

THE BALLAD OF GOATLESS TURPIN

Collected from Mrs Rosalind Grace Swatpie, Sidcup, Kent, 1888

"Prepare to die!" yelled TURPIN ~~and~~ loud

And aimed his trusty gun

But a misty form in a short white shroud

Firm but yielding, meek but proud,

Open the door ~~and~~ said "You + I, I've vowed,

Must spend a night (I'm well-endowed)

& your fame is great midst the female crowd)

~~At night of boundless fun!~~

~~Together~~ Conjoined in boundless fun!"

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

To amorous ends ~~his will he bent~~ her sheet he rent

& 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

& his blunderbuss gave its vengeful vent

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

Kill 2 of the wickedest folk in Kent"

And Turpin groaned, ~~(though his lungs were rent)~~ ^{STET}

+ who's to blame for my bullets spent?

and ~~and~~ ^{with} up to heaven he went

WHO? DIED GOATLESS TURPIN

"Now my piece's bent

It was in the summer of '43

The first moon after Lent
That a picture, nailed in the inn free
Which grows in the sand beside the sea
Said "read for the capture of big bad T"

O, what can that have meant?
As the maidens quaked in their beds each night
And slept not a wink till the coming of light
For they knew all men 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 persons 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 had ~~been~~ 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 night shirt shivering cold

And gulping down some Stivovitz
+ blowing into his woolley nits
For fear of cold and fainting fits
Looked out at TURPIN wild

"Friend!" cried Fred ~~in~~ trembling tone
But thanks to his brand-new megaphone
That cry chilled Turpin through to the bone
HO! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

INSTITUTE OF SPECULATION AND INVERSE TECHNOLOGY

"Immensely Fish-rhyme Finish"

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
or to a burning field of stubble-straw?
A Fleming, or a bloated Tourniquet,
or else the remnant of a sugared war?
Alas I will with bloody axe
Contrive to let you know the facts
I hate your guts, and ate the chips
My God; I still love those electric hips...
for they remind me of your bra
the one they stole from Sven's Mama,
who left her body in my car
(Twas christened by a Russian Tzar)
...but still we don't know who you are!

Oh tell me please if you are pure,
Or if you, like the German Ruhr
Spin dwindling down the baltic Rhine
In some Turkish Mosque or gilded shrine
Or in some jaded cobble-court
or down in a dirty smelly bog
where Gollum scours the livelong wart
His mission to abort, I thought.

And lo! for in a distant room
I said Oh Hell! It's time to go!
I forced a passage from the womb
And placed myself in aspic, low
and sank down in the Froome
to Nefertiti's tomb.

As I was walking past St, Paul's
The pillars built with winds of dew
I stopped beside these misty halls
And screamed What ho! Hooray! and Boo!
To climb aboard a London Bus
The motor made with tears of oil
Is but a way to kill yourself
And with a minimum of fuss
Next, I chanced to fall upon
a red-hot frying-pan
And when the steaming fat is gone
I'll use it as a can
But till my casserole is filled
I will not sleep in bed
Instead I'll fill my head with jam
and join the baby, in the pram
With Jack and Uncle and Ted
Whom Soapy Cedric killed
I'll laugh aloud and bang my head
And paint the pillar-boxes red.

To sleep, to die, and then to fly
a balloon in the bath
A jelly-jaunted masquerade,

A ballyhoo, bogs in a bird-bath
And lo! for on a distant hill
Two monkeys jiggle in the swill
Two cormorants, in love's embrace
Conceive a third! Oh Grace!
And when the ceremony's done
Bash the brat with a baseball bat
and kick him up the bum!
No, don't do that, he's already too fat,
and don't forget he's my favourite son.

A Partridge-Selling song (Trad.)

Beware the Jabberwock, my son
Or hosts of golden daffodils
For grapes may give you many ills
Like ill-made indigestion pills
Where in the dark the dancers dart
like ribbons in your hair.
The bailliffs may, themselves, beware
and pour hot poison through the part
the part that causes fiercest pain
to Scriveners at the fair
(I tell you once again
remember son that when you die
those grapes perhaps were half the cause
And not the pie of crumbled gauze
I saw you eating at the sty.)
Ah what's the use, go damn your eyes!
Begone! I damn them for you
The rings are wrong if life's not long
The matadors will gore you!
You're wrong 'cos Matadors can't gore
They spend too long on drink and whore
And opium: and waht is more
Killing bulls is such a bore!
There's no more to be said!

Envoi: To Eliot, or Ezra Pound
Who flung dung up your wasteband
I will present this rabid hound
caked up in liquid paste and
roundy wells and gels
for Hell I just can't stand you
she said, and slammed it shut.

At prize day, for the fourteenth time
I ate a lunch of grapes
The monkeys who had caused the crime
Now looked more like overgrown apes.

Hooray, what ho, hallo and boo
Sir Robin he lett fle a fart
Maid Marian said 'My God' and blushed
As she was crushed beneath the cart
That carried the pilgrims' stew.

To die, to live is but a way
A way is but a life to lead
A life to lead lasts just a day
A day enough, a life to bleed.

A day in life in death jest verily
And merrily I can't.
So when thou treadest, tread warily
And tell me what rhymes with that.
(If not, go ask my long-lost Aunt)
(She could not rhyme at all)

At Prize Day in my final year
Schools of whales and puppy-dogs tails
I thought it was a little odd
The Head was dressed as Senor God
Senor God, I addressed the foot
and said, Oh give me time
I shall give you my pound of soot
To swap for powdered lime
And so, in barter thus conjoined
I said 'you smell of fishcake'
And thus the herrings were purloined
And frazzled at the stake.

The Myth of MAGGIS

by
a

Espion 1

Espion 2

(dedicated to the French Revolution & all bicycle makers
everywhere).

You babes of the world, now open your ears
But beware of the bees who bark
In symbols of sense, + w's dense
Wonderfully wide of the mark
One marvellous man, as told in his tale
Tall as truth (a spacious span!)
Once pitted his pride, + wagered his wits
'Gin gods (O marvellous man!)

You mothers with child, 'gin Maggie be chud!

Nor chain nor nail choose
In preference to that which, performed on the flat
Prepares to please ^{the} paps.

On a morning in May, the wittens' old wife
Her flat did flee in flight
And Maggie was left, both wowed and weft
And laughed to learn his flight!
The priest of his parish, ~~was~~ both frowny + fat
And stout as Stentor's store
He joked like a gem this cant to condemn

In furious fancy fair.
A jocular jape occurred to this chuck
Enthralled as he lay
Elated and loose, like gander or goose
Or goblin looks so gray.

So Maggie went forth, a mile or so North
To the land of Orgeluse
And there in the wood, a therapist stood
Motionless like a moose.

Mindello his name, nor mild nor perverse
~~The~~ The pride of his cloister, and bold
Who carried a brown from chamber to room
To smite the sinners of Chord
The feat of this prince, the prints of his feet
Properly imprinted in loam
Before where he'd been, his quamy the queen
To blandish with Beesoms of brome!

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Bright burned the ~~glittering~~ besom in the globe
As groaning Maggie sighed
Faint for fear of wrathful Phoeb
Light 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, how may man, to woman wed,
But eyed with the eyes of an Argus
Against the man in monkish guise
Pervert preferment's fatal prize?

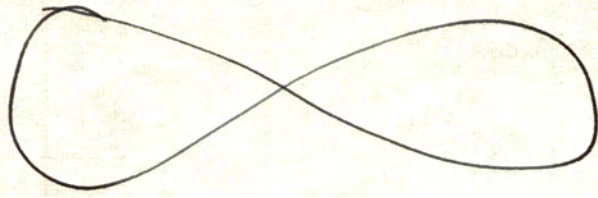
Thus mused the monk, as astral eyes
on Maggie's habit homing
Straight stripped in thought of aught that's lewd
glowed like a lamp in the gloaming

And thus 't was, the welkin wide
though moping, Maggie groaned
In piquant pain (but right as rain)
The embered besom burned

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

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 old
though never so ragged my reason
for Maggie the marvellous, Master of Chord
The burner of Maggie's Besom



THE NORFOLK PARADOX

(A fusion of incompatibles)

(including the true history
of Louisa Thompson
and her one-man string
orchestra, under the sun)

"This 12th of Yule, God be with all Men"

*

So say we none

THE GREAT HIT

CUTHBERT
O'MALLEY!

INVENTOR OF JAZZ

RECORDED ON DECCA No. 176. by

MIFF MOLE + HIS RED-HOT FERRETS

THIS 17th OF THERMOPYLAE

by

Mississipi Demand of Apulia
Cuthbert O'Malley

On = [Dam by the river at dusk in the evening
Attenbells day as the piccaninies 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 woman 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.

Oh, 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?
& 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

4

Jazz! Mellifluous mother of music! what martyr
... severed your bonds from the fetter of fate
By the errors of chance? What mistakes? What corrections? Errata?
The ferment was now in the air

The air was alive, awake to new possibilities
While master's tyranny, night and day style.
See now ~~the~~ sit up the exponents of tradition, quite ill at ease
WILBERT O'MALLEY - his death was worthwhile!!

*

CHORUS

A
SERIES
OF
MAXIMS
FOR
THE
GROWING GIRL

By

Demmond O'Reilly
Sirisoff MacSymes

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
 A confidence, ~~and~~ collapsing like an everted marquee
 Or a wrought-iron sponge or anything not quite matter-of-fact;
 an end to charity, to support; not an end to a man with lung
 May bloom like a life after death, an end to my means, or to me.
 But to perjure, 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 magnet quits a festering duct
 And growth embraces negation, and soul and solidity merge
 and time as unity forakes 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 miss-print 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, contains, unhorses to a new possession, destroys, scandals + 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.