

# Friends of the Fathom

A digital facsimile of the *Codex Amicorum*

© 1974 (or so) The Rat Fathom Poets

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## Friends of the Fathom

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*The following titles are listed in the "Book of Erwan" printout, but no texts have been found.*

Immensely Fish-Rhyme Finish  
Harry Bedurchin

# THE FURY OF PEGNOS

(LOVE'S CABERS TOSS'D)

SCRIBEN BY

The Unspoken Nose  
Le Café Flann

ηk

When the last strains of song had dispelled evil thoughts  
And the last of the guests lay prone on the overgrown lawn

We lovers retired  
To the place where the fountain disports  
Where the run-to-seed cynics pour scorn  
On the things of the past, the things that we lovers desired  
In our wild indecision that night on the brambly path

\*  
What things were then murmured  
What twined fragments in thundering pennants uprose?  
What wild things were murmured  
By mouths of blackcurrants & sloes?  
I cannot remember,  
What echo those day walls returned  
As the ultimate ember  
Of effortless union in belated ecstasy burned.

\*  
The morning dawned brighter next day for the passage of night  
And the small, damp allotment we'd rented seemed grander than ever  
For though it was choked with nasturtiums and frequented by  
kite

Our tenure decayed  
To the sound of the grunts  
Of a party of guests who had stumbled in luxuriant embrace  
and lay on the lawn in lascivious elation arrayed  
A third generation of grace  
(The next generation of runts).

As water was sprayed on the ~~fast~~ <sup>glad</sup> slumbering, & the gardeners woke us with wine,  
Our wild indecision of the previous night was drowned in a  
Beaujolais bath. (1)

Where the weeping of willows is heard by the light of the day  
And the passing of time can be felt as a breeze on the brow  
Three maidens shall greet you: of these the least ugly shall say  
What penalties you shall elude, & what blessings also,  
What good things shall grow; what terrible follies decay.

Report and repute are the major concerns of the next  
Who shall ask of the leaders of men what vestige of truth

Shall remain in the pages of every precautionary text

When the lines are removed ~~and cast out~~, as by dentist  
~~recalcitrant recalcitrant~~ tooth

From a grenadier's mouth, by the smooth epiglottis annex'd?

Compare and condense: reality's only surmise

Alliance shall make for the ugliest maid of the Mall.

Repair and relent: for the ~~the~~ garlands of dew in your eyes

Are the winnings you've won when these Furies three pay you a call

On the morning of judgement when Allah shall summon the wise.

As his carriage and fawn makes its progress through Berwick-on-Tweed  
Like Lucifer's shadowy escort, whose dwelling is fire

Proserpina Opheus, strewing the ground with his seed

In wild Bacchanatian dust; to the sound of the lyre

Shall carry you off, who renounce both his name & his creed.

So mark, gentle youth, when theme of renewal has passed

And you, reincarnate, make love to a rat or a hen:-

The ways of the great are not found (not the first nor the last)

... In Caesar's example, nor Logic's, nor tenets of Zen,

But humbly enshrined in the growth of the meadow. Not vast

... Are the altars of bees in the cowslips, ~~not~~ women in men.

Both  
~~Both~~

There once was a young man from ~~Both~~  
Who strayed from the pinesen path  
He stepped on a Badger  
The fearful old cadger,  
~~And~~ which made a meth on the grath

---

There was an old man of Kusaka  
Whose dog was a fumble barker  
So he drowned it one night  
Then set it alight  
And now serves the ships as a marker.

(✓)

THE  
FOUR  
QUARTETS  
By

T. S. ELEPHANT

# YOTSLOT



The Censor

by

Victor Ward

The immortalist



They used to say in old Peru,  
That dreams at night were good for you  
But this Freud says is quite untrue  
For reasons I shall tell:-

The German's theory on this topic  
Is thought to be unphilanthropic  
But his intent was, rather, that  
His father couldn't spell.

~~His father~~

This paternal deficiency, Sigmund knew,  
Was cured by eating Irish stew

Yet still in his ~~studies~~ <sup>studies</sup> can't answer  
Th' aroma of caramel.

And so the gastic dish he cooked  
(Unattractive though it looked)

And to Sig. Senior's table took it,  
To shrieve that infidel.

But alas! Soon the analyst's father did spew,  
The mess on the floor relentlessly grew

And he reached for his bullwhip and <sup>his</sup> thumb-screw  
(As the Incas told in ancient Peru)

And chastened his offspring right well.  
(In dreams I hear him yell).

(✓)

The trees were out of season

There were no fruits available

The grass was scarcely saleable

Now shall you ~~list~~ hear the reason:

No rain had fallen for a year

The Sward was thirsty since a two or three months

Hedges were tangled up with bellbunch

Drought had stricken forthmost.

Cats' and rabbits' eager yearning

For a pint or twain of perry,

Beer or princely wine not spurning

Tormented them as t'would th'ingeno.

Ghostly figures rose that night

~~But~~ "Entrust your spirits to us now,

Evil deeds we shall allow

With welcomed liquid end your plight."

Devastation saw the dawn

And soul-robbed corpses littered the pavement

No wight was alive to stare in amazement:

Life had been stolen by the devil's spawn.

MORAL:

The things that shift around and shove

Act always out of evil, never love.

# HORACE IN POLAND

*By.....*

*French Bug.*

*The Name-Plaice*

Never again shall the soft south-western glow  
Unhouse my blindness

Reveal my blindness  
Or let the spring of peerless vigour flow.

When, can we tell? When will the fountain bubble?

What burthen hydraulic

Shall burst forth and frolic  
Amongst the heaps of ferroconcrete rubble?

\* \* \* \*

In time to come, ten years perhaps, some miracle there'll be  
When fish shall hold dominion in a world become a sea  
Their court composed of coelocanth and hammerheads and whiting  
While intellectual halibut shall learn the art of writing.

Above on earth shall fissionaries spread their ichthyic lore  
While deep below the ocean-bed shall cuttlefish explore  
Of reporting to their sponsor, an aged, learned ~~herring~~ herring  
Of vasty mineral deposits, beneath the sea of Bering

Of riches untold  
(For herring are dumb)

Bauxite and gold  
And uranium

And all found with a geiger-counter - such things are unerring.

Thus shall an empire of brine encircle the globe

And fish shall rule

Into the depths of the world shall their scientists probe  
From their lair damp and cool

\*

But the gods now must sleep,  
The new gods of the deep.

(✓)

The day of the rainstorm has long been forgot

In the silence that's followed; the day

Shall never return, for the sun has been shot

And the moon has been swallowed. DISMAY!

\* \* \* \*

The universe, airless, is now without life

And blue at the edges; below

Inferno is quiet with the ending of strife

~~On the lofty rock-ledge~~

~~OH WOE!~~

On the lofty rock-ledge. OH WOE!

\* \* \* \*

The stars have been doused

Every planet aroused

In nebulous fright

As the comets ignite

And the asteroids swarm

'Midst the meteors warn

As the milky way loses its lustre.

\*

Though the reek of destruction at last has dispersed

Nothing has taken its place

Not an atom remains, nor the last nor the first

Nor any created between;

The holes where the fearsome volcano burst

Have filled every vestige of space

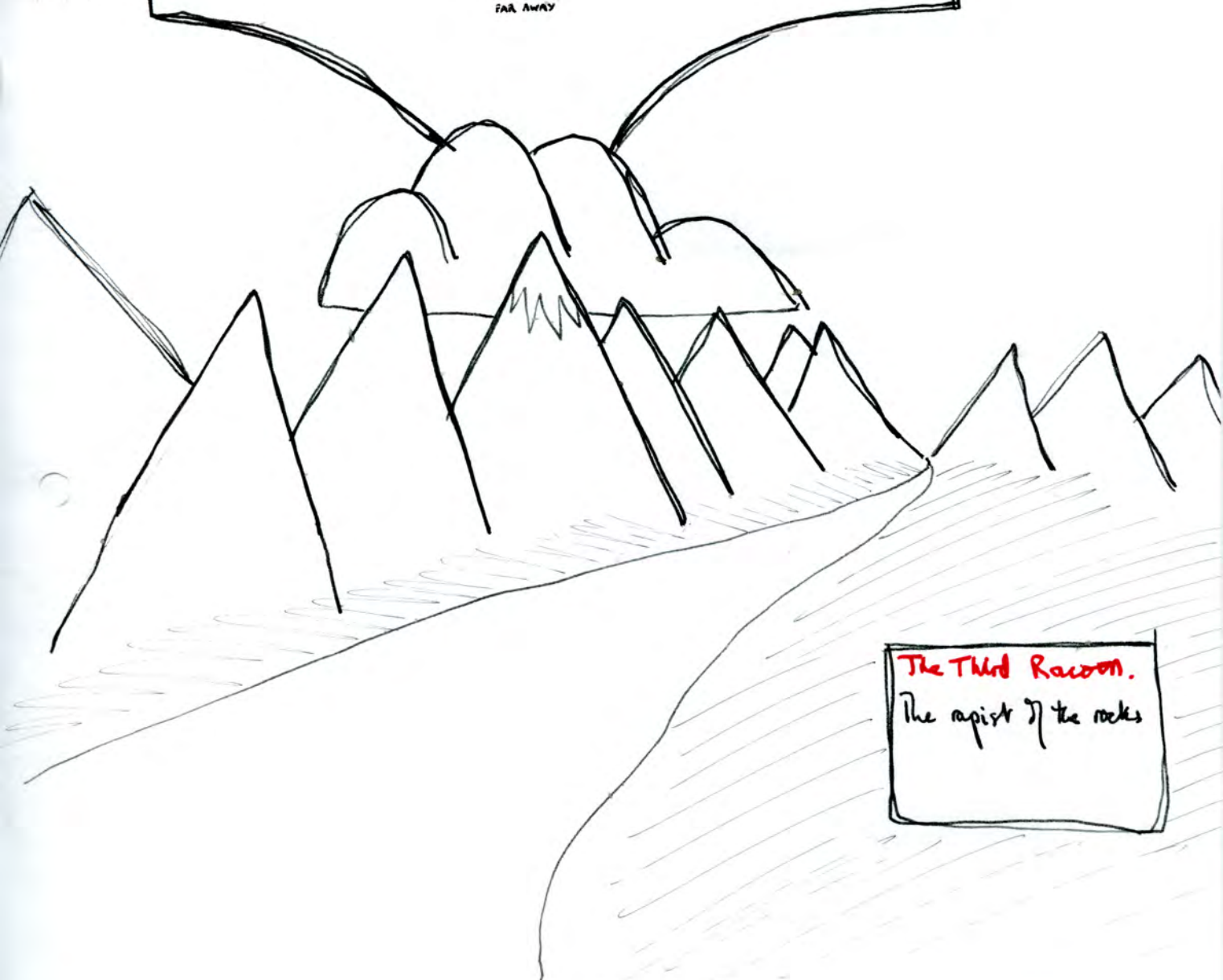
And our race which since Eden we know has been cursed

Is gone from its erstwhile demeane.

# LONG AGO

AND

FAR AWAY



The Third Raccoon.

The rapist of the rocks

Far, far away in the misty dunes of Time

Down where the salt sea

... Plays in the harbour,

Deeply sequestered, in a foreign clime

Arab may find peace.

Long long ago in the treacle-soup of Rith

Down in the dikes, we,

Hunged in the albor

All whom we reckoned excessive of girth  
Out-dated of lease.

Way, way up high where the heavenly angels chant

High in the empyrean

Sits the cicada,

Digital troubadour; mortals who can't,

Malign the police.

Deep deep in sleep sits the small crustacean beast

Drinking valerian

Feline amada!

It's liquor is laced with lashings of yeast

It lashes & falls

Two countries I sing

A queen hates a king

Two armies at war

& when combat falls

Twocities or more

laugh mightily bold

The tale must be told.

10.  
A very long distance between them there lies

A long-distance phone-call is all I surmise  
From absence of letters

A very short answer is all I can give

A long time is nothing in places I love  
Respecting my letters.

Mainline excursions + half-fare returns

Pupils who teach and a servant who learns,

Highly inflammable petrols + tears

Spousing ~~inventions~~ <sup>innocence</sup> repeatedly, ~~bring~~ burns

Semi-dependant, excuse me the fee

Almost detached I must beg to be free

Loathsome emunction! Your diffident knee

Invites me to violence, invites me to tea

A terrible railway can lead me to you

A Staggian fire that burns in the blue.

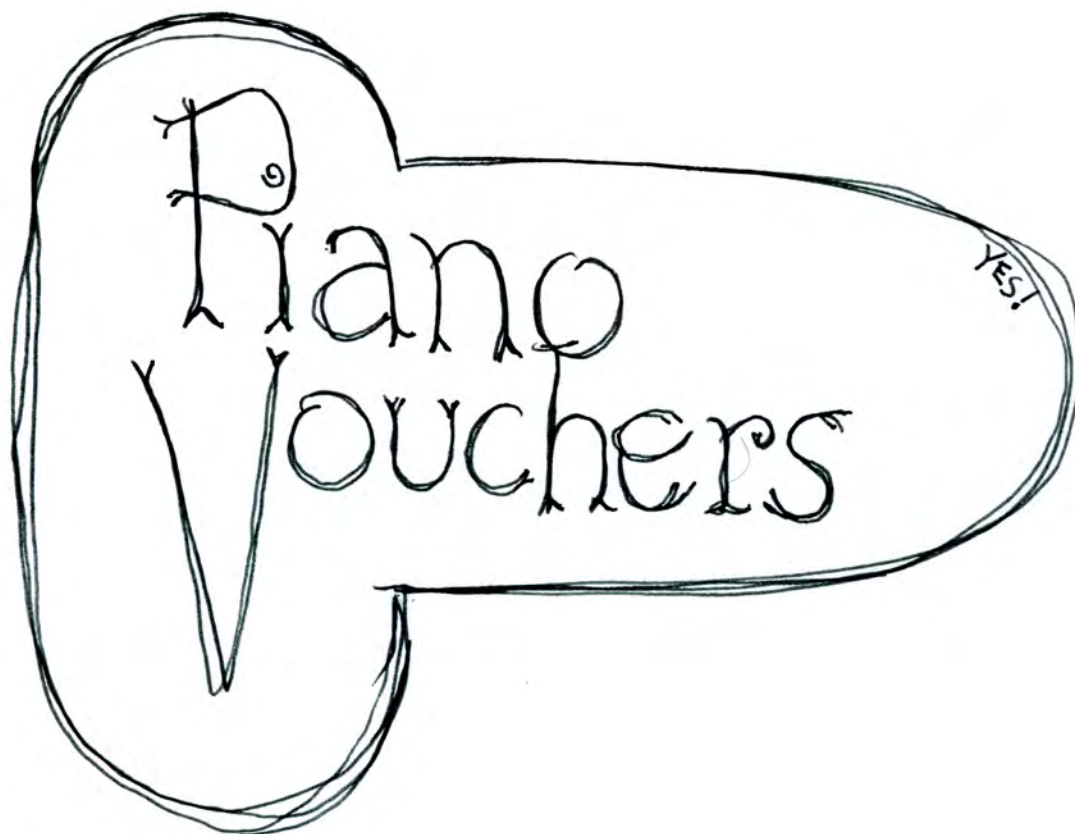
And memory burns

A very short bus stop is no good at all

For the deaf + the halt, the palsied + tall

~~From whom the bull turns~~

From whom the bull turns.



VON

*The Musical Policeman*

A flattened newt (deceased)

This plucked eyebrow

*The Second Exile*

At strains from the plains the traveller stared  
They loomed within their straggled seats

And one of their number, sparsely haired,  
With footstamp emphasised the beats

While lost in smoke his domed head

Which Churchward turned as bells rang out

... The hymn-votes were opened, the index was read

The bluish cover, like a lout,

with gold engraving at foot and head

And astrakhan lining in all the sheets

\* \* \*  
A shaven fleece of curly wool  
Enwadded our priest, wrapped in him

Whose backing once incensed John Bull

Extemporising on a whinn

He'd had while on a trip to Mars

to have engraved upon a limb

- the treble clef upon his chest

and the bass F-clef upon his ars

And on the post he loved the best

Enblazoned nobly on his nether foot - I wot.

\* \* \*  
As the Scotsman flew by so Rachmaninov wrote  
on ~~of~~ the day when his father had swallowed a word  
which as one might expect had caused him to choke.

And dissembled his love for that asinine coat

Whose shapelessness caused men to think it a cloak

hiding skillfully both bell, book and canticular note

Let imminent nightfall descend, Asolanthe

The stopper is stopped!  
The houses are blood!

The hauling of the shunting-masters  
Casting with his jaws together  
cries louds and fierce, in his frail-way  
Suffering pain for the sake of the railway

"See the load of Alabaster!"  
See the many vans of leather!

The rancorous oath of Ed, the driver  
Striving to restrain his pleas  
He swears, in jest, that ~~he~~ he will knife'er  
If she will not leave the ride that  
Swallowed all the tena-cotta  
Ever made by human hand  
By the scarcely-human potter  
in a far-off plumbate land

Dormant yet the leaden pots  
Sleeping still the human  
form in ~~set~~ gravelly rott'n  
Ostrich-egg albumen  
See the lonely railway-spotter!

\*  
Six thousand saw I at a single glance  
Fluttering and reeking in the volcanic glow.  
Crash went the trucks so grim  
Their coupling stretch ~~as~~ like outpull'd bow  
At the wagons happy dance  
Along the shining tracks serene and slim.

\* \* \*

(4)

The diamonds she cast from the window  
flew far over treetops, landing so far

that no one could see them, not even Papa,

who sharpened his telescope, hoping to see

The tortoise who'd been at a loss for the reason  
that he long loved a trapper

whose tree, newly skinned, -  
was free of Bach, <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ cactus so far

No prickles, no prickles or spines on this tree.

✱

The spaces which we dug in the country

Were made by a lady - in fact by a maid

whose was born in a hole by a bun-tree

whose colour and size made her parents afraid

And who she braved her way through their dreams

She's coming apart at the seams

Bring cotton & needles - ~~we~~ we must make her whole  
collect up her fragments and glue them together

But careful! That isn't her hand! It's a vole

+ surely her sock isn't leather!

We're threading our way through the clouds

using more of her form than's allow'd us.

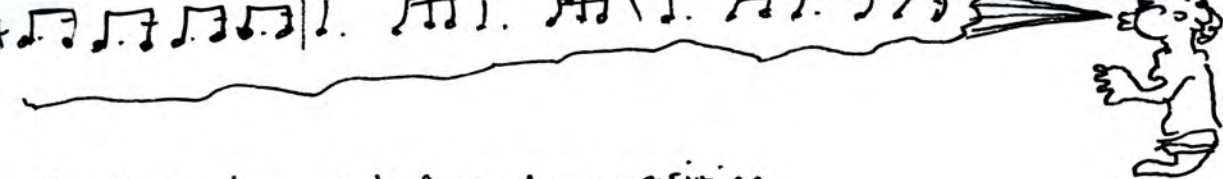
✱

ENVOI.

When reassembled, you shall see

Why she's foggier than ~~Miss~~ Miss B.

✓



Great shoals against themselves conspiring,  
On the funny battlefield

*Scaly beings oft expiring.*

When the swordfish pierced their shield

*Let Cupid sport the regal spoon  
In place of golden-feather'd arrow  
An upturned pail his head above  
To fire his shots deep to the marrow  
Through to the heart  
Deepest of parts  
Deep in the lungy nooks  
Fires the dart  
Which he has.*

\*

*Flocks of mice in warlike fury*

Subtly gorged on wombat puree

*Shouters shout a loud-ish 'Hooray!'*

The slamming brains shocks the day

*Kneeling, we pray.*

\*

ENVOI

Shark father, which art eleven,

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Honour and praise those who dwell in a boat!

Honour unduly the men who can float

Outboard minds and souls that ~~are~~ become quite soaked

Beware the self-styled King of Amsterdam.

Beware the shelved books on Macadam

And shun the herring smoked!

Honour and spare those who call you 'Miss B.'

you're no less unreal than the stars I see

whose reflected eyes show an image of me

I'm waiting no longer

For transport to come

and shunters get stronger

Honour and spare those who come for the water

Be fulsome and toadyish to all girls named Greta

Shunt shunters and shippers from Southampton ~~South~~ freighters

Whose favourite foodstuff (though starchy) is meringue

She stuffed <sup>as</sup> she slept as she sang

Oh, leave all such tomes until later

\*

Scandal and sport for the women who wait

+ ring a water at the Lylian gate.

But swallowed they'll be in the stream of the spate

For, sadly, they started their journey too late.

The gale blows wet

The shunters' mate.

\*

(✓)

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# ORDER

Chaos from darkness and order from light  
Gives a pie in the ledger  
Tomorrow I'll strike it with venomous night  
- the horizon will twist with revulsion  
At chaos & order's compulsion.  
Sweeten from strength, and a share of the salt  
hark down the dead in the annals  
Tomorrow I'll cast a new seal for the vault  
A squall for the heretics' anger  
A chair for the chief Bard of Bangor.  
Pride from the modest, all vanity lost  
In cracks in the pentecost mirror  
Ephemeral jokes, the most useless reports  
The shooting-star shot of the target  
Dark nights on the beaches of Margate  
lightning and torment & chaos again  
Thundering pain in the limbs  
One day I'll master my body & brain  
Overcoming the needs of coercion  
& intellect's ordered skeleton.

ASCRIBED TO: Henrik Ibsen

ESTIMATED COST	the life of a man
DEPARTMENT INVERSE TECHNOLOGY	Johannus Scintillans
INVOICE	AAWTO
ACTUAL COST	7 souls and a few - hottened boyl

## ORDER

These stones so long lay undisturbed, these stones.  
These spirits tranquil yet since doom, these souls  
By quiet candle guided

So long unread, ununderstood, these runes  
Interpreted by lost, benighted fools,  
In centuries eroded.

Here stride we now, explorers of the globe  
Unlost on maps of heavens reach, intent  
On TOURNESOL and ANISEED to feed  
The heavy wines and potions to decant.

These jugs so cold, <sup>these</sup> ~~so~~ stagnant pitchers rank,  
These dishes so forlorn of meats, and fare  
These burnished tarnished spoons.

The table square and bare, and none do think  
No dull-eyed lackey, chamber maid in fear,  
No lights in distant towers

No chandelier, no ballroom echo song  
No Thomas the Prophet and no burning ring  
Cracked, continued careers.

ESTIMATED COST	28 RUPEES
DEPARTMENT SAME as WISE	Johannus Scintillans
INVOICE	SCHWEPPE'S
ACTUAL COST	28 GROATS of ZINC
singed "BUZZ"	

TOO MUCH  
LIKE THE  
JUG

17

General  
Crawford  
Pittsfield  
Mass  
U.S. Prison  
Vermont

so  
A  
STICKY  
MOUTHFUL

Emesis rather often smells

Nicer in the night

Than quarter of a peal of bells  
That glitter in the light.

Knighthood ever bawls and brays  
Under the lime trees shade

Leganto or ~~Four~~ Giraffe? A maze  
of beasts, the whole decay'd.

Krishna always <sup>toiled</sup> ~~is~~ in slurs;  
Jewelless of basil,

Croaking over sweating helms, —  
~~My~~ Bari Licks that darit,

Votes ~~thin~~ telephonic asks  
Shall navigate equators

In caseous where leganto barks,  
Giraffes anticipate us.

Giraffes hold over ~~strong~~ <sup>stalwart</sup> toads  
Thompsono bums the bright gazelle  
For I, ne nauseous and  
Can only over you excel.

THE BALLAD OF CHE SHUNT

As the eight forty-two, with a clatter of points,  
Emerged from the tunnel with belching funnel

And filling the air with steam,  
A furtive figure slipped into the signal-box,  
Tattered his overalls, greasy his golden locks,  
Cunning and crafty, more sly than a single fox:  
Seldom what he'd seem.

The signalman sat, alert but unwary,  
Happily thinking of the tea he'd be drinking

In a few minutes time at home,  
When the tatty form of a stealthy cove  
With purple trews and shirt of mauve  
Cried 'Your end is nigh, Mr Theobald Scrove,  
You good-for-nothing gome!'

CHORUS: O, Hertfordshire's militant marshalling-yards,  
Let thy story be sung by bards  
Or else by sleeping-car attendants!

In his horror old Scrove changed not the points  
As the spanner crashed down through the hat of his crown  
And his arm was wrenched from the lever -  
And the eight forty-two (though the gates were shut  
And no smoke did emerge from the platelayer's hut,  
For the workmen were having their whiskers cut,  
As did the proverbial beaver)

And the eight forty-two through the camping-coach  
As knife through butter did cut like a cutter,  
Filling the air with screams -  
Our furtive figure straight leapt into action  
Rememb'ring all that he'd learned in Clacton  
(Where, in his youth, he'd been schooled by the faction  
That dreamed the workers' dream:

CHORUS again).

Now the shunting-master, with blood on his sleeves  
Ran into hiding in an overgrown siding

To ponder what he'd done!

And there he found concealed in the bramble

A verse or two, which began to ramble

Like those of his namesake Theophilus Campbell,

His ticket-collector son.

These verses revealed, what never he'd realised,

Not in the fables he knew as timetables;

That he was destined to die:

On the wreck of the train, he saw at the front

His son, the collector, weak Theo the Runt,

Proclaiming an alias: wondrous CHE SHUNT,

Railway revolutionary!

O, militant Hertfordshire marshalling-yards,

Let not thy story be sung by bards:

Rather, by young ticket-collectors!

(ALTERNATIVELY, THE BALLAD OF \*GILES ROPE\*)

202

©

CUTHBERT O'MALLEY, INVENTOR OF JAZZ

CHORUS: Down by the river at dusk in the evening  
Cottonballs dry as the piccaninnies play  
And strange songs are sung by the women at the loom weaving  
All of their worries away:

There came in the autumn of a year now long past  
A weird old coon to plantation number five,  
His hope running out: this visit he determined should be the last  
If his body should thrive:

Manfully strode he, it did not behove him to dally,  
Fleeing the curse of a long-forgotten dame  
Who lived in his ears as the screams of one raped in an alley;  
Cuthbert O'Malley: that was not his name.

(CHORUM)

O, what did they hear when he came, this intruder?  
His old banjo hanging rusty by his side,  
Where did he come from? Benares, Bangkok or Bermuda?  
And what was the reason that he cried?

Manfully strode he: but what man would stride in his boots,  
Fleeing the echo, the cry "whenas!"  
Sund'ring forever the crown of his life from the roots  
Of Cuthbert O'Malley, the inventor of Jazz?

(CHORIBUSQUE)

Jazz! Mellifluous mother of music! What martyr  
Severed your bonds from the fetter of toil  
By the errors of chance? What mistakes? What corrections? Errata?  
The ferment was now on the boil,

The air was alive, awake to new possibilities,  
White masters' tyranny, right out of style.  
See now sit up the exponents of tradition quite ill at ease  
At CUTHBERT O'MALLEY - his death was worthwhile!

(CHORU)

The Ballad of Trevor & Dick

18

Trevor & Dick

one clever, one Thick in

---

The ordering of the N's

---

19

✓

## AN EPIC

Prosdocimus de Beldamandis  
Saw a mermaid beached and sad;  
Though the current flowed so strongly,  
Its appearance made him glad.

Wafting zephyrs drowned her singing,  
Laughing ripples hid her face,  
Lured by all her pearls and silver,  
Heirlooms of the elfin race,  
Up he jumped, infirm of purpose,  
Grabbed her by her silky fins,  
Soon he'd found her struggling figure  
Made him pay for all his sins.

He was dragged beneath the surface,  
All his crying was in vain,  
That'll teach the little bugger  
not to mess with her again.

THE END.

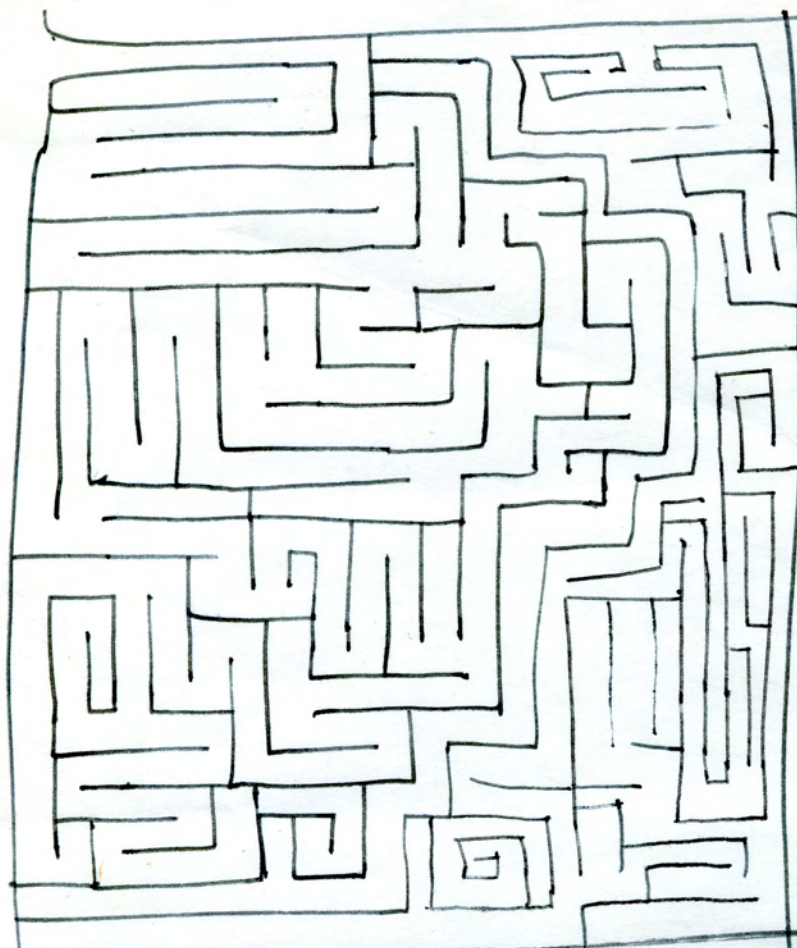
(✓)

## THE DONKEY IN THE CHASM

To you, whom I have long admired, I dedicate my head  
In colours of sincerity, in tones of blue and red  
Whenas the hibern owl shall wax, the nether rodent chime  
My solace, your discomfort, is housed in this my rhyme.  
The craft of cooking, though it's yours, is not to me an art  
At least it keeps you sober, the spoons invade your heart  
And when the 'cello wrinkles in the pantry, on the right  
I shall wait among the pie-crust for the onslaught of the night.  
In terms of market value, I fear you're scarcely real  
For on the turtle's mantle your name is hoofed in steel  
And business-men disclaim you, and all your aunts from home  
Despicable compilers of the vegetable tome  
Whose caution spells surcease to victory's aim,  
In terms of ire and momentary fame.

Thus when the nocturn sandwich-vole returns at last to rest  
I'll scold the errant boilrerman whose poems are not the best  
And burn the evidence of lust, for what it may be worth  
And then inter the charred remains beneath the humid earth.  
Your glow shall then no longer glow, your voice no more be heard  
Your bed shall house no more the vole, your book no more the word,  
The word of final lasting truth which you once told to me  
Shall nevermore be written down. For now in minor key  
The music of the squares returns to plague the folk whose taste  
Is less impeccable than yours, though far more prone to waste;  
And next the dancing tides shall turn and under foaming brine  
You'll find your grave, and I in turn shall rise again from mine.'  
My simple thoughts are all but lost in words of paper nights  
My systematic throat is nothing worth. From apple-scattered heights  
I spin a cotton soul, a soul that never shall be bought for gold.  
The lead that's in my cycle-lamp is rotting in the rain  
The solid statue on my head is of Muscovy the Dane.  
The poison in my sandwiches is nothing less than strong,  
The gravel in my picket-box will prove me if I'm wrong.

Now tell me you have understood and I shall brew a cake:  
A sparate repentance for the children of the lake!'.  
An uninspired exasperation for my model of Cadiz,  
The boot of empty running shoes is what my battle is -  
Prize the foot that lives within the pudding I shall bake!



Coldstream

Salisbury

Trailers Bus

A TABLEAU

by

See, the fragrant windows yawning

Rose-framed by the iron bridges

Unperceived: a second master

Constructed waiters of morning

Sylph-like statuette of plaster

Tree-like ambrosiades performing  
Over naked ridges.

Seeping draughts from ill-kempt barrels  
Dewy monologue of darkness

Rambles: iron hinges moving

Crooning aromatic cards

To the change horse, lamely hooving

Striding through the crumbled annals

Catalogue of rankness.

Hear, the drip upon the headstone

Chisel of deceptive mortar

Chipping, in the soil interred

Reaching to the eaten wishbone

In the ~~house~~ ~~and~~ undernourished and  
Which stinks the falling tombstone

Who wrestles his daughter?

What murmured penship roused the dryads

To the trefoil by the terrace

Sound the spokes! Inflation the diads!

Leave no more the people

The dizziness the sky adds

Topping corks from pustules' sleep

Greater wheels than Ferris

My sheep are a vase in the heavenly bowl

My dog is a niche in the wall

My cat is a case for the angels of grace

And my fish is ~~not~~ no parrot at all

My boxer's asleep in the Bethlehem cage

My painter's asleep at the stern

The people have shunned my infectious embrace

By shunning the ~~base~~ <sup>worms</sup> of the ~~base~~ <sup>worm</sup> tern

My love is a pen full of sheep in herself

My turnip an underground tomb

My rat is a rose whose grandiloquent prose

Has shunned the perennial wound

A penful of passion, where prison beside

May taint the underbaked loaf

The bane of rescension, The undermined pension

May counsel the important cat

Oaf were the pensioner, he of the mortuary

Watery stones from the heath

Where watery vessels & of mortary pestles

Shall drown the expurgative wreath

Oaf the incumbent, no wiser the bandit

Oaf the inception and wheel

Which spun in the dark where the termagant wrestles

And dance the eclectic sur-reel

They, so genteel!

The headless hanks I crave no more  
 The cost of my infection  
 Which, as in Chanks de Maldoror  
 Inspire such insurrection  
 Among the limbs<sup>\*</sup> which, leaving me  
 Disport themselves in meadows  
 Where railway lines and injury  
 Where second sight and perjury  
 Where earnest tales of Mister G.  
 Are prone to disinfection.

It lives beside a sister sore  
 Whose name is lost for forgery,  
 Dispatches from a powdered war  
 Where judges wig in canon's claw  
 And priests in staid debauchery

<sup>\*</sup>  
 The second blanket the noars  
 Uncovering for heads of evil  
 Light is never dark, alas  
 And second sight with lesser mass  
 The flattened crania of the crass.  
 Pancreas the devil!

### ENVOI

My schizo phrenic repastee  
 Has earned me right to sanity  
 Unheld the wisdom, clothed not less  
 Her oriental ballet-dress,  
 Bottle for my blind distress.

2  
In sleep I dreamed that, as a tree  
That hence I was where I abode  
Amidst the naked greenery  
Where never fog nor mighty load.

I slithered hissom like a tap  
In chasms plunging down adown  
Myself about a rock a-wrap  
In tawny hair and purple gown.

My leaves afire I cried in pain  
To soothe the anguish in my stern  
Umbrageous axis, greenish stain  
Oh Love, would ever spurn?

The clothing of my ascle-buds  
Would live. Would live the leaf-mould now?

The growing godhead, Salamud's  
Despised my every bough

Lichens beard the bark unflaxen  
Where the canyons crowd beyond;  
Summon now no ~~no~~ strident klaxon  
Birl the miller's pond!

Evaporate the world of power!

The campanili clatter  
As on the ears of wax a shower  
falls; and in thiaresmic haw  
My leafy cornice shatter!

2

What its name?

Wombats may have graced your rhymes

With a lease to end remorse

Marmots, marmosets betimes

Reclined amongst the regal lines

Have sung of hen and horse.

Yet, without one word to utter

You have left me with a riddle

What does she prefer with butter?

Potted snipe, or waxen gutter?

Finite doughnut, missing middle.

Come, then, clams, and whelks, and weasels

Tell the summons to your friends

Shun pituitary measles!

Comb your pelts with flicky teazles

See the minstrelsy amends

This omission: no men knowing

What they sing of in the sea

Cooled by Sisyphus, no face shewing

In the aeronautic hoeing

Stood so beauteous! Sing of me!

Sing of wild unearthly colours,

One, unnamed, eclipses all

Makes the brightest star seem duller

Let me leave's grave amulet,

Leaves the forest, now in fall.

Longuefey's son, whose rays are brighter

Than the caribou or moose

Than the sword of fiercest fighter

Nameless yet, ~~but~~ what reckless writer

Loves the long-forgotten noose?

And where its dwelling?

Forest dim, and wild unhaunted shores:

My erstwhile deeds now such abosena

Though life is sweet, the skies above are sweeter

The clouds are calculus; and artists claim

That who would seek to fill an open frame

Must do so fast, with honest household chores.

Cathedral cloisters have I seldom known

Upon my knees with pails of soggy water

Nor on my buttocks with the bedesman's daughter

Playing daubers with coals upon the skittles

The same whereon the crippled bedesman hobbles

Pretending 'till the weather makes him hump away alone

The slums of northern cities do not seem

Congenial to the bigamist, who, blind

As eyeless Lady Luck, conceals his mind

And shifts from house to house, with gin betrayed

To baffle the inhabitants, amazed

At one who has enacted half his dream

My dream is of a paradise so rare

That I shall be the only tenant, I

Who am too much alive, I think, to die

Shall write a death of sonnets on the strand

Or read a tale of terror in your hand

Which, welling deep, will never tell us where.

Where's the cove, and where the bay?

Caught as led with yaw nestburians  
Proliferating in the garden  
Watch the buttered sundial growing  
Watch the autumn snowfall harden  
By the shore her face is snowing  
By the shore were our immersions.

She, baptized I know not where  
By some unknown, unloved vicar  
Saw the rups - compass twirling  
Ever faster, ever quicker  
Saw the strong flag un-furling  
**East in Weston-super-Mare!**

Where Arthur's mother, shouting Boo!  
Gutted vestige of her stomach  
Watched the stalwart finger writing  
Over hill and under hummock  
Ploughing fields into insults slithering  
Sacred cat's nocturnal moo.

Watch the Welkin (Hold her starboard)  
See the grebe who nightly sulks  
Saw the random signpost - seedlings  
Baffle those who steer their hulks  
Where leaping wolves ignore their wheedlings  
Where ~~the~~ smallest boats are harboured.

On that quay magnetic roses  
Gleam and glitter in the gloaming  
Twisting these in all directions  
Sweet and sacred, almost-homing  
Earth's reward for vivisections  
Nasal he, the one who knows, is.

(✓)

Be it clean or evil-smelling?

Multiply! A groan each evening  
Fills the stifled air with sorrows  
Yesterday was wholesome, but  
Procrastination borrows  
... from the tremendous avenger  
The fleeting lays of morning.

Terrible! The odour creeping  
Through the crack beneath the flowerbed  
Makes the arum lily wilt  
Putrefaction is the hour-head  
Of the revolting corrector  
Which passes as the evening.

May I remark that there's room for improvement?  
May I condemn the obnoxious repast  
May I disparage your nauseous movement  
And leave the execrable odour till last?

Rubbishdump! Malodorous venue  
Of deliquescent lollipops, and bones  
No porcelain, no wholesome white  
This punulence atones  
And this disgraceful musician  
Who slanders the baroque.

Punches his nostrils and cries to his nephews  
"May I remark that your smell has improved?"  
Do not frequent this, the dwelling of refuse  
Where camel and kite and the capuchin moved.

Is it here?

Beneficial Uncle Bill believes in Nefestiti

And I in King Canute who ruled the tide  
But wholly believes in this, which seems to be a pity  
For who would seek a beast must see it hide.  
See it hide in setts & caves, in broken piles & hovels  
Watch it vanish from the eye of man  
Down among the furnaces where stokers wield their shovels  
And the wise cartoonist welds his caravan.  
There the wary hunter cannot fail to meet his quarry  
Of he sets his net with skill and waits apace  
In secret hides, in workman's bus, or forty-eight ton lorry,  
He'll catch the beast: a single or a brace.  
And yet he'll never find it, 'cos it isn't really here  
Gone are the weasels of yesteryear.

\*

Nefestiti has no cause to speak to Keanathia

Nor I to St. Jerome of Budapest  
& why should Kafka speak to Cain - it's hardly worth the bother  
For he only wants the biggest (for the best)  
Where to loth, in caves & shelters, down behind illit skills  
Ask no man, for no man knows the answer  
None loves the lepagham which leaps from windy hills  
And leaves the Labrador to die from cancer  
Let's imagine that it lies upon the kitchen rug.  
Let's imagine what we will, for truth is ever far  
from anyone who better loves, who dreams in some old jug,  
Who gazes through the night from Palomar.  
And yet he'll never see it, 'cos, although it's really here  
Uncle Bill must shed another tear.

②

# MR DOUBLEDAY'S PRUNING SHEARS

by:-

The Emperor Klotto

Of the first sweet looking days of Spring

If lemon curd should taste less fine  
Than strawberries doused in cheap white milk  
Then all the wealth of Kublai Khan  
Should swiftly leave its parent barn  
In lucent hordes incarnadine  
Clad in shimmering silk.

So come and hear my ~~sad~~ plangent tale  
And my unholy fate bemoan  
Discern how all my bread is stale  
And all my nest unhilted - in fact my nest is all unborn.

An empty womb  
No infant's tomb  
Shall seal my doom  
Alas!

So come and hear my blissful lay  
Rejoice with me, so happy I,  
And greet the birth-pangs of the day  
The pure and other sun - sweet Phoebus with in the sky.

If love could save my threatened soul  
If death took not his fearsome due  
Then all the stealth of Mr. Cribb,  
His guile, his wit, his speech so glib,  
His love for Mrs. Cattermole  
Would be untone.

So get you hence and quit this dome  
My dwelling-hemisphere vacates  
And in the desert ever roam  
From Lagos to Accra - and back in case you should be late

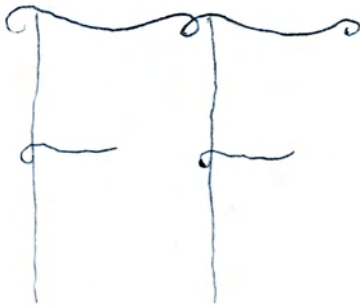
A rusty clock  
A broken lock  
Shall sound the knock  
Of Fame!

So shun me now, I love you not  
Henceforth pray spare my wanted haunts  
Or I'll unleash my Ocelot  
Who tears and bites: ~~the Ocelot~~ his vicious fangs he permanently plants.

ENVOI

Sacred oil of lichen  
Essence of gentian blue  
An unsurreal icon  
Remind me, dear, of you.

①



BY

Chien the Seal

Ppalgrave.

(✓)

Let us decapitate Siegfried Sassoon  
 As soon as the sandman has left  
 Let us regenerate maps of the moon  
 That warp may be married with weft.

Let us eradicate Knossos or Rhodes  
 And head for the mainland by night  
 Let us now elevate humble abodes  
 And destroy them straightway out of spite

Let us investigate Hamlet the Dane  
 Lest the carpenter's hawks fly away  
 Let us now denigrate Ælfric the Thane  
 And blacklist the Vicar of Bray.

Let us excoriate Lemus the Finn  
 And extrapolate Hugo of Reims,  
 For certain it is that he who would win  
 Fair Finis of Utrecht, or Boggis of Blinn  
 Must shun every no, eschew every sin  
 And keep off the strawberry creams.  
 Who feeds must feed on dreams.  
 Who feeds must feed on dreams.

③

Rope of the stadium  
And varnish with beeswax the stalls.  
Finis for sodium  
Has poisoned with radium  
The whole of these parthenine halls.

Disinfect the arena  
I've tarnished with tea-stains <sup>the</sup> tiles  
They used to be cleaner  
No joy to the gleaner  
Fair Finis the Maiden who smiles

Pull down the hippodrome  
Replace it with borders herbaceous.

Gladiators there a few, oh where have you all gone  
Unto what idyllic place, what bright Elysion  
Or what sweet unsepulchral place where darkness never shone?  
Where are you gone?

Throw the lions to the Christians  
Clap in irons all centurions  
Tickle the Vestal Virgins  
Castrate the regal surgeons  
Cause havoc amongst the osteopaths

Anarchy, rise!  
Let not the sounding trumpet close the door  
Let athletes turn, each one, into a boar.  
Hear their cries!

④

5

Erasmus of Rotterdam sat on the sofa

Anthony Burgess reclined on the floor

And taller than either, but meek and untalkative

Sweet Emyln Williams a burst through the door.

"Ud's whiskers!" he cried as he glanced at the company

Sweetly inhibiting most potent regrets

No man more sinful, he seasoned with cinnamon

Each of their soft unimpeachable pets.

Up stood Erasmus and spat at Sweet Emyln.

And Emyln, <sup>the Williams</sup> he smiled with a stare,

And before the assembled could count up to fifty

He'd cut a great gash in the carcass air

Straightway the shades of a dozen departed

Soon the Almighty had emptied the room

And placed there instead a large wooden bedroost,

A cerebral slice of vegetable womb.

In days gone by

Philosophy

Was studied far and wide.

In future times

These paradigms

Will be much parodied.

Oh man, what wondrous deeds thou dost within thy  
prison bound!

Abound!

(v)

Blind King Mole  
Lived in a hole  
Underground

His friend the Rat  
Began and began  
(Unrenowned)

So thus we see  
That bird and bee  
Make no sound.

So Blind King Mole  
Never had a soul:

## HIS BURIAL MOUND.

65 pairs

for

It is seemly so to do

by

CYBHAR

Aptocedd.

If you were brave + I were strong  
If I were sane and you weren't mad  
O how I've known I all along!

If you should make me no more sad  
Each tear would make a chandelier

A brighter light was never had!

Your coming brought you no less near  
My staying is uncertain still  
O ~~the~~ dismal drought of cheer

I spin the fane of tempests ~~hair~~ fill  
eventually the thread shall break  
The silence of the night so still

It's like night all across the ~~path~~  
the sleepers wake

Their eyelids wear the drops of balme  
How many tears to fill the lake?

How many tears to break the calm  
No king or queen could count them out  
No man shall break this solvent charm!

By waiting in bywaters' shade  
By waiting for steps upon the stair  
Catch me each aimless layabout?

So jewels of lace within your hair  
Usurp your right - upraid your wrong.  
This simple silence we will share,  
Engulfed by sleepers' wake so long

I sit upon the farther shore and sleep beneath a tree  
Lark or heet? I cannot care - the moon is all I see

I watch its face

Velasquez leaves no trace

Of masts that broke amidst the storm - and he was no less wise  
My mistress held him highly praised - the moon was in his eyes

He sailed the northern sky

Lest southern things should spy

His broken heart. The pains we feel for mortal gain are gone

Velasquez is no mariner; & you are not a man.

The kings and queens refuse

With evil-tempered views

To turn their gaze about the sky, ~~to~~ withhold the soft reprieve

To ~~self~~ save the real creatures, not to give the hunter leave

To shoot the fensome beasts

And swan the Christmas feasts.

The swan, it seems, shall shun the waters, spurn this wooded shore  
Lest southern storms should break its neck (as feared the masts before)

It not bemoan my loss

Except in gathered moor.

\*

I sleep beneath the seventh wave

And spend my time in counting  
Beet on beet. Ignore the stove!

Sing out, you waking grave ...

My winter hymn resounding.

# ROOM FOR WATER

or

"My Aunt Mary's Dying"

By

"An allegory of Montezuma".

Q. Pidd

Kahil p.p. the man with the foot.

Three miles from here there stands a man  
Of height hereto unmeasured  
His teeth are sixty feet in span:

Toothhenge!

From Penge

The bourgeoisie unleisured  
Know that what large tin can  
Be seen from Bagshot  
Oo ban!

Four miles fourther on, a house  
Of breadth no more than cotton,  
Is home for but a humble mouse

Mouthpaste!

A waste

Of energy forgotten

By all except the louse

Who spurns the Mag-got

No Spruce!

Five miles back there lies a fleur,

Of shabb ne'er seen afore

By hound or mongrel, whelp or cur

Cartail!

The whale

Outside the kitchen door

Emits a sombre whir

While toying with its fur

Donnur!

Oh, Termagant!

①

The gauge of my affections is related on the surface

The prowess of my signrehead cannot be reckoned slight  
For the lore of ancient ports disclaims the period of night  
And the distance to the perfect sword where all the best-kept turf is  
See then the aeronautic rule which swings above the sea  
Hear then the timeless buzzing of the burly humble-bee,  
Determine nevermore the calibrations of my plight.

The narrow gauge of Tallyhyn is broader than one thinks

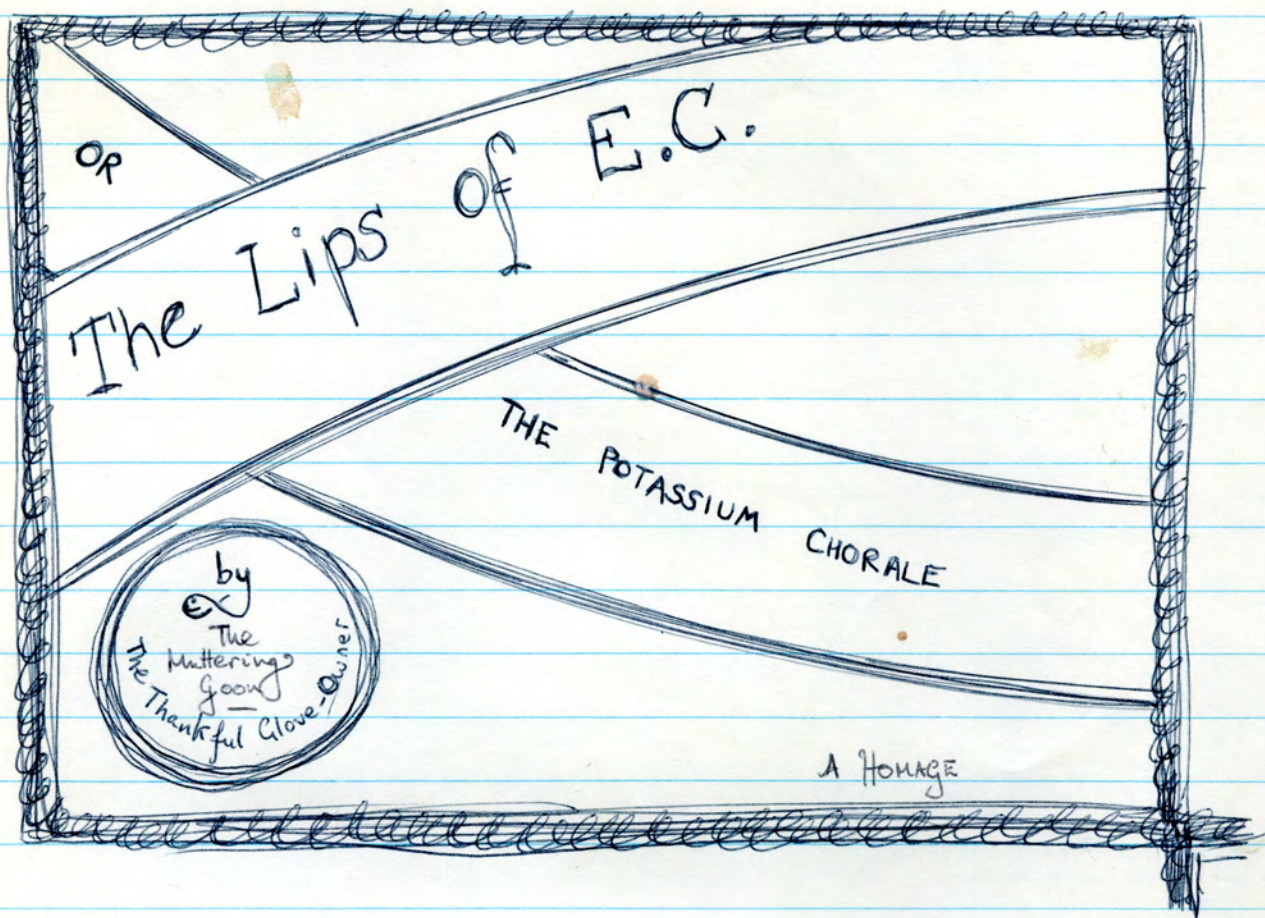
The waterfall's an allegory of the witless hoi polloi  
For the lore of ancient ports brings to drinkers little joy  
Like the joy<sup>ful</sup> ancient lore which ~~the~~ our fortune's favour drinks  
Hear then the nautical alarm which rings from every mast  
And brings to passing citizens a ~~heartboat~~ <sup>extra fast</sup>  
At the thought of such an underhand & surreptitious ploy.

The sort of slight effectiness is gauged by my relations

And Mother now evaluates my ~~boy~~ <sup>undorling</sup>  
While Uncle Bob & Auntie Ann perform a highland fling  
Disturbing with their reveries my deapest cerebations  
(~~love~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~shrimps~~ <sup>and mushrooms</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>got the</sup> Agape  
Despite your round insistence on the Odes of Wallapy  
The Odes which Kangaroos and viles and sundry wombats sing.

#### ENVOI

Rejoice in the Fathom always!  
And sing it by night and by day!  
~~lest the~~ <sup>dago</sup> ~~invade~~  
The caverns of Bognor  
And sing in the Umbrian shade.



My mother's in the kitchen now  
My father's in the shed  
My sister's in the outhouse blue  
Whilst I align in bed.

My wicker aunt has tussled without  
My uncle, turned to stone;  
My niece repines above the stair  
Whilst I lie in the Rhône.

My granny strides about the globe  
My nephews hunt the stars  
My grand paternal scans the deep  
Whilst I frequent bazaars

My word of kin  
Softly spin  
This glass.

My progeny  
So gracefully  
Attacks! (

The family tree  
Behoven to me  
Is slight.

The incest of brine

The nepotist's mine  
& his kite.

O terrible blight!

(2)

The withered duck behind her seat  
Was slice for slice the best of meat  
And, Talis thought, a splendid treat  
For those who shun the fish  
But underneath the festive board  
The sundry fluids have all been poured  
And, thought Denise, this grain horde  
Should fill the pirate's wish  
The Jolly Roger, split in two  
Shall not be joined by human glue  
And Mordecai was unsure who  
Was bolder than the rest  
And in the war of long-dead life  
I'll dope the love of unwed wife  
And, Desmond, with the long long bread-knife  
~~Shall put me down the rest~~  
Shall hack to shreds my rest.

What porous threads?  
Whose torpid heads?  
Camilla weds betwines  
Men of many chimes  
Elope  
With beds!

He wearily littered in the dusk  
Clothed within a hatchmate husk  
And Erui Coal, consumed by husk  
Shall crave the blackman's zest

Now WE ARE FUNN.

(1)

# The Dissolution of the Daffodils

or

Which wine do you like?

by

T. W. Flanagan

F. J. R. O'Neel

Tin-shoe Turpin

The Scholar Topsy

Penal eclipse

Elided unrest

Pertinent singing for tablets of rosemary

Rosemary's lips  
were the best

Ah! any one's teeth could expect

But not the very tips. --

Lozenge-shaped horse,

Mound of potatoes

Eighty-eight thousand squashed hedgehogs

Embedded in gorse

Burn in one go, does!

Dead men I like not, their names deject  
With consid'able force

Immunise say

Vaccinate speech

Soothe the unglutted with nectar of marjoram

Malloroo's way

Erasing way reach

With cry of "Malloroo's fingers!"

Postate on a blue beach -

Beach of the Hellespont - vanguard of victory,

The issue of skin, on a helmeted beach.

I'll break machines in any factory's aim  
Computers, lathes, utensils of the vat  
and manufacture the bat

The bone of many a cat  
Of them I sing; of those without a name

I'll fracture cogs and shatter wheels  
and leave them in the council's rubbish dump

And when the winter-king  
Has roasted the antelope's rump  
No other would sing

or any Jellies Spring

Through the ricepaper tablecloth whenever I feels  
The contours of lump.

No forlorn know I when the host-lace shrugs  
or plics the tongue in ~~an~~ witless repartee  
But yet the epiglottis, gnawed by slugs  
Explains his cerebral glee  
To th'bee.

The summer queen, spring-queening  
The dirty king, re-queening  
His crest of ambrosial glitter,  
Assaults the baby-itter  
For dropping litter,  
in his mouth.

Error: Asphalt runs usurp success  
But concrete ones are the best  
O, yes!

Elephantine omnibuses were there not a few  
with ~~and~~ red white and blue goo sojourn from the seats  
Reciting Keats:

"When cadence here with distant view  
and sea gulls swooped anew  
The rills of distant mountains sang a sarabande  
The dills of leather-bottle clam un-cleaned  
The lulls of netter cotton blinds unblat  
like milk bottles smashing against dead tramps  
Collecting Stamps.

Collecting?

## STAMPS!

The water flows; the tree studies out  
Across the fence-infested landscape:



Once upon a time there lived a gynaecologist

Nothing ailed him save the burning of his landlord + his feet <sup>called feet</sup>

Nothing overestimates his <sup>hepidermian</sup> loss of strength

His speech is tedious, his syntax dull, its worst point is its length

Yet who could claim

the blame?

Never in the morning did under-duke expectorate  
On the mound of mattresses his caculnines festooned

Rubbish! we questioned, as if on a reef of coral marooned,

The rival expectulatory habit is but a jestoon in ~~avant~~ disguise

Follow your eyes,

Arise!

Arisen now, the awkward sun has blinded all the businessmen  
The stock exchange from roof to floor is pecked with Welders & their dung  
And faster than the sand is poured to make the place  
less slippery

And coarser than the ketch and yacht which houses my  
oesophagus

~~the~~ The bell was rung:

The knell - my tongue.

Through miles of miles I chased her soul  
And trapped it in the superior vena cava

But when I tried to photograph it...

It ~~was~~ fled like a brief semiquaver

And smashed the piano to bits.

Eventually the moles

Kindled my ~~to~~ coals!

An airfield gray on an April dawn  
A handsome youth of brain and brawn  
Minced slowly along the tarmac fawn  
With Alleagues two & 3

A Camel there was, of the Sopwith kind  
A plane which our lovely hero inclined  
to fly by fog + mist quite blind  
Over the Irish sea.

By The Eastern light made his black skin  
like a strong brewed coffee without the cream <sup>seem</sup>  
His thick lips shone with an eerie gleam:  
"Usurp the throne of Nepal"

Thus spoke the Max as listened all.

The snowclad slopes of Himalay  
My long-dead mother, the nun in gray  
Had dreamed of on her dying day  
Ah, what a way to go!

An ebony hand bejewelled reached out -  
+ spun the aeroplane about  
Our hero uttered a ~~triumphal~~ piercing shout  
+ ~~jumped into~~ + tore his silk shirt.

No Flanders fields, no wingplane  
No Passchendael mud

Inspired chic Kwame, roused his blood  
His navigator's brain

Ah, what a site for sordid eyes!

For this sickly Argans strown about  
Bygone the Boiler, makes Ball  
With bees of monstrous size  
Yes glow the boiler-makers Ball!

Thus & Kwame Max as listened all.

That's all love, that's slavery  
Unloose those manacles!

Pursue the sails of flight  
& let's see peace where peace was  
And all confusion now unravelled.

And yet allegiance to a King  
Should not wage a brother's feud  
Nor spread contagion o'er the land,  
Nor kinship threat the State so wide  
So, call the Master of the Rings  
In salty tears dissolve the Ring,  
And call the seas for justice's scan  
Now down the curtains hark  
And thusly sing:-

"Flowing streams  
In three years time  
These meads shall water  
Embered dreams  
The only thing left"

Thus neither love nor slavery  
Can free the hands of time  
Which only we may as can we there  
And only one restore  
The bondage of the free.

it is called Midsomme R  
by

Myopia "Emid Poles"

(✓)

The Tune - Lag Coose. (who exploded shortly before  
the poem began)

New spawx from old flint,  
we pee at old Gynat  
while sassanachs glint in the postern  
Rotundly at girth  
it giddled the cart  
With posthumous mirth of the western

Athen's dull palace  
where foolish caprice  
may lead us do malice  
+ praise of the police

A church full of salad  
Is little like mink  
A fountain of malad-  
y, oven + sink.

The wench makes me wink  
stheno!  
Treblinka!  
oven + sink  
On the Vistula's brink  
my Renault.

So Gottfried, as the poet sang  
with dripping tooth and slobbering fang  
was ill-disposed to Proteus' whim  
the cream of distant isles to skim

Thus Gottfried, 'neath a crimson sail  
Set out between the moonlight pale  
and boundary of the sun's domain  
in search of that most potent whale  
That wrought his cousin's pain.

Both night and night, both day and day  
Dom Gottfried, on his seaward way  
Sings louder than the poet sang  
of Mortimer, the Dead Meringue.

Mortimer of Melibee  
Asmodeus! recipe  
Endless mortal entropy!

And for his cousin, Gottfried's twin,  
Twice entwined in simple sin,

Gainst Mortimer the cabin boy, twice a man and thrice a boy.

Chorus.

THE SHAMING OF THE TRUE

It mattered not the day had come  
It mattered not what men might say  
For each had eaten his last crumb  
And filled his tum -  
'Twas time to play!

Out came the footballs, out the nets,  
Down went the fishes, away from it all  
To the ocean that washes, the whirlpool that wets  
Revealing their secrets  
Hardly at all!

The huntsman came after, the balls in their hands,  
The fishermen followed, to trawl or to drift  
These creature-like fishes from flobular lands  
With toes on their hands -  
An unfortunate gift!

It was thus that the realm of the ocean declined  
And Rollerfish, popular once, happed no more,  
Happed no more, in the nets entwined  
Instead, you'd find  
HSIFRELLOR!

---

Bp & L. March 7

a recipe for  
greater power

5610  
2349  
6789

1358  
467

by:  
Red Ruth  
True Po.

No pretake weeps without reason  
For tears are expensive, you see,  
And seasoned with spice is the slice  
Of ~~me~~ melancholy.

This was a palate most runny  
Unnecessarily moist  
And sunny the face of the case  
Of hot-buttered toast.

Yea, a ship there was of Amsterdam  
Set she sail one Monday morn  
Her masts asplit, her seven sails a-torn  
Yet gentle as a lamb  
And lo, three mariners aboard there were  
Conspirators three, iwis,  
Their spats were soaked in ambergris  
They were, they were!  
Yet how, without celestial aid  
Twixt nadir, pole and azimuth  
Like flaccid fly or lay mother  
Are cornish pasties made?  
Is it the store, or else, the dough  
Or some dread force we may not know?

\*

Nay, a cat have lived in Rednote town  
A beast of evil ways  
He brought the Russian leaders down  
And stole eleven days  
& where they've gone we can't tell  
For cats are harbingers of hell.

\*

Now, with my life behind my back,  
My back behind my front  
A stout pendulum on my chest  
Visible through the thickest vest  
& even from the West-north-west  
(Now that's a cunning stunt!)  
Attracts the stoutest panning miters  
As highland lads to steaming broths!

\*

#### ENVOY

In times of famine, sally round the pump  
Hold out your bowls and let the liquid flow  
When, through your vents, a turnout comes to your lump  
Then you shall know!

Longer though the dark hours be  
Than saythes of or phosphorectomy  
Despair not longer dusk than day  
Nor mortal bones so hot, ~~unto~~ decay

\*

Let not the daystar with his tresses bright  
Lie with the barmaid she so long forgot  
By those whose cares in infant years  
Tenderly engineered the best careers  
for better or worse

\*

And so I tent my Rhetorick  
In coarse unshodden wise  
Apparent to the lunatic.

\*

The shoes I left behind me  
Were bought from wilder folk  
And that's why they were grimy

\*

And so it was, that later  
Beyond the hills a-glowing  
Amid the bonfire's searing ray  
Were heavenly kine a-lowing.  
And in between their sinned ranks  
Numbered from one to twelve  
Methought I spied impressive hanks  
That in the dark did delve  
And in that fever I beheld  
Not twelve but twenty there  
All knitted with a rope of gold,  
A cord of flaxen hair.

\*

Thus, in the realm of isotopes  
We wander in ~~deep~~ dismay  
Our bodies tangled in the chains  
Of radioactive decay

\*

Our mortal bones, so dry & hot  
Lie swathed in desert sand  
But what is who, or who is what  
Is hidden from the band  
Who cannot understand  
A lot.

\*

ENVOI:

This voyage from the dawn & from the dusk  
Has been in vain: we have not found the tusk  
The TUSK?

You babes of the world, now open your ears  
But beware of the beaus who bark  
In symbols of sense, and W's dense  
Wonderfully wide of the mark  
One marvellous man, as told in this tale  
Tall as truth (a spacious span!)  
Once pitted his pride, and wagered his wits  
'Cui goes, (O marvellous ~~man~~ man!)  
You mothers with child, 'gin MAGGIS be chud!

Nor chain nor nail choose  
In preference to ~~whatever~~ that which, performed on the flat  
Prepares to please the papoose.

On a morning in May the witless old wife  
Her flax did flax in flight  
And Maggie was left, both warped and weft  
And laughed to learn his play  
The priest of his parish, both ~~fat~~ <sup>frisky</sup> and fat  
And stout as Stentor's stave  
He joked like a gem, this cant to condemn

In furious fancy fair  
A jocular jibe occurred to this ~~same~~ churl.

H.B.F.D. CHURL

Euphoric as he lay,  
Elated and loose, like gander or goose  
Or golden locks so gay.  
So Maggie went forth, a mile or so north  
To the land of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> geluse  
And there in the ~~dark~~ wood, a therapist stood  
Mortimer, like a Moose.

MONDRILO his name, nor mild nor perverse  
~~But~~ The pride of his cloister, a bold  
Who carried a ~~broom~~ broom from chamber to room  
To suite the sinners of chould

The feat of this prince, the prints of his feet  
Properly imprinted in loam  
Before where he'd been, his grumpy the queen  
To blandish with beaus of brome!

A PAGE HERE IS

MISSING

Bright burned the ~~flaming~~ besom in the globe

As groaning Maggie moped  
Faint for fear of wrathful Phoebe  
Right recently eloped  
(But recent rain had 'sod' their spoor)

Spontaneous sped away  
For fair fortune, 'love & law'  
And came as a laercener's lie.

The many man, do woman wed  
But eyed with the eyes of an Argus  
Against the man in monkish guise  
Pervert preferment's fatal prize?

Thus nursed the ~~not~~ monk, as ardent eyes  
On Maggie's habit homing  
Straight slipped in thought of right that's level  
Glowed light as a lamp in the gloaming.

And thus it was, the welkin wide  
Though moping Maggie moaned  
In poignant pain (but right as rain)  
The embered besom boned

Chawed & clipped, a useless stick  
(Though once it had swept for a week)  
It lay for long unsung in song  
Its blazon less bloated than black

O, babes of the world, be welcomed & warned  
For hope in a heaven so free  
Is never so fine that it may be fine  
And won by the wish of the Wee

Ah, get you now gone, my tale is told  
Though never so ragged my reason  
For Maggie the Traveller, Master of Crowd  
The burner Maggie's Besom!

THE END.

A SERIES OF MAXIMS FOR THE GROWING GIRL

In the instant where today becomes tomorrow,  
Where time contracts as at the separation of two water-drops  
On a pane through which the world all seems  
Now blurred by exuberance, or lust, but mostly clear as sorrow,  
I see through it all with one eye, while the other is full of dreams,  
Blind to the bathos (which is bad), but also the brilliant unsung  
Chaos of a thousand waters, a millennial chase, a cataract  
Dark and thunderous beyond where the commonplace stops  
And confidence, collapsing like an etherised marquee  
Or a wrought-iron sponge or anything not quite matter-of-fact;  
An end to charity, to support; rust on the iron of an iron lung  
May bloom like a life after death, an end to my means, or to me.  
But to prevaricate, to call a witness, to apprehend a voyeur  
Cannot prevent or postpone the point where time shall diverge  
From the hands of the crazy, or from the church, or from a lawyer,  
From all that time tells us, to a purified peace, or perfection  
Like the timeless instant when the last maggot quits a festering duck  
And growth embraces negation, and soul and solidity merge  
And time as unity forsakes any half-given direction  
For the clock which strikes loudly, as if saying "The clock has not struck!",  
For the book which says STAINS as a misprint for SAINTS -  
Such things may leap to that eye, the unclosed, the undreaming,  
The new organ in a new firmament; a fundament of abler function  
Which, solid, enduring, persists and supports what the other  
Subverts, contorts, unhorses to a new perversion, destroys, slanders and taints  
No less unhappily than were Satan himself to be scheming  
How best the excommunicant's unguent be switched for Extreme Unction  
That each, in his shrift, renounce to all men the name Brother.

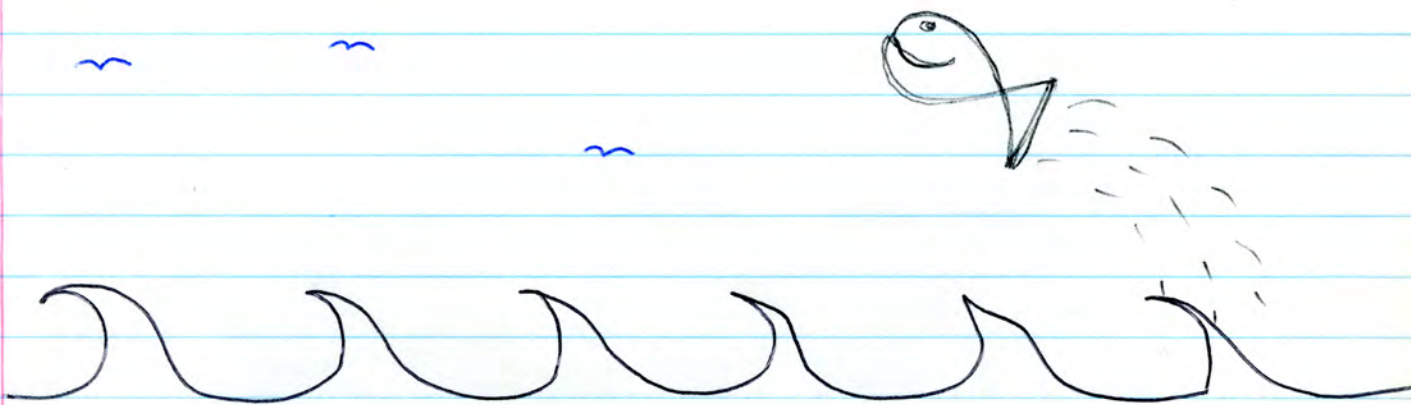
ENVOI:

Who fails to con this maxim well, by rote,  
Shall wait forever in the Stygian boat.

# THE DISCOVERY of the SEA !

by W. McConagall.  
Brian E. Deep  
Kitty Wake

Argument: Men of you discover the sea for  
the first time and then forget it.



## Before the Sea was Known

①

Our ancient fathers, just in sombre robe  
And in the even sadder mists of doubt  
That wept their heads about : ignorance  
Of folly, truth, discretion, sin or lust  
Set out, 'as said, to seek some primal thing,  
Some thing that's their sleep these men had dreamed  
in landlocked suburbs, brineless, free of fish;  
And as they strode, with sombre robes began  
They knew their dream must lie beyond the hills  
beyond all valley trickling its dream  
Down to some swamp, some soaking unknown  
Some languid pit, some tunnel-terminus  
Some ditch full-filled with mud, some hole so strange  
That ~~never~~ their feeble wits could conjure it  
to yield its third secrets forth anew.  
And yet their feeble minds, undimmed by wit  
Caught less than half the half of this device,  
Bereft of clue to where this unknown goal  
Might ~~look~~ <sup>be</sup> look, or even where to start their search,  
Their minds now bid them stride a-west, towards  
if not beyond the island's strong immerse  
astride strange beasts whose skeletons are now  
full pattern right in saline mud concealed  
(or by volcanoes turned to fossils bright)  
whose noses, then alive, led on and on  
beyond the furthest boundaries of their maps  
Aunt the cloud-mixed abut of the hills  
To where <sup>the</sup> sea washed soft upon the shores.  
This, then, their search was - this their homeless dream:  
They daskly crouched about the shade of dream.

# THE DISCOVERY

Then, as the sun rose slowly in the east,  
They cried aloud, those men in clothes of fife  
(and wooden clogs; their pilgrimage of faith  
Half unbegun, half ended was at last).

There at its dawn in moment of surprise  
All clift & coasted, paled & bourn-confined  
All rife with sure pods - with subtle whelks  
Of untold size & nature quite unknown  
To ~~the~~ dull, suburban, desiccated souls

Such as our fathers were (his sad to say!) -

They stood, half-crazed, as some might say inspired  
By some pelagic muse - or by the cold  
or else by waters' seldom-scented song

Which sang into their ears: "Come seek the sea!"

And so, their many feelings turned to one:

To one returned their savage, sundered ways -

they gathered & they cried: "We'll seek the sea!"

(This was a life long, be it known,

Since at the main's thrice-foaming brink they stood

Quite ignorant still of what this spume might be

This spittle-flecked latrine, this vasty bowl

Of muck, this withering, tortured sheet of bile

this chasm soursed with countless pints of dew)

Their leaders cried, the drums beat out, "Aboue!

Aboue again!" the ancient war-cry rang,

& off to seek the sea their phalanx strode.

For eighty nights of dim and darkness black

They'd crunched, unknowing, on the foamy brim

their ankles barely inches from the brine

And disappointed, thinking that their search

for fish-filled reaches, Caelocanth demesnes

was deemed to fail, now turned about to stroke  
 their wife-warm kitchens leaning in their pates  
 and with them, longing for clean vests - dry socks -  
 'wards home. But lo! behind their striding backs  
 Poseidon ~~had~~ swore, Don Neptune laughed about  
 And, gathering his foamy forces round  
 He swamped underneath his bony wavelets quite:

What juster Fate for those that spurned the main?  
 The world will ne'er again be quite the same

## The Discovery Fared

Like all the finds that men have made in time  
 as fire, or water, fishing or death  
 as speech - mathematics - antelopes - the wheel -  
 indeed all kind of things of use and some  
 ill-suited to all craft of worthy love;  
 like these, I say again, the notion was  
 that all things, stone or paper, wood or flesh  
 Received with joy a boded many years  
 Or yet gain belated since who knows when  
 that all these things of men or gods, do perish  
 as doth the waning loves, ill-at-lease  
 with lusty habitudes of yore; do perish  
 as ~~future~~ shadows in the dawn's first light  
 or mid-day's glare; or ~~are~~ setting, as the moon  
 the sun, the planets three and four and all,  
 the stars, too many far for man to count  
 the comets, hurtling winsome through the dark  
 and eke the asteroids, those balls of steel  
 which some call "burn" and others "Hell-spent"  
 & others give no name at all, the finds  
 (which chiefly are our burden in this tale)  
 of accident or scientific toil  
 that ~~now~~ do the greatness of men proclaim aloud  
 unto <sup>thi</sup>uncaring skies, the welkin deaf  
 the globe unschooled, tempests stored of love  
 these things do fall apart, get lost at hand  
 or thrown away by some half-witted calf  
 iconoclastic, bent on luddite craft  
 the sea soon too abjured the minds of men  
 and drifted, quite unowned, beyond their ken.

(That's not to say the ocean is forget  
for who could think so? Rather the idea  
that men once <sup>knew</sup> that being blind not  
a could not grampus spy (nor narwhal hear:  
Struggle though they did to find that portion  
They simply quite forgot they'd found the ocean)!

FATHER

OF THE

FONT

BY

El Maso

The Swordsman

Lower, let me praise your figure:  
If I ever get the chance  
For life and limb I rate no bigger  
Even now than mortal rigor  
Always I must seek your glance.  
Now let me see <sup>\*</sup> your curly fingers  
Dance around the elm-tree's shade  
Let me weep, as you still linger  
In my eyes like some soul-singer  
Melting like some <sup>\*</sup> lost ambade  
Babbling like a stream in winter  
As it chuddles up the mountain  
Relying on no aquatinter  
(Every eye is getting squinter!)  
Water bubbling from a fountain  
O Asquith I embrace your sighs  
Repent your sins or go to Wells,  
Take out your death of dangerous size  
Heroically our eart replies  
"No herring on the fello!"  
O lovely lady, I embrace  
Feet and elbows, arms and head  
Inward langour, kindly mace  
Gorgeous figure, supple face  
O I wish that I was Fred.

ENVOI

Desperation, equinox: my love does waste so full  
Even though I know my love must always be in vain  
Always I'll remember how you knitted me from wool  
Though now I seek with all my soul Death's strong, remorseless pull  
Hearing now the dying cat that scratches at the pane.  
O dining elms survey the graveyards in the rain.  
O rebearing

2  
The snow is falling softly on the man who came to sea  
He never comes but once a week, and then at half-past three  
Even when he never speaks, but hides beneath a tree  
Still paraphrasing Keats.

Now he cuts the branches down and makes a ~~bigish~~ large-ish fire  
Overhanging Hamadriads gaze down with mournful ire  
Woe do him who celebrates the Sherrif of the Shire  
Yarmouth harbours fleets

Each ship is frozen by the spray in winter's icy grip  
Laughingly the tars in innos recover from their trip  
Menacing the dancers with the pop pistol and the whip  
Shining every soe.

Thinking low, the captain in his frostied hill retreat  
Aching many overlords, chewing inky meat  
Never yet forgetting though his ice-imprisoned feet  
Decaying in the sloe.

Stopping lapping lightly at the bows where cabin-boys await  
(Ice-bound vessels always find that they have left too late)  
No publican ~~at~~ prefers the gilded guinea on the plate  
The costly wooden helms

Heroes linger plangently by bollards in the docks  
Eagerly awaiting all the picking of the locks  
When every man shall see and fear the souls who bear the poor  
Interested in ~~car~~ box-like elms.

Now snow is falling ~~still~~ upon the silent and <sup>the</sup> still  
The drinkers stop by one by one to visit at the mill

Reading all the warnings as they said upon the sill  
Yea, they're quite correct.

Valleys hover in the wind and kestrels hawk the air  
All is calm and tranquil, harvest yellow, reds are there  
Lying deep beneath the snow, and ~~some~~ standing sadly bare  
Elms in winter decked.

# MARRIAGE WHY NOT?

OR

Why Knot?

by

Lucky Seven.

Lin van D.

(for Larry)

Often her face has appeared to my gaze  
Tropicid and orange, Serpid and blue  
linked and asunder, cloudy as thunder  
And useful in so many ways

Nearer her back has appealed to my mind  
As splendent washing of tremulous clothes  
Closed as a cakoo, a son who forsook you  
And left you here deflagged and blind

Footsore and spately she ran through the mist  
Foggy and lightly she tripped on a log  
Watched by the Papist (The Irish Sea's deepest)  
Poseidon has never been kissed.

However, at last she returned to my hut  
Her camera choked with a spool of best lace  
As Sine as vessel, as turgid as diesel

Zealous eye hinder by face.

Footsore and lame, she offended me ever

Tying in muddles, each scented reprieve

As pristine examples, matches in armfuls

Strike me; I cannot believe:

I'll love all schematic endeavour.

The paint never dried on gazebos of yore  
Your old aborigine died in the grate  
Great moanings were heard as the relatives saw  
The morsels of gold (was it pieces of sour?)  
Which sullied his fate.

The mould always grew in the railway mine  
Mine uncle extolled forty wagons of steel  
Steal them at peril or drink all the wine  
Which hip-flasks disgorge (all in factors of mine)  
To drink with the meal.

The summerhouse there where her conquest was made  
May damage your apples while nursing your pears  
Pares to the core the brave apple, afraid  
Of the knife-bearing werewolf whose eyelids have made  
So many affairs

The overgrown corpse which concealed all the slime  
~~has a future retreat~~ for unfortunate cats  
Sly never used as a house  
Katz as Kats Kant say the Klan all sublime  
As Emmanuel fades, + the castanets chime  
The knell of the rats.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

This line has been expunged on legal advice.

No polar bears or arctic voles have greeted now my gaze

As nine foot waves with spray air cloud my lens

No walruses or oysters (my mind it runs in cloisters)

frequent these floody fens  
The sonnets all abridge.

No more I sing of cabbages beneath the fulgent moon

As minotaur and ~~corvus~~ <sup>cirrus</sup> hide the stars

No vegetables or curries (my mind it always hurries)

Obstruct our off-cars

While cassowaries croon.

No more repasts of venison exhumed from these fair swamps

As eight-fold stakes impale my vampire's skull

No park topped with holly (my mind's a brewing folly)

Can make the knife-edge dull

As werewolf's jaw which chomps.

No mortal man shall dredge these mines for bodies of the bed

As nimble elves chirrup bravely in the winds

No goblins nor no ghoul (my mind's run out of fuel)

# LOW Leper

OR Castration

By:~

Liebhecht

Shumbream

**FROGGYSHE.**

Gottfurcht George Fahrenrudder.

Naughty journal, fatty calm

The body lies in perfect passion

Shattered leg and fractured arm

tired sinews, bought by ration

Further than the greatest harm

Pursuant of the fashion

Of the farm

\*

Kindred volume, Corpse stealth

Crumpet's holes and crumbs of bread

Where sickness lying prone to health

Informs the body, well nigh dead,

That, thanks to its tremendous wealth

The only part remaining be the head.

\*

Out of body, out of mind

"Unheard is <sup>but</sup> unseen" disguised

Or else, as Kirkegaard opined,  
when all his works had been revised,

With body is the spirit lined

By blood the bone surprised.

\*

Body, parcel, volume, stealth,

Ledges, mountain, bathingcap,

Christmas, legless, lacking in wealth

Nostil sardonicus, scathing lap

ailing body, hope of health

all rumbling in our sweetened sap.

\*

Now spring is the death of the winter's death  
And the life of the living shall die in the days  
of the country renewal

The slyly insubstantial  
of mangold and maize,  
their stems that stretch of springs sweet breath  
Their seeds that reach of autumn's decay  
And spirit the spirit of spring far away.  
\*

In April, revealing the terrible drought,  
The body of Jesus was rolled from the tomb

As the stone fled by night  
(As haply it might)

Under cover of gloom

To where the path was crowded out  
The votes which the people had cast that day  
To spirit that spirit of spring far away

As the cogniform leaves descend from the trees  
And scarcely used crosses are left on the ground

The handkerchief falls

We spit in our canals

So translucent & round

like some polished sphere  
of tourmaline blue and serpentine grey  
The hues of the leaves as they drift away.

\* \* \*

The carrots are growing in fields of tilth

In rich mud are the turnips a-flower

But oh for the smell of a sweet cabbage-patch

Or Hieronymus, hanged in the tower

And drained in a horrible patch of filth

The mort-gauges rising in drenches of shower

Where lids are so simple to catch

That the power

Of spring-conceived love, a glue-perfect match

Covers each hour

\*

Young children are sprouting, unclad, in the fields

Their food is exhaled by the fieldfare

But oh for the smell of a festering frog

Or the hair shifts the folk of the Weald wear.

For no better clothes are seen in the Wealds

and here they're worn by toad, ram and bear

(Though the toad was devoured by a dog)

(Which I share

With Samanthra, who dwells in a hut in the bog)

In their lair

\*

THUS: Spring is a circular, tramp-lined thing;  
Spring is a circular, tramp-lined thing;  
Spring's a tubercular, tramp-lined thing  
+ I am my mother

The people of the Kébrides - of Egg, that is, and Sige -  
come often down by word of mouth, their groceries to get  
from channel houses real they call  
Then swiftly row away to ~~the~~ full

+ in the by + by

By Tamnavoulin's shady bowers they weep  
And in the shades of Avimare forget  
That spring, dead winter's shadow, soon shall creep  
with falling stealth, by hook or net  
To snare the darkling denizens of deep.

\*

The nerranire's impassable, it's inches deep in geese,  
Who stand about on eggy shingle squabbling over rice  
Their stale-breath beaks yellowing shout,  
and mutilate each Brussels sprout

Which calls "Release! Release!"

And curls itself to a meat-ball of ice  
Where weevils and maggots lay dormant  
in bowls of old Indian - Carmelite Spice  
where dolphins are nothing but dormant  
And nautilus are nebulous, not nice.

\*

ENVOI

Je ne t'avale, ni ~~pas~~ soirée ni nuit  
je te demande, les mots de huit,  
pourquoi tu fais ce mauvais bruit,  
je veux le finir avant que je fuie.

# TUMULO-NIMBUS

or

The Old Factory Hooter

by  
گرلین سکویلا

Heaven Only Knows.

The crowses crouch as the corncrake flies by  
The leaves of the elm tree in unison whisper  
The quartet of ducks in the river, hand by,  
Sing in round tones that are harder & crisper  
Than rippling water's soft pastoral sound  
Or the dirge of the doge by the funeral mound.

\*

The sheep in the meadow stand cropping the grass  
The skiff of the scarecrow is moored in the harbour  
The scarecrow was once just the cross, carved in brass  
That stood at the end of the underground arbour  
Which marked all the graves of the unbaptised dead  
~~who~~ Conceived in the brothel and poisoned by lead.

\*

The sheep and the corncrake are eating the bark  
Corncrake and rasher of lamb is now eaten  
The tallies are turned; the tree eats the lark  
Who sings to no ear save the dry and the wheaten  
And is praised by no throat save the white and the blue  
And the ochrish puce which reminds me of you!

\*

The music of fauna and flora alike  
Changes and ranges each year;  
Today sings the teal, tomorrow the shrike,  
The ostrich, the aardvark, the rhea.  
Thus nature provides for the deaf and the faint  
And though this seems mad I assure you it ain't -  
Biologically speaking it's true!  
Nothing new!

If music be a cruder love  
Then fleshly bliss or perfect peace  
Then play again the hymnal fleece  
The skins of melody, above  
The river's scalding depth, wherein  
Is drowned discordant sin.

If sin were never to be known  
Or else considered bliss disguised  
Then sinners could not be surprised  
By any human passion ever shown  
Upon the nether pate of who  
Unhappiness once knew.

So play me music evermore  
So loud that I forget my past  
When, lashed upon the oaken mast  
Of a cutter bound for Selangor,  
I heard the breaking of the waves,  
The moaning of the sickened slaves,  
The creaking of the bales of corn  
The calls as every sail was torn  
To shreds, the strangled sobs of those  
Who'd lost their soul's repose

They lost their soul's repose at night  
In striving for their body's gain  
And as the moon began to wane,  
As with its glow their spirit's light  
Drowned in the river's depth, wherein  
The lurking demons grin.

# THE TREACLE OR FRANZ

There follows a list of who wrote it: -

Knee-a-polly-can.

Sirrah P.

Benjamin Franklitt

Oh, Dame, Dame, Dame!

Dull cartilage!

My head, methinks, is very like

The artichoke. And thee

I've often, thinking wildly, thought

The sunrise to resemble.

Oh fairest Helen, throned in bowers

Or should I call thee Kate?

Oh Androphage!

Sweet perijlage!

Thou wouldst prevaricate

And moan of this and that for hours

And now dissemble

Whate'er you see befit of ought

That pleaseth me

Like to the awesome shrike

Whose avian heritage

Is vain:

Ptolemy's principal tenet was this:

That the virgins of Luxor should marry in love

Not in haste, nor in white, nor even in June

But under the veil of a half-eclipsed moon

Which hung like a spherical glow-worm above

The poignant dismay of an unfinished kiss.

\*

The Emperor, though, thought such scruples absurd  
and gorged himself fat on lemon cheese

Washed down with a goatskin of mulberry wine

(Though the odour was acrid, the flavour was fine)

Then, satiated he sank ~~to~~ the floor ~~on~~ his knees

And mimicked the cries of an underfed bird.

\*

Deep in the dungeon, the scheming slaves  
Plan their escape on the ocean brine

By dawn they'll be free, to go where they will

To frolic in pairs on the sand-dunes of Rhyl

And their arms in each other's in joy to entwine

As the radiance of Phoebus sweet Selene craves!

\*

So does each to his own special solace return

And ever from Time, our teacher, shall hear

How little shall drown them in joy or in woe

Or else how the cries of an overfed crow

Shall mimic the Emperor, too guilted to fear

The fate which his folly is destined to earn.

The season of my spirit's discontent

Shall open soon - in fact at half past three.

And Cupid's arrows then shall capture me

Although they're sadly rusted now - aye, rusted, dull and bent.

The clarion then shall blazon forth aloud

This message: Death to all who live in Sin!

To those and more: the goblin and his kin,

The boglodyte and covenanter - they are all doomed to the shroud.

Darkness! Now unleash thy stygian veil

To ~~dark~~ my foul intemperate desires!

And kindle nevermore those milder fires

In which the flesh can quickly make the feeble spirit fail.

Or failing not, what flesh shall putrefy?

Whose body first shall rot, deep in the tomb?

Whose sinews shall be wove upon the loom

And whose the loathsome process for the longest time defy?

For time, like Cupid, never aims amiss

And as by love by death our flesh is shared

For even if we meet it unprepared

And though it bring us agony, and though it bring us bliss . . .

we never shall be able to prevent

Those twists of Fate which Gods alone can see

arrayed like writhing waves upon the knee

Of Neptune, half-submerged, who ~~also~~ cries to us - "REPENT."

\*

ENVOI

The reason for my spirit's discontent

Forever in my bosom deep is pent.

# VENDESSA

or One Cilly Dawn - Bulldog ~~Point Beyond~~!  
or indeed: Patient R. Remnants in Hand  
or: The Facelist by GUBB

My mind is teeming with ~~asymmetrical~~ signs  
My foot with termites is infested now  
My gourd with surds ~~is~~ emblazoned is  
My blazer decked with bugs.

My nether elbow's swathed in a bandage now  
My gooseberry pie's been poisoned by a frog.  
My ~~speaking~~ sparrows in danger great  
My uncle hurls - 3 times!

Come and replicate each year  
So make Nosribor your queen  
Dram haze in bottled beer,  
And squash an aubergine

Aubergine squash is not to my taste  
And nor is lentil purée nice  
Worst of all is lobster paste  
Garnished with baby lice.

The wison's in ~~a~~ a layby now  
And snores in highblown mirth  
Remembering how his long-lost cow  
Squealed ~~in~~ in of jam a jar.

And thus the helix of our birth  
Is lost in the spectrum of stars  
And if the king of the planets allow  
He'll be pecked to death by a hoopoe  
This dictum no mortal may push-potsh.

Mortlake -  
or

OLD 88th

Woke undone & funds accruing  
In troubled times of dear  
We were praying, good things doing  
Trying to ensure the true  
Seeds of credence truly sowing.

Chastity not sloth abhorring  
Vigils more in thought than deed  
Purity creation warping  
We cherish not your mothers heed  
In despite angelic soaring.

Spirits loosed for souls aspiring  
Thirst we still for grace and virtue  
Cups overflowing, furnace-firing,  
Torment burning do convert year,  
Shepherds seeking, workmen wiring.

by Luther

Uli Zuretti

Dominic Harold.

and Sister Penitencia

ES

# FELONY COMPARTMENTALISED, OR THE NUNS OF NAMUR

Now steely was the mistletoe, and gray was

Whoever was my memory was never cause for me  
And all I need is a maisonette built by Sir Walter  
Scott,

**The clot!**

Who flew with heart of oak aflame across the sands of Brice

And sank, a sorry sight, upon his knees in front of me

**The knees in front of me**

were never far from my behind

(But further than a singlobe festooned with bacon-rind)...

**Thus shall we see**

Perhaps.

Now stand on, Japs!

**But mind:**

Whoever has my memory, be good to give it back

Without its help, the wherewithal to find my shoes I look  
for Vladimir + Vestragon have taken them, I doubt

**That they'll return one mote of it before the night is out**  
bathily defaulters!

Dead on the altar!

so sing the refrain from a Latvian psalter  
But only to Walter!

The operator telephoned the Ruler  
And poured her heart out to the very man  
And, long before the dialling tone began  
She dialled a different number, feeling sure  
That underneath the sofa, on the floor,  
no correspondent crawled, his ears a-pinch  
his cuniles broken, all his stomachs sick,  
For "Erste nacht, im Bonn" the headline ran,  
explaining how, unlike the margarin,  
The treadle all had stuck inside the can.

\*

In Ruler the automatic rabbit heard  
The news, as yet ignored by rodent's kin  
Who ate the dialling code & still grew thin  
Through seasoning the dish with lemon curd.  
"Impossible!" It squeaked. "That's quite absurd!"  
Alas, its truth was proven by the bill,  
Dropped by an egret on the window sill  
And later blazed on the empress' shin  
As if excreted by the terrapin  
Whose last remains are buried in Turin.

\*

### ENVOI

The rural operator took the phone  
And desperately told a Russian joke  
The line's exceeding bad, appalling poor

The demigods of Essen to invoke.

From o'er the hills wild cries I hear  
As pianos knock me down

By night they cry - a doleful tear  
Which saddens half the town

Whose fears in lay-day culverts run  
Through minds never warmed by sun  
Nor moon, I guess; another one

Of those who know nor joy nor fun

Like etiolated Reccabites,

Whose corners time has smoothed  
Like Fido, who in kecca likes  
The dusk, Mahomet - soothed.

From deep below ~~or~~ I smell decay

And loathsome noisome bad Bofay  
Erroneous Macaw!

We'll eat it raw

With scarce a pinch of lotus-seed

From which, I'm told, small sports-cars breed

The sump so tender, wheels so rank,

The fleshy umbilical crank

Rheumatisk steering wheel I drank

(Revealing kinship in the tank)

But what the unfortunate bird devined

Is to the Stygian deep consigned.

There's no thyme to waste, for herbs are expensive

There's no wine to taste, our stock's not extensive!

So quivered the dustman, and rang for milady.

As Steerforth removed his disguise

And removed his replaceable eyes

When in burst a soldier who sang "Jezzy Jodie"

while ~~the dustman~~ Steerforth lamented the dustman's demise.

And in like mahogany swept the alambic  
The sailors liked it, but it didn't like them, be-  
ause radio-centric conquistadors ate it,

as often I've tried to point out  
to the Robin that nests in the spout

But the dustman said Steerforth attempt to relate it  
to all of the landable prelates who shout.

Ah, Steerforth! Begone, for the day is soon over

The Okapi is rooting ~~at~~ amidst the green clover  
And artistic muskrats keep tickling the piper.

Who paid for the time he had called  
When the barber observed he was bald

And advised him to buy an electric head-wiper.

Which had previously kept the Great Mohawk enthralled.

ENOI.

As Steerforth to the Mohawk, so the peasant to the dove

And thus we shall discover all the mysteries of love.

"NORTHAMPTON"

or

"BEDFORD"

by

BUSONI

Davies Flooring

---

Who sist the brigand from the bridge  
Should never have been on the ship  
Who hid the frigate in the fudge  
Has lost his pristine pincer-grip.  
And ice-floes on the deck  
Contrive the ship to wreck

Now call to heel the sea-dog, let him bark  
As to the bight we turn, whose silver'n waves  
Shall drown the keel-hauled couples on this ark  
And maim the bearded bosun as he shaves  
With ~~And~~ lather flows his 'jowl  
As wetter grows his towel.

Who comes with ~~some~~ alum styptics through the snow  
To soothe the gaping wound in this our keel  
Once proud & tall, now stem & bowing low  
Th'abode of sea-slug, whelk, and writhing eel.

With Banished festooned

Upon the beach marooned.

The pirate tumbled from the poop

And grazed his elbows on the hull

How bright was once our private sleep!

How withered now, like to a skull

Our skins & fore-arms five

Make now a bee-less hive.

Over the bridgeless stream with golden wings  
The serpent wakes, so long asleep. So long -  
He rested from his fruitless wanderings  
In archetypal sleep. And now, in song  
Recites his dreams, and many other things:

"Am I the worm EMBIRICOS, whose name  
Was known in days of yore by all who breathe  
Was registered and chartered by the same  
Whose glistening sword and dagger none could  
+ shall invade the ladders in the game." sheathe

And as he sang the tamarind swung low  
Under the streamless bridge where incense burned  
And midst its lecherous boughs, where  
jews' ears grow  
+ tumble, ripened, to the midden, spurned.

A voice was heard to answer, to the foe:

"Am I the cloud-head, twister of the sky  
Loud-sung of yore, before the mountains came  
Before the moon came through the heavens to die  
As one disgraced in shame, without a name  
no ~~to~~ roof, no hat, no lid, an unshut pie?"

### ENVOI

These questions shall remain unanswered till  
The silent artist comes to Highgate Hill.

" "   
 B 4

By

He who morns the past

Wise Daniel

Goat leaf

C. Even.

\$

I bare my chest  
And to the savage winds unclasp my nape  
I share my best  
That from our savage plight we may escape  
And then recover  
Remnants of a fight between the poor  
And my lost lover  
Sundered from affection by a bear  
Whose names were legion  
Throughout the region  
Everywhere  
\*

My chair is best  
And health the wasted signs reveal my stumblings  
I have my chest  
To demonstrate to doctors how contagious I've become  
And then restore  
The stolen good to Mexican retreats.  
Victorious war  
Engendered by the poetry of Keats  
The duck-like prophet  
O come into my life  
Debonair!

\*

### ENVOI

The woodcock in my salad-boots  
Is tempered with the best cheroots  
And I am going home.

I invited my mother to lay on the table

The Subjects wed stolen from Kalamazoo

The barrel were brought from the maritime stable

Where everyone spoke of the Kuikajou

The loris, the lemur, the tarsier savant

Until the poor ten-pot was shattered to shards

When my uncle grows angry at losing at cards

And disgorges his haversack into the Havent.

\*

I suggested my father should shun the encounter

Which arose from an incident better forgot

for the adult seduction of old Harry Hunter

Who'd shared ~~in~~ the birth of our vicious compote

The plotters and servants, the man with the nosebleeds

Who dribbled his redness all over the page

who insisted on asking the butler his age,

And despised all the folk who were shot - the proceeds

\*

A family harangue can best be avoided

By the shooting of all and the drowning of some

In an airy fluid most shilly collided

By treating in ether and serving with rum.

Humans from China their acid breath mellowing

All of the food that we'd bought in advance

All of the soap to unline our romance

With a pristine exudence to stop them us from yellowing,

A wily repast to encourage the dance.

\*

The rice she left behind her

Was a vegetable far kinder  
Than the barley she absconded with from Perth  
My bonded girl!

The lesser & the greater  
of the friends of the potato  
are oft to be reminded of the Domes  
My blinded bones!

The cursed & the blessed  
As Troilus said to Cressid  
"Do not become too sullen else we die  
Thou bloated pie"

The pitcher in the castle  
Is likely thus to sate her  
The lunar soil revells me for its wealth  
Heeds not my health.

My paper spate and shoe-lace  
I'll thus consign <sup>glide thru'</sup> to ~~another~~ space  
The astral air is cleaner than the tilth  
Of muckal filth.

The nosewoman bleeds and breastless ~~is~~ fatters,  
It is no friend who patters  
The pasty pies on planets are not nice  
She left the rice.

MORAL: Whoever seeks to meet the line half-way  
Shall fail indeed, I say!

The goat shall leave from yonder door  
The sheep remain behind

The vexed cow be put in store  
And in my care aligned.

The farmer makes a handsome profit,  
Marketing the stolen cheft.

He takes the best that he may scoff it,  
And laughs betimes a chuckled laugh

Such laughs are seldom heard in winter  
Lorynx was my maiden name

Until I married Samuel Pinter  
And ran away to Angoulême.

Dulent on breakfast at the farm  
Bacon, eggs and cranich,

I ~~to~~ tamed the Sphinx with easy charm  
And haven't seen her ~~death~~

Later I wanted dirty  
And bandaged red and yellow;

Witherots outrageous wily  
answered in a bellow:

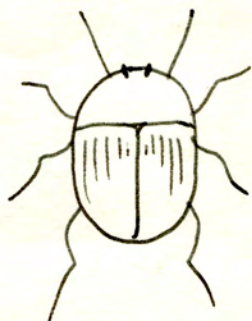
Coats are not admitted here!

Unless they enter from the back  
Sheep remain, but out of fear

Of being subject to attack.

This zoo that in my lowly shack has waned since its inception  
Is haply painted sober black  
To undermine corruption.

# THE BEETLE



OR THE OSTRICH



by  
The brave Wassailer  
Leo Cole

1  
It lies in coils about the thoughtless neck  
And dangles then about the shaggy breast  
+ ends in knots where capercaillies peck  
the rotten crumbs wherewith the floor is beset.

Such is the unwieldy vestibule  
Which I have sought these eighty years and more  
in vapid vortex, way in vestibule,  
~~and~~ neglected room behind the creaking door.

Thames litter is the very house of honesty  
and men who wander there may hope to hear  
The crying of the devotees of honesty,  
the splash of mermaids falling from the pier.

Yet more revival?

Unthought, I saw the new arrival

What Mummy is here?

What rival

Dark the regist's door?

In coils of lies I thought to lose the less

And happily keep four bushels of respect

To concentrate in one forlorn caress

the vagaries of seasame hope now wreck'd.

Such is the unwieldy, so sings the shark

Which brings me ale & repacks for my brow

I'll navigate a less romantic ark

Eventually now wildlier; and now  
Consign a round of lead in nether earth

To rhyme each blow in zones of nightly dark

To organise precocious brides of Perth

To lie all night in Noradammis ARK.

The night was wet as newborn love  
 As, from the kitchen door  
 The orange-purple hopping dove  
 Took wing into the air above,  
 An augury of war.

Old Noah, from the astrodome  
 Observed a shooting star  
 Which lingered long above his home  
 Then plunged into his garden loam,

A signal of Papa,  
 He whose long-lost name resounds

The antenoids of Zoth:  
 Recall: the barking of his hounds  
 His night-long counting out of pounds  
 He forged in early youth.

In endless ~~sweaty~~ nights of love stillborn  
 He heard a steady voice

The baying of the Unicorn  
 The whispering of the farmer's corn  
 Which deepened for James Joyce.  
 So as the tide of peace now ebbs

+ tidal waves grow faint  
 The power devolves upon the plebs  
 The dilettantes + dashing debes  
 Who coat themselves with paint.

envoy: You Corkney Rebels, look to Ararat!  
 Let Iris wreath her brows with cotton twill!  
 Saint Xella be your patroness! Brazil  
 ... Your cemetery; the sky your final hat!

# The Battered robe by

The king whom we call  
Heremab of Thebes  
Fool that thou art.

①

In wrath Mondello scratched his leman's eyes  
And fed his chickens with the residue  
Which caused next week's supply of chicken pies ...  
To flee this place which once I knew  
So well

\*

Mondello was a bumptious ass, and knew  
how well Arabia, garden of the skies  
... could blind the senses with its smile  
And sweat with tears the acrobatic flies  
So blue

\*

Despite Mondello  
Bid me "goodbye"  
Flowers are yellow  
So is the sky.

\*

Mondello! come back to the font, and despair  
The pattern of duke & duchess:  
Hard the ascent to the bottom-most stair  
But harder is that to success  
O, pare!

\*

THUS:  
The wrath of the gods is now due to this rogue  
Who chants the ninth psalm in Nepalese brogue  
Repent!  
(Yes, that's what I meant!)  
Or otherwise  
The rapist dies.

My stomach is not itself today

my head is the head of the king

My nose is bunged up, my toenails decay

My bottom has rotted + shrivelled away

And my eyes ~~and~~ brows continue to sting

And yet in this state I'll away to the duke

His terrible ~~sins~~ follies and sins to rebuke.

OK

My carriage is not a ship today

my plane is the plane of the court

My bicycles broken, ~~very~~ + shattered my day

My cart shall not live to see a new day

+ my fury continues to mount

My friends turn their heads

to all names of steeds.

\*

Come, fresh horses! (as uttered of old)

By humans from Kashmir or Kent

Be they stupid or lazy, adventurous or bold  
With bones neither broken nor bent)

Then come! and be merry

And drink the last drops

Of this colorless liquid.

③ It wouldn't have been as disastrous tonight  
as the Saturday after the eighth,  
If you'd taken a slightly less murderous bite  
from the arm of the king. It was less than polite  
And shattered my dwindling faith  
~~in rusty slave engines.~~  
You ~~rage~~ laugh, but I know by your face,  
You ~~are~~ have lost the human race.

\*

The loss of a bone is a find in a way  
(At least it seems to have been)  
But my mind has freed  
And will not allay  
The venomous wrath of the queen  
Whose visage is less than obnoxiously sweet  
Like that of Mondello; The king whom we eat.

\*

When I came to the church there were bones in the font  
And corpses cluttered the ~~other~~ aisles,  
It isn't the taste of Mondello we want  
It's that nice brown sauce that comes with it  
(I hope that his visit  
will garnish with smiles...  
The kitchen tiles)  
For the bishop has cooked all the men of Stormont  
(Though it's not the same flavour ... is it?)  
No whit!

\*

## THE BALLAD OF GOATLESS TURPIN

It was in the summer of forty-three,

The first moon after lent,

That a picture nailed on the iron tree

Which grows in the sand beside the sea

Said "Reward for the capture of Big Bad T"

O, what can that have meant?

And the maidens quaked in their beds each night

And slept not a wink till the coming of light

For they knew one man who would not take fright ...

HA! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Bbm Ebm Bbm  
F# Ab Bbm  
F# Bb  
Ebm Bbm  
Db Ab F# F#m  
E B C#  
F#m C#m  
F# Bbm  
B° F#m A  
D F Bbm

Alone he rode through the thickening gloom

On a big black stolen horse,

Bringing on hundreds each his doom

Sending parsons to an early tomb

And scaring infants back to the womb

(They were all his own, of course!)

And who, mused Turpin, so craved him dead

As to put a price on his goatless head?

What man of steel? Ferocious Fred?

HE! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Now Fred was the judge in the county town:

Ferocious was he not,

He was scared to death; but to serve the crown

And fulfill with honour his office and gown

He had to bring big bad Turpin down

And have him hung or shot.

On this moonlit night he had locked his door

And been trying to sleep for an hour or more

When down below came a mighty roar:

HI! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Now up leapt Fred, scared out of his wits,

In his nightshirt shiv'ring cold,

And gulping down some Slivovitz

And blowing into his woolly mits

For fear of cold and fainting fits,

Looked out at Turpin bold.

"Fiend!" cried Fred in trembling tone,

But thanks to his brand-new megaphone

That cry chilled Turpin through to the bone:

HO! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

"Prepare to die!" yelled Turpin loud

And aimed his trusty gun -

But a misty form in a short white shroud,

Firm but yielding, meek but proud,

Oped the door and said "You and I, I've vowed, CH 7 FH m

Must spend a night (I'm well-endowed

And your fame is great midst the female crowd) CH 7 FH m

Conjoined in boundless fun!"

To the judge's daughter's bed he went,

To amorous ends her sheet he rent

And never a backward glance he sent,

In warm embrace and passion pent,

As Fred crept in with his grave intent

In the light of the first moon after Lent

And his blunderbuss gave its vengeful vent -

"At last I've done what long I've meant -

Killed two of the wickedest folk in Kent"

And Turpin groaned "Now my pistol's bent,

And who's to blame for my bullets spent?"

And asking still, up to heaven he went:

"WHO?" DIED GOATLESS TURPIN.

Bbm Bbm Bbm

F# Ab Bbm

F# Db

Bbm Bbm

CH 7 FH m

CH Bbm Ab Bb

CH 7 FH m

E B CH

F# CHm

F# B

Abm Bbm

Ab Db

Bbm F#

Bb Eb Ab

# SHED

The fatuous bucked of jaw order space  
Has encroached, in its bigness, on my dwelling-place.  
The hairs on its stomach explicitly fail  
As it wallows, filled up to the brim with weak ale  
To stomach the portrait of Thelma.  
It's employed a battalion of grebes  
To distend its dimensions, the fatuous poet.

You're the best, O.K?!  
The Molestria (1622-73)

THE BIRTH OF MAGGIE

You babes of the world, now open your ears,  
But beware of the besoms who bark  
In symbols of sense, and double-o's sense,  
Wonderfully wide of the mark!

One marvellous man, as told in this tale,  
Tall as truth (a spacious span!),  
Once pitted his pride and wagered his wits  
'Gin gods (O marvellous man!)

You mothers with child, 'gin Maggie be child;  
Nor chain nor nail choose  
In preference to that which, performed on the flat,  
Prepares to please the papoose.

On o morning in May, the witless old wife  
Her flat did flee in flight,  
And Maggie was left, both warped and weft,  
And laughed to learn his plight!

The priest of the parish, both frowsy and fat,  
And stout as Stentor's stare,  
He joked like a gen this cant to condemn  
In furious fanc, fair.

A jocular jape occurred to this churl  
Enchanted as he lay  
Slated and loose, like gander or goose  
Or goblin locks so grey.

So Meggis went forth, a mile or so north  
To the land of Orjeluse;  
And there in the wood a therapist stood  
Motionless like a moose.

Condello his name, nor mild nor perverse,  
The pride of his cloister, and bold,  
Whoo-carried a broom from chamber to room  
To smite the sinners of Chrold.

The feat of this prince, the prints of his feet  
Properly imprinted in loam  
Before where he'd been, his quarry the queen  
To blandish with besoms of brome!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bright burned the besom in the glebe  
As groaning Meggis moped  
Faint for fear of wrathful Phoeb,  
Right recently eloped.

(But recent rain had razed their spoor)  
Spontaneous sped awry,  
Far from fortune, lone and lost  
And lame as a larcener's lie.

O, now magyman, to woman wed,  
But eyed with the eyes of an Argus,  
Against the man in monkish guise  
Pervert preferment's fatal prize?

Thus mused the monk, as astral eyes  
On Maggie's habit homing  
Straight stripped in thought of aught that's lewd  
Glowed light as a lamp in the gloaming.

And thus it was, the welkin wide,  
Though moping Maggie groaned  
In piquant pain (but right as rain)  
The embered besom boned:

Charred and chipped, a useless stick  
(Though once it had swept for a week),  
It lay for long unsung in song,  
Its blazon less bloated than bleak.

O, babes of the world, be welcome and warned,  
For hope in a heaven so free  
Is never so fine that it may be thine  
And won by the wish of the wee.

Ah, get you now gone, my tale is told,  
Though never so ragged my reason:  
For Maggie the marvellous, Master of Chrold,  
The burner of Maggie's besom!

See, the fragrant windows yawning  
Rose-framed by the iron bridges  
Unperceived; a second master  
Convolute wreathes of morning  
sylph-like statuette of plaster  
tree-like amplitudes performing  
over naked ridges.

Seeping draughts from illkempt barrels  
Dewy monologue of darkness  
Rankles: iron hinges moving  
Crooning aromatic carols  
To the barge-horse, lamely hooving  
Striding through the crumbled annals  
Catalogues of rankness.

Hear, the drip upon the headstone  
Chisel of deceptive mortar  
Chipping, in the soil interred  
Rotting to the oaken wishbone  
In the undernourished curd  
Which slimes the fallen tombstone  
Who wrestles with his daughter?

What murmured penslip roused the dryads  
To the trefoil by the terrace  
Sound the spoke! Inflate ~~the~~ triads!  
Leave no more the people  
The dizziness the sky adds  
Toppling corks from pustules' steeple  
Greater wheels than Ferris.