"Prepare to die!" yelled Turpin loud and loud
And aimed his trusty gun
Pursued from home in search of the brand
From hot yielding, meek but proud,
God, he knew no fear! Now, I've kissed,
Must spend a night (I'm well-endowed)
& your grace is next under the Female breast
Conjoined in boundless fun!

To the judge's daughter her bed she went
To amorous ends his will he bent her sheet he rent

& never a backward glance he sent
In warm embrace and passion spent
As feed creed in with his staveudent
In the light of the first man advernt
& his blunderbuss gave its requited bent
"At last I've done what love I've meant
Kill ye, the wickedest folks in Kent"...
It was in the summer of '45.

And the first man after Lent

Threw a picture round in the new tree
Which grew in the sand beside the sea
So he said for the capture of his head

O, What can that have meant?

And the vessels quaked as their sails each with
And slept not a wink till the coming of light

For they knew no man who would take their gold ...

HA! CRIED GROTESQUE TURPIN!

Alone he rode through the thickening gloom

On a black steed stark bare

Bringing on hundreds each his doom,

Saying treason to an early Saul

And scaring infants back to the womb

(They were all his own, of course.)

And who, praised Turpin, so craved him dead

As to put a price on his grotesque head?

What man of steel? Fierce Fred?

HE! CRIED GROTESQUE TURPIN!

Now Fred was the judge in the county town

Fierce was he, not

He was famed for death and drew the crown

And fulfill with honour his office and gain

He had to hang big bad Turpin down

And have him hung or shot

On this would they all locked his door

And had been trying to sleep for an hour or more

When down below came a mighty roar

HA! CRIED GROTESQUE TURPIN!

Now up leapt Fred scared out of his skin

In his nightshirt shivering cold

And gulping down some stimulant

He clung to his woolly coat

For fear of cold and freezing fits

He'd stab all at Turpin's hold

"Friend!" cried Fred, trembling he's bone

But thanks to his brand-new megaphone

That my chilled Turpin through to the bone

HA! CRIED GROTESQUE TURPIN!
"Immensely Fish-rhyme Finish"

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day
or to a burning filed 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 an a dirty smelly bog
Where Gollum scour 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 those 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 1ath
A jelly-jaunted masquerade,
A ballyhoo, bogs in a bird-bath
And lo! for on a distant hill
Two monkeys jiggie 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 bailiffs may, themselves, beware
And pour hot poison through the part
The part that causes fiercest pain
To Scriveres 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 wait is more
Killing bulls is such a bore!
There's no more to be said!

Envoy: 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 bunch of grapes
The monkeys who had caused the crime
Now looked more like overgrown apes.
Hooray, what ho, hallo and boo
Sir Robin he let 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)
(Shé 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 scot
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

Espion 1
Espion 2

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

DENTIFRICE
You take the world, now open your ears

but beware of the bees who buzz

In symbols of sense, if we please

Wonderfully wise of the mark

the marvellous man, as told in his tale

Tall as truth (a spacious span!)

Once lifted his pride, and wagered his wit's

Gin gods to marvellous men!

You witness with child, 'gin Maggie be child!

Nor chain nor nail choose

In preference to that which, performed at the flat

Prepares to please or go.

On a morning in May, the witness did wise

Then flat did flee in fright

And Maggie was left with weeped and went

And laughed to learn his plight!

The priest of his parish, both heavy and fair

And about as Stengor's scape

he joked like a jin, this card to condemn

In famous fancy fair.

A jocund tape occurred to this child

Entreat as he lay

Enraptured, and loose, like gaudes or groove

Or golden looked so gray.

So Maggie went forth, a mile or so North

To the land of Orgeluse

And there in the wood, a therapeut stood

Mirthless like a moose.

Mindelo his name, now wild now pasture

The pride of his cloister, and told

Who sought a boon from chamber to room

To smite the sinners of Christ

The fear of this prince, the pride of his feet.

Properly impriost in Logan

Before whose head bowed, his queen the queen

To blandish with Beeso of broome!
A page here is missing
Bright burned the shining beam in the globe
As growing Maggie grew.

Faint for fear of wrathful Phœbus
Her recently closed

But recent rain had rased their spoor
Spontaneous sped away.

Far from fortune, love and lost,
And came as a9 barrow's lie.

O, how may man, no woman need,
But eyes with the eyes I can figure
Against the man in monkish guise.

Thus mused the monk, as astral eyes
On Maggie's habit shining.

Straight to life in thought, I sought that last lead
Gleamed soft as a lamp in the gloaming.

And thus it was, the Welkin wide
Though moving, Maggie grew.

In piquant pain (but right as rain)
The emerald beam broadened.

Chased and chipped, a useless brick
(Both are it hard to swop for a week)

It lay for long unsung in song
Its blazon less bleared them bright.

O, beaks of the world, be welcome and warned
For hope in a heaven so free
Is never so fine that it may be thin.

And was by the wish of the bee
Al, get you now gone, my tale is old
Though never so Gallagher my reason.

For Maggie the marvellous, Master of Chrold.

The beams of Maggie's beam

The end.
THE
NORFOLK
PARADOX

(A fusion of incompatibles)

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

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

* 

So say we none
CUTHBERT O'MALLEY!
INVENTOR OF JAZZ

RECORDED ON DECCA NO. 176. BY
MIFF MOLE + HIS RED-HOT FERRETS
THIS 17TH OF THERMOPYLAE

Mississippi Scenes of Apulia
Cuthbert O'Malley
Dar by the river at dusk in the evening
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 not long past
a wiser, a wiser, more plucky number two.
His hope running out; this visit he determined should be the last
if his body should survive:

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

* * *

CHORUS

Oh what did they say hear when he came, this intruder?
His old banjo hanging askew by his side
Where did he come from? Benares, Bangkok, or Bermuda?

& what was the reason he cried?

Manfully strode he: but what man would stride in his boots
fleeting the echo, the cry, "Ahem!"
Sund'ring forever the crown of his life from the roots
Cathleen O'Malley, the inventor of Jazz.

* * *

CHORIBUSQUE

Jazz! Mellifluous mother of music! what martyr
...severed you bonds from the fetter of God
By the errors of chance? What mistakes? What corrections? Errata?
The murder was now on the boil

The air was alive, awake to new possibilities
were music's trimmings, night and style.
See now set up the exponents of tradition, quite ill at ease
Cathleen O'Malley - his death was with style!!
A SERIES OF MAXIMS FOR THE GROWING GIRL

by

Desmond O'Reilly
Sirisoff MacSymes
In the instant where today becomes tomorrow
Where time contracts as at the separation of two water drops
On a frame through which the world all seems
... Now blundered by bumbling, or dust, but mostly clear as sorrow
I see through it all with one eye, while the stars in full of dreams
Blind to the thunders which is sad, but also the brilliant singing
... chaos of a thousand voices, a million more, a cacophony
Dark and thunderous beyond where the commonplace stops
In confidence, in sleeping as if in a suspended nightmare
Or a wrought iron sponge or anything not quite matter of fact;
As end to clarity, to support, as end as the wind of a win looking
May bloom like a life after death, an end to my means, or to one.
But to perceive, to call a witness, to apprehend a voice;
Cannot prevent or postpone the point where time shall diverge
From the hands of the crypt, as from the clock, as from a lawyer
From all that time tells us, to a purified peace or perfection
Else the timeless instant where the last arrow quitted a speeding arrow
And growth embraces negation, and soul and solidity merge
And time as easily finds its half given direction
For the clock which strikes loudly as if "The clock has not struck!"
For the book which says thing as a misprint for saints—
Such things may leap to that eye, the unclosed, the undreaming
The new organ in a new framework; a fundament of other functions
Which solid, enduring, persists and supports, what the other
shadows, colors, unclear to a new perspective, destroys, slanders
And, as less unhappily than were Satan himself to be scheming
Who best be excommunicated, unmasked be switched for Extreme Unction
That each, in his shrift, renounce to all men the name Brother.

Envoi

Who fails to win this matter well by vote
Shall wait forever in the Stygian boat.