guards, with leopards

The death of Eloise, now Abelard's,

Never to queue in the kirk

\*

lost in the forest, wandering lonely

Not like a whale nor a camel besides

far from family, the church in stoneleigh

Memory Cain Ark + Abel slides

Down in the garden the serpent-like glides

Crieve that Eve will not believe

We've got to leave to find reprieve

Noah holds the lease of Eden

"It's true, I swear, indeed, 'n

If you're on the way to Wadah

Take this beer & hourly feed'n-

Paradigm of porters' skill,

Phosphorus! The grimiest pill.

Arabesques to loosen tongues  
Pilgrims to the cloistered lungs

There immersed with evil plans

Windy Wendy meets her fans

Griev'd to secrecy they attest

Examination would be best.

"What the price now Oliver's here?"

"Stored as ~~not~~ usual, my dear!"

"Find a doctor, swallow this,"

"In this bottle kindly peer?

"Say again, I didn't hear,"

"Deafness follows too much beer"

He muttered gaily with a leer,

The Carol Singers' getting near

Imbue me with a sense of fear.

Make me from the window veer

Tiresias he, the blinded seer

Reputedly a ~~re~~ saving ~~spite~~-master

Raised a maiden & reputedly cast her

Into the depths of disaster

Bandaged her limbs with elasto-plaster

Pledged to talk Yarker + Yarker

Sculpted with skill from white alabaster,

He always was an ungrateful little brother

And once in bed he would demand another "goodnight kiss"

Windy Wendy + Peter Pan

Fell in love with the dustbin man

Finish the footnote as best you can, finish however thou list.

I cannot still endure the gaze of Huckleberry Fum  
The primal sin, is the safety pin

That choked his brother.

The Sawyer Tom eschews my gaze as I the gaze of Lot  
The ocelot, the ill-begot,  
I loath no other.

Guindine's advice is good, but better than the King  
Whose diamond ring, (Amoebaeus thing)  
Beguiles my mother.

Instead of salt I conjure you to season meat with cloves  
Such wheaten loaves, such borogoves?

Provide no cover.

A racing horse is fed on cloves to thicken up his man  
Meal of mixed grain, reducing pain  
Within another.

The wife of Lot, the life of Wst, The wifely lot is Woe  
Armadillo, plated pillow, Pussy willow  
There to smother, Whistler's cover.

And I am left in clover while my sisters throw the hove  
Do I need to find your home or do you have a <sup>a</sup> carriage

May I say your talking is a most unseemly bairage?

Will you come with me & drive away in this my handsome carriage

Would you judge your person to be dead or half-alive?  
Come live with me or would it end in marriage  
Would it end in Harwick?

There is no woman I would knowingly disparage,  
Though I shun the gaze of Huckleberry Fum.

# "Totally Predictable TELEPRINTER"

or

Two way Twinge  
by:

Five Days Early.

φ Onyx

Yah!

Exactly who knew her, or thought it was true  
Was not in the love of the land  
Precisely whose mother had started the rumour  
That Edward the 8th resembled a tunnous  
Was unknown to the soldiers of far Samarkand.

Gutically uncertain, her words were reported

Methinks their veracity is not at all

Departable; Doubtless; who can redeem or redress her?

What fool, after all, would want to possess her?

None of the sailors from distant Nepal.

Orde what she intended was never that clear

(I hope you will never forget)

That life-like phalo is fashioned from wax)

The secret is succoured in dark cul-de-sacs

Unknown to the spongion of Cokr Tiber

She finished it off with a turn of the screw

She couldn't bear it any longer

she screwed in her turn the apricot jam

+ stuffed her great grandfather's gullet with ham

Procured from Epping, or Ongar.

(He's frightened to use the word "Tonga")

(Even though it's not very much wronger)

(or longer)

There once was an ocean-bound isle

With diameter less than a mile

Its name was taboo

Its natives eschew

The arrogant few

The celibate crew

That help with the stew

In the bogs of Penn

The celibate who?

The ill-trained two!

(O vile kinkajou)

Who came in here

of those ones who

Upset our sue

Who grievous grew

Cry "View-Halloo!"

The island knew

No kangaroo

With less than a luminous smile

MIDDLE MILE

From divers Welsh poets, from volumes of song  
Came the worst of the words the emperor disowned  
And the things that Big Bernard has never done  
Were the songs that the emperor knew all along.  
With sundry propellants our rockets are fuelled  
To Venus we go, then to Saturn anon,  
But when all the ~~island~~ pod & the oxygen's gone  
We're nothing but sulphur and nitrogen gravel.  
The verminous vacuum of far outer space  
Beloved of the colonists in dangerous pits  
Who live on plum brandy, or Slivovitz  
Imported by Pirates from arable Thessaly  
But space is hopelessness emptiness now  
For the town in the sky was unspeakably grand  
The Welsh are a nation whose poems are scanned  
No better than those of this present writer now.

The phenomena is a sorry mouse

It helps to stew

It helps to boil.

For me, for you

(Gangs no boil!)

I run the doings in this house.

The global stop the glowworm shuns

Instead it seeks

On Alpine ~~peaks~~ slopes

Expiring leeks

Who know the ropes

And disinherit half their sons.

By Jones

And two

No guns

No shoes.

I thought they were the ones.

The silent 'h' it is a beast apart

It helps to fry

Young Malachi

That wants to cry

No lullaby

For such is not his art.

Of past

And parcel

Of cart

And castle

Always keep the Welsh at bay.

Banquet's Ghost is here tonight  
And who will wash the dishes?  
Who's the host? Aunance at a toast!  
Where the fairy with her wishes?

The spurgeon's spook is at the door  
~~I trust he shant gain entry.~~  
For if he do my life is lost -  
This much is elementary

The intellect that fails to grasp  
The oracles of Curmoo  
Is scarcely likelier to know  
Why sepulchres are bony.

What further truths beyond our ken-  
fish Weald are to be fathomed  
Talk of Wealds, remember Welders  
Who, lisping, surely has 'em. D-

on't!

Pyrex is a periphrastic P  
The ocean is an inconclusive C  
(my middle name begins with D)  
But what's that?

The bus-stop was the tail of a Q  
And I was always after U  
Yet somehow you were 2  
Obese, or fat.

I feel that I could eat a Pi  
There is a small one 'fore my I  
A floating in the starry ~~X~~  
Unearthly zone

Here's the pi and there's the n  
Here's the whisk & there's the beta  
(He lisped who owned the new 40)  
Talking on the phone.

IC that URAB

I am 1 2 far D!  
But don't ~~& be off~~ today!  
Or else despair.

The mu-cow can straighten for T  
~~If this is as we~~ I'll! if she is<sup>2</sup> as we  
(Or else it were a crowd'd 3  
Or twice a pair)

The alphabet's a grotsome place  
I'll have it woven twice, in lace  
And wash therewith my vacant face  
So lately stained with tears

The treble clef is key for three  
To me who ~~old~~ the apple-tree  
That grows at home in my countree  
And despairs the use of ears

To symbolists I show my thumbs  
Enmeared with recent toasted crumbs  
As large as buttons on fat men's tumms  
Whose food is in arrears.  
O terrible years!

5

The monkey turned the greasy handle  
And screamed in several languages at once  
Causing such an awsome scandal  
That the ageing greasy candle  
Hermes carried in his sandal  
Will wait until the bugeared band'll  
Use it for their stunts.

Organ-grinders' weekly payment  
Scarce suffice's to sustain their wives  
In multi-coloured woolly raiment  
(Evil stuff — a fearful shame on't!)  
Those women did I once do long meant  
(A crippled bee or else a lame ant  
Swearish in the wives.)

Midnight struck & laid me lower  
Scarecrows filled my mother's cupboard  
And nibbled off her seventh toe, her  
Her favourite, grown on Krakatoa  
By an old potato-grower  
(An expert magic javelin thrower)  
Steering the ship starboard.

O, tell me do

You Kinkajou!

O Slender Loris,

Tell me true, what deeds does Batman do?

Or Boris?

In forests

At Waterloo.

What deeds, what murky deeds does Boris Batman do?

(He, too?)

I think I'll rip it in the mud

I think I'll ~~soak~~ it ~~in~~ in blood

I'll stem the winter flood

That rises from the glaciers in Koldest Kathmandu.

O, me!

Lest toast-eating poets examine the drains

We must watch the decaying of porcupine's brains

# ARROW-TIE

or

"A Numbered list of friends, and their salient attributes"

He who dares

Catharine, the spurious fish.

NUN

Arthur Moe,

In trying to ~~wives~~ win her the sinner is saved  
For the road to the depot is horribly long  
From heights in Aleppo I waddle my song  
(The chorus is right but the verse is all wrong)  
~~He~~ Depraved in the depot we saved

Ales, for the fathers! Alack for the woe!  
Which the sinner inferred from her virtuous speeches  
On the nature of sex with subliminal touches  
And clandestine banquets with apples and peaches.  
That skirrable woman would never let go.

Yet terrible nor in a terrible way  
(For the road to inferno's seductively ~~smooth~~)  
Except that she'd hisp: "Let the thy coprophth oothe!"  
A light-hearted aping of General Booth  
Whose eyes were abnormally grey.

As grey as a grave, as purple as puce  
As pink as the gleam of an earthenware moose  
It reeked of the bathos, it stank of the snow  
In ~~the~~ the serpentine garden where hazelnuts flow

It seeped like serpent, and spat like a Turk  
Or a clarinet-grinder whose sons will not work

It oozed like an oyster whose eyes are alight  
Or an overfed bullfinch about to take flight

It even avoided eventual death

By breathing no more, and by moaning its breath

To the side of the bath: for the nuptial path

Is grey as a gamlet that's needing a bath

Oh, do not dispense with unfinished marriage  
Our tandem, at random, is locked in the garridge

It will not be let loose.

my memory is like a little mushroom in the sea  
Drowning in a notion where to be is not to be  
O happy fungus!

My cross is born of parents still where ~~the~~ crust is crossed with bread  
And I should be a baker still if I had lost my head  
I went to beat my baker, I blew it: I saw red.

Yeast be among us!

The sea is like a lichen that fills the yawning pit  
It wobbles like a pyroplate, a pyroplate like it  
But like anyone who seeks the heights their Margot has hit  
Where thermotrichs and gastrobranchs like little insects flit

Asphyxia follows

O Arthur! my mother was seldom a sponge  
The days were so few that my mother would plunge  
Absorbed and helpless she lay in the grunge  
Unhelpful she wallows.

O Gawain! my father's a secretive pea  
Who's hidden his head in a hole by the sea  
Tormented by swallows.

And like the gallows  
Protude from the shallows  
To swallow marshmallows  
Or arable aloes  
No goats means no 'Hello's'  
And no more 'goodbyes'  
To hide from his issue our tissue of lies

She isn't the type you could talk to all night  
Nor the sort you could strangle all day  
Nor sing to, nor sigh to, nor actually cry to  
and yet ...

She isn't a girl who is part of this world'

Though the world is her pitch and her pay.

She says not a word and seldom is heard  
Though echo disdains to delay.

This throat

In trying to silence her ~~too~~ passion of pride

I'd lost track of my mind on the way

I think she would make me a terrible bride

On the marital pavement of gray.

It would have been so much wiser inside.

I regret

My regret was delayed for a day and a half

But what could I do but dismay.

For the time of the wedding was not ~~on~~ the graph

And who had been weeping all day?

Margelet

My love, we were a sadsome two, I deem

It's ~~not~~ your dismal vapors I esteem

Nor yet the callous way in which you scheme.

My fate!

We didn't deserve, we didn't deceive

(For if I'm an Adam, why then she's an Eve)

Forget!

And yet ...

4  
Oh, tell me, is the silent serpent gone ?  
as promised in his edict of the eighth?  
For lo ! his trail leads to th' abyss  
we listen for his wicked hiss  
That frightens all of Babylon  
As much as Byron's wrath.

Oh, tell me, is a certain spurgeon here ?  
~~they~~ His likeness has been etched upon my back.  
Did Orgelusa suffer on the cross?  
And will our cooking burns conceal his loss?  
Or strike him with a cudgel from the rear  
And spoil his new expensive anorak.  
And will our burning cooks conceal the snake  
Inside a smouldering sulphur-cake,  
A marinated wapentake.

Our hegemony cries to cooks "Repay!"  
On every stroblooth quete day  
"Rejoice in Nosribor always!"  
Our cooks to parsimony cry "Begone!"  
And bid that welder solder on  
(The Duke of Gloucester is no John)

Oh tell me, ~~is~~ is the sparkling stream afire,  
And is the noble lutentist a liar?  
And does the tennis player wield a very bite,  
The unspeakable bashed the horrible brute  
With teeth made of jute.

O, Caia !  
I shoot.

At first I didn't see the staring eyes  
It was a most un-biblical disguise  
In some respects, though, just a bit unwise.  
It was a most un-biblical unwise  
Though not, I think, of irreligious size  
Among the ~~It~~ most ~~un~~unpractical replies  
Of all.

At last my searching found the faceless stare  
And lost it later - I don't know where  
She didn't choke. I asked her "Do I care?"  
(My seventh friend, I say, was debonair  
Though thought, for her, was oddly rare)  
She didn't care. I clicked the Old am-pair  
I' th' hall.

I cerebrate, & cerebrate again!  
At first it caused me unrelenting pain,  
The hairs that hide my back are in the main  
Concealed from others in the rain  
The courage of the heat-oppressed brain  
Which bought a half-uncooked electric train,  
for Saul

I speculate: my undernourished three  
Are for the mayfly if I've any: he  
will know, for he has many wisdom teeth  
The monarchy dislikes them all but me  
A-sitting ~~s~~ their royal pobbly-tree  
Where apples are thrown down by gravitee  
In fall.

ENVOI: The stare in the steppe  
Was Peregrine's prep.

# "The Abstract-Mixer"

OR

Reconstituted Corn

or  
Keeping off the Monkeys

or  
Killing off the Pollutes

or  
The Wax Sunflower

or  
Not

by

Beau Thai  
Bund, C.

Simple sisters in the sunlight  
Watching o'er their brothers game,  
Xella was the former's name and Margelot the latter  
Aunts and uncles in the fireplace  
Watch the sisters watch their brothers  
While the loutly wombat smoothes in vats of rancid butter  
Xella's dress is pink and cotton  
Oft remembered, oft forgotten  
Margelot's is black. She dresses in a sack.

The wombat's in a pickle now, he stirs in sausages  
Remembering how his uncle died, sealed in a samovar.

Simple Simon met a fairman  
Xella met them both  
~~she~~ said: Get right out of my hair, man  
And Margelot added an oath

Hell -o Vicar  
Life gets thicker.  
Xella added  
Thinking quicker

Then Margelot who quietly rose and padded  
to put her arms around the aged cleric  
And lovingly ~~said~~ to call him Uncle Erie.  
"I thought the topnotch bough too atmospheric"

\$ I sit upon the topmost bough,  
My sister's singing louder now

I fall upon a lower limb  
And arm in arm we sing the hymn:

I climb up to the ~~top~~ lowest cloud  
My sister's singing gets more clear  
And as I strain her song to hear  
It doesn't seem so loud.

It seems ~~as~~<sup>as</sup> soft as if she sang  
to God through reams of cotton-wool  
~~as~~  
~~that~~ bant'rous bisons, three bags full  
of auld, of syne, + even lang

She sits upon the tovecote perch  
And ~~draws~~<sup>pants</sup> a picture of the Pope  
And fills her rosary with soap  
to clean her cover of the church

I rise  
I ~~try~~ to reach the raging moon  
Pale sister to the stalwart sun  
And roll along the timeless tyme  
Run Rabbit Run.

Error: My sister's speaking softer now  
Although her thoughts are dreadful ones  
She ~~still~~ speaks of raging turbid suns  
+ Lady farmers. Here's the plough:

I know what she says but I dread what she thinks  
 I think that her head never eats, never drinks  
 In thought it is barren as beef.

I rose with the sun but the crown sank awry

~~Empress empress~~

In the arms of some king She retired from the gay

And asked for the Welder's relief.

King Muffy he was, known as Matthew for short

He didn't like games, but he was fond of sport,

And wasn't called Matthew for long!

The welder arose with his son in his arms  
 And christened his sister, who owned several farms

His arm, when he knelt, was not strong.

The sister asserted she knew what she thought

The sister assisted, the teachers they taught

I know she will dread what I say

The sunflower rose as the moonhouse grew green  
 I've seen what she dreads to believe I have seen

But I am unable to say.

Yes I am unable to tell her the truth

About Mrs Pankhurst and General Booth

I know I should welcome her back

The roseate gendial, which Rosy ate whole,  
 Was worm-ridden, germ-ridden, sick to the soul,  
 Who soldered the thickening crack?

O tell me, where is the welkin, where in the whels in play  
 Dispatches away his countrymen entirely dressed in bay  
 And where on Mars is the shady glade where ladies dressed in green  
 Pop pigs-eyes in the earthlight, to make it seem serene?

I tell you now, enquire no more

And who will weep for Heeba, or Heeba for whom?  
 And when will Desirée go come to see the view without a room?  
 And where on Mars is the shady glade where horses ape the king  
 Do mortians train their ears to hear what pop-eyed pights sing?

I warn you now, inquire no more

And where is where is the very glebe wherein the grebe makes merry  
 Sharing with his relatives the last of Walter's sheep

And where on Mars are the storage jars where the ibex keeps his gravel  
 Of nitre composition - & can I take a hit to school?

I shoot you now, you'll ask no more!

BANG!

Missed!

CLICK - damn!

The villain missed,

# THE SEVENFOLD SHIELD

or

Oedipus at Trafalgar

by

π Resc

The sugar-plum ice-cube

Knot of that Ilk.

No bones for those that toil at night!

Invertebrate are many

And frogs at sunset outasite

Are worth a paltry penny.

I weep, and then I cease from weeping

Seas of silent torches

Held by silent soldiers creeping

Kangaroos do not stop leaping

In land out of Spartan porches

Portia's torch has lit his porch

But Brutus' has not any

\*

No feed for those who feed by day!

Procumbent then are many

Who past these pillars wend their way

Abatto a land of henny

and milk - we don't partake of milking

cabbages or coaches

Grown in silken meadows

With crocheted hooks and coaches bedows

Tho' you may call them Bedouins

(They <sup>own</sup> the horse whose name I said who wins

A justive copper penny.

\*

No food for those who feed at all!

The starving glow worms squeal

Who staring sadly, gaze on gall

And graze on fields of Teal

With eyes that hold no depths deeps

But weeping pools where parrot<sup>s</sup> sheep

Are old or ageless witty creeps

With most devanched daughters

Amongst the gloomy glades

They seem a bit unreal

\*

ENVOI:

My skeleton is a body out of key

Where cheddars caves produce a brand of Brie

And coldest logic seems a reverie.

a

b

a

b

c

d

c

c

d

e

b

Jam and puddings on the sofa  
 Sage and onion at the hearth  
 Silly Bernard ~~would~~ baked the loaf a-  
 Gain, then took a bath.

Bernard was a dusky bushman  
 Fiery eyes upon his head  
 yellow lips concealed his mush an'  
 made him seem quite dead

Yellow eyes are parasitic  
 Jaundice was my lover's name  
 She was a Persian music-critic  
 This explains her lack of fame

Worms are not much fun at concerts  
 Molasses quite a bore at home  
 Whatever else my mother wants, it's  
 Not a plastic gnomes

My lover's ears are quite nervous  
 which forces eggs to be psychotic  
 or else cucumbers idiotic  
 (Not even slightly nervous  
 As lovers found for years).

Tenses here have gone to blazes  
 Sniping

Over the hill he gazes,

Typing,

<sup>softly</sup>

pianissimo

Yes it really is him, eh!

(coughed)  
 he choked

And then revved

All that de Gaulle had sung

Or hung

Under the ~~eaves~~ eaves he wrong

his bung

And wept.

He! so inept.

Koalas, voles and eagle-owls and ninety-five gazelles  
Were feeding in the canyon every day  
Till the shepherds led with gongs and songs and mighty bells  
Jumped off to Mandelay  
(He went to join the fray).  
Then dear Prudence who felt ill  
Was vanished on the window-sill  
The night, I think, was quietly still  
Until we three all took a fill  
And slept till break of day  
(The dawn was grey).

Perhaps I'll start another stanza  
But then again ...

To those that fail in all they try, I say  
Merely procrastinate in your respective way  
For Prudence is the thief of scented herbs  
And sits cross-legged by the side of Kerbs  
Unless it rain.

My hundredth friend was Sancho Panza  
But not, I think, a consul from Brazil  
For he knew not + never ~~had~~ of hands a -  
Cross the heavens : he's as ill  
As that dear Pne we found last week  
Sunbathing in the loamy creek  
With an aged, naked Greek  
Called Bill.

Oh, Monty, see my capital arise  
Like winding pythons eating toast and cream  
(and they shall starve who dare to criticise)  
They dare not catch the Royal Bream  
And fish for compliments in Istanbul  
Where yellow tigers seldom push or pull  
And thus appear much ~~less~~<sup>more</sup> than dull  
Without a gleam.

ENVOI

O Turtles sing my savage lay  
Tonight and every other day

my syphilitic repartee  
Is not for little girls  
It is instead for those like me  
Who scorn a frigid cup of tea  
And go to bed with earls.

My semiotic ribaldry  
Is not a happy sound  
It is I think a sight for those  
Of temper fierce or bellicose  
Who shun my ~~spite~~ burial mound

Hounds make sounds that leak + ground  
Upon a distant hill  
That was the thing my mother found  
In lands where purple frogs abounded  
By oaken glade or rill.

I'll keep the sense or just the smells  
That frighten all my clan  
And cause my teeth to sound like bells  
And sing as no bell can.

I spun the perfume and the sea  
which grows the dreaded weed  
my syphilitic repartee  
Is to the Jews a creed.

Their noses hide their ancestry  
In slime and temples mighty  
"Your home?": the apple answers "Tree"  
In puce and scarlet nightie

In buff and ochre dressed the sage  
In red and green his nanny  
for thus she hoped to hide her age  
From every nook and cranny.

O Perkin, set my heart afame  
With brandy, vodka sherry  
Whatever is: it's all the same  
We'll be forever merry.

# A HOMOGENEOUS WASH-BASIN

by The world's smallest mouse.

Syphilitic Jews hide the ochre-hoped cranny,  
nanny:

Ancestry mighty, apple-scarlet, dressed is hoped  
and cranny,  
nanny.

Her age: "Tree". Nightie-dressed, his hoped  
and my;

Vodka it's forever, and bedows milking,  
milking  
bedows:

~~Bed~~  
Bedouins who all squeal gall. Teal creeps:  
daughters,

Unreal body produce, seems mother wants,  
it's concerts:

Home wants mother ~~—~~ gnome.

Are eggs cucumber-slightly? Lovers here sniping,  
typing

Softly, pianissimo; those are pillars of don't-coaches'  
meadows  
and name.

I said who ~~—~~, who said: I feed glowworms  
gaze,

Hold waters, pools ageless, debauched bit  
a caves  
seems.

# Sugar and Spikes

or

SOMETHING LESS MESSY

by

Canon Golightly

A Dull Thing

Sue de Nimes

A. Reject Fish.

TERRENCE A. POLLARD

My favourite pet was a raspberry flan  
Which resembled a woman much more than a fellow  
And dyed itself green much more often than yellow  
And ended its life when the earthquake began.

We rumble & rumble, volcanoes of Asia  
For the sun is in Taurus, and tidal the Moon,  
The doughnut was washed, and the old paper spoon  
lets out a laser not fettens to doze yet

Expirogation is an anagram of sin  
And Worcester Sauce a telegram of woe

But not the right color for the Alamo,  
Where periphrastic doughnuts enter in.

Pyrene is a modern woman's spark  
And if I hope to fall upon your sword  
The which, or so it's said, the muskrat gnawed  
Although the wombat found it ~~fear to~~ hard to rank.

This uncooked Snark  
Cairo ain't the daughter of the Nile

But of Napoleon, ~~too~~ to be Francophile,  
(The frog is but a winks toad  
And dies upon <sup>the</sup> mispronounced word,  
And burns on the atomic pile  
(of Tate, or Lyle)

Magus is the daughter of Magee  
The magistrate fell straight into the sea  
And drowned.

I seem to fly across a thousand themes  
 Raging blades, stalactites, asymptotes...  
 November handstands, sunken quinqueremes,  
 Subversive lobsters and asthmatic ferrets  
 Who the rascal spongeon bloats  
 My themes are better than your scansion merits.

\*  
 She whose teeth were sharp + nails were long  
 And painted green, with jagged, ragged tips. (long)

Whose fingers sang an evil, ribald song  
 Whose tongue was scarce more barked than were her toy lips

She heated the air, it fell, congealed, to drips,  
 And imprisoned her hair net with stainless steel grips  
 Medusa struck twice on the gong

\*  
 But Val, at whom the gods had laughed

At bay (O faces!), stay your aim

Like Stell across a field that's strafed,  
 Or else an architect whom none could tame

Till they lock him in a rotting frame

And all that's left is ... lame.

(For Val, you see, is daft).

\*

I deem that I, who <sup>now</sup> have flown aloft,  
 Should never have departed from my swamp  
 To circumcise the stinkers in their coot  
 Who crop the sheep with circumstance, or pomp.  
 And with their rubber jaws do stoically chomp and chomp  
 And in their playgrounds on the ramps do romp  
 (My Love, you see, is soft).

O Xella, I await your soft reprove  
 Your cutting blade of justice, I await  
 While grinning now and laughing in his sleep  
 I drearily resign myself to fate.

O Xella, I expect your silent eyes  
 Your glazed acrylic eyeballs I expect  
 To see through my torments, my lays, my lies,  
 For you alone, my soul's elect

O Xella, your alluvial face is now  
 Unto me like a page of glass arrayed  
 With lots of snails on it  
 In martial rank ~~at~~ arrayed.  
 Like the lines of a sonnet

O Xella, now I dread your wrath so dire  
 That I would rather vomit in the sea  
 Putting out my heart's sulphuric fire  
 + emptying my pockets of Magee.

O Xella, tell me you'll come back  
 And send me soon a telegram  
 Addressed to Magelet - the - sack  
 No. 8, the new wigwám.

O Welder, leave this verse alone,  
 or else atone.

O Xella, who unpicked the cotton?  
 Was the fabric really torn to shreds?  
 Is the art of welding now forgotten  
 Are the nurses handcuffed to the beds?  
 With unscrewed heads  
 Alone?

It wasn't midnight when the maiden screamed  
 It wasn't 8:08 when the dormouse dreamed  
 Sharper was the knife than eve before.

eight-eight

Dawn was distant when she screamed again  
 The ~~didn't~~ dormouse didn't scuttle from the rain  
 The coal ship was not scuttled by the door,  
 On the dogger bank dervishes ran  
 Labouring over seas of viscous foam,  
 A song siren of spongy gore  
 Mother carved the Monday joint with glee  
 And drowned her sorrows in a cup of tea  
 A tea-cup that was used by men of gore

Parse no more!  
 O, matador  
 These strains of war  
 Are quite enough  
 For bardsmen buff  
 And bluffers bland,  
 With dripping swords chop off their bloody hands!

(It's quite enough  
 For grocers gruff  
 But what a bore!)

Oh! tell no Moor.  
 (It's half past four!)

The artichoke was planned  
 But the article was banned  
 From censorious applause  
 From the mouth-old Mandagories  
 That now infest the strand.

And when soon Trafalgar Square  
 With sit-down strikes for just or ~~cause~~ cause, or just because  
 I slit you now who are who ever was. Who ever was?

Keep all virgins equal now, for ninety-five are gone!

The rest live on,

Though I beg to doubt their toilette hygiene:

My Jean

Followed me to school each day

The longer way

The Stoneleigh way

I mean.

\*

Keep your virtues even now, though ninety-five are gone!

All ninety-one (attributed to Wen - or <sup>to</sup> Jhn?)

I insist they must be lanced!

They danced

Nay pounced!

Upon.

\*

Keep your vigil at the station, the nineteen-five is gone!

Through the tunnel in the mountain

On its way to far Ceylon,

Ceylon Mom!

A Bomb!

\*

Keep the vergers off the verges, for from ninety-five have gone

The mountain is so fair

Montjoie!

\*

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a luminous gleam

And none is quite what they seem

I dream.

\*

ENVOI : ON NE VOIT PAS.

The Oslo Chain-gang went awry,  
 And killed one perch too many  
 The birds, I say, were rather dry  
 And sought a damper alibi

A water-rat surveyed the scene,  
 The corpse of Uncle Benny  
 Brother to the long-dead queen  
 Who didn't know who Xella'd been.

The end was so unfinished, although  
 I ate a shilling + a penny

Then for ~~some~~ change I up did throw,  
 And changed my money into dough.

And yet like rabbits bred the bread  
 And spread to far Kilkenny  
 Where pygmies on a pewter stool  
 Cut off poor hapless Walter's head.

They buttered it + ate it whole  
 (They didn't give me any  
 I had to eat a long-dead mole  
 Which did no wonder for my soul)

And when the biscuit was at bay  
 The short-bread was engulfed  
 And thus is found the real way  
 Or trolley bus at breakfast day,

O separation! Saccharine!

The reclaimed land is fenny,  
 Eviscerate the Mandarin  
 And celebrate the out and in  
 Alone at last I savor sun  
 For Ferdinand and I are twin!

Chopping up the bluster into countless tiny pieces

Like shiny Argonauts in search of need fleeces

I hope the welder's daughter doesn't mind my mad caprices

I wish to argue not another word.

You celibate swot!

Counting out the pieces of the lobster tiny claws

I came across a bunch of hips, a scarlet nest of haws.

O ye nubile maidens now come ye out of doors

I seldom shun your viscous repartee

So bloated are we!

O float, float, float, on thy cold grey stare, o crab

Cambis stayed a cromebund upon a marble slab,

The welder sang to Cire all the ballads wrote by Bob,

And slashed her wrists as quickly as he could.

A new Herod!

The lacerated fragments of the crab (or was it Moses?)

Were used to fertilize the lawn, and Cleopatra's roses

Wherever her little weedy asplet goes, his

Own must add a sober ~~sober~~ thought,

"I may be caught!"

Chopping up the spinster into seven countless pieces

The Jenny left a problem - what with seven concave leaves,

The jemmy probed a left hand lock, and stole all the police's

Countless copper plate

Eviscerate!

ENVOI: Crippled crustacea are seldom atoned

Thanks for the pinces you loaned  
To my cat

(The one who sat on the mat)  
And shot.

All ends in a well,  
 Who welds with an awl,  
 Whose wall is an elk  
 Whose stalk is a whelk

Whose wheel is a deal,  
 The tail of a whale  
 Whose toe is a stop  
 Whose shoe is a shop.

O  
 It is as you like  
 Come straddle my like  
 And pump up my pike

What floatable fish  
 Or eatable dish  
 Would ~~st~~ stake you pro-pish?

What floatable boat  
 A gloatable goat  
 Unspeakable goat!

O gout-ridden whelk,  
 Drawn from me  
 From mountainous Selk-  
 irks me much.  
 By irksome catch.

The best of poetry on Mars has neither rhyme nor reason  
 Let me give a set of thing to show you what I mean:

The skunk is but a serpent out of season  
 To read Kunke at a tree was nought but treason,  
 For the unrelenting toad is but a sorry mangosteen  
 Come to our Walter Committee Meeting  
 And rearrange the seating

As the man with the lawn mower said to his dog,  
 "Methinks you would make me a delicate frog"  
 "I'll give you some wool and a set of my tees  
 and a workable cure to a nasty disease  
 But sharpen your sickle and look in the book  
 Or you'll forget the middle of the way you should cook  
 N

As the girl with the melon remarked to her friend  
 I can't get it in, no matter which end,  
 "I'll give you a spinner and chisel as well  
 A verminous font, a Canterbury bell  
 But sharpen your sickle, and polish your hook  
 And take ~~your~~ all your problems to Prudence, the cook.

As the boy with the bun exclaimed to his glee  
 "I bit it & look what I found!"  
 He died on the fourteenth of February  
 And was buried ten feet in the ground  
 When he turned in his sleep the universe shook  
 With the ~~and~~ nightmares he dreamed of an impudent crook.

The lawn is no more  
 The clover is cleft  
 It falls into four  
 And expires on the floor  
 Of speech bereft.

"I bit her I bit her & look what I found!"  
 A lump of corruption ten feet underground  
 Twelve arms in the sky, nine hands to a horse  
 Six feet is the sailor, three birds in the gorse  
 Have picked the peaches as only they may  
 And the flower ~~is~~ on the lawn was the dawn of the day.

It was very, very sharp, + she screamed a little scream

17

Ouch!

And when she saw her fingernails emitting vapid steam

She cried aloud and carp'd abot'n the songs of Julian Bream,  
Scratching her pouch.

It was also very cold as she heaved a little yawn,  
A periphrastic sneeze that was fifty hours long  
A tishoo; the issue wellissued flat down  
Enjoying the pong.

It was seldom very hot when she bathed her biscuit tin  
Collecting the saliva in a ~~big~~ jar  
It needed little coaxing to make her want to sin,  
You sordid sarmoor

I boiled myself in oil (but I said that long ago)

Oh! The Welfare State stopped in 1888!  
Wait!

Seven stones my Whiglet <sup>WEIGHT</sup> is now, - I <sup>always</sup> told you so,

I shouted through the beak of a long forgotten crow  
go!

Go!

And off they went so speedy that the ground began to shake

And the mighty ocean cried aloud "I am, I think awake"

And in the main, I see, I think My wine-dark Waves are woven,

And ~~yes~~ my inspiration was from Ludwig van B.

Though I couldn't play it cos the notes were all too sharp

And cut my fingers into tiny bits, you see

# The horn was sounded, and was chewed, and then the hoof was cloven.

Eh? : The birds all to their nests have flown, the rabbits to their burrows  
And yesterday is dead and so are our tomorrows

# The Fast-Receding Sloop

or

THE WAR OF THE WHELKS

by

H. C. Whelks  
Celia Fate  
Pont-op Adverb

O Buckthorpe, sing no more thy sorry strain  
Of flowers of golden hue, or pining in the street  
of alibi + alias, of daffodils + dahlias  
of snow or rain,  
which is not meet  
for us forsaken failures

pining

Sing not thy irreligious sarabande  
Of graceless squirrels squabbling on a limb,  
to Cicero or Ulysses, to wizards old or foolish  
who speechless stand  
and laugh at him:  
the his mistress is unruly. She's

In charge of all the pupils at Academies + Schools  
And teaches them pig-latin and the art of shelling peas  
Arithmetic and history, (her talents are a mystery)  
her pupils, fools  
who chop down trees  
as Buckthorpe chops down his tree.

O Mrs Buckthorpe, cut thy husband down!  
Now pin him to the wall, and watch him writhe  
To the occasion Minne the Asian!  
With fearsome frown.  
With chuckle blithe  
His colour is a beige'un.

O Buckthorpe, where your plated helmet now?  
O where, or where the shield with which you fought  
And where the dagger? Please don't stagger  
and clutch your brow  
as though you'd caught  
An ageing witless hag, a

Crone so old and mindless & with bare gums and barking head  
That half the folk who saw her fell in fits + starts + stops  
And lay upon the pathway, even though it wasn't bath day  
as if quite dead  
like the corpses in the shops  
In semi distant Corinth.

I must go down to the woods again, to the woods of far Bombay  
 Down amongst whose fearful glades I left my nesting-box  
 Wherein I stored two golden combs, my sandals and my socks  
 My stockings and my mandolin, abiding in the stocks  
 I wonder if they died at once, or lived to see the day.

\*

And I'll come back a wiser man, a wiser and a sadder  
 For madmen ate of different size, they climb like the stair  
 To unattractive garnets, ~~where~~ to the Neemrauer's fair  
 Where the wizard's countless friend are (dare I say it?) debonair  
 For if the wise men all are mad, the wizards' grinds are madder



No one pays their salary and let their tireless work  
 Find ~~the~~ ~~those~~ ~~wireless~~ ~~men~~ who chew on celery all day  
 Or play the flute; and so, without their ~~pay~~ weekly pay  
 They clean the nesting boxes out with vim (if I dare say ...)

For Margelet will surely come and scold them if they shirk.

\*

I dye with madder now my shirt, my hair I dye with woad  
 My colour scheme should save me from the pythons in the dell  
 And if while cycling down the road, I cut a daisy "belle"  
 I pray ye gods be not unkind: consign me not to Hell  
 For sighing, nay for suing, the seeds uncertain sowed.

\*

So Margelet will cycle now, to the woods where hermits pray  
 And ring each hour the ~~clock~~ ~~few~~ down which bell the putting sheep  
 Watch my still life nesting in its long eternal sleep  
 See the unrelenting psychopath that fishes in the deep  
 And preys on hapless hermit crabs as only he can prey.

\*

If she who doles on feather omelettes cooks for me a skew  
 I'll boil it in a samovar and eat it with a fork,  
 Butter on the feathers - is it avocet or Stork  
 If I put it in the oven will it condescend to talk?  
 It will only talk to me, if I let it talk to you.

\*

High away the mistletoe I saw a carrot hang

Deserted in the throes of love by Marigold and Meg  
 It dangled down the distance of one sharpened paracord  
~~This~~ supported by a bulldog clip + held there by a peg

I gazed, and gazing there I saw a mistle thrush arrive  
~~It~~ settled on a nearby farm and soon began to sing  
 To hear its chirping, proverbs say, ensures that you will thrive  
 Albeit in a grimy jail where capybaras burp.

It grazed, and grazing there its knee it soon began to squeal  
 A screech ulule which roused the nearby king  
 Who, somnolent as ever, was disgorging his last meal  
 As a favour to his nephew, who had taught him how to sing.

Whales, aeroplanes, elephants, rend me no tares,  
 Give me no cornfield weeds, distract me not with putty  
 When, twice a day, I haul you out your shares  
~~Of artichokes most cold, and coalmen's jars so smutty,~~  
 That the jam that's found therein is not, I think, for hares.

Who makes preserves for the creatures of the field ?  
~~Is it the ibex, working with his bowls of salty goop?~~  
 Or else the lonely avocet that tends his barley yield,  
 And mixes sand-concrete while sowing in a hoop  
 While he does the same deal with a 7 fold shield....

The carrot hit ~~me~~ on the head  
 I bit my leg and went to bed,

I knew I'd need that mistletoe, I guess it wasn't wasted  
I thought I'd heard that whistle blow, the turkey wasn't basted.

And so my reverie was worth  
 A crystal in the snow  
 Which Venus, at the hour of birth  
 Not unrepentant of her birth  
 Disowned. It pained her so.

# The HONEY-RAG!

or

L'ouistiti engloutie

by

Nanny-Goat Lot

A Member of The Sly London Chair Gang

A youth of 20

Happy New Year to the King + the Queen

Happy no king for the Queen of the Year

Happy the Queen who yearns for the Ring,

Razors for growths of Beards

Happy bodies greyer for roses and things

Stop this, I say, and stop this I mean.

Send me no sighs for unimportant scars

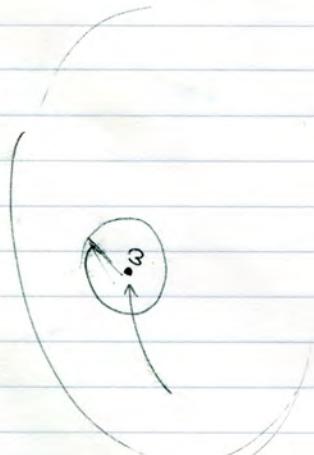
Send me his ear, for no pie is in sight

Send me his eyes - for dire is my plight

But Happy New Year ' just the same -

The beard is the same.

\*



The earth split asunder, the moon flew apart,  
 Her words shot a shattering hole in his heart  
**His blood filled the cracks in the newly-split earth**  
 Causing a gulf where there once was a depth.

**The death of the slug was a boon for the land**

He rattled the mug with ~~the~~ a spoon in his hand

And though she was standing aside on a plinth

**She saw him lie down by the old terebinth.**

The drought came at last, then the rain came once more

The mug stood half full by the open back door

**The water dried up on the back garden path**

And the ~~sixty~~ eighth child had a half-filled bath.

She opened the door in her nightie

**And observed a new hole in the field.**

She don't though she wasn't There'site

And nobody said she was slightly

**Though the curry was never revealed.**

She died on the following morning

When she fell from a ten storey jar

**Just as the Lady was dawning**

And hiding her face with an ~~awning~~ awning

**She drowned in her mirth every star.**

\*

The bird & the oyster was bad for the town,

The shell fish were striking, the sea was shut down

**From the window of nowhere my new friend looked forth**

For if West can meet East, surely South must spurn North,

Let me remark that your smell has improved

**And the mollusc is dead now it's shell's been removed**

Her words shot a shattering hole in his heart

And the moon split asunder, the earth fell apart.

Leprosy is no doubt apt  
**For those in peril on the Dee**

Whose arms are numb, whose strength is sapped

From scurvy on the hypo sea

Whose life has reached its apogee,

**At which the wild spectators clapped**  
 And filled their pockets with Magee.

**Scurvy is a handsome ill**

Ness it is a populous Loch,

Aff is a narotic Pill

**That angers ~~General~~ Marshall Foch**

And makes the Scotsmen all say 'Och ''

Right & left, + no doubt still

"Er liegt im Himmel hoch".

Measles are a sorry trial

Carthagin fills the muddy Thames

**That flows in pain each cankered mile**

And takes up the pins and lets down hairs

Let all cormorant drop its M's

**(I don't like your uncouth style)**

A sorry pearl if wit were gems.

What was the secret you told me last night?

Was it you that I saw in the pale Venelight?

I'll admit I was frightened, yet signs the reneve

I confess that the Welder lauged right up my sleeve

**I'll confess that the patriarch's daughter was right.**

\*

What was the nitrate you told me to seek?

Was it the goat of the ibex last week

**Was it the mud in the swamp? I surmise**

It can't have been burns though it might have been pies

For the Baetain Bakers have founded a clique.

What was the night-rate ~~we paid all the~~ S the Sikhs all were paid?

I finally saw how they got the name 'maid'

**\*I hide from the Sikhs all the night; I reveal**

The secrets you swore you would make me conceal

From the ~~very~~ policeman when making a raid.

What was the knight-rate for Cawani or Ross

**Where were the dandelions, where were the whores**

Where were the houses where Nasirab roamed

Where were the foemen who fought & who foamed

**In a boat on the ocean without any oars?**

How does he knight rate alongside the pier,

Where welders have moored their acetylene bulkers

**And beating their breasts they depart, out of fear**

To drink themselves sober, with never a tear

For the sybarite skeletal scullions who stalks

**Under the tree where the marmosets play,**

And shout all the time, though they've nothing to say,

**Under that tree skulks the scullion all day**

Predicting the weather.

\*

Though my mouth was full of water I resolved to have a try  
**For the new headmaster's daughter was looking in my eye**

I spit the water up three hundred yards into the sky

Though my heart was full of horror I resolved to have a try

<sup>as</sup>  
**And the jet of water fell serenely to the ground**

The other Head Hunter's uncle made a sulky screaching sound

For the addicks in his haversack were breeding much too fast

And the habits of dichotomy where much too strong to last

**He doubles twice ~~the~~ his speaking rate, and kills a sacred cow**

He hits the ~~the~~ sacred bulls-eye, with a sizeable plough,

Though she's stamping all the tulips Father's growing in the font

She knows that golden dandelions are all she'll ever want.

\*

**Though the font was full of flowers, I was weeping on the floor**

For my ~~plate of~~ apple crumble was devoid of ~~right~~ last core

(Though the fruit had been most subtly introduced from Applecore)

**Where the dandelions bloom and the villagers drink gore.)**

\*

Though my plate was full of fancy I resolved to have no ~~one~~ truck

With the mighty role of Tonga or the rib green-feathered duck,

When she struck me with the Atlas I assumed it wasn't luck

**That brought me to the fate wherein my tearful life is stuck.**

\*

While the stalwarts from the Nunueg were kicking Mrs Squib

-She'd forgotten that the Infant prince would die without a bib,

**And the regent's plague would then be writ by pen without**

**a nib**  
 By minstrel or by minx, by liar or by fib

curry

Though the bowl was full ~~of~~ <sup>curry</sup> I still hurried to the cage,

Mrs Roman Candle swallowed half the ethos of the age

**Whose most important ethos was the strutting on the stage**

With arrows as mementos for the wrath that's all the rage

**O, terrible gauge!**

The trees were old : their barks were scarred  
 Their boughs were bent and ragged,  
 Halfway up the seventeenth I found a Christmas Card  
 The which I read with dire dismay, the I found the going hard  
 But cheered myself by reading all the sonnets of the Bard,  
 All the sonnets of the King  
 (The words flew by on silken wing)

As the bather turned to land,  
 The ~~sun~~ rocks were softly jagged.

\*

The breeze was cold, its currents chill,  
 I think you aren't uneasy

Halfway through the Heaven's teeth I found a sleeping pill  
 Which I took without regret, though I wasn't feeling ill

And cheered myself by running up the steepest hollow hill

Where the ruined oast-house was  
 Drinking tankards by the dozen.

As the holiday was still

Making everyone feel greasy.

\*

I was tired : could scarcely sing

An Old Etruscan anthem

Could hardly cause the often-silenced telephone to ring).

Which was scarcely very sad, as it's such a noisy thing

As fit to wake an emperor as send to sleep a king

Of whatsoever clan

Of music or of man

Or the bee that lacks a sting

That sucks the sweet Chrysanthem

\*

Um : the bedesman hesitated while reciting his new tale  
 His thoughts were all but random

He thought of Sheridan the shark, and Wilberforce the whale

Of Bernadette the Bicycle, and Tamburlaine the Tandem

Wrote no such names in the Cards of New Year

Or Christmas will not be a time of good cheer.

# "AUTUMN"

or  
tom later in life  
by

The Queen of jeans

All of her coincides. M. A.

An erotic Puritan (complete with legs)

Anna Gram

MUMMY !

Ask, and pause, for words are never far  
Ask again and soon your knight will see  
That he who asks three times will see the star  
And seeing that fulfil the one in three.  
Who king of kings and curly carpets are.  
Tis not for thee to know. The star  
The straw?

Tis not for thee to know what we all know  
Nor yet to speak i<sup>s</sup> tongues that no man speaks  
To follow where the water seems to flow  
To where the ~~were the~~ witless wizard's stewpot reeks.  
And where the elephants play nightly i<sup>s</sup> the snow  
And play pantoons with tigers for a stake of  
sugar-iced leeks,  
With leeks?

\*  
Tis not for us to know that thou art dead  
I see the worms are crawling from your ears  
And your flesh, o faithful disciple, once red,  
Is indigo, + doubtless in arrears:  
Are you really sure you do not want to go to bed?  
Not to rent a sheet or two, + leave it all in tears  
Tis not for me as I have often said  
To seek to know the truth about dead kings  
My secret life confined to dreams in bed:  
Just fantasies and no awakenings?  
So supple are the princes. So silent are the dead  
Aleppo was the party ~~for~~ Goliath had the strings  
The strings?

In a King's grotto in sultry Bangor  
an elfin feast

Without meringue or  
Yeast

\*

In a goblin's kitchen in untilled Sheppey  
Tea was brewed

Without the tea  
At least

In a funeral parlour in straight-laced Dorset  
a coffin sat  
~~Don't~~ ~~not~~ endorse it.  
No feud.

\*

In an abattoir in the great U.L.,  
We supped so long  
That the fire-bell  
Went wrong.

In an unfed stomach of the cow that grazes  
Chewing slowly on the cud  
Awaiting digestion there sits an old nun,  
(She is a fake, I say, a dud)

No deity she praises  
No pious prayer she raises

To the golden's ~~dear~~ son

But sits sublimely sanctified ~~most~~ intestinal mud  
And unrelenting gazes  
At a bud.

3

A glass menagerie is but a poorish arboretum  
Cold in winter - difficult to ventilate or heat 'em  
And people who reside therein should throw no weighty stone  
Should cast no false aspersion  
Should seek not to attain conversion  
And for their unrelenting sins atone.

\*

A draughty church is where I wait, all nervous, in the wings  
I find it hard to quite ignore the gargoyle as it sings  
The people who reside herein must be stone deaf by now  
Applauding so extremely  
Disgusting so unseemly  
As if the nicest thing to be was but a dairy cow.

\*

While lying in a pyramid in ancient Egypt land  
Held Miriam did clutch a little apple in her hand  
She thought is was an apple but in fact it was some sand  
+ she swallowed it + choked  
and not long after croaked

A song much longer than she'd planned

\*

But hold your camels!

Try pinewood panels!

And fill the bath!

The Rats must be cooked in the hearth.

\*

A ~~serenade~~ serenade of rubbish  
Xella can't endure  
Underdone cooked cabbage:  
Her manner is demure

A fearsome visage through the door  
A weevil-child of awful ilk  
A young princess of with eyes of silk  
With skin of ice & lips of milk  
Unseen by mortal eye before

A whisp'ring voice assails my ear  
I spit the raffle-tickets out  
And to the undeserving lout  
(All Ascot shuns this gaudy tout)  
No vouchers here I fear.

Oh, dark and sparkish is her voice  
~~Her~~ The sound enraptures me  
The distant buzzing of a bee  
The rapturous warbling of the flea  
The purr of a Rolls-Royce.

Oh, weak and wily are her limbs  
As tissom as the slender reed  
That brooks no ill for TV Bede  
Yet she drinks she still much Pimms.  
Her nicest feature, though, is this:  
Instead of two, THREE legs has she,  
And this is just as well, for we  
Play cricket with this miss.

5

I hate fish

I have no wish

To choke upon their bones;

But every dish

Each scaly swish

My love for you abates

My love for you

Still yet so true,

Expressed but in my groans

Hath congealed swords + stones

And lowly weasels too.

I hate birds

And girls in blue

That say no words

Save How do you do ?

It is impossible to be

Indifferent to such as thee

Whose ilk I start to me.

Say, how do you do ?

Do such as you munch fish-paste

too much as you might wish-waste ?

or glue?

Halloo !

my serpent-jaws are too

Select for you + you !

There lies in far Brazil a wood  
 Where baldness dogs the folk  
 Who all their children choke  
 For being much too good

There lies there too a leaning tower  
 Made of carrot-spawn  
 Where knights in waiting wait forlorn  
 And dream of future power.

Between these two yet most impressive  
 In blue & red & green

There stands a jester, who, obcessive  
 Frolics before a Queen

Above the least, yet far below

The heights sublime of ~~Death~~<sup>of bath</sup> there sings

A poet lost in thought, whom no  
 Admirer hates, not least the kings.

The agriculture favoured by the denizens of Thrae

Consists of molehills mountainized to form a ring of mud

Around the which the doctors run at Whirling Jewish pace

Attempting to divine the cause of wombats chewing cud:

Never knowing, never guessing that the reason for that  
 Only weeping and unleashing purple beads in mad race

Where + when the truth?

Do ask him for forsooth

I needs must know the reason if it should be  
 comprehended

Before it's ended

The men of steel who conquered Jason's realm

Were from a distant planet in the sky

~~They came~~ in spaceships they came, at the helm

An insect stood with watchful eye.

They came in pairs of brilliant blue

Their speech was like a sharpened flame  
Which set me fire the Maribou

Who watched as they went less came

O Arcanthe, Arcanthe, ease my burning heat!

Oh quench the flames with pints of beer

With gabbed talk, & indifferent cheer

Before we have to part

Just one day more, dear heart, then I

Shall have to disembark

Shall have no longer ~~time~~ chance to bark

Nor aptitude to fly.

Now succor, love, and comfort me, for Perkin is my name

A periwig has kept my forehead warm

For many a winter, ~~by and~~ through many a

pentous storm

The hapless Argonauts to Daulis came.

I played that woman all the times I knew

And when I finished time had caused to go

My thoughts are not the things that she should know

My thoughts are of a very uncouth form.

And like the stanzas of a genuine poem

Inapt to fly the fathoms far to Rome

And seek a deeper home

8

The afternoon was nearly over when the Old Pretender came  
Hobbling + shouting that the weather made him lame  
(He in his shame!)

~~Sect~~ Eschewing not fame  
Or lust.

The evening settled down between the striped & sullen sheets  
Trying to ignore the rat random clatter of the parakeets  
(The bedesman eats  
Neither haggis nor meats  
(Nor rust.)

Break it up! The police prefer the night to sunrise day  
Not surprising when the gas board is North sea, I'm sad to say  
It must  
At least  
Be trussed.

The water man fished female plankton from the sea  
Such useful power sources these lady glow-fish be  
And even when  
We see  
The crust  
The chicken is a hen.

Better late than never is a motto to abhor  
Better poached than fried is the egg upon the floor  
Better than us all are Byron, Yeats and more  
But better we than Sophocles; ~~for~~ Plato is a bore  
+ Sophocles sophisticates: Although <sup>for</sup> we pitch + yaw  
We cannot see, ~~for now our eyes are sore~~  
Conductors aren't allowed to keep the score  
~~slightly~~ slightly damaged.

The phantom bantam mantra-man  
His flaming eyes off stalks  
Has ~~said~~ chatted with me, man to man  
As one who tiptoes as he talks

9

The ghostly ghetkin grocer's boy  
Delivers brownly chocolate  
Oblivious of the ho! pollo!  
That round about his chariot wait

The wrenched mandrake as it dies

Attempting to determine

...The relative absurdity of flies

The crassitude of vermin,

Shrieks to a neighbouring green tomato

Ripe me, now's your chance!

The leaves reply astonishingly in a sharp falsetto

No more romance.

The piano in the kitchen has been spoiled by cooking-junes

The grease drips off the keyboard

Which the greengrocer etches,

For no man shuns this seaboard

If he practised all big scales

And weathered all the gales

I assume.

Envoy That braves the direst storm is not, I think,  
A quinquevane old swords of men could sink.

O serve we well sarcophages  
 Desert me not so late  
 (My poetry's anonymous)  
 And that's not hard to rate

O tell no ~~more~~ more the weeping child  
 To leave the wolf at bay  
 And tell no king of temper mild  
 To say what he should say

His word is but an empty saw  
 Seen oft then heard no more

For four  
 Or less  
 A wretched mess  
 (His poetry is poor).

Yet poorer far, more wretched still  
 The kings who thunders reign  
 Over the isles ~~that lie~~ serene he will  
 Soon abdicate insane.

And should you see through my disguise  
 I'll run a mile post haste  
 And weave a web of chronic lies  
~~tell~~ like "I eschew fish-paste"

### ENVOI

Secretly the apple grew  
 Secretly, lest some one should know.  
 Eschew  
 Or go!

If I trust you now  
If I say you'll not be naughty in the trees  
And clop off every bough  
Then I don't know who you think you're ~~mean~~<sup>mean</sup> trying to please  
But if I doubt your word  
If I think you'll cause great havoc in the leaves  
Of the tyme you'll spread with lemon curd  
Or mustard pie? It's quite absurd  
I know the glow-worm grieves.  
But if you eat the kettle  
If you take the non-stick saucepan from the stew  
You'll be able at last to rate the nettle  
Of the few  
That eat the nettle

\*

And if the grand survival ball starts to roll away  
I'll love you for revising me enough to make pave the way  
To a meal in hell & oh! the thrill of apple sauce & beans  
Or else perchance a subtle pie of stoats and aubergines  
And top the whole with trifle & delicious pale pink cream  
My clothes are what they seem

A riddle is a riddle ; the opposite is not  
The first is but an Irishman, the other is a Scot  
Lancelot, wasable, assigned the scold  
For no apparent reason.

~~A poem is a pos~~

Poetry is poetry ; this work of art is not  
A tied - line on the telephone, a kitten in the cat ...  
The teacher playing Dennis & the pupil on the pot  
Have taken me out. The keys are ...

Trust. I hope you'll give it back.

Not crumpled, mangled, wrecked but still

A key, agree? Unless I crack

You'll write ~~is~~ yet more, until,

The junk is on the rack.

Sonnets now have thirteen lines; the last is but a rat

And if you don't believe me try to strangle a spatt

Try to start a nimed cow, or to cast a steaming-steak

And you will find, as I have found, be made as  
oft I make

This life's a fake  
A great mistake.

# The Dark-Blue Door

OR

NOT F.L.

by

Little Boy Brown

K. Pawn

It is an oft forgotten fact  
That Romeo and Juliet ~~ate~~  
No food from dawn to dusk  
Though drowning in a cataract  
Their much beloved plastic pet  
Which chewed upon a tabouret  
And spurned the soggy rusk.

\*

I had a long-remembered dream  
Which never yet took place  
About a nun who ran amok  
And hanged herself upon a beam  
Of sunlight on the Isle of Thracie.  
~~(In~~ <sup>where</sup> pyres ploughmen make the face  
And cows are out of milk

\*

This is a long-awaited day.  
~~When~~ When Margelet with distant look  
At all her many kin,  
Mildsmerry and begins to play  
(Not even looking at the book)  
With all the maids, and even Cook,  
And joining them in sin.

\*

But spit is under like the sun  
For all my words are like a bun  
I spit them outwards, one by one  
Until I stop.

The wild hedgehog raised the cry  
Though Hugh remained asleep  
And since the Bear could not but peep  
To gather up his sulky sheep  
And shear them, like a witless fool  
Who sees without an open eye  
And, ageing, leaves the school.

The papal pugil shook his locks  
~~And~~ too white standing on the gray  
Reading ribald poetry,  
And swinging from the shady tree  
He cried to all in silence then  
"I grant this boon, that in the docks  
You'll have no death, my dear, of men."

The purple ~~rose~~ <sup>Locks in his</sup> ~~lock~~ shook the page  
Whereon the curse was writ  
It read "No more shall wombats slit  
Or elephants the stager hit"  
He read it and did cry with rage  
(He was a madman, not a sage)  
No diligent rass at his wrath could assuage.

ENVOI

O Sharke!  
Who dares  
The frightful dash  
Upon the bath-room stairs,  
Withold  
We beg,  
Your scornful scold  
And hang it on a peg.

# "THE UNASSUMING GASH"

OR

## Herbal Wedlock

written  
by

A. Norton

A.M.

My love, I know no softer words  
I know no smoother place to lie  
Than on the floor, beneath the sky  
Beside these bovine herds  
These bovine herds that fly.

\*  
Well done, well on, thou ne'er do-well  
For thou art <sup>V</sup>than thou know'st  
better  
And, saying brickbats for our host  
We ring the Lutine bell  
And ape the sailor's ghost.

\*  
Go, stealthy one, and seek thy place  
Between the Saxon's shoulder-blades  
Let no one think that man evades  
The lover's tax in Thrice  
where lads disdain no maids.

\*  
Wring out the wet + dry the dog  
And hang the other in the trees  
Between Colossus' bryzen knees  
Beneath the blazing <sup>#</sup>sky  
Afire with honey-bees

\*  
So, honey, say no sweeter words  
I know your banks <sup>If</sup> by heart  
I know your ways (at least in part)  
Upset the applecart,  
and stir the wrath of unromantic Kurds,  
who can't endure the weeping of the wif  
That wanders lonely as a crowd  
+ talking to itself our land  
Declares the one who ~~vow~~ vowed.  
In vain to get his lover back again  
To where the vows of love would be as safe  
As Beula with Ben  
Or worm in field that never farmer ploughed.

Wring all the Id, I say, but thy no cause  
Nor bring the oldest cause to sorry end  
Nor tempt the earnest elder; running sores  
Will dog the cause that would to heaven send  
The untried point; the quiet we lost all sea  
Are quite enough for Julia and for me  
Although I have no money for the poor  
Nor sturdy citadel which to defend  
Let Orgelusa hear my strain: Perpend!  
Let warbling lutes and mighty organs roar!

\*

The quires an quinguineous which seaward sail  
Unto the parting shore unleash this song:  
This gutta-pescha dirge for queen and quail.  
They sing at speed, for now they have not long:  
"Increase your wathwhile ambulence's stroke  
And strike not one but many ~~the~~ feeble folk  
Excelsior!" And as they near the Pole  
The weakest fall in faint; and then the strong  
Then women, children, Kings Canute and King  
And last, yes, least, the humble cabin-vole

\*

And when we giv to Nineveh the harbormaster cried:  
"Begone, you evil layabouts, we have no place for you!"

\*

The eldest earner's chequebook, far from new  
Was nonetheless as fresh as snow inside  
We counterfeited members of the crew  
Especially those no steersman could abide  
And quizzed the owners of a long dead thing  
That never emperor knew, nor mighty king  
But nonetheless was crowned in tempest-torn ...  
Cadiz, where all the Phrygian sages died.  
That is, where Anne the Androphage was born  
Who never could abide the songs we sing  
'Tis she of whom I warn you, from inside.

# BISMUTH

ALTERNATIVELY

Fatima's Tomb

by

Lord Reed of Woomera  
The Sodden Octuplets

pp. BISMUTH BILL

Fever was her first concern  
Fighting was her ~~first~~ pride and joy

February made her turn

Forlorn into a little boy,

Forever ring (ruins) what she'd done

Forgetful now to write her name

Forgiven by the Dean

↳ syllables - Frenetically she cooked a bun

Fine foodstuff for the lame

For poster chair belonging to the Queen,

\*

Never was her next concern ...

Nonetheless she curdled ice,

Now November made her turn

Negligent, ~~so~~ she snuffled twice

Not unsuspecting, fever struck

Not yet competing with a duck

No physician, fraught with pills

Neatly curing Sunday ills,

Next to Muddy Monday's hills

\*

Lovers was her last concern

Let her blow that clarinet

Lemmings always made her turn

Lorissa was her pet,

Laughing loudly, soon she fell

Lower than the depths of hell

Longer than the vale of woe

Louder than the Oboe

Longing as the Limpopo.

ENVOI:

Guess her name & you shall see

Why she's lovelier than a boy

Aria in a flat, my love, or are you in a house

Are you in a state to understand?

Why can a turbid turtle-dove become a mealy mouse

With sable winds to lash his amersand

(Will Deirdre turn once more into a louse?)

Alone beside the ruined hir dog strand

Whose owner often castigates his spouse

His only spouse

Who went a hand

In far-off Samarkand)

\*

O, Meg, a dainty lass you are

Pray come & see my jaguar

(I bought it in Antigua

Where Romeo was slain)

O, Mike, Ron said to break to you

What Juliet had spake to you

"I know of no such lake - do you?"

Had Alf a sadder strain?

Or water on the brain?

\*

In Kathmandu did Kubla Khan

Eat kestrels by the score

And from the lofty minaret

He played upon a violette

And to the fading sunny set

From Turkey and from far Iran

A slowly shutting door

He sang, alack no more

Mother O Mother I'm missing your meow!  
Come back, O come back, O come back to me now!

Never again shall I spit on the floor  
Never again shall I kick down the door  
Never again shall I spit on the wall.

Father, My Father, I hear your voice still  
Spare me, O spare me, the catapult kill!  
Never again shall I lie on the stair  
Never again shall I pull out your hair  
Never again shall I play in the hall,

Kitty cat, kitty cat, sit on my knee!  
And I'll tell you a tale of a house in Capri  
Here is your fur that I roughly pulled out  
Here is your eyeball I bought from about  
Here is your tooth which you lost in the fall.

Daughter, O daughter she's gone into town  
Wearing that hideous Alice-blue gown!

Here are her teeth that I won at the fair  
Hera, Leander, ~~Lamia~~, Ambrosia, Elaine  
Here are the tickets for Emma's May Ball.

Lover

Fairly fortune + fairly strife  
Will never win a man a wife,

I leapt from the stair with a ~~long~~ lightning step

Ignoring both byres + Peregrine's prep

I struck from the scroll of all the writings of Bal  
And took my revenge on the Geography lab.

I left in a hurry, with rice in my hair  
Ignoring Corambis's vigilant stare

I write with my left; you can not call me wrong

(Although your appearance is not like a gong)

I wrong all the rights that Sir Lamedot wrought  
+ throw all the fights that Sir Pertelot fought  
- for what can the spirit of mortal be bought?

\*

Intending to follow her, Iff came my gloves

(The ~~poor~~ miserable mittens that nobody loves)

The horrible handgear, the poisonous pair  
With ~~the~~ blue lemonade at the roots of their hair

Intending to follow her, took the wrong route  
(A pathway so parlous that all men eschew it)

Stumbled at nightfall in Acheson's pit

A cavern so gloomy and so poorly lit

That 2 smallish ogres would blar out the grow  
Of the fabulous furnace, ~~blares~~ all afblow

Hevi's Shadach, hevi Meshach, hevi Abednego.

Envir:

The steeple stands at half past three

I fear there's big-all left for tea

But still don't step upon the lawn

Unless your petticoat's still torn

A sunburn by the sun's bright rays

A reverie to former days

Despite my birth, waist deep in water  
Oft I struggled, oft in peril,  
With my sparkish sister Merryl  
And her cousin - Beasty Beryl

Deadly Ninety's daughter

Before my death, with what dire wastrel  
I would gamble, he would win  
I would stumble, she would sin  
He would crumble, we would grow  
Making speed not haste, rel  
Yingon on my birth & kin  
Who came ~~to~~ <sup>from</sup> Sarahest Tooting with a half-unshaven skin

Despite my death, my waste of wisdom  
Oft I trembled, oft in winter  
Read the works of Harold Finster  
Always looking for a bin ter  
Hence my meal of mouldy mixed-up grain  
To save it from the omnipresent rain,  
The rancid rain that rots the crops  
(And kills the girls when the Welders'! cousin's kidem,

Destitute, waste deep in waist  
I would wiggle, he would squirm  
Indeedly we sought the germ  
Bankrupting the oldest firm  
Makers of Fish-paste  
Who kill the Whelk, the oyster too, to reinforce their taste  
Deadly Ninety was the name - with deadly something laced.

Good King Nasribor looked in

To pay the warden ~~the~~ tax

His head fell off into a bin

+ shocked the happy Mandarin

Whose father had grown lax,

But hell - the Webber's picture goes  
Down from the ~~the~~ gallery\*

The suppliant wobles like his skins

And stab his images with pins

+ sticks of cigarettee.

'But hell' - the Wombat's uncle ~~screamed~~ swore

(Whom Samovars ensconced)

"I cannot tell you any more

If Mandarin + Mandragore -

Whom Xiba Khan ~~once~~ trounced -

Gentlemen, Ladies. Welcome to Hades!

# The Sandwich Unmasked

OR

## THE MIDDLE BROTHER

WRITTEN BY

Lilith

The Unrelenting Minnow

Mrs Lilith

The Tracey Toddler

Crispin comes but once a week  
His visage feared by all that see  
By all that see on Cripple Creek  
That hear the words of those that speak  
The simple homespun truth  
The lad he utters words profound  
That fright the lazy ones who know  
But never do let out a sound  
But wander whether waters flow  
The elixir of youth.

Crisp in winter falls the frost  
Upon the lawn of unmown sleep  
And freezes all things live or lost  
Whose price is little more than cost  
Nor magnitude than size.

No width or silent stems.

Alarmed, perturbed, could I disengage  
From sordid intellectual worms  
The sombre beauty of my eyes?

Crisp 'n dry were the words he spake  
With hair cascading round his neck  
As if his head was but a lake  
Undammed nor held in check  
By aught of form uncouth.

ENVOI

My life is late  
Eviscerate!

An ice test for terrapins  
Is not a test for me  
It's but a ruse for those who choose  
No terrapin to see.

Eleven plus for elephants  
Is not, I say, for you  
It's but a quip, that's all it is  
Which most of us eschew.

And evening school for columbine  
Sooo is not the place to go  
It's just a bore, for all and more  
Don't ask me, cos I know

B Sc's for pitcher plants  
Are not of course for us

To how should men aspire to know  
The secrets of the bus?

How should we, who drink no tea  
Abjure the Chinese vice  
With desperate pleae for clemency  
For dishes made with rice?

To educate the stubborn whale  
Has been my life's ambition  
I always knew that I should fail  
For condemned to eternal pondition

### The maid of onomatopœia

Lay ~~boden~~ in a jing of beer

Totally inebriated, none held her hand  
For men are mice

And far too mice  
To sit where none may stand.

\*

This maid so chaste that all stood back

Admiring the virtues she did lack

Lay upon the carpet, her wimple all away

And wondered if pigs were pit

In the sky

For men are mice

And may soon die

\*

Reversed, this maid became a dame

Rehearsed, the mate is seldom tame

Tremendous were his cries

As credulous he trembled

And horribly dissembled

With surreptitious lies

\*

A scrambled egg makes little sense

To those who spend their lives in tents

Totally prepared, as if a one-man band

Had danced a solemn sarabande

For many mice to view

(If & only Perkin knew!)

\*

ENVOL: Take me to the charnel house  
Where I shall die, who am a mouse.

The thongs of wheat that bound our sultry eyes  
Lent colour to a scene of ~~life~~ greyness drab  
A dismal pool endowed with nought but crab  
Of hitherto uncompensated size

~~bid me little to relieve~~, for me a least

The dismal echo of my rival's words  
That die unheeded 'mongst the earthen sherd's  
like lees of wine or remnants of a feast

We saw no animals that dismal day  
Our eyes were sealed within our souls

No notes!

And bloom nor bud revealed no inner heart.

These goals

In part

Repay those cheated in the tepid mart.

\*

The oaten pipe that lured me to my bath  
Played notes unknown, unposed

And sounded strangely fresh, or raw ~~before~~

As if the composer had not been sure

If he was deaf, belike?

Or feared the aftermath.

The Kapellmeister's wrath

(The one that dug the dyke).

My Rival's words are echoing anew

My alter ego's cooking now a stew  
With vervain leaves to strew the behemoth.

Who can arrest the Sailor's wrath.

There was a young woman whose face  
Resembled the vacuum of space  
Excessively fair;

If I could be there  
I'd destroy every inch of the place.

O sweeter, be my abacus, for I needs must count on you.  
And tell thy tale not faster than the flaming words are writ

To narration ever the servant must be  
If art is to encompass all my poetry  
If beacons on the heights are to be lit.

- So spake the Max - ~~and~~ as listened all  
The courtroom hushed + ~~just~~ jurors whispered curses  
The judge exclaimed + soft sunrise  
"Alas, the strongest lady cries!" \*

\*  
Onomatopbia here made utterance  
Watched the greasy candle gutter acre  
Then fade into the darkness of the day  
As judges weak from lack of rest  
Fail yet again their driving test  
What had the strongest lady say?

### The strongest lady is in love

With those that shift around and shove  
shadows

With passing steps and knightly ships  
With arid eyes and limpid lips

With apparatus for giraffes

And those at whom the sandman laughs.

With vaulting horses, diving elks

Who hold their hair in clips

Who fly their sons with sandwiches

Their grandmothers with chips.

Both night and day are gone  
+ clearly all is won.

THE  
INNER COMA

OR

The Parenthetic Pomegranate

by

Elsie (q.v.)

The Botanical Trickster

The apple that ~~this~~ serpent gave,  
The pomegranate tender,  
To Eve upon that fateful morn,  
A sleeping, ripening, ending dawn  
When Eve, with <sup>soely</sup> conscience, slender,  
With nought but spirit of the grave  
(But none ~~teless~~ forlorn,  
For who, of all, should save  
The eloquent pretender,)

\*

The apple (for I shall go on)  
With this my saga sprightly  
Being of persistent mind  
And well-renowned for being kind,  
(A word <sup>that</sup> ~~I~~ do not use lightly)  
~~I~~ (I've many virtues, whereupon,  
I muse in thought (I am not blind)  
Though criticised anon)  
To any animals I find)

\*

Which Eve took up (as I've remarked  
(Although I nearly broke my wrist)  
To those who can my charm ~~not~~ withstand  
(To them, I say, I raise my hand)  
(~~All~~ critics, though, I shake my fist,  
Like shabby dogs who never barked  
At him who plies his rubber band)  
This apple (how the end is marked!)  
Did not (I'm sad to say) exist.

Flaxen diamonds in the field  
Woollen rubies in the glens,  
Reap again this golden yield  
Harvested from countless seas.

Whispering acres, silent streams  
Gloomy glades, ~~and~~ miasmic moors,  
Sleep again these meadow dreams!  
Dream again of tiger's roars.

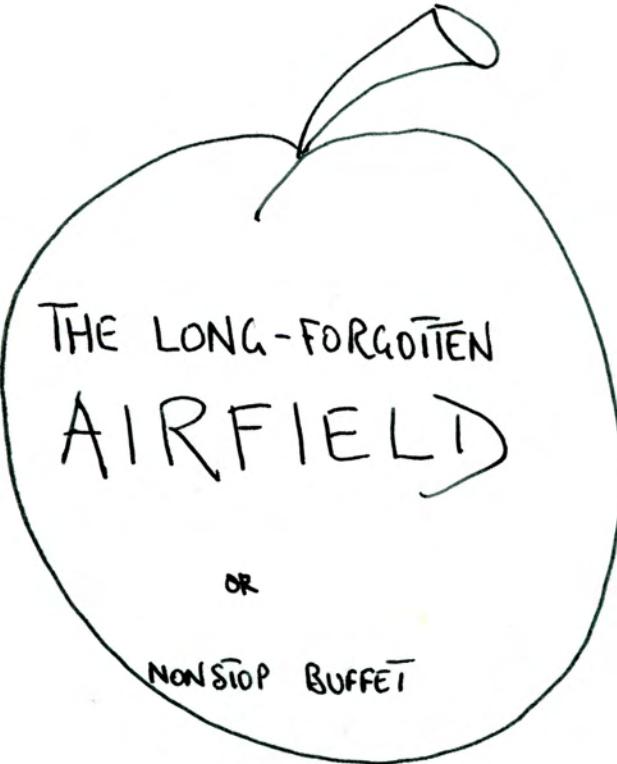
Over topaz trees of wheat  
Under skies of azure deep  
Where the waders, apple-sweet  
Are lapped by <sup>sundry</sup> servile sheep,

Sheep, whose thoughts run oft about  
The verdant pastures underfoot,  
Whose ruby minds contain no doubt  
That Gödel's is the sounder proof.

My sheep, my sheep, my little ones  
~~the~~ Pay heed, I beg, to all my pleas  
O never follow him who runs!  
Nor ever try to swallow fleas.

O little lambs and pecky pigs  
O dormice doow and badgers brusk,  
Oh, shew the wiry diamond rigs  
And beat them with a wiry whisk.

Envoy: Flaxen diamonds in the carriage  
Woollen rubies ~~to the~~ break the deadlock  
Friends will always lead to marriage  
Piglets always shy from wedlock.



# THE LONG-FORGOTTEN AIRFIELD

OR

NONSTOP BUFFET

by

Perry Grin

Mrs. Astoreth - (just a bit)

Press to stop

Johannus Saintilans

The Fussy Piscie

Lugam Tocnial

The bicycle pump was not of the best

Its owner was guilty. I dare to suggest

Or dare you? to dare to, is dangerous last  
A host of mad geese should arrive

The cycle excursion was terribly planned

The office in general thought it should be banned  
Though the undersized giant could not understand

The system of middle-wheel drive

That giant could \* balance like none before

Though his steering was rather unmercifully poor  
(For such do we learn from the Phrygian Lore)

That mercy's poor talents are strained.

The talent of Percy\* was not of the worst  
(No cause for his fly, which Vathek has cursed)

Twas blindingly clear that he'd never released

The dogma that trees are untrained.

The redwood was written for giants to read

That stroll in the twilight wherever we lead

In ember-strewn glades in the thickening dusk

Where ember envelopes the stille bush

And the bicycle pump \* rides away.

\*  
Ye trees that sum softly at night & your beds  
Where the paranoid sandman unfailingly treads  
And jangles so softly his myriad heads

Counting with care the unmusical sheds

Where cycles + lawnmowers marry in bliss

And aged geometers ardently kiss

In gearshifters: on windowsills cobwebbed oil-cans

Upsets the intrigues that bicycle plans.

O Shark and threefold! Shark and fire

O foaming shark + water

Or is it honey from the hive

Bought from the bedesman's daughter?

Or marmalade or jaffa cakes,

O condiments, o custard!

~~The~~ ~~These only blast~~

Crying out for rhyming mustard

Just like my mother makes.

\*

Après moi, le déluge, Desiderata, she cries

Announcing that her Nibel Pipe is but a var of alibis

Lord Blankinsop, the noble, pries into the deeds of men

Who, avaricious, oust the eggs from heron or from hen

~~Who~~ Who push the little darlings from their cosy nests, & then

Destroy the myth of who-knows-where with who-knows-what  
foul lies.

Entraps the unsuspecting Quark to see he goes & dies.

O shark and eightfold! Shark and air

O festering shark and blister

Or is it sorrows sad and care

Wring from the Welder's sister

or lemon curd and walnut whirls

O applepie & so ample!

(I cry to those that trample

Down the sails which the shark unfurls)

\*

EPILOGUE: Sing not the shark!  
And save your bark!

In the heart of fast bulwark spake oracle sage

heart

"Untimely your fung, though timely your age!"

The oracle died as the sage burst in bloom;

As ~~like~~ cards, ~~for~~ card-like ~~over~~ slid down the  
walls of the room

The walls that the sailor destroyed in the night

Were unpreserved with gloom, they were painted with light

Which burst like the sceptre in Nostradamus' hand

And guttered like seashores - a tunnel of sand

And then rolled off to the east west

Where cantharides invest

\*

This paper is white; yet dear Grace, she was not,

Untimely to the cream she was ready to clot,

And yet like an earthworm she often forgets

That in a week, even if ye should snuff

The sages that perilous blow.

Yes, dear friends, I envisage hard work as your lot

And undying pain for the feet in the sludge

I envisage such pest wherever you go

Wherever the fireflies anonymous glow.

Sweet fireflies, O, bear me no diligent grudge

~~not~~ Persuade me to rot.

\*

MORAL: This paper is white: be it wher thou thin

Thou'll be hung, I declare from the uppermost bough

And your entrails fed to an ~~unfed~~ diligent sow

Preventing starvation

The house had many windows  
 And of doors a plenty  
 No aeronaut the wind hoes  
 Norairy King the jester chose  
 To scale the ivy tower  
 The house had many towers too  
 The airy kingdom viewed  
 And on a starlit summer's night  
 Before a certain hour  
 Her pale blue bulbous eyes would light  
 Her paralytic bower,  
 The home of Ermintude.

\*

The field had many meadows  
 Yet of cows a lowly few  
 A herd which, clad in red, owes  
 Little gratitude to Bedow's  
 Or to milkmaids, man or wench  
 The milkmaid is a buxom bush  
 The bush of buxom make  
 That the farmer left outside  
 Was stolen by a wench.  
 Beneath this bushel hide  
 ... No barbel, roach or tench  
 That fishie around + push?  
 \*

ENVOI : The house of fish is but an awesome glade  
 Where paths are paved + pavers are paid.

5

Off like clockwork went my plan to manumit the slaves  
The bark set off, the iceberg groaned, and sank beneath the waves  
Reverberations of the splash resounded thro' the ocean  
And everywhere the sea turned black, a necromancer's potion  
And all torn the mermaids sang, combing golden hair  
As swiftly from the ocean bed, upon a

Came Venus, Aphrodite, you may call her what you will  
Though the epithet that she liked best was Beatrice, or Bill.  
So Bill, that goddess of the Nile on which great Cairo stands  
Arose at dusk and wandered lost among the sable sands  
Arose at dusk and wanders still near Thames & London bridge  
But you shall see her not, I say, ~~for~~ her size is but a midge  
Midges may be mighty oft, but she cannot be wrong  
Her lover going up at Fleet street sees her going, going "gong"

In but 8 days my doom will come  
For ninety nights I'll eat no crumb  
For deadly the enchantment in the shades of tender night  
Deadlier still the hellish thumb that no man dares to fight.  
To symbolists, electrical deposits on which bank  
I cry "defeat" or then again "the toady millpond stank!"  
To fatalists, abysmal proposals by whose book  
We never steer our course. But lo! Behold!  
Flees by on leaden wing. The sun begins to wane  
Behind the hills where condors await the evening rain  
Where fruit-bats wait beside lake and, chattering with glee  
Await the weary chain-gang: we are slaves you ~~may~~ not free.

#### ENVOI

O son of my father's father's son!  
You're ~~me~~ of the man whose freedom's won

By the sound of the wind & the sea.

Sad jesters were playing croquet then

A cloud burst hit the scene

A scene of serendipity

Like molehills on a green.

Like molehills in a forest ride

Or even in a pie

As if some grotesque slippancy

Should even make a jester cry

To dare do<sup>\*</sup> more than makes a man

(Who dares do more is NUN)

Who veils his thoughts and hides his fears

Who elephant mites + tiger shears

At Castle End sheds midnight tears

No moats or beams in eyes or ears -

In truth, a hot cross bun.

\*

To aim for less than half a life

To aim for more than whole

Is not ~~not~~ the aim of her, my wife

Who mounts makes out of wife

And yet maintains that hills exist

Prometheus befogged!

To arm is but to cut the wrist

To slash at giants in the mist

The millstone is a succor to the grit

The millpond much befogged.

ENVOL: The weeks are weeks of weeds and tears  
And days the rotting lives of years.

# Phoenix

by

Usher.  
OTTO  
Rosalind

20 6 29 1958 3 of Memphis factory components  
1st 4 19 1958 X  
1958 4 1st year - January 10 was supposed drawn by T. Impe

When Galileo came to tea  
I gave him gooseberry jam, for he  
Requested it so charmingly  
That I could not refuse.

He sucked it from a wooden spoon  
And sang about a boleful time  
Concerning seeders born in June

He sang a dreary blues.

He put the teakettle on his head  
Without much room to go to bed  
(the hammock had been filled with lead)  
It was a woeful ruse!

He put his pocket on his arm  
His telescope had come to wear  
(For he had lost it on the farm)

In rusty orange juice  
Where three the Angus moos)

Then upon the girl he lay  
And ran his fingers through the hay  
And sang to her a roundelay  
Of ineloquent views

She was entranced by his skill  
And scampered up the sunny hill  
We watched them from the window sill  
In threes and twos,

She ~~lay~~ exhausted by his side  
+ watched astonished as he cried  
"Alas, my love, my lofty pride  
I beg, excuse!"

Then Galileo took her home  
And told her nevermore to roam  
From his arched wooden dome  
Mount Palomar



A glass of milk  
A yard of ale  
A skein of silk so pale  
And wan, ~~is~~ enough to sail  
The seven seas  
\*

A book of prose  
of poetry  
A tale of woe so free  
And e's enough to see  
A Fleur de lys  
\*

A sack of stones  
And sambraves  
Excessive loans of leaves  
That every sailor leaves  
to Pharisees

A bag of jam  
A gaudie clove.  
A baby ram. Hell rore  
Until the sixtun mawre  
And burn the trees

\*  
A telescope  
A looking glass"

The gloomy deceiver unravels  
The fleeces in the clouds  
The giant from Cullibole's travels  
Whose head was in the shrouds  
The doleful minstrel makes sings.  
His hands in the mangle he wrings.  
We all are as glass  
And shatter when he sings.

I haven't heard the ~~phone~~ telephone since 1963

Although I have a red one in my room

I never ~~saw~~ saw an ambulance become a bumble bee

Although it waited patient at its tomb.

Although I patent washers for the groom,

And who stops the horsey water over me

And bids me write the silken tomes of golden Selené

of Babbocombe.

\*

I always used to jump from heights of more than 60 miles

And fall into a tiny muddy pool

At my parachute for octopi, the natives of these isles

Are snide, like an & fornicating fool

A product of the Now-or-never school

Who wraps his willing victim up in smiles

And lodges him feet <sup>slant head aghast</sup> upwards ~~in~~ the piles

Of gooseberry fool.

\*

I always used to rise to depths hereto unknown to others

Where octopi compile a snubbe chart

O ~~the~~ bumble bee who keep your treasure high upon these shelves

Which you from men must always keep apart

Would from any vacillating heart

From any pecking seeker, if he delves

Among the wat'ry valuables they're keeping for themselves

Upon the east

\*

A product of the never-never class

The misered men who bubble but avoid

The parachute, for we are only glass  
(pause)

ENVOI

(Whisper) We are only glass ..

}, O King, am the Welder's son, & my father now is dead!  
See before your court I bring his iron-scarred head!

The potion to restore him must not have excessive lead  
Or he will never live again to solder, nay, and weld.

Whoso helpe

And read

The myste stale, the wrothful curse upon my father laid,  
By all the feeble Argonauts whose bills were never paid  
By all the Scarful viziogaths who ever <sup>raped</sup> had a maid  
This curse was fatal, dire; will never be repealed

Whose fate is sealed

And stayed

By those who wished the Welder well, by those who never knew  
How ~~dear~~ <sup>dear</sup> would be the ~~deadly~~ <sup>dear</sup> that they could not undo

They shrieked and wailed, invoked the shark, and washed their hands in  
For penitent repentence of their horrible mistake

Which ~~no~~ none may make

But those who do

And he who was so upright see that he could not be prone

... And she who seemed to deaf to hear the gilded telehone

He who showed the silent maids how apples could be grown

Has vanished from the vision of the misery and the vice.

They called the roll,

Alone,

The Welder's name was never heard, was never read therefrom

His name is not (I have forgotten) - Nor Harry, Dick nor Tom.

In the silence that ensued we wept with great expleur

The organ played, the flags were gone, there was no cause ~~for~~ to sing

Oh, bless me now, and I shall play, my father's trade, O King!