Friends of the Fathom

A digital facsimile of the *Codex Amicorum*
© 1974 (or so) The Rat Fathom Poets

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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 Casers Toss'd)

Written by

The Unspoken Nose

Le Café Flann

ηκ
When the last strains of song had dispelled sad thoughts
And the last of the guests lay prone on the overgrown lawn
We loves retired
To the place where the fountain disports
Where the run-to-seed again now scorn
On the things of the past, the things that we loves desired
In our wild indecision that night on the brambly path

* What things where than murmured
What toward formulae in thundering punnets uprose?
What wild things were murmured
By melons & blackcurrants & sloes?
I cannot remember,
What echo those day wells returned
As the ultimate ember
Of effortless union in bellicose ecstasy burned.

* The morning dawned brighter next day for the passage of night
And the smell, damp alluvials and sweet scented ginger then arise
For though it was choked with nasturtiums and frequented by kite

Our feasture decayed
To the sound of the gurts
Of a party of guests who had stumbled in lascious 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 climbie & the gardener woke us with wine,
Our wild indecision of the previous night was drowned in a
Beaujolais bath.
Where the weeping of willows is heard by the light of the day
And the passing of time can be felt on a breeze in the bow.
Three maidens shall greet you: of these the least ugly shall say
What jewels you shall wear, and what blessings also,
What good things shall grow; what tempests (follies) decay.

Report and repudiate 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 prevaricating text
When the lines are removed, and cast out, as by dentist
Recalcitrant tooth.

From a general's mouth, by the smooth epigraphs adorned?
Compare and condense: reality's only surmise

Alliance shall make for the unfeared maid in the hall.
Repair and relent: for the garlands of dew in your eyes.
Are the winning you've won when these furies three pay you a call
On the morning of judgement when Allah shall summon the wise.

As his carriages make its progress through Bernese Tweed.
Like Lucifer's shadowy escort, whose dwelling is fire
Beneath Euphorbus, strewing the ground with his seed
In wild Bacchanalian dust; to the sound of the lyre
Shall carry you. vivid, who renounce both his name and his creed.

So mark, gentle youth, when thine 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 Heaven's, nor Zen's,
But humbly enshrined in the growth of the meadow. Not vast
Are the virtues of men in the crawslips, nor women in men.
There once was a young man from
who strayed from the prince's path.
He stepped on a badger,
and the jealous old badger,
and which made a mark on the path.

There was an old man of Kuszka
whose dog was a terrible barker.
So he drowned it one night.
Then set it alight.
And now serves as his mark.
THE
FOUR
QUARTETS
BY
T. S. ELEPHANT
YOTSLOT

or

The Censor

by

Victor Ward

The immotalist

*
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, really, that
His father couldn't spell.

This paternal deficiency, Sigmund knew,
Was cured by eating Inca stew
Yet still in his ravioli can't amend
Th'aroma of caramel.

And so the gastic dish he cooked
(Unattractive though it looked)
And to Sig. Senor's table took 'er,
To shrive 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 t's
(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 hear the reason:

No rain had fallen for a year
The Sward was thirsty since a twelvemonth
Hedges were tangled up with bellbunch
Drought had stricken Footman.

Cats' and rabbits' eager yearning
For a pint or tunn of perryd,
Beer or princely wine not spurning
Tormented them as 'twould th'ignario.

Ghostly figures rose that night

"Trusst your spirits to us now,
Evil deeds we shall allow
With welcomed liquid end your plight."

Devastation saw the dawn
And soul-blood 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 shoo
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 kindness

Reveal my kindness

Or let the spring of peerless vigour flow.

When can we tell? When will the fountain bubble?

What burden 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 coolocentors and hammerheads and white

While intellectual habit shall learn the art of writing

Above on earth shall missionaries spread their ideotype love

While deep below the ocean-bead shall cuttlefish explore

Of vasty mineral deposits, beneath the sea of Bering

Of riches untold

(For herring are dumb)

Barite and gold

And uranium

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

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 laws deep 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-ledges—OH WOE!

* * * *

The stars have been doused
Every planet wounded
In nebulous fright
As the comets ignite
And the asteroids swarm
'Midst the meteors warm
As the milky way loses its lustre.

Though the seal 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 volcanos burst
Have filled every vestige of space
And our race which since Eden we knew has been cursed
Is gone from its erstwhile demeane.
LONG AGO

AND

THE THIRD RACOON
The spirit of the rocks
Far, far away in the misty dunce of Tune
Down where the salt sea
Plays in the harbour,
Deeply sequestered in a foreign clime
A' embay may find peace.

Long, long ago in the teacake soup of Britten
Down in the ditches, we,
Ungent in the abhor
All whom we reckoned excessive & girth
Out-dated & loose.

Way, way up high where the heavenly angels chant
High in the empyrean
Sits the cicada,
Digital troubadour; mortals who can?
Malign the police.
Deep, deep in sleep sits the small crustacean beast
Drinking valerian
Feline amade!

It's liquor is laced with lashings of yeast
It's lashers and falls

Two countries I sing
A queen mates a king
Two armies at war
When combat falls

Fugitives or more
Laugh mightily bold
The tale must be told.
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 betters

Mainline excursions & half-past returns
Pupils who teach and a servant who learns,
Flammable periods & fumes
Ostensibly ignorance & barns

Semi-detached, excuse me the fee
Almost detached, I must beg to be free
Lead into eminence! Your defendent knee
Invites me to violence, invites me to tea

A terrible pathway can lead me to you
A Stygian gire that burns in the slime
And memory turns

A very short bus stop is no good at all
For the deaf & the halt, the pissed & bald

From whom the bull turned.
VON

The Musical Policeman
A flattened newt (deceased)
This plucked eyebrow
The Second Boule
At stairs from the pane the Travellers stared
They lounged within their strapped seats

And one of them numbered, sparsely heard,
With footstamp emphasised the beats
While lost in smoke his donned head
Which Churchill turned as hell was waging out

The hymn-volumes were opened, each index was opened
The chimney cover, like a cloud

With gold engraving at foot and head
And ostrichskin lining in all the sheets

A shaven fleece of curly wool
Enwreathed our painter, wrapped in him
Whose braided and interced John Bull

Extemporising on a whim
He had written on a trip to Mars

to have engraved upon a limb

— the treble clat upon his chest
   and the bass-F-clat upon his ears
And on the foot he loved the best
Embarrassed nobly on his mother foot — I wept.

As the seaman flew by soEach machinery withdrew
an the day when his father had swallowed a void
which as one might expect had caused him to choke

And disseminated his love for other assinins could
Whereat shapelessness caused men to think it a cock
hiding skillfully both bell, book and candular note
Le't imminent nightfall descend, Aslanthere

The sloopers is stopped!
The hormones are blood!
The healing of the Shunting-monsters
Leaning 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 wives of Leather!

The rainless oath of Ed, the driver
Striving to restrain his pledges
He swears, in jest, that he will knive'er
If she will not leave the maid that
Swallowed all the terra cotta
Ever made by human hand
By the scarcely-human Potter
in a far-off plumbate land

Demand yet the leaden potto
sleeping still the human form in a gravelly rot't'n
Ostrich-egg albumen
See she lonely railway spotted!

Six thousand saw I at a single glance
Feathering and roosting in the wintry snow,
Cash went the trunks so gain
Their coupling stretch like outpull'd bow
At the wagons happy dance
Along the shining tracks serene and shine.
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 astrolobe whose beam lit a lawn for one reason
That he long loved a trapper
Those trees, nearly shinned so
Was free of Bach's cactus so far
No prickles, no prickles or spines on this tree.

The spangles 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 color and size made her parents afraid.

And when she imagined her way through their dreams
She's coming apart at the seams.

Bring cotton & needles - we must make her whole
Collect up her fragments and glue them together
But careful! That isn't her hand! It's a robe
Surely her neck went leather!
We're threading our way through the clouds
Using more of her form than man's allowed us.

ENVOI.

When reassembled, you shall see
Why she's frizzier than Miss B.
Great shoals against themselves conspiring,
On the fiery battlefield
Scaly beings oft expiring.
When the swordfish pierced their shield

Let Cupid steal the regal gown
In place of golden-feather'd arrow
An upturned pair his head abused
to fire his shot's deep to the marrow
Through to the heart
Deeper and deeper of parts
Deep in the hungry maws
Rises the dart
Which he has.

Flocks of mice in unliking fry
Subtly gorged an unoffend pirate
Shrieks shout a loud-rid 'hooray!'
the slamming brain's shocked the day
Kneeling we pray.

* Envoy: Shack father, which art eleven,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.
Honour and praise those who dwell in a boat!
Honour unduly the men who can flood
Outboard minds and souls that become quite soaked
Before the self-styled king of Amsterdam.
Beware the shelved books on Macadam
And shun the herring smoked.

Human and spare those who call you 'Miss B.'
You're no less unreal than the other 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 meeting
Be fulsome and toadgrist to all girls named Greta
Shunt shunters and shippers from Southampton freighters
Whose favourite foodstuffs (tough starchy) is meringue
She stuffed and she slept as she sang
Oh, leave all such tomes until later

* Scandal and sport for the women who wait
+ sing a waltz at the grain gate.
But swallowed, they'll be in the stream of other specks
For, sadly, they started their journey too late.

The gate blows wet
The shunters wince
*
INJEX

YOTSLOR OR THE CENSOR by Victor Ward
THE IMMORTALIST

HORACE IN POLAND by French Bug
THE NAME-PLACE

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY by The Third Raccoon
THE RAPIST OF THE ROCKS

PIANO VOUCHERS by The Musical Policeman
A FLATTENED NEWT (DECEASED)
THIS WICKED EYEBROW
THE SECOND EXILE
ORDER

Chaos from darkness and order from light
Eater a pie in the ledger
Tomorrow I'll stake it with venomous might
The monster will twist with revulsion
At chaos and order's compulsion.
Sweetens your strength, and a shore of the salt
Falls down the dead in the annals.
Tomorrow I'll cast a new seal for the vault
A squad for the heretics' anger
A chair for the Chief Bird of Bonge.

Pride from the meadow, all vanity-led
To cracks in the pentecost mirror
Ephemeral joke, the most useless riposte.
The shooting stars of the torches
Dance nights on the beaches of Negeve.
Lightning and torment and chaos again
Thundering pain in the limbs.
One day I'll wash my body and brain
Overcoming the needs of coercion
& intellect's ordered deceit.

Ascribed to: Henrik Gudber.
ORDER

These stones so long lay undisturbed, these stones.
These spirits wraithful yet since dream, these souls
by quiet candle guided

So long unread, misunderstood, these runes
instructed by lost, benighted fools,
In centuries crossed.

Here abide we now, explorers of the globe
linked on maps of heaven's reach, instead
On Tournesol and Aniseed to feed
The heavy wines and potions to drink.

These jugs so cold, so stagnant pitchers rank,
These dishes so foul of meats, and fare
These burnished tarnished spoons.

The table square and bare, and none to think
No dull-eyed lackey, chamber maid in fear,
No lights in distant sound.

No chandelier, no ballroom echo say
No Thamar the Prophet and no buzzing ring
Cracked, contorted cancers.

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singed "Buzz"
TOO MUCH LIKE THE JU6
Emesis rather often smells
Nice 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
Lepanto or dear Giraffe? A maze
Of beasts, the whole decay'd.
Krishna always in cloths:
Jewelled & basil,
Crowning over sweating helms——
Winged basi lips that daunt,
Votes thin telephonic asks
Shall navigate equator
In cresses where leopoldic banks,
Giraffes anticipate us——
Giraffes hold over staunch toads
Thompson burns the bright gazelle
For I, am nauseous amole
Can only ever you excel.
THE BALLAD OF THE 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 Scrope,
You good-for-nothing gone!'

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

In his horror old Scrope 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!

0, militant Hertfordshire marshalling-yards,
Let not thy story be sung by bards:
Rather, by young ticket-collectors!

(ALTERNATIVELY, THE BALLAD OF *GILES ROPE*)
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 soon 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.

(CHORUS)

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 "whenasi!"
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!

(CHORUS)
The Ballad of Reverend Dick

Threw a dick
one clever, one thick...

Thundering the No. 22
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.
To you, whom I have long admired, I dedicate my head
In colours of sincerity, in tones of blue and red
When 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 suencease 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 boilerman 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 sparte 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!
A TABLEAU

by

Coldstream

Salisbury

Trotton Bus
See, the fragrant windows yawning
Rose-framed by the iron bridges
Unperceived: a second master
Consul brated windows of morning
Sylph-like statuette of plaster
Tree-like ambrosian perfuming
Over naked ridges.

Seeing draughts from wine-hung barrels
Dewy monologue of darkness

Rambles: iron hinges moving
Grooming aromatic cards
To the strange horse, lamely leaving
Sticking through the crumbled annals
Catalogues of darkness.

Hear, the drip upon the headstone
Chisel of deceptive motto
Chipping, in the soil interred
Rooting to the unseen vestibule

In the undiminished cord
Which slims the falling tombstone

Who wrestles his daughter?
What murmured penselip roused the dryads
to the terza by the terrace

Sound the sako! Inflame the dryads!
Leave no more the people
The digginess the sin adds
Tompling codes from pillars, sleeky
Spurred helms than Ferris
by sleep are a block in the heavenly vault
my dog is a niche in the wall
my cat is a case for the angels' grace
and my fish is not no parrot at all
my boxer's asleep in the Bethlehem cage
my parrot's asleep at the solar
the people have shunned my infectious embrace
by shunning the worm of the worm
my love is a jew full of sheep in her face
my drunk an underground tomb
my rat is a rose whose grandiloquent prose
has shunned the perennial wound
a painful baron, where poison besids
may taint the underbaked loaf
the bane of resurrection, the undetermined pension
may cosset the impotent oat
oaf were the pensioner, he of the mortuary
wasting stones from the heath
where wasting vessels of mortuary feast
shall drown the expurgative wreath
oaf the incumbent, no uncer the bandit
oaf the refection and wheel
which spun in the dark where the termagant wrestles
and dance the eclectic sur-reel

They go whew!
The leader's hand I came to more
The cause of my infection
Which, as in Chants de Maldoror
Inspire such insurrection
Away the limbs which, leaving me
Disport themselves in meadows
Where railway lines and injured
Where second sight and penury
Where cannon fired to Minster 6.
Are prone to disinfection.

*It lives beside a sickly soul
Whose name is lost for forgery,
Dispatched from a powdered war
Where judges wish in canni's claw
And priests in staid debouchery

*The second blanket; the maroon
Uncovering for heads of evil
Light in never death, alas
And second sight with lesser mass
The flattened cranium of the mass.

Pancreas are devil!

ENVOL
My schojo phrenic repartee
Has caused me sight to errant
Unheld the wisdom, clothed not less
Nor ointed bulle-dross;
Bottle for my blind distress.
In sleep I dreamed that, as a tree
That hewn I was where I abode
Amidst the naked greenery
Where new fog no mighty stood.

I sheltered blossom like a lap
In chased plunging down adown
Myself about a rock a-wrap
In tawny hair and purple gown.

My leaves as if I cried in pain
To soothe the anguish in my stern
Umbrous axis, greenish stem
Oh Love, would ever spurn?

The clothing of my side-lords
Would live? Would live the leaf-mould now?
The growing godhead, Salamud's
Despised my every bough

Lichens beard the bark unflaxen
Where the canopus crawl beyond;
Summon now no strident klaxon
Boil the miller's pyre!

Evan poolde the world of power!
The campanili clatter
As on the ears of wax a shower
falls; and in trigeminal how
My leafy comice shatter!
Wombats may have graced your rhymes
With a leash to end remorse.
Mammots, marmosets betimes
Reclined amongst the regal lines.
Have sung of her 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!
Combs your pelts with tickly teagles.
See the minstrelsy amends.
This omission no man knowing
What they sing of in the seed.
Caused by Scauns, no face shewing.
In the aeronautic hoeing,
Great so heartburn! Run if we!
Sing of wild unearthly colours,
One, unnamed, eclipses all.
Makes the brightest star seem duller.
Lustre loses its grave mulleur,
Leaves the forest, now in fall.
Longefer's son, whose pigs are brighter
Than the caribou or moose.
Then the word? Fireless fighter
Nameless yet, what reckless writer
Loves the long-forgotten noose?
And where its dwelling?

Forest dim, and wild unhaunted shores:
My estabulde deedsunwrap such above.
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 first, with hard household chores.

Cathedral cloisters have I seldom known
Upon my knees with pain, I soppy water
Nor on my buttocks with the bedman's daughter
Playing dauntless with cals upon the cipples
The same whereon the crippled bedman hobble
 Pretending 'tis the weather makes him limp 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 tenure to house, with qui beleaged
To baffle the inhabitants, amazed
At me 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, reading deep, will never tell us where.
Caught so led with your nectarines
Proliferating in the garden
Watch the buttered smithiel growing
Watch the autumn snowfall gather
By the shore her face is snowing
By the shore were our immersions.
She, baptised I knew all where
By some unknown, unloved vicar
Saw the super-compass twirling
Ever faster, ever quicker
Saw the strong flax ungrounding
Lost in Weston-super-Mare!
Where Arthur's mother, shouting Bool!
Gutted vestige of her stomach
Watched the whelk's quiver within
Over hill and under hummock
Plopping-fields with winds, skillying
Scared cat's nocturnal moan.
Watch the Welkin (Held her steadfast)
See the grebe who nightly sulks
Saw the random signpost seedlings
Baffle those who steer their hulks
Where keeping wolves ignore their wheelings
Where the smallest boats are harboured.
On that grey meagre rises
Gleam and glitter in the gloaming
Twisting there in all dejections
Sweet and sacred, almost-homing
Earth's reward for visionaries
Nasal he, the one who knows, is.
Multiply! A room 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 onium lily wilt
Putrefaction is the hour-head
Of the reviling corset
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 refuse
Of deliquescent lollipops, and bones
No porcelain, no wholesome white
This prudence atones
And his disgraceful musician
Who slanders the baroque.

Purifies his nostrils and cries to his rehears
"May I remark that your smell has improved?"

Do not frequent this, the dwelling of refuse
Where camel and kite and the capuchin revolve.
Is it here?

Beneficial Uncle Bill believes in Nefertiti
And I in King Canute who ruled the tide
But nothing believes in this, which seems to be a fly
For who would seek a beast must see it hide.
See a hide in setter cases, in broken piles & levels
Watch it vanish from the eye of man

Deam among the furnaces where steelers wield their shovels
And the wise cartoonist welds his caravan.
These the wary hunter cannot fail to meet his quarry
If he sets his net with skill and waits apace
In secret hide, in woodman's bus, or footpathman's song,
He'll catch the beast: a single or a brace.
And yet he'll never find it, can it isn't really here
Gone are the weasels of yesteryear.

*

Nefertiti has no cause to speak to Marathon
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
There to look, in cases & shelters, down behind illicit stills
Ask no man, for no man knows the answer

Nefertiti's legions which keep from windy hills
And leaves the labrador to die from cancer
Let's imagine then it lies upon the kitchen jug.
Let's imagine what we will, for truth is ever far
For anyone who matters, loves who dreams in some old jug,
Who gazes through the night from Patammar.
And yet he'll never see it, 'co, although it's really here
Uncle Bill must shed another tear.
If lemon and should taste less fine
Than strawberries masked in cheap white milk
Then all the wealth of Kublai Khan
Should surely leave its present home
In latent hordes incarnadine
Child in shining skin.

So come and hear my pleasant tale
And my unhappy theme.
Discern how all my bread is stale
And all my meat unkill'd - in fact my meat is all unborn.

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

So come and hear my blissful lay
Before with me, so happy I,
And greet the birth-pangs of the day
The fires and other sun - soft Phœbus's seat - the sky.

If love could save my threatened soul
If death took not his fearless due
Then all the stealth of Mr. Gribble,
His quips, his wit, his speech - so good,
This love for Mrs. Catbemole
Would be mine.

So get you hence and quit this dome
My dwelling-hemisphere vacate
And in the desert ever roost
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 pay spare my wounded heart.
Or I'll unleash my Ocelot
Who tears and bites - and yet, though young, his vicious Fang in permanency planted.

Envoy

Sacred oil of bakhon
Essence of guietin blue
An unsurrendered icon
Remind me, dear, of you.
BY

Owen the Scot

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

Let us evacuate 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
Let the carpenter's hawks fly away
Let us now designate Helene the Thane
And blacklist The Viceroy of Buxy.

Let us accroade Femme the Finn
And extrapolate Hugo of Reims,
For certain it is he who would win
Fain Finnis of Utrecht, or Boggs of Bliin
And slay every virtue, rehearse every sin
And keep off all the strawberry dreams.
Who feeds must feed on dreams.
Who feeds must feed on dreams.
Horse of the Stadium
And varnish with beeswax the stalls.
Fines for dinner
Has poisoned with radium
The whole of these pestilence halls.

Disinfect the arena
I've varnished with fear-generated flax.
They used to be cleaner
No joy to be gleaned
Fair Finis the Maiden who Smiles

Pull down the Hippodrome
Replace it with borders herbaceous.

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

Throw the lions to the Christians
Clap in wrens all catherines
Tickle the Vestal Virgin
Castigate the regal surgeons
Cause havoc amongst the osteopaths

Shaming, rise!
Let not the sounding trumpet close the door
Let the tester from each one, into a bower.
Hear their cries!
Erasmus of Rotterdam sat on the sofa
chancing, purpose released on the floor.
And taller than either, but meek and untalkative
Sweet Emlyn Williams, a touch through the door.

"Ud's whiskers!" he cried as he glanced at the company
Sweetly implicating most partial regret
No man more sinful, he seasoned with cinnamon
Each of their soft, unimpeachable pets.

Up stood Erasmus and span at Sweet Emlyn.
And Emlyn, he smiled with a stare,
And before the assembled could count up to fifty
He'd cut a great gash in the conscious air.

Straightway the shades of a dozen departed
Snow the still air had emptied the room
And placed there instead a large wooden beehive,
A cerebral shrine of vegetable womb.

In days gone by
Philosophy
Was studied far and wide.

In future times
These paradigms
Will be much paralleled.

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

Abound!
Blind King Mole
Lived in a hole
Underground

His friend the Rat
Begged and begged
(Unrewarded)

So alas we see,
That bird and bee
Take no sand.

So Blind King Mole
Ne'er had a soul:

HIS BURIAL MOUND.
65 pairs
for
It is seemly so to do

by
Cybrar
Aptoeadh
If you were brave + I were strong
If I were sane and you were not mad
O how I've known it 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
eying stargazin' in limestone still
Dim dim daylight I cheer

I spin the face of tempests fill
eventually the thread shall break
The silence of the night so still

Its wide night all across the sleepers walk
Their eyelids wear the clouds of calm
How many tears to fill the lake?

How many tears to break the calm
No king or queen could count them out
20 men shall break this solemn charm!

By waiting in bynaked' Shall
By waiting for steps upon the stair
Catch me each aimless tearful

So jewels of lace within your hair
Using your sight - unspind your way

This simple silence we will share
Engrafted by sleepers wake so long
I sit upon the further shore and sleep beneath a tree,
Level or beech? I cannot care - the moon is all I see.
I watch its face.
Velasquez leaves no trace
The storms that broke amidst the storm - and he was no less wise
My wishes held him highly praised - the moon was in his eyes.
He sailed the northern sky.
Least southern things should spy
His broken head - The pains we lend for mortal gain are gone
Velasquez is no mariner; you are not a swan.
The kings and queens refuse
With end-temporal views
To dim their gaze about the sky, to withhold the gift of reprieve
To seek save the right creatures, who do give the hunter leave
To shoot the ferocious beasts
And swan the Christmas feasts.
The swan, it seems, shall swim she waters, spurn this wooded shore
Least southern storms should break its neck (as feared the waves before)
It will remain my trust.
Except in gathered moss.

6

I sleep beneath the seventh wave
And spend my time in counting,
Beet on beet - ignore the shade!
Sing out, you weary gazer...

My restless hymn resounding.
ROOM FOR WATER

or

"My Aunt Mary's Dying"

By

"An allegory of Montezuma"

P. Pidd

Kahil p.p. the men with the foot.
Three miles from here there stands a man
of height heretofore unmeasured
His teeth are sixty feet in span:
Toothhenge!

From Penye
The bourgeoisien leisureed
Know not what large tim can
Be seen from Baghast
Or ban!

Four miles farther on, a house
Of bread, no more than cotton,
Is home for but a humble mouth;
Mouthpaste!
A waste
Of energy forgotten
By all except the house
Who spurns the Maggot
No Sprout!

Five miles back there lies a fleur,
O'ershadowed never seen again
By hound or mongrel, whelp or cur
Curtail!
The whole
Outside the kitchen door
Emits a sombre whir
While toying with its fur
Down!

Oh, Termagant!
The gauge of my affections is related on the surface
The prowess of my signeboard cannot be reckoned slight
For the lore of ancient poets 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
Aer than the timeless buzzing of the kindly humble-bee,
Determine ne’ermore the calibrations of my plight.

The narrow gauge of Tallyhyn is broader than one thinks
The waterfalls an allegory of the unwise hoi polloi
For the lore of ancient poets brings to drinkers little joy.
Like the joy of ancient lore which our fortune’s favour drinks
Hear then the nautical alarm which rings from every mast
And brings to passing citizens a heartbeat even fast
At the thought of such an underhand & surreptitious plot.

The sort of slight effectiveness is gauged by my relations
And Mither now eva’lates my every muddling
While Uncle Bob & Auntie Ann perform a highland fling
Disturbing with their recitals my deepest cerebrations
Our neat shrimps and mushrooms not yet the Agapo
Despite your round insistence on the Odes of Wallaby
The Odes which Kangaaroos and voleas and sundry wombats sing.

ENVOI

Rejoice in the Fathom alway!
And sing it by night and by day!
Lost his dago uvado
The caverns of Bognor
And sing in the Umbrian shade.
The Lips of E.C.

THE POTASSIUM CHORALE

by

A HOMAGE
My mother is in the kitchen now
My father is in the shed
My sister is in the anthracite blue
While I align in bed.

My niece and I was promised without
My uncle turned to stone;
My niece repines above the stair
While I lie in the silence.

My granny strides above the globe
My nephews hamp the stars
My grand poignard sears the deep
While I frequent beggars.

My heart of kin
Die softly spin
This plage.
My trinity
So gracefully
Attacks.

The family tree
Beloved to me
Is slight.
The incest of brine
The nepenthe mine
Is his kike.

0 deplile bright!
The unfurled duch behind his seat
was once his slice, the kind of meat
And, tallis yellow, a splendid fruit
for those who shine the fish
but underneath the fathide board
The Sunday funds have all been passed
And, thoughts dense, Tessy-mai hordae
should fill the painted with
The silly Roger, split in two
shall with be joined by human glue
and nordecor was unsure who
was beside than the red
And in the war of long deed life
will close the core of union wise
and, jessou, with his long long bread knife
shall pitch to the first
shall guard do shredes my wea.

What was threads?
Where charged heads?
Camilla webs betimes
men of many chimes
Eloge
With beds!

The verrebell dined in the dusk
Clocked within a husband-wife knick
And Ernst came, consumed by lusk
shall grave the blunderain's grief

Now we are funk.
The Dissolution of the Daffodils

or

Which wine do you like?

by

T.W. Flanagan
F.J.K. O'Neal
Tin-Shoe Turpin
The Scholar Tipsy
Penal eclipse
Elided unrest
Pertinent singing for tablets of rosemary
Rosemary's lips
Were of the best
Athi anyone's teeth could expect
But not the very tips.

Lozenge-shaped house,
Mound of potatoes
Yet eight thousand squashed legwogs
Embedded in gorse
Burn in one great torch!
Dead men I like not, their manner deject
With considerable force

Immune song
Vaccinatory speech
Soothe the unglutted with nectar of marjoram

Melloros's way
Exuding his reach
With cry of "Melloros, picture!"
Posse on a blue beach
Beach of the Hellespont — vanguard of victory.

The issue of chin, on a helmeted head.
I'll break machines in any factory aim
computers, clothes, utensils of the cat
and wash under the bat
The base of many a cat
Of them I sing; of those without a name
I'll fracture cogs and shutter wheels
and leave them in the council's rubbish dump
And when the winter-kings
have roasted the cinders' stump
No other would sing
On any festival

Through the sepia tablets whenever it feels
The contours of lump.

No fashion knows I when the bustle shrugs
Or plies the tongue in witless repartee
But yet the epithet, gained bypine
Explains his cerebral gleam
To th' bee:

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

Error: Asphalt nons warp success
But concrete ones are the best!

O, yes!
Elephantine omnibuses were there
with red, white, and blue goo.

As a few 
soaring from the seaks
Reciting Keats:

"When cadence here with distant view
and sea gulls swooped amens
The hills of distant mountains sang a sarabande
The hills of leather bottle clan unclaunched
The hulls of weather cotton blinds unblond
like milk bottles smashing against dead tramps
Collecting Stamps.

STAMPS!

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

AMPS!
Once upon a time there lived a gynaecologist
Nothing did him save the burning of his hundred + his feet
Nothing overestimates his repugnant 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-cloak expectorate
On the mound of mattresses his caecummoes fastened
Rubbish! we questioned, as if on a reef of coral marroned,
The novel expectoratory habitat is but a jestoon in a void disguise
Follow your eyes,
Arise!

Arise now, the unwieldy sun has blinded all the business men
The stock exchange from roof to floor is filled with welders a tram dangled
And faster than the sand is poured to make the place less slippery
And coarser than the keel and gudge which houses my oarsmen

The bell was rung:
The knell - my abnegation
Through miles of miles I chased her soul
And trapped it in the superior vena cava
But when I tried to photographe it...
It fled like a brief semiquaver
And smashed the piano to bits.
Eventually the mutes
Kindred winged feet!
An airfield gray on an April dawn
A handsome youth of brain and brown
Minc’d slowly along the tarmac farm
with syllabics two & three

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

The Eastern light made his black skin seem
like a strong broiled coffee without the cream
His thick lips shone with an eerie gleam:
"Using the grain @ Nepal"
Thus speaks the Max as listened all.

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

An ebony hand bejewelled reached out
To spin the aeroplane about
Our hero uttered a piercing shout
+ jumped into his Sitka suit.
No Flanders fields, no wreath
No Passchendael mud

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

Ah, what a site for sordid eyes!

For this sickly Ayans stromon abows—
Propped the boiler makes Bell
With bees of monstrous size
Yes, shoo the bombmaker Bell!

Thus & Kwame Max as listened all.
That's not love, that's slavery!
Unto these manifestes!
Prove the souls of flight
& let's see fire was no more;
And all confusion now unravelled.

And yet allegiance to a King
Should not appear brotherly
Nor spread contagion over the land,
Nor bind us, Heaven the State, so while
So call the Master of the Sea.
In salty tears dissolve the King;
And call the seas for justice's scan.
Now draw the curtain back
And thusly sung:

"Flowering streams
In truth, yearning now,
These meads shall water
Embered dreams
Through just the tears, thus left"

Thus neither love nor slavery
Can free the hands of crime
Which only one among we can unchain.
And only one restore
The bondage of our free.

It is called Midsummer

by

Hope, Myopia, "Eried Plode"
The Twi-leg Goose: (who exploded shortly before the poem (Vegan))

Net-spawn from the wind,
We peer at old Gypt
While sassenachs grin in the forest
Hastily at growth
It gigled the duck
With posthumous mirth of the wester

Athen's dull palace
Were foolish caprice
May lead us do notice
Praise of the police

A church full of sad
Is little like mink
A fountain of malad-
Joven + sink.

The wrench makes me wink
Sthernas!
Tredinka!
Owen + sink
On the Vitchula's wink
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.
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!
a recipe for
greater fazed
No pretense was in vain.
For tears are expensive, you see,
And smeared with spice is the slice
Of melancholy.
This was a palette most rainy
Annecissarily moist
And sunny the face of the case
Of hot-buttered toast.
Yet, a ship there was of Amsterdam
Set she sail one Monday morn.
Her masts upgirt, her seven sails a-turn
Yet gentle as a lamb.
And lo, three mariners aboard there were
Conspirators three, iris,
Their sprits were seamed in ambegrins
They were, they were.
Yet how without celestial aid
Twixt nodi, pila, and agnumath
Like faithed fly a lay moth
Are cornish pasties made?
Is it the store, or else the dough
Or some dread force we may not know?

Now, a cat there lived in Redwall farm
A beast of evil ways
He brought the Russian leaders down
And stole eleven days
& where they've gone we cannot tell
For cats are hankingers of hell.

Now, into my life behind my back,
My back behind my front,
A skirr plunderum on my cheek
Visible through the thickest coat
& even from the west north west
(Now that's a cunning stunt!)
Affects the stomach, having mites
As highland lads to steaming broth's!

Envoi
In times of famine, rally round the pump
Hold out your boots and let the liquid flow
When through your veins a threat comes to your lump
Then you shall know!
Longer though the dark hours be
Than regrets & of premonition
Despair, not longer dim, than delay
Nor moored hands solist, until 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 arranged the dual careers
For better or worse

*

And so I kept my Rebecca
In coarse unsupposed wise
Appeared to the Lumière

*

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

*

And so it was, twelveth later
Beyond the hills, a-gliding
Amid the bony, Nearly say
Were heavenly kings a-lounging.
And in between their solemn ranks
Numbered from one to twelve
Methought it sped impressive Blank
That in the dark did delive
And in their eyes I beheld
Not twelve but twenty there
All wrapped with a rope of gold.
A cord of flaxen hair.

*

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

*

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

*

ENVOI: This voyage from the dawn & from the dusk
Has ended in vain: we have not found the tusk
The Tusk?
You babes of the world, now open your ears
But hearken to the bearer of the book
In symbols of sense, and Words dense
Wondrous tale of the man
Once a marvel man, as told in this tale
Told in verse (as species, shown)
Once let his pride, and waded his wisd
'Gain gods, to marvel man!
Your mother with child, yea MAGGIS be child
No claim now and slide:
In preference to what it is that which, performed in the flat
Prepare to please the purpose.

On a morning in May the witsless old wife
Her face did she in light
And Maggie was left, both warped and swift
And laughed to hear his prit
The priest of his parish, both fat and fair
And stood as Stealer's slave
He joked like a jem, this cant to condemn

'Tis Juvaria's fancy, it was

A jovial page occurred to this church
Enchanted as he lay,
Elated and loose, like gander or geese
Or gosling lacks so soon,
So Maggie went forth, a mile or so north
To the land of the verse
And there in the wood, a therapeutist stood
Neander, like a Morose.
MONDIELO his name, nor mild nor perverse
That the minds of his clients, he hold
Who carried a beargrass broom from chamber to room
To suit the seniors of Church.

The feet of the prince, the prints of his feet
Prepared impatient in town
Before when he'd been, his quamy the queen
To blunderish into beyond I bounteous!
A PAGE HERE IS MISSING.
Bright burned the flaming beam in the gloom
As groaning Maggie moped
And for days, life and light fell flat
Right recently closed
Bill receipt below and their soon
Spontaneously sped away
And came as a laconic's lie
On every man, on woman's feel
Best eyes were with the eyes of an Argus
Against the man in murder'd guise
Convert prefers final prize?
Thus raised the mark as actual eyes
On Maggie's habit having
Straight stepped in thought to another's hand
Glowed light as a lamp in the gloaming.
And thus it was, the wretched unde:
Though magpie Maggie groaned
In painful pain (but bright as rain)
The embered beam burned
Chased + clipped, a useless stick
(Though once it had swept for a week)
It lay for any using in song
It's blaze less floated than heaved

O! wretched the world, be welcomed + warned
For hope in a heaven so free
It's never so fine that it may be fair;
And on by the witch of the weep
Ah, get you now gone, my sake is told
Though never so ragged my reason
For Maggie the Travelling, Traveller's Child
The burner Maggie's Beam!

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 emubrance, 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 bathes (which is bad), but also the brilliant un sung
Chaos of a thousand waters, a millenial 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 procrastinate, 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 un closed, 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.

EMWOI:

Who fails to con this maxim well, by rote,
Shall wait forever in the Stygian boat.
THE DISCOVERY OF THE SEA!

by W. McConnell
Brian E. Deep
Kitty Wake

The men of your time discover the sea for the first time and then forget it.
Before the Sea was Known

Our ancient fathers, just in solemn rite
And in time even somber visions of doubt
That wrought their heads about as ignorance
Of folly, truth, discretion, sin or lust
Set out. 'Tis said, to seek some primal thing
Some thing that left their steep Waste runs had dreamed
in landlocked suburbs, boundless free and fish;
And in very smoke, with somber rite before
They knew their dream would lie beyond the hills
beyond all valley trickling its climb
Down to some swamp, some interesting unknown
Some marshy pit, some ruined terminus
Some ditch, full filled with brackish, some hole so strange
That even their feeble wits could conjure it
To yield its hidden secrets from a new,
And yet their feeble minds, undimmed by wit
Cannot less than half the half of this device,
Beget of clue to those distant unknown goal
Which they seek, or even where to start their search,
Their minds now bid them strike a west before
If not beyond the island's strong immense
Drisdale strange beasts whose skeletons one was
Full fascinated, in solitary mind concealed
(or by vegetables turned to fossils bright)
Whose noses, then alive, led on and on
beyond the tentacle boundary of their maps
'Gainst the cloud-ringed void and the hills
To where the sea washed self upon the shores.
This, then, their search and thus their harmless dream,
They daintily crouched above the abode of dream.
Then, as the sun rose slowly in the east,
They cried aloud, those men in clothes of hide
And wooden clogs; their pilgrimage of faith
Half begun, half ended, was at an.
There at its dawn in moment of sunrise
All clotted and coated, peeled and burned confined
All wilted with some food — with subtle weeds
Of untold size and nature quite unknown
To the city, suburban, dedicated souls
Such as our fathers were (as said to us!)
—
They stood, half-speeded, or some might say inspired
By some premeditated or by the cold
Or else by whar’ seldom-scented song
Which sang into their ear: ‘Come seek the sea!’
And so, their many feelings turned to one:
To one returned their savage, sunned ways —
They gathered and they cried: ‘We’ll seek the sea!’
(Thus for a time hardly be it known)
Since all the main’s — twice foaming brake they stood
Quite ignorant side of what land space might be
This spittle-flecked (above, your vasty bowl
Of marble, this war-torn tortured sheet of hide
This chasm soared with countless joints of dew)
Their leaders cried, the drums beat loud, ‘Home!
Abune! Abone again!’ the ancient war cry rang,
As if to check the sea, their plain red stroke,
For eighty nights of dim and dark zone black
They’d clambered, unknowing, on the foaming brim
Their ankles barely inches from the brine
And disappointed, slowly that their search
For fish-filled reaches, for crocodile demesnes
Was doomed to fail, now turned about to stride
their wife-warm kitchens leaning in their faces
and with them, lunging for clean vests - and socks -
towards home. But he! Behind their simmering beds
 Poseidon more, Dan Neptune laughed about
and gathering his young forces round
He swamped the moats his many wavelets quote.

What juster fate for these task spawned the main?
The world will never again be quite the same
The Discovery Forgot

Like all the finds that men have made in fire
as fire, or water, fishing or death
as speech, mathematics, microscopes - the latter -
indeed all kinds of things of use and some
ill-suited to all craft of worldly love;
like these, I say again, the notion was
of all things - stone or paper, wood or flesh
received into my head in many years.
Or yet again, beloved since who knows when
that all these things of men or gods, do perish
as do the waning I loved, ill-at-pleasure
with dusty half-stones of yore, do perish
as fleeting shadows in the dawn's first light
or mid-day's glare; or setting, as the moon
the sun, the planets three and four and all,
the stars, too many for two men to count.
The comets, hurrying winnowing through the dark
and else the asteroids, stone balls of steel
which some call "sun" and others "Hellenpunt"
9 others give us none at all, the finds
(which chiefly are our burden in this tale)
9 accident or scientific hit
that do the strength of men proclaim aloud
thumping, tearing, filling the walker's breast
the globe unschooled, that four years stored and love
these things do fell great, get hold of heart
or transmute by some half-sick day
inaelastic, dead on indecise craft.
The sea soon do subdued the minds of men
and drifted, quite unknown, beyond their ken.
(That's all to say the ocean is forgot
for who could think so? Rather the idea
that men once that being fluid and
a could not grampus spy nor narwhal hear:
Struggle though they did do find that portion
They simply quite forgot they'd found the ocean!)
FATHER

OF THE

FONT

BY

El Maro
The Swordman
Lover, let me praise your figure:
If I ever get the chance
For life and limb I rate no higher
Even now when night's rigor
Always I must seek your glance.

Now let me see 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 lost ember.

Babbling like a stream in winter
As it chandelle up the mountain
Religious or aquatic
(Every eye is getting squinted!)
Water bubbling from a fountain

O despise, I enthrall your sighs
Repose your sins or go to Wells.
Take out your death of dangerous size
Heroically our Earl replies
"No burning on the fells!"

O lovely lady, I embrace
Feet and elbows, arms and head
Inward languors, kindly mace
Gorgeous figure, supple face

I wish that I were Fred.

Desperation, equinox: my love does waste so fast
Even though I know my love must always be in pain
Alas, alas! I'll remember how you knitted me from woe
Though now I feel with all my soul Death's strong, remorseless pull.

Heaving now the dying car with broken stones, at one pace,

E clergy elm survey the gravestones in the rain.


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, he hides beneath a tree
Still paraphrasing Keats.
Now he cast the branches down and makes a huge large-ish fire
Overhanging hmaahfrieds gaze down with mournful ire
How do him who celebrates the Shery of the Shire
Yarmouth harbour feels
Each ship is frozen by the quay in untied icy grip
Laughingly the tars in ones recovers from their trip
Menacing the dancers with the gun pistol and one ship
Sinking every one.
Thinking low, the captain in his treated hill retires
Ashing many overlord, chewing inky meat
Never yet forgetting through his ice imprisoned fleet
Dying in the sloe.
Stopping drinking wrongly at the house where carbon-dioxide
Ice-bound vessels always find that they have left too late
No publican prefers the gilded guinea on the plate
The costly wooden helms
Heroes linger plausibly by ballards in the docks
Eagerly awaiting all the picking up do locks
When every man shall see and fear the souls who were the poor
Intented in Comet-like elms.
Now snow is falling upon the silent and still
The drinkers stop by one by one to visit at the mill

Reading all the warnings as they laid upon the sill
Yea, they're quite correct.
Valleys hover in the wind and keels heave the air
All is calm and tranquil, harvest yellow-reds are done
Lying deep beneath the snow, and standing sadly bare
Elms in winter decked.
MARRIAGE
WHY NOT?

or

Why knot?

by

Lucky Seven

Lin van D.

(for leary)
When her face has appeared to my gaze
Toppid and orange, servid and blue
linked and asunder, cloudy as thunder
And useful in so many ways.

Near her back has appealed to my mind
A splendid washing of tremendous clothes
Closed as a cockpit, a sun who foresaw you
And left you now deafened and blind.

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

However, at last she returned to my heart
Her camera choked with a sport of best lace
As sive as weasel, as turgid as diesel.
Zealous, she binds my face
Footsore and lame, she offended me ever
Tying in muddles, each scented reprieve
As pristine examples, matches in armfuls
Strike me; I cannot decline
I’ll love all thematic endeavor.
The paint never dried on gazebos of yore
Your old aborigine died in the grate
Great meanings were heard as the relatives saw
The morose 43 gold (was it pieces of four?
Which embellished his face?

The mould always grew in the railway mine
Mule uncle embowed forty vagans & steel
Steel them at peril or drink all the wine
Which hip-flasks discharge (Read in factors 9 wine)
To drink with the meal.

The summerhouse there where her conqueror was made
May damage your apples while cursing your pears
Pass to the core the wise apple, afraid
Of the knife-bearing werewolf, whose eyelids have made
So many affairs

The overgrown corpse which concealed all the slime
Uses a lifetime retreat for unfortunate cats
Say meal used as a house
Katz as Katz. Kant say the moon's knoll sublime
As Emmanuel fades, the caskenets chime
The bell of the rats.

This line has been expunged on legal advice.
No polar bears or Arctic rooks have greeted now my gaze
As nine-foot waves with spray are cloud my lens
No whales or cormorants (my mind it runs in cloisters) frequent these Floody fens
The forest's all abate.

No more I sing of cabbages beneath the sultry moon
As thunderous anduminous hide the stars
No vegetables or curries (my mind it always harries)
Destruct and feel no cares
While cassowaries croon.

No more regards of reissum entwined from these fair swamp
As eight-fold stakes impale my vampire's skull
No pulse thumped with bottle (my mind's a beaving folly)
can make the hinge-edge dull
As werewolf's jaw which champs.

No mortal man shall dredge these mires for bodies of the bed
As nimble elves chirrup bravely in the winds
No goblins nor no ghost (my mind's run out of fuel)
Low Leper
or Castration

By:—

Liefhecht
Shunbream
Kroggshe.
Gottfurcht George Führenrudder.
Naughty journal, fatty calm
By body lies in perfect passion

Shattered leg and fractured arm
Tired sinews, bought by ration
Further than the greatest harm
Pursuant to the fashion
Of the farm

* *

Kneadnum volume, corpse stealeth
Crumpets holes and crumbs of bread
Where sickness lying pose to health
Furnish the body, well might be dead,
Therefore to its tremendous wealth
The only part remaining be me head.

* *

Out of body, out of mind
"Unleaved is leisure" disquised
Or else, as Kierkegaard opined,
When all his works had been revised,
With body is the spirit blind
By blood the bone surprised.

* *

Body, journal, volume, stealth,
Ledger, manuscript, bathing-cap,
Christmas, legless, lacking in wealth
Nostal sagacious, scathing lap
Ailing body, hope of health
All rumbling in our sweetened sap.
And the life of the living shall die in the days of the corn's renewal.

The simply imbued
of mangold and maize,
their stems that stanch of spring's sweet breath
Their sepals 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 filed by night
(As happily it might)

Under cover of gloom
To where the path was crowded out

The notes which the people had cast that day
To spirit that spirit of spring far away.

* *

As the ephemeris leaves descend from the trees
And scarlet and emerald are left on the ground

The handkerchief falls
We spit in our cords
So translucent I need

Like some polished sphere
Of tourmaline blue and serpentine grey

The lines of the leaves as they drift away.

* * *
The carrots are growing in fields of tillth
In rich mud are the lump; a flower
But oh for the smell of a sweet cabbage-patch
Or hieroglyphs hung in the breeze
And drawn in a horrible patch of flint
The mort-gauges rising in drenches of shower
Where flies are so simple to catch
That the power
Of spring-conceived love, a glue-perfect match
Cross each beam

Young children are sprouting, unclothed, in the fields
Their food is exhalted by the fieldfare
But oh for the smell of a festering frog
Or the hair shifts the flex of the world heard.
For no better clothes are seen in the wealth and here they're worn by toad, ram and bear
(Though the toad was devoured by a dog)
(Which I share with Samantha, who dwells in a hoot in the bog)
In their lair

Thus: Spring is a circular, tramp-lined thing;
Spring is a circular, tramp-lined thing;
Springs a tubercular, camp-blind thing
+ I am my mother
The people of the Hellespont—of Byz, that is, and Sige—
come often down by word A month, their groceries to get
from channel horses real they call
Then swiftly our way to
in the by by

By Tamanovuln's shady towers they weep
And in the shades of Atrimose forget
To snare the darkling denizens of deep.

The narrative's impossible, it's inches deep in zeese,
who stand about on eggy shingle squabbling over rice
Their stale breath beats yellowing shouts,
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 centads are redundant, not me.

* * *

ENVOY

je ne t'aurais ni soûlée ni vint
je te demande, des mots de bêt, par quoi tu fuis ce nouvel bêt,
je veux le finir avant que je fuis.
TUMULO-NIMBUS

or

The Old Factory Hooter

by

Heaven Only Knows.
The crooks crook as the cormorant flies by
The leaves of the elmtree in unison whisper
Sing in round tones that are harder & crisper
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 unexplained dead
Conceived in the brothel and poisoned by lead

* *

The sheep and the cormorant are eating the grass
Cormorant and rasher of lamb is now eaten
The tables are turned; the tree eats the bark
Who sings to no ear save the dry and the wheaten
And it is praised by no throat save the white and the blue
And the ostrich juice which reminds me of you!

* *

The season of summer flows alike
Changes and ranges each year:
Today sings the tealke, tomorrow the shrike
The ostrich, the aardvark, the rhea.
Thus nature provides for the deaf and the blind
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 play again the hymnal fleec.
The shins 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
Even sinners could not be surprised
By any 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 morning of the sickened slaves,
The breaking of the bales of corn.

The cattle, as every soul was torn
To shreds, the strangled sob 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 it will, its glow their soul's light
Drowned in the river's depth, wherein
The lurking demons gain.
THE TREACLE
OR
FRANZ

There follows a list of who wrote it:-

Knee-a-polly-tan
Sarah P.
Benjamin Franklin
Dull cartilage!
My head, notwithstanding, is very like
The artichoke. And thee
I’ve often, thinking wildly, thought
The sunrise to resemble.
Oh fairest Helen, thrown in bowers
Or should I call thee Kate?
Oh Androphage!
Sweet prevalege!
That wouldst prevanciate
And room of this and that for hours
And now dissemble
Whatever you see, belief of ought
That pleaseth me
Like to the awesome drunk
Whose avian heritage
Is vain.
Kolveny'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 scenes no aberrant
And gorged himself fat on lemon cheese
Washed down with a gentle draught of well-worn wine
(Though the odour was acrid, the flavour was fine)
Then, whilst 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
Big dream they'll be free, to go where they will
To frolic in pairs on the sand-dunes of Rhyd
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 Tine, our teacher, shall hear
How their shall drown them in joy or in woe
Or else how the cries of an overfed crow
Shall mimic the Emperor too glutted to fear
The fate which his folly is destined to earn.
The season of my spirits' discontent
Shall open soon—in feet at half past three.
And Cupid's arrows then shall capture me
Although they're doubly sunk now—aye, sunk, dead and bent.

The clarion then shall blazon forth abroad
This message: Death to all who live in sin!
To those and more: the ghoul and his kin,
The leprous and cannibals they are all doomed to the shroud.

Darkness! Now unleash thy stygian veil
To cleanse 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 he weave upon the loom
And whose the heathen's process for the longest time defy?

For time, like Cupid, never aims amiss
And as by love by death our flesh is snared.
For even if we meet it unprepared
And though it brings us agony, and though it brings us bliss...

we never shall be able to prevent
Those twits of Fate which God's alone can see
arrayed like withing waves upon the knee
Of Neptune, self-submerged, who cries to us—"REPENT."

*

ENVOL

The reason for my spirits' discontent
Forever in my bosom deep is pent.
My mind is tearing with astronomical signs
My feet are troubled and infected now.
My gourd with scurvy is emaciated.
My blazer is decked with bugs.

My neither elbow swathed in bandage now.
My gooseberry pie's been poisoned by a frog.
My spitting sparrow is danger great.
My uncle hunts - 3 times!

Come and replicate each year
To make Nosirhos your queen.
Drown Magie in bottled beer.
And squash an aubergine.

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

The bonfire is a laughing now.
And snores in high-falutin mirth.
Remembering how his long-lost cow
Squeaked in on him 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 poach upon.
Most lakes

or

old 88th

walk unshod & funds accruing
in troubled times of death
we were praying, good things doing
wishing to endure the two
heads of credence daily rising.

Charity not sloth ambition
vigils more in helpful than deed
prayers creation warning
werewolves not gods mothers heed
in despite angelic warning.

Spirits beseech for souls aspiring
trust we still for grace and virtue
cups swallowing furnace-firing
fornarel burning do convert you,
shophords settling workman waring.

by Luther

Ubi Zwingli

Dominic Hand

and Sista Penitenzia
Now steely was the mistletoe, and grey was the sea, and all I need is a minstrel (also mentioned by Sir Walter Scott).

The chaf!

The tears with heat of oak aflame across the sands of Frie, and sank, so sorry sight, upon his knees in front of me. The knees in front of me were never far from my beheld.

BUT (but further than a spoonful of toast with bacon-rind)...

Thus shall we see perhaps.

Now steady on, dogs!

But mind: Wherever has my memory be good to give it back without it's help, the wherewithal to find my shoes I look for Vladimir + Vestryam have taken them, I doubt that they'll return one mote, it before the night is out.

Dead on the altar! So sing the refrain from a Latin 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 ear a-pinch
His ankles broken, all his stomachs sick.

For "Erste Nacht in Bonn," the headline ran,
Explaining how, unlike the maquis,
The treacle all had stuck inside the can.

*

In Ruler the automatic rabbit head
The news, as yet ignored by rodent's kin
Who ate the dialling code of still green gum
Through seasoning the dish with lemon curd.

"Impossible!" It squawked, "That's quite absurd!"
Alas, its truth was proven by the bill,
Dropped by an egret on the window sill.

And later, bleached on the empress' shin
As if excreted by the terrapin
Where last remains are buried in Tunisia.

*

ENVOI

The rude operator took the phone
And desperately told a Russian joke
The lie's exceeding bad, appalling poor
The demigods of Essen to invoke.
From o'er the hills with wails I hear
As peones knock me down
By night they cry a doleful tear
Which saddens half the town
Whose tears in long dry culverts run
Through channels never warmed by sun
Nor moon, I guess; another one
Of those who know nor joy nor fun

Like etiolated recollections,
Where corners time has smoothed
Like Fidel, who in Fetsca lives
The dust, Mahomet - soothed.

From deep below I smell decay
And loathsome nostrums lead Bokah

"Emoena!"
We'll eat it raw

With here a pint of lotus seed
From which, I'm told, small sports cars breed
The swamp so tender, wheels so rank,
The flabby umbilical crank
The pilkristed steering wheel I drank
Revealing kinship in the tank
But what the unfortunate bird divined
Is to the Stygian deep consigned.
There's no thyme to waste, for herbs are expensive
There's no wine to taste, our stocks are not extensive!
So poured the dustman, and rang for milady.
As Steerforth removed his disguise
And removed his replaceable eye
When in bust a soldier into song "fifty fifty"
While the dustman Steerforth lamented the dustman's demise.

And in like mahogany swept the alembic
The sailors liked it, but it didn't like them, because radio-centric conquistadors ate it,
as often I've tried to point out
to the Robins that nest in the spout.

But the dustman said Steerforth attempt to relate it
to all if the laudable prelates who shout.

Ah, Steerforth! Begone, for the day is soon over
The Okapi is roosting amongst the green clover
And authentic muskrats keep tickling the paper.

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.

ENVOY:
As Steerforth to the Mohawk, so be pleasant to the dove
And thus we shall discover all the mysteries of love.
"NORTHAMPTON"

or

"BEDFORD"

by

Busoni

Davies Flooring
His sis'ter brigand from the bridge
Should never have been on the ship
Who hid the frigate in the frigate
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 back
As to the bight we turn, whose silver'n waves
Shall drown the keel-haunted couples on this coast
And make the bearded bosun as he shaves
While leather flows his 'jawl'
As wether grows his towel.
Who came with alum skiff's through the snow
To soothe the gaping wound in this our keel
Once prop'd a tall, now stem & bowing low
Th'abode of sea-slug, whelk, and withering

With Braggart festooned
Upon the beach marooned.
The pirate stumbled from the poop
And grazed his elbows on the hull
How bright was once our private slope!
How withered now, like to a skull
Our ships + long-armed line
Make now a bee-less hive.
Over the bridgeless stream with golden wings
The serpent walked, so long to sleep. So long
He rested from his fruitless wandering
To re-created sleep. And now, in song
Recites his dreams, and many other things:

"Am I the worm EMBRICA, whose name
Was known in days of yore by all who breathe
Was ingested and charred, by the same
Whose glittering sword and dagger more could
+ shall I scale the ladders in the genres:"

Theatere

And so he sang the tamarind swing-leaf
Under the streamless bridge where incense burned
And midst its lecherous boughs, where
Jewels' ears grow
+ tumble, ripened, to the midden, spurned;

A voice was heard to answer, to the foe:

"Am I the cloud-bound, flutterer of the sky
Loud-sing 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 rest, no heat, no life, an in-shut die?"

ENVOI

These questions shall remain unanswered till
The earth of which came to Highgate Hill.
By

he who means the past
Wise Daniel
Goat leaf
C. Even.

$
I bore my chest
And to the savage winds undoloth the my napé
I share my bed
That from our savage plight we may escape
And then recover
Remnants of a fidget 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 record my decline
I have my chest
To demonstrate to doctors how contagious I've become
And then restore
The Clean Good to Mexican retreats.
Victorious was
Engendered by the poetry of Keats.
The duck-like people
0 come here Speed
Debonair!

* *

ENVOI
The mustard 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 objects were stolen from Kalamazoo

The barrel were brought from the manchine stable

Where everyone spoke of the Kurajun

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 dings into his harem into the harvest.

I suggested my father should churn the encounter

Which arose from an incident better forgot

For the adult seduction of Dr. Harry Hamlet

Who'd shared in the birth of our vicious complex

The plotters and servants, the man with the mulberries

Who dribbled his redness all on the page

Who insisted on asking the butcher his age

And despised all the folks who were dead - the proceeds

A family harangue can best be avoided

By the shooting of all and the drowning of some

In an acrid fluid most skillfully admired

By treating in ether and serving with rum

Humans from Ohana their acid breath welling

All of the food that we'd bought in advance

All of the soap to initiate our romance

With a pristine exudence to stop us from yelling,

A wing repast to encourage the dance.
The rice she left behind her
Was a vegetable far kinder
Than the barley she absconded
my bounded girth!

The lesser is the greater
Of the friends of the potato
Are oft to be reminded of the Domes
My blinded Domes!

The cursed is the blessed
As Troilus said to Cressid
"Do I become too sudden else we die
Now bloated pie"

The pitcher in the castle
Is likely thus to sake her
The lamb sith resents me for its wealth
Needs not my health.

By paper spots and shoedace
I'll thus resign to space
The astral air is cleaner than the tith
Of mucal filth.

The roses side bleeds and roses side falls,
It is no friend who falls.
The pasty pie on planets are not nice
She left the rice.

MORAL: Whoever seeks to meet the line halfway
Shall fail indeed, I say!
The goat shall leave from yonder door
the sheep remain behind.
The vex'd cow be put in store
and in my care aligned.

The farmer makes a handsome profit,
marketing the stolen meat.
He takes the best that he may scoff it,
and laughs belches a chuckles laugh.

Such laughs are seldom heard in winter.
Larguer was my maiden name
Until I married Samuel Pinter.
And ran away to Angoulême.

Patient in breakfast at the farm,
Bacon, eggs and arachiné,
I to fanned the Sphinx with easy charm
And her maid queen bear christ.

Later I wanted daily
And bandaged red and yellow;

Hitler I utmost outrageously
Answered in a bellows:

Coats are not admitted here!

Unless they enter from the back
Sheep remain but out of fear
Of being subject to attack.

This good old in my lonely shack
Is haply painted, soked black
To undermine corruption.
THE BEETLE

OR THE OSTRICH

by

Leo Cole
It lies in coils about the thoughtless neck
And dangles then about the shaggy breast
And ends in knots whose cageraillies peek
The rotten crumbs wherewith the floor is soiled.

Such is the overland career-bale
Which I have sought these eighty years and more

In rapid vortex, way in restless,

And neglected room behind the creaking door.

Thomas T'Ilm is the very house of honesty
And men who wander there may hope to hear
The crying of the devils of honesty
The splash of mermaids falling from the pier.

Yet more revival?

Unthought, I saw the new arrival
What Mummary is here?
What rival?
What the rogue's door?

In coils of lies I thought to lose the less
And hope keep honor hushed in respect
To concentrate in one forlorn caress

The vagaries of seaworn hope now wreck'd.

Such is the cummerbund, so sings the shark
Which brings me ale & weeps for my how
I'll navigate a less romantic ark

Eventually saw wildowers, and now

Consign a round of lead in neither earth
To rhyme each letter in zones of nightly dark
To organise precious bristles of Perth
To lie all night in Norfolk Danwun Ark.
The night was wet as newborn love
As, from the kitchen door
The orange-purple hopping dove
Flew wing into the air above,
An augury of war.

Old Noah, from the arbour
Observed a shooting star
Which lingered long above his home
Then plunged into his garden loam,
A sign for the day.

He whose long-lost name resounds
The arbour of Zoth;
Recalls the barking of his hounds
His night-lay counting out 70 pounds
He forged in early youth.

In endless weary nights of love stillborn
The heard a steady voice
The braying of the Unicorn
The whispering of the farmer's corn
Which darkened fear James Joyce.

So as the tide of peace now ebbs
And tidal waves grow faint
The power devolves upon the plebs
The dandies and dashing dukes
Who coat themselves with paint.

Away! Your Courtsey Rebels, loth to leave!
Let Iris wreath her brows with cotton twill!
Saint Xella be your protection! Brazil...
Your cemetery, the sky your final hat!
The Battledore

by

The king down we sat
Hercules of Thebes
Fool that thou art.
In were Mondello scratched his lemon's eyes
And fed his chickens with the residue
Which caused next week's supply of chicken pies...
To live in this place which once I knew
so well

* * *

Mondello was a bumpkin ass, and knew
how well Arabia, garden of the skies
...could blind the senses with its smile
And swat with tears the arachnids flies
so blue

* * *

Despite Mondello
He bid me 'goodbye'
Flowers are yellow
So is the sky.

* * *

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

* * *

Thus:
The wrath of the gods is now due to this rogue
Who chants the ninth psalm in Nepalese brogue
Repeat!
(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 fitted + shrivelled away
And my eyebrows continue to sting
And yet in this state I'll away to the duke
His terrible follies and sins to rebuke.

My carriage is now a ship today
My plane is the plane of the count
My bicycle broken, my slippers shattered my way
My cart shall nor live to see a new day
And my gun continues to haunt
My friends turn their heads
To all manner 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 many
And drink the lordly draught
Of this coloured liquid.
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 likely
And shattered my dwindling faith
for sixty thousand engines.
You laugh, I laugh, but I know by your face,
You have lost the human race.

* *

The loss of a bone is a feast in a way
(At least it seems so have been)
But my mind has fixed
And will not allay
The venomous wrath of the queen
Whose visage is less than harmoniously sweet
Like that of Mendelssohn, the king whom we eat.

* *

When I came to the church there were bones in the font
And corpses cluttered the kitchen aisle,
It isn't the face of Mendelssohn we want
It's that nice brown sauce that comes with it
(I hope that his visit
will garner with smiles...
The kitchen tiles)
For the bishop has cooked all the men of Sodom
(Though it's not the same flavour... is it?)
No club!

* *
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!

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,
   Must spend a night (I'm well-endowed
And your fame is great midst the female crowd)"
   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.
The Jathoms built it of far outer space
has encroached, in its rigness, on my dwelling place;
The Hare on its stomach explicitly fail
As it wallows, filled up to the brim with stale ale.
To stomach the portrait of Thebes.
It's employed a battalion of grebes
To distend its dimensions, the Jathoms fail.

You're the best, O.K.!!
The Mediation (1622-23)
You bosses of the world, now open your eyes,
But beware of the bosses who bask
In symbols of sense, and double-6's sense,
Wonderfully wise of the Marx!

One marvellous man, as told in this tale,
Tall as truth (a spacious span!),
Once pitted his pride and wagered his wits
'Gin goad (0 marvellous man!)

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

On a morning in May, the witless old wife
Her flat and fine in flight,
And maggie was left, both warped and weft,
And laughter to learn his plight!

The priest of the parish, both frowzy and fat,
And stout as stentor's stare,
He joked like a yew. this cant to conceal
In furious face. fair.

A jocular jape occurred to this churl
Descanted as he lay
Slated and loose, like gander or goose
Or goblin looks so grey.
So Nissis went forth, a mile or so north
To the land of Orgelose;
And there in the wood a therapeut stood
Motionless like a goose.

Cordello his name, nor mild nor perverse,
The pride of his cloister, and cold,
Who carried a broom from chamber to room
To smite the sinners of Chrola.

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 Nissis hoped
Paint for fear of wrathful Moeb,
Right recently eloped.

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

O, now sappyman, to woman wed,
But eyes with the eyes of an Argus,
Against the man in somnian guise
Pervert preference's fatal prize?
Thus mused the monk, as astral eyes
On Maggis' habit coming
straight stripped in thought of aught that's laws
slow'd light as a lamp in the gloaming.

And thus it was, the wekkin wide,
Though hope in Maggis groaned
in piquant pain (but right as rain)
The embered besom bone'd:

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, yet you now gone, my tale is told,
Though never so ragged my reason:
For Maggis the marvellous, Master of Chrold,
The burner of Maggis's besom!
See, the fragrant windows yawning
Rose-framed by the iron bridges
Unperceived; a second master
Convoluted wreathes of morning
sylph-like statuette of plaster
tree-like ambitudes performing
over naked ridges.

Seeping draughts from illkempt barrels
Dewy monologue of dankness
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 this triads!
Leave no more the people
The dizziness the sky adds
Toppling corks from pustules' steeple
Greater wheels than Ferris.