

Henrys law

by

J. S. Bath
Ludwig van Washberin

1
Sir, I bear a rhyme excelling
Those of sonnet, dinge or hymn
Strange in sound and awkward spelling
Undramatic, uncompelling
Subdued in tone but never grim.

Hear who will my mulberry tale
Shun the epic, prose or ode
Words from gardens blown with braille
Blind remembrance of the grail
The end of that uncovered road.

The road to rhyme is paved with bronze
And spandees are the way to Maus
(The second fiend was George, of Fons

Rough gravel filled his face,

And scausian's towers, ask the fields of sense
And pounds rule over pence
Which pound the wheaten corn
Forlorn).

Sirs I rear a bear bewildered
By the subtle ways of art
Shall I name her Jane, or Mildred
As the keeper of the mill did
Ere he 'gan to start.

See, then, Meredith, the maid
She of smock, of clog, of sombrero
See the joyous cavalcade
Serpents ~~at~~ ~~the~~ silken, donkey braid,
Emperor, king, and pharaoh ash

2
The ship aflame
We pirates kept
Our soles alight ^{Upon.}
On virtue's home
Charbon.

"O Meredith, my soul is running out
The myth so dear to mortals is a lie
Which, told but once, atones the sauerkraut
Whose coming is as coinage to the eye
Beside the line which wanders ^{and to the pie} through the brook
There grows a herb of magic ^{seldom told}
And Azimuth has quitted ^{a book} from a book
... A tale of woe whose path is paved with gold
and manderled.
"O Meredith my soul is running in
The oil of subtle reason was improved
- The working of the wilderness of Zin
Mysterious the ways where Bulkin moved,
and grooved"

His gramophone
Was not destroyed
Complete.
Our souls deride
The shepherdess,
So sweet.

3
Variety may be the spice of life
And plenitude the seasoning of years
But who prefers a wombat to a wife
May live to see variety's careers
Down Asia's hills to crime's reward below:

Who fears the life is foe,
And in the jail where bigamists await
Twice loving, living twice within the span
There is a beggar sitting by the gate
Destroying with his knife each passing van
Through vales of alms to any future goal:

The man will mate the mole.
And mating with a jailer or a judge
Is sin enough for he who longs to know
But who prefers a towing to a trudge
Will suffer much come rain or hail or snow
In delta floods or criminal monsoons:

The foe will judge buffoons.
This foe who never varies: is he him
To she who coincides, each part alike
To scrutiny? Whose prothess, peering in
Her eyes, see devils; in the dyke
Past drainage's dry culverts, to disguise
The bike whose bin one buys.

ENVY

Past drainage's dry culverts to disguise
The antelope, we walk in wild surmise.

THE
CIDER
APPLE

OR

SHELLEY: THE YEARS ABOVE

by

The Sweet Colonel

The irascible mosquito

St. Oats

Lorelei

You never take my words how they are meant

qba bbaabb

Even I can sometimes be made sad

Seeing ~~you~~ in my sentence meaning bent

To satisfy the whims of one quite mad

Even I can sometimes be made sad

Revealing meaning madder than is sent.

Do you have to warp my words with malevolent intent?

Asking this, no lover could be glad.

Yes, even I can sometimes be made sad.

*

The master of my fate is not the wind

O, tell me you will help me shape the signs,

Design the stands, or else rescind.

Always I will count on you to help me trim the vines:

Years rush by, fair mistress Rosalind.

*

Though I shall not forget, my love, the words that we have said.

Or leave aside my rabbits to defend

My sad mistakes. Our happiness, my love, too long since fled,

Our twosomeness at last is at an end.

Remember this: that unlike you, I never could pretend.

Rosalind, in cotton wrap your head

Or lie beside me now upon our bed;

When love is gone, remain no less my friend!

ENVOI

Now, Rosalind, our love is at an end.

Under the cloistered stars think yet of me

Now love is gone, remained no less my friend!

Each grain of sand that passes through the glass

Each curling drip of wax upon the candle

Releases wasted seconds; growing grass

In flooded fields where drowning cattle pass

Electrifies me faster than the sand will,

*

The sight of sinking tractors fills my heart
Reviving memories once thought forgotten

Of my youth among the cornfields, by the cart
Made conscious by the trappings of my art.

But we were always sadder when the wheeler ear was rotten.

O, I was sadder still when she who dressed in cotton

Neglected all the cowsheds, and the pig-sties quite apart
Eschewed; her memories are quite forgotten.

*

Crumbling now, the outhouse has decayed

Animals therein have made their homes:

There, undended, they will die. The lease repayed

Has not been seen again. And now there roams

About the farm no herdswoman & no milking maid

Yearning for each other 'midst the bromes.

*

The churns are standing empty in the yard.

Red revolvers lie unused at home

And I shall throw away the bullets, for now no pard

Can wend its sticky way across the loam.

In feeble boats the farm-folk sail the foam,

Now heavy-high, now often light ~~unhindered~~ and hard,

going, now their fields ^{are} flooded, ^{to find} some drier home.

DECIMATED

COINAGE

OR

NOT A SECOND THYME

By

Father Wind.

The well-cooked Lane

Colin Ear

Achilles Thorp.

Mother Fat-Hat.

Explorers we, marooned beside the plunging waters brink
We could not stop to argue, for we must have time to think,
The world has edges, just like us, & we must neither cunge nor cuss

So long as yellow loves not pink.

Our ship astride a sandbank overgrown with columbine

We could not cease our drinking for the water tastes like beer

And we, as mixed as tense, abjure - for we are neither safe nor sure

That wisdom spoils the drink.

Our boat in shards, our golden oars are but a sorry shore

Our minds a sullen gift of sands the relics of a war

^{are} ~~Are~~ bodies broken like a glass, & must we bed ourselves in grass
And watch the bosen sink

Magellan, come!

And heal my thumb,
But not with tears

For mountaineers

A salty dog

Is better than a sleeping log.

Begone, MacDuff

You're big enough

To hand my nights
or wear my ^{light}ights

Quite rightly so

If only that you didn't know.

Remain, Sir Drake

To sail the lake

In wooden boat

(Tugged by toads)

All this and more

Defends our treasured shore.

We ~~I~~ ^{beg} you, ~~sirs~~,
Give up your puss

And she will hers.

2
Oh pull up your braces and pluck up your teeth
Teeth that I covet so bad

Let the garlic be bought, and the parsley be plucked

Let the damsels be raped and the maidens all sad

Let wringles be wombed and chickens be chunked

And the carpenter prisoned in Mayo or Meath.

*

Now strengthen your drawers, ~~and~~ connect up your ears
(Ears I attempted to fage)

Let brackets be scorned (and the contents therein)

By the maniac burlings of George.

The gavel he auctioned was stolen from Bath

By a secondhand daughter of Lear's.

*

Now bracelets are pulleys, and cogs have no gums
And winches been made from my kinks

I watched while ~~we~~ we ~~watch~~ worried the negligent prawn
And circumscribed all his whims

The brain of the ~~microscope~~ barley was found in the awn
By the rhapsody-worm (which hums).

*

The ~~bum~~ humming-bird bumbles, the bumble bee sings
But marmosets carry the prize

~~We~~ We all watched with scorn when the gramophone wept

We fell on the floor at the microscope's cries

We lay there supine as upon us it leapt
And smothered us with its wings.

3
I haven't seen my uncle now for forty thousand years
Columbus was his captain and his king
He breakfasted with Hammurabi, dined with sundry seers
And always sought the art of the Ring

The Ring was in the country-house, a coming through the rye
Bald sailors snatched the deck with enthrall'd wigs
While hooded vultures soared on leaden wings, throughout the sky
Caulking water droplets in the twigs

And much bedabbled now the web suspended from the tree
The spider had espied a tiny mote
Too big to be a bedbug, much too small to be a bee
Yet, in the sudden brambles dither he dove.

My rhizome's gone all gory at the humming of the lawn
The comorant is lighter than the wasp
The weeping willow drowns in tears an unrefracting dawn
And soon spies the golden, hazy hosp

It all comes down to symmetry, where symmetry is right
The Delta wings its way to foreign climes
And tectons in the trunk so deep, the waterspout so high,
Weeping sadly for his love (betimes)

It all boils down to the grist from the mill,
Where Gorb has mobed his mob of globes in bogs
And drably dinkled over Bradley's ~~drab~~ bile
And God in bed can beg a bomb from dogs.

"Good Gracious!" cried the parson, shaking out his lousy hose,
"A mote, a midge, a bumble-bee, how richly it all grows!"
He glanced around him furtively & quickly touched his toes
And bang! - hey presto! - one, two, three - he vanished up his nose
Painfully slowly.

4

"

... And go make Orpheus your king
And do not flee his lyric lair
In orange groves and there beneath the rock
Where lemon trees are sheltered from the gale
And thistles grow, and dock,

prepare

*

Prepare your spondees now and sing
Make light your heavy rhythmic tail

In silent woods, wherein the crobar bells,
And women wait with oven hot repasts
While every man dispels

or casts

x

And make Columbus now your Queen
And do not fly on wings, ~~And~~ melt

For love is hardest when the sun,
Like butter on a hot-cross bun
... Preserves the rhododendral sheen,

It pelt

*

And you my love shall be the prince!
The charming prince whose beauty sleeps
Between Columbus' twofold keel
Beyond the murmuring of deeps
Where stems and petals wheel..."

He spoke no more

*

Ever:

And you, my prince shall be my mole!

He spoke a further word:

Columbus is the maker of my soul
In him interested

*

5
The lady of the mountaintop, red roses in her hair
Was frightened by a thorny limb, her red hair rose awry,
Her front by chance protected, by castles in the air
The which from ~~the~~ every cloudlet I espy.

The children of the valley, white daisies in their ears
Were enlightened by a morning hymn which echoed in their minds
Their limbs by age enfeebled betrayed the march of years
Which no man, be he good or no, endures,
procures,
or finds.

The vultures of the airways, ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ vole-ways underground,
Will burrow through the clinging mud which cattles up their beaks
And listen though they might they hear no atmospheric sound
The which, from merbanks every wombat seeks

The fathers of the waterways (with concubines in tow)
Alleviate my happiness, ~~and~~ incarnadine my rose, —
I could of course be happy (at least they tell me so)
Transcribing all of Tennyson to prose.

The poets of the oceans (with poems on their throats)
Ride home by sundry routes, and flay their shirts
They strip and lying naked in the sun upon their boats
Their sons are so ungrateful, ~~that~~ yea their attitude is hateful
Transvestites' ~~now strip~~
trousers now are changed to skirts.

ENVOI

All men of everywhere are held within my walls
This wall has ears but never hears when anybody calls
And I shall wait until this building falls

Ban the pubs! Close down the stills
 prate on and on and on
 And on until your sleeping pills...
 Are woken by old John.

Chemist, quit! Let printing cease
 close down and down and down

Submerged, re-sign the acid lease
 Don't lose Foster's crown.

Light no tics! Destroy the rats
 And burn the brewer's book
 And book the man who hates all cats
 And castigates the rook!

Publish the banners! We're still too close
 to harbour an ominous grudge

The lawyer's art is too verbose
 (give the judge a nudge!)

The lawyer is grandiloquent

The judge is far too short

The jury is ventriloquent
 This trial's a fake: Abort!

Loss, I'm told, are ethically wrong.
 Gifts one never should accept
 But days are short & nights are long
 For those who are inept

Quit not the play! A vaster scene
 Is sighted from the ship.
 The night is long, the moon serene
 Fit ending for our trip.

HELICAL

MUSCOWIT

by

We of the southern region

Falling branches

Brittle limbs of men from favour fallen

Avalanches

Little rhododendron savour

Do I waves?

Leaves of oak

Fragile thoughts of souls rejected calling

Softly croak

Reptile rosewood, calm, dejected

As the wreck did?

Sunken timber

Cool amphibious rose, the dew of morning

Coldest ember

Father Neptune's frosty sewers.

When he abjures?

Trees of winter

Falling snow on burning coastline

Flaming splinter

Eyeless, silent snowfall during

Like eyes yearning?

Roots and branches

Probing tentacles that crawl to freedom

Avalanches

Snowy fates no man can alter.

Do I falter?

I had not thought to see the sun
For I was often told
That who would strive to make him run
The moment that the milky ~~way~~ ^{sun}
Held more than it could hold
In vain could such as he be told.

Of cold I would not suffer much
For often I had heard
That he who flees from winter's clutch
And shuns that season's damps such
As chills both beast and bird
Shall lose the gift of word.

So sing no more, ye citadels!
Let silence guard your walls!
Sound not the bells
Wait! and wait till darkness falls
And casts his spells.
Then empty cells
Frequented by the tyrant king who calls.
He waits; and waits till daylight comes
In halls of Hell he waits and softly hums.
And wordless sings
Of sundry other things.
And when the parched noon is wet
He'll not regret
His mended wings
And fly to where no nettle stings

ENVOI

I thrust

Into my sight the sun that thoughtless tells I must.

O Man! What deeds thou doest within thy prison bound
Anguries and titles are to thee a spectral sound
An isthmus of crustaceous shields, of creatures sevenfold
Which thou wouldst never give, nor ever design to hold
O Man! Thy time within these shades is but a paltry day
The future holds no promise now, and difficult the way
Unending pleasantries will not suffice to bring me joy
For I can never be a man, though I am now a boy,
And not the type my father's wife has wanted to employ.

*

My childish feet can climb no obstacles to age.
The soundless walls of adolescence make my youth a cage
Wherein my fallen plumage strews and fouls the floor
And makes me sick for days on end—the sanitation's poor
The empty move, and going backwards, dreading through my days
I find no fevered felonies or visions out of phase
I leave behind no fellows and my visitors I scorn
As fearlessly I start the quest to find where I was born
I stumble orphaned through my fields of cankered corn

*

So, man, thou knowest not whither thou art led
The elixir of exiles, the head of men, the dead
Are all beyond thy reach. The only fate
Is standing day by day before the only gate
Awaiting one whose lazy sons outlive
The grind of life. No more than gulls and sickness give
The triple reed. I live my life in vain
Beside the isn't line, await the be-less train
To take me where my life may start again.

When I consider how my life is spent

by thoughts forgot
And if I make a statement of intent
Or mild regret

For things that I have never lent

Nor shall do yet.

These words I vent:-

I calculate, and from my findings now

I shall reveal, and tell both why and how

The only one

Who cannot vow

(who isn't sure to see the sun)

To clasp his brow.

*

And if I make a statement of intent
Or face the truth

Of letters that I wrote but never sent

To Rosemary or Ruth

to those I met by accident

One day in Kent

- three lads uncouth -

I speculate, and even if I'm wrong,

I shall not bear the penalty for long,

or so I hope

(recall my song)

that if for long these maidens grope

I'll use my tongue.

*

Now I have thought enough, and I can think no more
I hope you've found my thought worth waiting for.

**PERHAPS
THE LAUNDRESS
LAMENTIS**

LAKE CARDA 16 SEPT 73

While I was recalling my youth by the sea
I was forcibly struck by this incident,
Concerning the catching of kitty-cats three
And the loathsome procedure concomitant.
The traps had been set for the lobster, whose kin
Were nearly deceived by the bait laid within

The fisherman's notion
To encircle the ocean.

Columbus's aim

The omnibus claim

A cabin for cats for the crewmen to man.
A ~~crab~~ crab in four minds for the monkeys & crew.

A fishes stands by, and, proclaiming my name
Dispatches the family & sends me below.

From down in the dungeon the pavement may belch
And loudly deride you in Anglicized Welsh,
A coachload from Bedford may grace the Gistedford
The cockroach, my mother, the man from the waterboard,
Anyone else ~~that~~ the skindivers deplored

cry "Are Maria"; cry "Save us, our Lord";

And save us, P. Wig

Spare W. Pig,

The stout & the big

The girls who hailed in the streets.

Who soiled the pristine sheets

Whom the priest repeats

After me. You laughed at me?

I have no time for Lamartine,

Nor he for me, I woot,
Yet if he do, I'll know what I've been.

And through the night they sang this song---

This melismatic strain

With a ponderous refrain.

And still they sing it, loud & long

The melody's strong, the harmony also---

Rubbery tones.

The choruses intones,

In alto et basso et falso.

"Strike up a chord, take up your places,

Turn to the altar your pouterish faces

Defend your religion with fearsome grimaces.

In postures athletic deliver our races

Clamouring loudly, you're bold & audacious

Your worth is a cactus, your head, potted snipe."

To encourage the masses this dirge is intoned
While heroes are slain & messiahs are stoned

The theme is familiar, the money we've loaned,
Will not be repaid till the smuggler returns

The rights on the song will never be spent,

The Warlitzer stands, out of use, in my tent

Its stops are all rusty, diapasons both bent,

While Sorel cries Sorry! & raisins relent.

Yet Stendhal remains, the resolute one,

Decier of Kafka, the king of the sun

Weaned on his mother's milk, conceived of a bun,

Ruined by rabbits, their run overrun

The followers of Balzac, & Flaubert, knew they'd won.

The miniaturist plies his gleeful trade,
And dips his waves in potent Lemanade
Withal a fluid most properly made
In towers which grow by the sea

The medical men are remarkably staid
It's not for their bodies the prelate has prayed
It's the ethos, morality & spirited colonnade,
The miniature sledge and the ski.

The city besieged and ambushes laid,
The wattle bedaubed and the pigeon-holes clayed
Striking the drums & the pale renegade,
The potentate envies the throe

The potentate potions that potentates hate,
He sips by the glass, irrespective of weight.
When drunk they repine, the pupils dilate,
And antidotes are the bargee

With ruinath imminent & conquering armies rarely late,
The general led his forces out the 'tradesmen only' gate

But a loud and sturdy voice bid him take the other route,
To load the guns and on the cry of 'tradesmen only' shoot!

This plan, though feebly planned, was speedily adopted,
There was no other notion so no option soon got opted

The incorruptible corrupted & the corrupt corrupt anyway,
Delilah dallied desperately & didn't dare delay,

Spent a spent match, match a spendthrift in its spent,
But keep that mindless medicine-man forever from my tent.

Irregular verse for a heavy 9 wasps
"Oaf", 1 spake & "Pork", he replied, with
Never a thought for my Dd, fragile snarked.
If I talk he'll ---

Tell me twice that Tolkien's dead
Send for armies sent ahead
Call back Oliver, Candelan bold
Brave the elements, uncanisled,
~~So~~ Bustle about in your Dd cotton socks
Scuttle about, quite unalloyed,
Ship us a couple of pills from the box
Make us a keeverage fit to be destroyed
Call back Marsila and Challenagne tall
That both in our forces be wisely employed,
That extra pilabees be furthered to all
That meat & cauliflower be cooked,
For Vinaver so hungry liked.
To sate his thirst was Zeus's task,
He drank Hephaestus from a flask,
The dregs he quaffed from a hefty cask,
What more need we ask?

I'm feeling my brother to was like a cat
Pombleatic, Apperematt.



THE NOSE LIBRARY

HALLEY'S
VOMIT

BY : JEDGARCAPETS WEEPER

PLUTO.

And yet more

The pennants of the rival cause which flutters in the dale
Are variously coloured in darker hues and pale
And designs of beasts and birdlings - embroidered thereupon -
Embodiment all the varillations common to the scale.

The flashing of the hostile sword, the whisp'ring of the wind
The sun on pagan tent poles, the joemen newly skinn'd
The screams of dying armies, the soft refreshing rain,
Repel the general's jester; no calf was left unskinned

Before the battle, in the vale, a beggar lost his way
Which fluttered through the wildermist before him like a crow.
*

The armies met - each soldier stoutly mounted on a rhino,
Whose soapy hooves unstably galloped through the forest line
(You may forget the things unsaid that scarcely even I know)
Cormorants beware!

~~And~~ And go not there!

*

The rivals of the pedant's cause, in deltas, in a fluff,
Were warned of the disaster by a counterspying chough
Impaled on Bubbin's basket, his beak in peril's pram
And his talons clenched around a Norfolk ham

*

Cormorants beware
Pantechmicon!

L

The by-election isn't half the governmental poise

The high erection topples to the ground
And politics embogles us like theatre in the round

And statesmen's vows are naught but ~~not~~ random plays.

The plutocratic parliament is seldom ill at ease

The root of static action, unbegun
And economic academics frolic in the trees
And uniforms bedevil every one.

The decisions of the Union, each one poorer than the next,

Condemn the writing of unnumbered verse
And vendors of plutonium, belaboured and perplexed
Decipher the unlettered doctor's curse.

This oath, in fifteen stanzas, writ in lead,

Has lost its clarity because the heat
Of ~~our~~ flaming impetigo, scorned + charred

Has made the envoi sadly incomplete

Which avon, which impediment, has made our princess cry?
Which carrot changed the parrot to an owl?

And the garnet to a planet, and the wrinkle to a fly?
What philosophic elf is on the prowl?

Whose caution spells success to victory's aim
Whose residue is worthwhile but to sense

Whose skill is minimal, whose smell the same

Whose passion has pervaded my pretence.

The noble art of bloodshed is not lost,

Not lost the cash of tears so newly won

The one in bloody scruples is embossed

While basks the other proudly in the sun

While braver chiefs may hammer for the cold
Which, though unkind, invigorates the bold.

*
The nobles use the woodshed for their trysts

Ejecting first the niggers dwelling there

In violent manner (as the king insists)

... The royal dart board carved with little care

(so little that the 8 has been omitted)

By hosts of blunted missiles has been pitted.

*
And fascists hold the pulpit to their tracts,

Their fingertips didactically wagged,

Ignoring twenty centuries of pacts

Ignoring pundits, exordially belagged

*

ENVOI

The tomatoes are nourished on blood

The gardener has sunk in the mud.

~~4~~

Mediæval moats are too wide for men of stone
Bayen the Colossus which bestrides

The harbour and the sound - scarce louder than a moan
Scarce softer than the sloshing of the tides
Upon my throne.

*

In dudgeon in the dungeon for my luncheon was I locked
(Possibly a pre which I deserved)

While the inundated villagers were nothing less than shocked
And a few were, sadly, ~~per~~ totally unnerved
And sadly swerved.

*

Keep me to my word, for with grammar-poisoned clause

My temper frays, as I await the sentence,
And pilfer my confessions, as I have pilfered yours
Polluting each despicable repentance

Lebradors.

*

~~"Zil polle verde non è mica morto",~~

"Zil polle verde non è mica morto",

Though Giacomo has poisoned every pope

The three-toed sloth has now become a four-toe,
And the slender Boris stouter far than Hope.

*

ENVOI

Although my head is clay
I rue the passing day.

To
Ruth

or

The selfsame song

For what we cannot do without
Or long to know within
I paid the ransom eagerly, forgiving sin for sin
So to begin
But what about
The vodka, or the gin?

For that we cannot use without
Or promise to fulfill
I paid in kind for piece of mind, proceeding at a crawl
As slow as still
As weak as will
As terrible as tall.

In payment, as a palliative
Or softener of ills
I prompted your presumptuous production of the pills,
The daffodils
Which you will give
In specious codicils.

In recompense, in retrospect
Or rectifying sense
I paid in aphrodisiacs what you had paid in fence
Over the fence
And indirect
A thousand ages hence.

A bribe for beauty, bribe for both
Or double dirty too
I say your eye - I'd rather die than do what you must do
Sublimely true
A "blimey" oath
I think it's overdue.

And when I'm bankrupt, here I'll go
To bribe the bride at last
And though I pause, the final clause will seal the matter fast:
Tied to the mast
The wind will blow
Shall we resist the blast?

So love is not the seat of lovers' dreams
As long as sleep is sleep and nothing more
Nor cunning sprite that waits behind the door
Whose probing searchlight misdirects the beams
But nought redeems.

*

This pixie with his arrows (some say spears)
Will come (if not as soon as we may wish
Because he's lame) And searching for the fish
Into the murky bowl the goblin peers
The truth he hears

We merely say this to destroy the calm
The light is only shown to spoil the dark
And make fluoresce the mural, cold and stark
A picture of a love who came to harm
And broke her arm.

An arm is not an arm in times of strife
And love affords no balm to those incensed
The torsion on a tow-bar, trouble-tensed
Will not suffice to make you share my life
Rather, my knife!

But epigrams will not convince you now
For sleep is sleep and dreams are little else
Than fevered turnings, psychosomatic bells
That imitate our discord with their own
And bring back now.

She beams, & makes the girdle-burden light
As if the leiries of love have flown
Although the brevity of breath is known
To fly much faster than the fragrant night
And leaves our sight.

So love will die despite the coming day
The pixie lying poisoned on the stairs
And dying now, alone or else in pairs
The night of loves who passed the night of May
Inspires my lay.

A thousand answers, each one wrong
An argument in epigrams
A patient prayer, a dreary song
An argument in verse
For you who know the true ones from the shams
And from the fakes
And never yet came under evil curse
Yet she awakes ...

she makes to drown my sorrows in dismay
And drinks the draught that blazes no tears away

My feeble heart will not relent
For many answers, none correct
Or unsigned letters wrongly sent
To drinkers of the juice
Made from ~~exotic~~ fruits by those on islands wrecked
Alone marooned
Beneath the ~~the~~ open sky, beyond the use
Of those who crowned

She seems to take the meaning from my life
Dividing yet the widow from the wife.

More happiness would not be felt
A thousand times in flower-beds
Than would suffice perhaps to melt
The ice around the pool
Where you who have more gardens now than sheds
Than secret rooms
Where a singer stores his voice, plumber his tool
Women their wounds

She knows my love: I pray you gods descend
And make our break, our shattered prayer a mend.

At last I find my heart is grown
Too callous for the camouflage
That makes the skin conceal the bone
And summons up the blood.
But blood will ever make my heart pulse large
With bridal heat
For you who know the living from the dead
And miss from next.

She faltered in the field of corn a mile above the road
In purple cloak and long dark hair she seemed a little sad
And gazing on the greener grass where, maybe, oats were sowed
She felt a weakness in her heart such as she never had.
Her purple hair, and long dark cloak beside her on the ground
~~She~~ She felt undying sorrow for the turning of her fate
The turning of the narrow street into a noisome sound
A cataract where all her fears are thwarted, much too late.
And what a fall from constancy to here, beside a sea
As green as is the unripe corn in which she falters yet
A mile above, and yet below the standard poverty
For ruins. I think her name is Ruth, but I shall soon forget
The purple is the symbol of the regal point-to-point
The regal combatants that spar on arid desert sand
The long dark hair is only, from the position to amount
Her body that's so pale now it never will be tanned.
But like a tree that needs at least two axemen to be felled
My love for her lives ever more, a new ring every year
An apple and an apricot upon her branches swelled
And finally a fleshy lobe upon each wheaten ear.
In purple to sustain her now when shepherds come to rest
And gaze admiringly upon her plenitude of youth
And give their best + come to rest upon the pillow partly pressed
And dream of words that gather herds and soothe the purest breast:
to Ruth.

OR

THE FEASIBILITY OF ORES

BEER = SOAKED

AGGENDA

Bx

RON the WITCH

The Happy-go-lucky take

Nicholas the Tetracuspoid Pakistani

1
Let blue & green go hand in hand
Through time's salt marsh; + try
To separate the pink and white
The rosy dawn from snowy night
The sorry dark from lack of light
Prodigious pie!

Horrendous hand!

Let thing + I go north in north
Through twisted valleys' tongue
To salivated deserted beaches
To adumbrate pre-polished reaches
Scour enamelled stones; she teaches
Prodigal young
Further South

*

Let cows and omen, foot by foot
Explore recesses, vestibules
To speculate on windy stairs
Where Hurricano says his prayers
And sets carot in palisade pairs
On slanting miles
Though more astute

*

Let fields run home + streams run dry
Let drought descend & drown our lives
Let 'indolent' nails dash all
Let screws deflate the punctured ball
Revise our lives and, re'er-do-all,
~~sharpen~~ blunt the knives
(What God would fry?)

*

Let life & death flit softly by
What care I?

*

Let heads cold exchange their views
in times of crying there cries she
These crimes of tying up the maid
Collecting grudges long since paid
Indoing poultry hatchery laid
Are trivial to me,
I shun such news

*

Let thou + thine flit softly by
And pass me now a slice of pie
The fishy wind, the private place
No sanctuary in this glass-case
But why?

The waves of apathy erode
 The swinging corpse, the palinode
 The swaying cross, Sacheverall
 Expectate again

The winds of glory denigrate
 The hero's bones; provariate!
 The canon played re Pentecost
 Exploratory my aim!

The mists of sanity conceal
 The spattered brain, the Cochineal
 of buttered Spain, ballistical
 Expurgatory claim!

The fogs of logic, logic-fogged
 The sharper sight, disaster-dogged
 The wider night, mysterious
 Eschatology swain

The gas of reason suffocates
 The gasping lung which masticates
 The lasting gunge liturgical
 Expositulatory came.

O anarchy thy wind so clear
 Does waft me like a nauseous dream
 Of drowning cars in clotted bream
 Of crooning cows in soggy veer.

The breeze has kept my larder cool
 The rancid foodstuffs, now on ice
 Were practically cowardice -
 ... They played the gooseberry fool

Vasco da Gama was sterile
 Leonardo had no sons
 + this may seem pu-erile
 But I'm threatened by buns.
 And threatened by Portuguese nuns.

The sleeves of crassitude persist
 The arms remain the same
 I cannot tell her what she's missed
 She cannot stomach shame
 She cannot, no she cannot
 She cannot stomach shame.

3
I tied her by her pigpails
And I bound her wrists with chains
(Those shackles which were Ishmael's)
Then I pounded out her brains.
I lashed her to the harpischord
And knotted all the strings pegs
She lay there on the ironing board -
I flattened out her legs.
I crammed her through the letter slot.
The postman creeping nigh
Said "Squeeze here, that's a better spot" -
I bit into her thigh
I'll tennerate her tussil
I'll steal her epiglottis
~~It~~ A violent response'll
Show me where her rot is.

Madam will you walk?

"No I can't - you ~~squeezed~~ ^{squeezed} my hips
Madam, will you talk?

"If I could - you've razed my lips
And still I love her more than all

And still I'd walk a million miles for a smile or an embrace
Enchanting face!

Oh, how I love her more than any
Watch me climb a gross of trees for a tear or for a wink
Let's forge our link!

I leave her in the mornings
(With her head unscrewed for safety
From law + sharpened ~~awnings~~ awnings)
Her bellowings are hefty.

She lurches now with Ishmael
There's nothing she should lack
Save rhymes so, so abysmal -
He split her down the back
At evening lopes she seaward
In odd, five-legged wise

I ~~add~~, keeping to her lee-ward
I crunch her tasty eyes.

As night falls on the cliff-top
I roast her breasts in wine
I love her like no other man
(I store her limbs within a can)
And here concludes my daily plan:
I suck her fleshy spine.

When I consider how my life is spent,
When hair is torn and bosom rent,
And dreary thoughts of half a hundred days
divide my time

And weary recollections of the ways
Of empty life, ~~too~~ man displays
The feelings of a soul that never meant
to grace my rhyme

My rhyme is now untrammelled by the past
And flows and runs in metres slow and fast
I lie bewildered in the buttercups

And watch the sky ^{fall} as it now erupts

Beyond my gaze
While some lone hermit in the forest sups
And lives among the trees, in peace at last,
And heav'nly waup

And though the woodland paths appear serene

And show no trace of where the god has been
These fifty days I've watched in case he stirs
And sees the fire

And on the mortal side of Nature errs
As mortal in his way as she in hers
And she forgets to change the verdant green
And I behold what no have man has seen
And must expire.



THE DECIMAL HEN

Branston

The Bumbler of Service

A. Q. Lung

Dire BT's.

There's crying in Churn and Kashmir tonight
There's wailing and barking in Bath
But silence prevails, for nobody wails
On passion's perennial path

On passion's perennial path sits my love
In poison's pedantic reprieve
And prays as she ponders why nobody wanders
Up to the parsons who grieve

Up to the parsons who grieve did I sidle
Through prison's perpetual passage
Behind the locked gates where Aqueduct waits
For a soothing remedial massage.

Tonnage, wells of rusty teeth
I work it is no accident
That rubble numberplates from Neath
Bismarck the unwed occupant
Of latent buzzards sleeping-bags
Like dismal, suffering, halting, hags
Whose horrid teeth decay,
And hymn the passing day

There's laughter and license tonight on the Lakes

And dancing (debauched) in the Dales.
There's cold baths for all, the short and the tall
For wombats, wild weasels, and whales.

ENVOI

Drawn your partner eight times eight
And bid him ne'er return
Too late.

The death of many men cannot be praised
As the body-littered sea-bed goes to show
As the ocean-deep detritus will unfailingly delight us
While we groan in woe at corpses in the snow.

The death of one and all leaves us amazed
We gape against the coffin flatters by
The fees for father's funeral are frightfully unremunerative
And wailing weasels wearily wander why.

My life is now a knee where shepherds grazed
Where phlox and crooked capucinos grow
Where monks throw bars at naked nuns
Who prance in rats of viscous dough.

To spend one's life submerged knee-deep in Greece
Where fruit and nuts are eaten by the score
Of Sunday saphymatches played with no-balls, bays, and catches
Is certainly if nothing else a bore.

But hold your mouths, and set the lake on fire!
Let loose your ears, and put it out with wax!
Extend your nose - extinguish thus the pyre!
And stash the charred remainder in these sacks

○ terrible racks!

Bicycles everywhere,

Dancing shoes

Pumps that go "pigs!" in the dusk

(the glow-worm moos)

As it noisily chews
Its head.

*

Cows iridesce

Eagles putresce

The universe now putrefactory

Whores' forsy rhymes

(At visiting-times)

Are read

*

Troilus was sacked

My baggage is packed

Cassandra she sake all the cesspit

And sang all the while
Of a far fairer isle

To bed

*

"Lustre of Troy!

You nauseous boy!

We'll send you port-hate to Poland!

Clear up the mess

This emetic excess"

She fled.

As to orientation I've begun a new elite
(Conceivably a rabid eastern yak)
Or else a fetid mongoose bound for Cuba or for Crete
Will you kindly get your hips off my back
And quit my shack.

*

My system is so excellent for ascertaining apes
(My ape-timer is running somewhat slow)
SC. Simian Stylites dressed in 30,000 apes
Will you please remove my handcuffs - I must go.
To let him know.

*

He knows not what is not the road for evanescent toads
(We hear him rattle - Jackson's here)
Who cry "I surely without doubt am fibbing 'bout the loads
Of waxen substance flowing from St. Cyr.
Beyond the weir.

*

ENVOI The water flows like milk,
Tis thicker far than blood
Or aught else of that ilk.
I die with a sultry stund.

A winter day, a Pinter play,
By dint of deep deception
Into a zebra's ear were changed
An insecure inception

A summer night, no number sight
A run of odd titration
Combined in equal quantities
To dissipate the nation.

An autumn noon, of water born
An awkward conceived of concrete
His stubborn wings so badly cast
Of feathers ferro-concrete.

A season rid of reason's ID
were dark from dusk to dawning
And so the year evaporates
In black we stand here yawning.

ENVOI

Summer, winter, autumn, spring
Each passes long ere its end
To equinox and solstice cling
For James is my friend
And, sadly, cannot sing,
Or comprehend.

The untold tenets of a lesser man
Were held **unsmiling** up before the court
And, long before the judge's speech began
I knew the value of what Steerforth taught.

Although of sense my words reveal a dearth
They're anagrams of epitaphs from Ur.
They're culled from crosswords done in Perth
And bibles set in fur.

A noisome gathering of Grecian goats
Who hacked and denuded the doisters
Each singing different unharmonious notes
Like an uncoiled roller-coaster.

An orgiastic conference of nesting pears
Took place upon the 80th of last week
And like a stallion casting out his mares
The fruitbat gave an unromantic squeak

Beneath the crust, four decomposing rats
Were startled by the nuns who came to tea
And furry bibles down their shoes and spats
And leave the rats to Harkness and to me.

I'm living in a block of gothic flats
A sharp and accidental pile (with bats)
And fastnet in my mother's resting place
Where she must wash her sinful feline face,
Which none can see.
Oh, think of me!
And wash more often ...

Decay for teeth that live on bread and cheese!

Reprieve for sweet-toothed men of Atherporth!

The thaw for snow-clad mountains in the north
No colds in winter now for those who wheeze

December brings renewal to the tongue

That tastes no tea; I thought the other tooth

Would bring at least a fleeting glimpse of youth

To wobbling sailors deafened by the ring.

But eaten meals reserve a plangent note
And stomachs sigh with nothing to digest.

Take from your eye the beam - then cast your vote

Against the tyrant who subdues the west.

Thus we who see all knowledge is in vain.

Conceal this fact: our college is in pain.

I have striven all my lives to find the Elixir of Truth
In all the spheres, the B.D.A, the asteroids of Zooth
But wisdom fails me, eyes grows dim, and ~~truth~~ seeking for the truth

Is futile.
Scarcely utile
Most uncouth!

*

I've attempted since my childhood to discover what it is
In all the bright receptacles where Philip Philipies fizz
But no-one tells me where to go, and making for Cadiz

Exhausts me
Eschorts me
In quiz.

*

I'll try tomorrow strenuously to tie up Steersforth's claim
That the parts of whom he seldom sees are every bit the same
As those dead sip the supple soups of in Sopsy Simon's game

But Mark!
The bark
Of fame.

*

Tonight's the night! I'll bite (through spite) the lamp
I'll burn the guy and strike (from grief) the camp
And hisping there again I'll win a game.

~~The~~ Pantechnicon!

Collect it on
Tuesday.

Why isn't it Sunday?



Three Dreams of Prometheus



a happy little VEGIMITE.

Fuzzy Wuzzz

[or wus ee?]

Brahms.

Al. O'She Whistle

The Devon Valley Parchment bore the brunt of her black pen
As she scribbled every day of various gentlemen
Who laud her, nay adored her, as the cockerel the hen.
Who raised his comb to heaven, & counted up to ten.
in Avalon

*

The Glasgow city papyrus was sundered by a gash
Which tore athwart the library and seared it all to ash
Which lies yet on the pavement, amidst the stinking trash
Among the loaves & molins who consider it as cash
to prey upon

*

The Rejvick impertinence is quibbled into by Poe
Who thinks it very likely that there isn't far to go
Before he would begin to rub upon his flannelled toe
Where cats with crissin whiskers burrow far beneath the snow
and Pentagon

✱

Beside these matters nothing seems to count
Beyond the window gleams the virgin snow
The virgin's rose burns brighter than we know
The tension in the air begins to mount.

2/
The Ugly Furank of Bareth

Had a face of awful size
Compared to Uncle Gareth
He weren't bad

The Ottery Hand

Has a pair of golden eyes
Elliptical and round
Oblivious to sound

The Calm boy Electric

Beneath the table cries
Blue as a robin's egg
An academic's leg.

Three dreams there are within Prometheus' breast

A Pleistocenean eagle

An ostracodermi beagle

He gets no rest.

And wakes to hear the seagull

In its nest

3/
O, leave me not an omnibus

present me not with trains

But just give me an apple tree

A slender slimy apple tree

with budding fruity brains.

*

Whilst making treacle gingerbread

present me not with trains

For fear I'll take the anglepoise

The stout, the roughened anglepoise
Which glimmers down the drains

*

Let no electric toaster come

present me not with trains

Da deedle eedle do dum da

perum ti tum ti do dum da

until the cans come home

*

Electric playthings I abhor

Oh, train me not with gifts

But show me wisdom's cavity

Samantha's foul depravity

The same that shut the door

Envoi:

Although it's not a lock I can't undo
I left the rusty key inside my shoe.

Many were they who bowed beneath her shades
And laddell'd lumpy porridge
(The very best, from Norwich)

in soporific glades
and inestimable shades
Few were there who had not come to weep
Or sing a song of sadness for the pope.

! !!
Fortunately the Duke * of Castle Linge
Who, luckily, was strung up by a strige
From which I ever cringe

My veal forever boiled
(So hard the workers toiled)
The ~~the~~ Ducal kitchen aged
All Babylon ablaze
Each door & window sundered from its hinge.

*
The beams were dark & hairy as they hung across the door
The spider lurked impatiently thereby
And spectres, hags & werewolves materialized from
the floor

As on the screen
sublime (but mean)
We saw the truth that blinds the wakeful eye.

And organizes satire in the sky

The sky?

at

5/
Another brick and all will be as black

As eyes of coal in dark Cimmerian night

And though I've taught you, I have been as slack

As a sack on the back of a green plastic mac
Dresden white.

Turn not upon the octopus in rage

Lest he retaliates with awful ire

And though I've ruled him, I am like a page

Torn from the spine & thrown upon the fire

The cold t'assuage.

Another crack; the aquarium must be

A different vision of eternity

And though I sought it, order comes to me

Through unexpected serendipity

Sweet peace

I die upon the morrow: let me be

The morn for thee will be eternity

My coffin be the Nebula above

~~A~~ Entfolded once again in heaven's love

The Key to Seduction

by

Rheinish excreta

The Porcelain Postman

The Proto-Lady of Surinam

88a
My shirt is pure as christian shoes: and yet
I am no clairvoyant, for my shoe is not a boot

My teeth are semi-precious, a fact that I regret

And through my hunting-jacket, if I fire

A toothy grin, I see my bullets hanging by a wire

Attempting to distinguish an ostrich from a cost.

My baggy hat and *crimson dancing-pumps

Provide discomfort for the Finns & those from further south

Away the Basques, whose blouses, full of lumps

Bedevil the directors of the play.

But the posters now on glorious display

Deny the king of Southern Greece the ownership of mouth.

My collar gives no inkling of my craft

My canine teeth are lacking, though I still possess a mouth

Although you may not think so, you runs that never laughed

Your habits changed for sequined underwear

And your wimples for a capstan on your hair

Where sailors in hell-bottoms blow the Lutine trumpet: South!

My tie is drawn from ancient eastern myth

To immortalize a pencil, to embalm a fountain pen

To draw aside a scrubbed veil and show the words of pith

To those who can appreciate canals

With punt-poles pierce your gaily boated pals!

A Bailey-bridge for polish goatherds then!

Sartorial surmise

A bandage for your eyes

A latitude of lies.

Devon valley partridge in a great green growth

pear-trees clothe the nudeness of the glebe

Arum likes wallow like a sleek-sheened sloth

that angers the trombonists of Antibes.

Beri-beri for the children of the same!

Hari-kiri is the Tailor's aim!

Sowing fields of fallow with a large blue seed

a glaucous gamete glowing in the glade

Undernourished warblers in the long, lone reed

that puzzles all the flautists of Belgrade.

Harum-scarum lies the new cummerbund

Karakorum is the place I shunned!

Sewing seems a waste of time - my future fatness past
by clothes are just an attitude of mind

Rivulets of Runnymede cascade through my cravat

and Nelson falls upon the Golden Hind

Hankie-pankie, matching shirt and tie

Monkey, donkey, which of these am I?

Capulets of Catalan, their fustelars in rags

Capulate in Cataplectic states with summer wine

Stipulate or sterilize the foremost vestal hags

Zippering up their zygosporos, in mantels that were mine

Stopping for a plate of soup, when eldritch ardours sags

And dropping in for sherry, at a quarter past nine.

Picay-wicay! Shouts the feral vest

Jarlsberg! cries the sock

And falls to rest

Thoke!

Three bigamists in shorts

Five metaphysicists of stunted growth

Eleven second generation bigamists in pin stripe suits

Seventeen geraniums, the gods of heaven to invoke

THOKE!

Linge!

A pocketful of eyes

More overdressed women than I can house

Infinitude of unpretentious choristers in hats

A kettleful of apple-cores, the sort that nobody can singe.

LINGE!

Blot?

A king that drinks no milk

Eight point seven counties doing stunts

A fraction of a flautist trying nine times seven scales

A bushel of old dirty lingerie reeking of what can be nothing but amaranth.

BLOOT?

Blot no more the surmy thoke that fencils on the breen!

Nubber scowk the attabuck, whose lumley peeldes green

... By grasshopping pluck and sorely dobe are only lyly seen,

oh! greckly skirm the mandringotes that purstle and pureen

What does she mean?

If we plant a rhizome, will it grow a tree of light?

If we light a candle, will the sun flare bright?

Are these things connected, as the sleeve is to the arm?

Are we all invited to the picnic at the farm?

Sheep devoured our ravians, and my trousers, ill-informed
were eaten by a sandwich, as the plates were being warmed

Do these things forewarn us of the terrors of the chase?

Will I need spiked running shoes to stay the hateful pace?

The race is run, all time is lost, and leaves are scattered far

Down among peculiar folk whose ties are made of tar

Will singing rain descend to mar the party in the park?

Will I need a raincoat? Are there lifebelts in the ark?

Or will you give me swimming-lessons, teach me how to float

Instruct me in the art of being made to walk the moat?

Ape ~~thru~~ the boorish tailor ~~to~~ crying 'Man, I dig your weeds'

Mimic Persian carpet-men who squawk their wretched creeds!

If we plant my slippers in a shoe tree shall they grow?

If we shoot a rabbit, will it stop the falling snow

Will it melt the ice ~~ampoules~~, or forestall the next monsoon?

Will it help to ~~send~~ unwanted clothing to the moon?

If we sanctify the moon, what dew will shroud our lawn?

What funeral garments are you claiming to have worn?

What ectoplasmic halo descends upon the vale

What helicopter embryos lie pickled in the pail?

If I breathe out quickly, will it scour the airy plain?

Let top-hatted footruses, (NO MUMBLING!) explain!

For everything's connected: the ~~the~~ doormat to the wig

And ~~the~~ felt-boots to electricity.

But nothing to the pig!

There's methods in my sanity; but not in my attire

My finger-tips are swathed in swaddling socks

And my elbows painted purple for no reason known to man.

Lyre, locks, Milan.

There's time for my tranquillity, but not in such tight shoes.

My toe-nails grow away, as if a frog

Were lodged there, and an athlete in my throat

Booze, bog, or boat.

There's truth in tesserecknny; but garters lack that style

And varicose verrucas dog the foot

It's harder, wearing shin pads, to seduce Medusa's wife
Raped, rabid, rife

*

Here, at the sea's edge

There is a considerable drop from the top of the cliff.

When I consider how my life is spent
My conscience ~~shinks~~ away -

You see, I have no moral bent
For working all the day

When I remember what we used to do
^{while following the book}
It seems that all ~~the~~ I ever knew
Was captured in a look

When I imagine what the clouds will hide
A fever clouds my thought

^{Forgetting which, of time + tide}
... my hands are tied and caught
When I am sorry for the things I did
And wish I'd never done

For all the mischief that I did and hid
The many wrongs begun,

What cleverness or coaxing can conceal
In fathomless array

The bruises that ~~an angry~~ an angered man can deal
Both blue and grey.

What mindlessness, stupidity can do,

^{Dichotomy delays}
To tell; and things I know are never true
I wish I could erase

And all the Heavens shall know of my guilt
And all of the gods will be there at my trial
Bickering foolishly - such is their style
Gored with a sword which is sheathed to the ~~tip~~ hilt.

Für
Elise

June the Third

In honesty, I must confess, that death is not for me.
It's not the balm to soothe my mind, to calm my troubled breast
It's not the sleep my soul requires, for I shall need no rest
As there before my lover's eyes I know what none can see
And see what none can know to be, within my brain oppressed.

My brain is balm to those who know that balm is not to be
My troubles are but not-existent thoughts do those who know
That ribald charm and feckless lust will overcome the foe
That fables the land and fables the coast that borders on the sea,
And rends apart the scorching air where navigates the crow.

I wish I were a duppid crow, to soar above the land.
To purify the pallid snow with splendid sombre black
To dedicate a purple glow to those who lustre lack,
And burn again the feeble folk whom none but starlight tanned.
Run forth! Run hard! for I am nigh and hard upon your track!

Run, Jason, Run!

Run, & flee beyond my reach, or else I needs must kill
Whoever dares deny that I am not unfit to reign.
And I fear to use my dagger, I would rather bring no pain
To those to whom to leave alone it is my only will,
For I am not a ruler, nor a prince, but just a ~~swain~~ swain

My anger is irrational, a random element
My error geometrical, my justice worth no fig.
My worry now is infinite, as lofty bough to twig
And then again my sympathies are not so easily lent.
Just as my hair's less lendable than yours, which is a wig.

Oh, would I were a little dove, whose song were sweet and pure,
That purifies the organ loft with sultry summer coo
Then I should do no evil deeds that I would need to rue
Nor propagate malignant ills that have no other cure
Now, flee my clutches, shun my grasp: I want no hold on you:

Flee, Jason, Flee!

Relent, O clear One, gaze into my eyes,
Repent the words you never meant to say
Heed nevermore those forgotten lies
And let us learn to live another way.

To live, yet not to die, is now our aim
Or if to die then not to suffer long;
To suffocate within these walls of shame
For wrongs we did that were not ever wrong.

We did sweet nothings as the evening drew
Upon us then, and wrought us through with fire.
The coming rain-clouds seemed to us anew.
But then you left me tangled in the wire.

I swore aloud at your receding form
My head sank to my hands, my mind was lost.
And at the climax of the thunderstorm
Into the crack of time, my thoughts were tossed.

Then like a mindless jester, I was scorned
I wandered by the docks, towards the sea
And as the cataclysmic sunrise dawned
I watched the ships roll seaward, from a tree.

Thus you find me now a sorry wight
So come into my branches now, my sweet
Illuminate me with your cheering light
And we can serve to guide the homing fleet.

So gaze and bring me back once more to life
Relent, let anger never find its way.
Let no-one else reveal the sharpest knife,
Repent the words you never meant to say.

Now, my love, I go
The sails, the tiller call,
Prepare: and always know
That I shall be your bier, and you my pall.

GOETHEDÄMMERUNG

by

der Brausekönig von Bayern

Posaunenwald

Hummel

Vor dieses Tür ich stande nur
Und blickte staunend auf meine Uhr
Ein Igel kommt dabei
Du bist die Benzins Ei
Die Mutter meines Katers sei
Ein alter Autobus, der fuhr
Zu Wolfgang's Bäckerei.

Vor diesem Hause standen wir
Und sagten schnell 'Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier',
Posaunen hab' ich gern
Die Igel sich vermehr'n
Und folgen jetzt dem Herrn,
Der gibt das Schmetterling zu dir
Du weichst auch so fern.

Jetzt liegt der alte Strauss im Bett
Das Geistgeschenke ist zu nett—
Ich gehe lieber nicht hinaus
Sonst werd' ich sterben wie ein' Maus
So feucht und weiss — geschmiertes Haus
Ich scheu' das teure Lazarett
Ich scheu' den klugen Strauss.

Das Morgenandacht war so schlecht
Ich scheu' den überfeuchten Hecht!

TWILIGHT OF GOETHE. Before this door I stood now And looked in astonishment at my wrist-watch. Along came a hedgehog. You are the petrol-egg; May the mother of my tomcat be An old motor-bus which drove To Wolfgang's bakery.

Before this house we stood And said rapidly "One, two, three, four". I like trombones, The hedgehogs multiply, And now follow the man who gives the butterfly to you However far you may yield.

Now the old ostrich lies in bed The spiritual donation is too nice. I would rather go outside Or else I will die like a mouse So damp and white — buttered house. I shun the expensive infirmary, I shun the clever ostrich.

The morning service was so bad, I shun the unduly damp pike.

"HAVE ONE ANYWAY"

OR

Come on* bare

BY

Sheridan Trifale

Mabel the Angel

* N.B.

COMPARED TO THE PEOPLE OF BARRY
MOST SCOTSMEN & ENGLISHMEN TARRY

THEY WAIT IN THE CHURCH
AS IF LEFT IN THE LURCH
BY MAIDENS RELUCTANT TO MARRY [ED.]

1
Why, tell me why, do the Welshmen all repent?

Where, I asked them where, is all your money paid?

Who found the moral of the story, when I went

To make Litotes scarcely small, to score Laetolus' maid?

This was the question on the burgomaster's lips

As he watched the passing staysails of 1000 countless yachts

Helen was his mistress, she who launched a million tips

Where the Norwegians stray in Scotland while the helpless Welshman rots
in puddles in my liver where the cocher spaniels swim

I poured viscous yellow coffee till I'd filled it to the top

+ when it ~~started~~ fell, cascading, out of each & every limb

Why, the arms could not but wriggle, and the legs could not but hop.

Why, tell me who, made the collier's epic end?

How, tell me now, can I find my long lost aunt

Where are the fragments, the pretty verses penned

Where is the man who cried "I can, I must, I shan't!"

There were the findings of the Outlandseman of Rhyl:

Here are the writings of the dead man's final poem

"I was a miner, & miner am I still

... I was a minor, but now I've come ^{back home} ~~of age~~

Aged as an astronaut, illiterate as yet

I'm majoring primarily, a wratrus for my room

It hit my favourite plumber + embedded in the vet

A putrefying artefact from Montezuma's Tomb.

Humble Welsh illiterates - + what a feeble joke!

I've bought a brand new bandersnatch, a piglet in a sack.

My verse has got to finish now: contrite because Penelope

We cannot quit this lay just yet, a punchline still we lack

Take that!

And Scat!

2
If I were a cube of sugar so fine
I'd stay out on the tiles so late
I'd care not that the moon did shine
like a luminous pea on the edge of my plate

If I were a bowl of asparagus soup
like gone seeds I'd blossom + crack well
I'd fly like vultures from their coop
like tyrannous ogres attempting to scratch a l.

- Only Beecham not around the forest fire
Terminus! he cried. We knew he was a lawyer.

If I were a bunch of geraniums pink
I'd show my lot in the windy box
I'd show them I know what to think,
Unlike the disgusting gregarious phlox.

But hush! what varicose gardener through yonder greenhouse tramps
Switching off the gooseberries + switching on the lights
Pruning down the cabbages, and scaling all the heights
By sybantic stairways, + raga muffin ramps
By what dark bloody maund'ings does he rouse the ire of vamps
Whose piano-playing sparkles like nothing in a jar
The door's ajar - but there's nothing in that.
He scales a wall - in Wales a scrawl of 'Sallywags are scamps'

If I were a fish in a fishpond of gauze
I'd rush through the streets of the town on all fours
I'd dash in at windows + I'd rush out of doors
+ ~~seize~~ seize all the wealth of the world in my jaws

Envoi'. The jaws of despair sound the knell of my fate
At Jezebel's doors I am doomed to be late.

3
The Muse, alas, has left my mind a blank,
+ so my ~~stale~~ tale will be fabula rasa

I have no goddess now whom I may thank
My supernatural hopes all rest with NASA

The prunes, alas, have left my body whole
+ so no nurse can succeed my digestion

I thank the doctor now with all my heart
But who will thank my heart? Aye there's the question.

And who will dare to play the better part
The leading role defeats all listnerics
The history of the enigmatic Vole
Reduces me to purposeless mnemonics.

The ~~girl~~ ^{girl}, alas, has left my feet awry,
My features turn to red + back to white
My feathers barked up far into the sky
I spent a most uncomfortable night.

A night so painful, so abstruse
My features turned from puce to puce
My feather bed took up the strain
+ sieved my dreams; no more remain

No floors remain to tell this tale
Translate ~~to~~ ^{no} envois into Braille
I feel a fool but cannot fail
to mollify the Muse

The Muse, alas, has left my mind a blank.

TODAY:

A MEMORY

by

The Voice of Percival

O. Terrible Ostrich

WITH THANKS TO:

SID

Ronald in Agency
Don Quixote

ARTHUR R.

Things Crucified
Sooty & Sweep

THE UMBRA CORE

IRON

LUCY

Mendacious Henry
S.A. Häuser

No tree I saw within the forest's shade
Nor furrow ploughed within the meadow's span
Reclining on a stump I saw a maid
Who cried aloud "the farmer must be paid!"
She cried in fiercer tones than any human can

*

No harp I heard in deep orchestral pit,
Nor bass trombone within the dark abyss
Reposing on a gate I heard a twit
Who whispered softly "let the pyre be lit!"
He whispered far more quietly than any cat can hiss.

*

As the bindweed to the honeysuckle, I twine you now about
As the beetle tried to tell you, you must twirl around and shout
As randy as the Rubicon, no further in than out
But don't blame me!

I saw no tree!

As the slingshot to the giant now I hurl you to the sky
As pleasant as the lion's mouth, I beg you now to cry
As hopeful as the ~~Holocaust~~ Hippocraust, no sadder he than I
My heart's a horse
I've run my course.

*

No tree I saw, nor murky mushroom spied
No archer firing shots at distant bulls,
The forest spread before me, broad and wide
With cabbages and pears on either side
The cabbage-sprite he pushes whereas the pear-god pulls.

*

No harp I hurt, nor cringing cornet kicked
Nor flute ~~scattered~~ scattered to the wind
~~nor oboe~~
~~No telly did I loudly~~
No sandwich ~~did~~ I softly chewed, ~~or~~ licked
Nor braved the Scot nor spurned the irate Pict

*

Oh Joy! I've seen a tree, and heard the plangent harp
Befurrowed field, orchestral orifice!
My bliss is now complete, ~~ecstatic~~ ecstatic, sharp
As succulent as Lethe's tender kiss.
Death's sting could never sweeter be than this.

I've Got to Fast for fourteen days
To feed the Lutine flame
I shelter from the sun's intrepid rays
And hum your name.

*

I've hidden Roger's Treasure in the aisle,
To wait for time's demise
I cringe away from any fate but lisle
And breathe your sighs

*

My Gallic theory's fit for none but me
To muse in mood forlorn
My garment torn,
In growing corn the truth of time I see,
The rose has been deflowered by the humble bumble-bee.

With honey on his knee-joints
With mud-larks in his hair
His eyes like silver pinpoints
He breathes the elusive air,

He flies from stubbly meadows
And flits from plant to ~~leaf~~^{bud},
The debtor now is dead, owes
No more than you, My Lord

His name may not be uttered
His voice may not be heard
The Lutine candle guttered
The Hippocraust had stirred.

*

I've gone to slow for forty weeks
To kill the Lutine calf
I wander where the judge his lover seeks
To make him laugh.

*

ENVOI: Laugh loud and long, who dares betray his heart
He laughs too low who scans the better part
Of what we now lament. My sterile art
~~affords~~ ~~affords~~ me now no scope, no time to start
But space enough to end....

When I consider how my life is spent,
Among the trappings of the saddler's trade
Among the silent leathers, by the fire
As harnesses^{all} for the Queen are made,
And leather gauntlets for the ageing sire
And ~~stiff~~ half-horse stockings for the jailer's niece,
I stop to think where my dreams all went,
I long for life to start, my sleep to cease
*

If you propose a format for my life
Dictate what trade is best for me to learn
Suggest the place where I can try my skill
Reveal to me what thought cannot discern
What films of false "elastic" cannot fill
The empty space where Vacuum weeps alone
And Nature sleeps, abhorring Vacuum's wife,
In honeyed words the strains of love intone
*

Tell me now what schemes you have in mind
And I to you my story shall relate
A story of extractions and disdain
That make the mangled matrix of my fate.
And would you blush for secrets left untold?
And having blushed, would blushing start again
And would you leave your thermos in the cold?
Oh do not leave, you know my love is yours
You know your lust for beer has no cures



**THE
PRUNE
DETECTOR**

AND
WALLABIFEROUS KIN

BY : *the Field Marshall*

Convolvulus
SAUNDERS

Grass may grow beneath your feet
And hair may grow above them
Between the ~~two~~ I hear the beat
Of happy hearts that love them

For hearts that quicken at the sight
Of staring eyes and faces
And hands that struggle for the right
To see: I tread these spaces
(Cold + forsore, mapless, lame)
In search of broken bodies
I seek to fill the open frame
+ maybe learn who God is.

Oaks and birches branching high
Like heaven to the grasses
Conceal the corn in which I lie
From any bird that passes

For eyes that melt before a leaf
Or blush when autumn weather
Weaves from trees a garland wreath
Which we, so supple, grow beneath
I forge my oaten tether.

Hanging fruits and pinkish corn
In angel gardens flourish
The grass that grows upon the lawn
In loamy death must nourish
Every seed and every weed
That feeds ~~the~~ forsaken bodies
I'll play the game: the open frame
Predicts infernal radiis.

2
My sheets are torn, my blankets gone, my bed's no more a home
Than anybody's back yard or the alleys where I roam

I live the night

She's dressed in white - I know I'll find her soon

The walls are cracked, the beams are breaking, scaffold holds the roof

But no holds has her pilgrimage - she holds herself aloft

From all of us

She makes no fuss - I know I'll find her soon.

The carpet's stained, the oven dirty - rats infect the ladder

My life was easy once, and yet each minute it grows harder

I can but try

If she'll stand by - I know I'll find her soon.

The left of my effects was but a pebble on the beach

The return of my lost dignity is all that I beseech

The gift of mind

If she's inclined - I know I'll find her soon

If she's inclined I'll find her soon and bring her to my home

I'll show her all the pictures in my photographic tome

Yet uncoupled

Though she roam wild - I know I'll find her soon

If she refuses me ~~that~~ I'll ~~stand~~ buy a ticket to a play

And be myself the audience, and act without delay

So firmly turned

With her in mind - I know I'll find her soon.

My map is useless - nobody can help decode the rune.

She turns towards the mountains now the moon

Floods fields with silver with her age-old tune.

She's dressed in white - I know I'll find her soon.

And now I rest
 On native clay
 I did my best
 To keep a steady mind
 To ride upon the gushing tide of day
 I bore what passengers seemed happy on my raft
 I fed them with what victuals I could find
 And told them of my craft
 (As if they couldn't see for themselves!)
 What troubles fraught my brow
 Upset my shelves
 And now
 I rest.

4
He lives in high places, he lives in law
And seldom, so seldom they meet
They could have agreed that the matter should end
With the vigorous tramping of feet
The feet of the go between, bringing the seal
To fasten their love, and to end
The passing of hours so slow,
The passing of hours unreal.

She dwells in the mountains, and he by the sea
And seldom, so seldom they kiss
If only they'd spoken and tried to arrange
A means of de-coding their bliss
A word to unweapon their arms
A charm to re-burnish the range
To restore the leaf to the tree
Restoring his life to her charms.

He is so earthly, she soft as air
They meet, and passion released
Bris both of their hearts, though they wish them to merge
In the love that's as good as a feast.
But neither will start till the gods have said grace
And the chorus recited the dirge
For ever the clothes that they wear
Encumber their passionate pair.

Can any love account for such a scene?
The ~~the~~ tubby towers of passion start to lean
And end this lovers' balance, so serene.
Forget what's done. Believe what might have been.

THE *OPEN* FRAME

OR

The Plum-pudding Ocelot....

BY

W. Andrews

Top fan mer hee

FOUR MONTHS' HARD LABOUR

The open frame
I saw, and thought to be
My plastic friend.

Another game

I learnt to play, to see
Each man defend

His threatened mind
(O Mind! what greater thing

Than there is man's

Desire to find

The orbit of the ring)
Then other hands

Lay hold upon
The nameless rainbow-tie -
The weaver falls,

The star has shone;

The empty, shattered sky
Once sunny, palls

So now the frame is full and we have learnt
The tragedy of trees
My pen will soon be dry, this page be burnt
The ashes scattered in the blue-eyed breeze.

2
Strings untuned and softer music
Never led my heart astray,
Only words or simple silence
Ever led me on to violence,
Ever shaped this solemn play.

But when morning with its fragrance
Sifts the air among the trees,
Then what silent, secret magic
From the woodlands' dark magic
Brings me down upon my knees!

That subtle song my soul suffuses
(These are sounds you may not sing)

And in me then a wistful striving
Wounds the heart beyond reviving
And lifts me up on seaward wing.

Up, up, I go, nought else desiring
But to see and smell the shore
To find rare shells and pick up pebbles.
And how my joy expands, nay trembles,
When I find some iron ore!

And with this iron I work so skilful,
Flute and lyre to thwart the rebels
An aluminium violin!
A horn of zinc, a harp of tin!
Afloat I cast them - now the old'll
Wash away their ceaseless din!

From trackless memories of song expands
 A solemn history of the unknown lands,
 More distant climes. At length I shall proclaim
 What destiny befell the men of flame.
 Now fly we closer to review these shores:—
 At sea the headless earman plies his oars;
 The chaplain enters in the cloister dim
 And lighting the candles, drones a doleful hymn—

He'd sing forever thus. But evening raves:
 The dashing bats cry out in echoing caves,
 In shades of gloom the darkling lizards flit;
 Amid the wailing of wives the pyre is lit:
 The heretics are burnt, just as the king ordained,
 And on the shore the captives are chained—
 The golden summer nights descend in snows;
 And still, at sea, the headless earman rows.
 Before the scarlet sacrificial Gem
 The singing chaplain and the priests condemn
 An old misguided hypochondriac:
 He screams with sickening curses, turns his back,
 Throws to the sky with all its hateful stars
 The broken promise like a shattered vase
 Fair Rosalind repairs it (for a fee)
 And sees her lover swinging from a tree
 She knows that with this man died all her hopes.
 The phantom hunter, scaling mist-wreng slopes,
 Begins his nightly hunt; in sordid prose
 The chaplain sings, and as the darkness grows,
 The candles are blown out, the priests decree:
 "Sad men of flame, your sentence is to be
 No better than the Tyrant of Nepal's;
 On distant peaks the twilight huntsman calls:
 An anguished minim, long-drawn semibreve
 For shrouded captives who can never leave.
 And as the chaplain shuts each creaking door
 His lips are silent and will sing no more.

The Elitist

WITH

The Explanation

by

Apollonius of Rhodes

C. G. Bainbridge

When I consider how my life was spent
Exploring islets of the seas of chance.
When I consider how my heart was rent
By vegetable love: such twining plants
 to grow along the beach
 And ply their stems
And grow beyond my reach,
 As love condemns.

*

Yes when I think on things as sad as these.
My conscience melts like butter in the pan
I weep for loss - the words lost on the breeze
In tempest-torn tornadoes may not scan
 Perhaps they were not said
 Perhaps no tongue
 Their distorted sense could wed
 To psalms unsung.

*

But unsaid words do not elucidate
The fields of sense. O, metric citadels
That stand alone with single open gate
Ring out into the dark some wilder bells,
 They ring within a dream
 As if in pain.
But listen! Now they seem
 To answer, and
 Explain: —

Explanation
A CRITIQUE

by
Beau Thai
Bund C.

1a
A moment's quiet reflection
Must show that I am right
In stressing our enchantment
I undermine our plight

A question of an evening
A fragment of a song
May emphasize our rightness
But show you're wrong.

It follows from this premise
This house of ill-repute
A domus with a promus
A chair without a seat

Unthinkable cessation
Unbearable disdain
A moment's explanation
Is all that will remain.

For after all, you must admit, the Arquebus is gone
 No steam engine here has been found to solder on
 Nor can you doubt, my lad, the Duke of Gloucester's name is John
 But what has happened since?

I couldn't help it, after all, I'm really not to blame
 The culprit is the Rhymer with the C in every name
 These poems are no different from the Fathom - we're no shame
 We feel no need to wince

For after all, you must agree, the authors are the same
 The rules remain unaltered; the umpire's left the game
 The lines are written thusly in the same alternate frame
 It matters not who cheats

I couldn't help it if the marmoset became a swan
 If Buddha's eye as you & I had shattered as it shone
 If Margelet looks madder, well, the Welder's looking wan,
 We've kept them off the streets.

O, heredith, my soul is running out
 The sands of time are covered by the tide
 ... That washes all my memory with its waves
 And leaves me clean as one who never lied

And all my twenty lives are as but one
 My twenty hearts in crystal counterpoint
 ... And all my dreams ~~within~~ within a single mind
 In happy harmony the skies anoint.

upon a shipless ocean I have sailed
 And phosphorescent waters have I seen
 And I have dreamt of a thousand stalks in flight
 A metaphysicist clad all in green.

And twenty thousand beaks have pecked the walls
 Of trackless youth, and battered down the cage
 That holds my soul protected from the world
~~And~~ singing citadels of artless age.
 And

O, heredith, my soul is at its ebb
 The waters of contagion iridesce
 And on deserted beaches, stranded now
 Are husks of untold truths we cannot guess.

*

ENVOI

The silent cries of antelopes that men have never found.
 The beer-soaked tome of poetry upon my ^{ground} burial ground.
 The magic flights of dream gazelles that haunt my failing sight:
 I laid to rest a rhizome, and it grew a tree of light!

The Lutine forest now is felled, and corn grows in its place

But still the sea is heard as night comes down

And in the dark I seem to see some long-lost lover's face -

She used to have a name. In purple gown

She gleaned the fields of truth, such was her ~~gentle~~ tender grace.

She turned her tender heart from me, left in me a space

And turned away the scholar from the clown.

*

My exile is a broken back, a body less a spine

My life a useless thread of nightspun days

My soul is like a shattered vase, a bottle without wine

A bladeless oar, a cycle out of phase.

Created have I nothing, I have left unworked the mine

I cry alone for rabbits: let the honeysuckle twine

About me now, in cruel unspiralled ways.

*

In desert sand to irrigate we could appreciate

The methods not attempted for so long

By weeping washerwomen by the lake to irrigate

The meeting we postponed from going on

We hurried past ~~the~~ our destiny, we feared we would be late.

My sins are none, and none my ~~deeds~~ deeds - I cannot expiate

Your eaten bodies, purple cloak to don.

*

The ships in which explorers came, a legion lost to life

Have crossed the far horizon, off the page

... And those not dead from survey were all victims to the knife

Their tired souls remain upon the stage.

The masts are bare save tattered sails, my fear before the life

The miniaturist mates the mole, the wombat was his wife.

The open frame is open still, but locked and barred my cage.

List of titles

after Katie's first(?)
contact ~~less~~ appointment
(within a couple of
days?)

- | | | | | | |
|--------|----|---|---|---|------------|
| 3.VI | 1 | Für Elise | [June the Third] | 2 | T, P |
| 4.VI | 2 | "When I consider..." | - - - - - | 4 | T, R, P, K |
| 7.VI | 3 | To Ruth or The Selfsame Song | - - - - - | 4 | T, R |
| 8.VI | 4 | Helical symposium ... (We of the Southern region) | | 3 | T, P |
| 16.VI | 5 | Perhaps the Laundry Laments [Lake Garda, 18. VII 73] | | 5 | N, R |
| 7.VI | 6 | The Decimal Hen (Branston, The Bumbler of Senile, A.Q. Lung, Dire BT's) | | 8 | R, P, T, M |
| 5/6.VI | 7 | Henry's Lay (J.S. Bath, Ludwig van Washtain) | | 3 | R, T |
| 1.VI | 8 | Goethe dämmerung (Der Brausekönig von Bayern, Posaunenwald, Hummel) | | 1 | R, T, P |
| | | (2 translations, 1 by P one by KN) | | | |
| 15/8 | 9 | The Nose Library — Halley's Vomet | (Jedgarlapetsweeper, Pluto, & Yet More) | 4 | R, T, M |
| 16/8 | 10 | The Cider Apple [Shelley the Years Above] | (The Sweet Colonel, The Incurable Mosquito, St. Ono, Lorelei) | 2 | P, T |
| 17.VI | 11 | The Open Frame | [The Rumpudding Ocelot] (Mr. Andrews, Topfan mer Hee) | | |
| | | | Four Months Hard Labour | 3 | P, T |
| 17.VI | 12 | The Key to Seduction | (Rhenish Excreta, The porcelain postman, The protolady of Syriam) | 5 | R, T, P |
| 18.VI | 13 | Why isn't it Sunday [3 dreams of fromethous] | (The Happy Little Vegenite, Fuzzy-Wuzzy (or was ee?), Brahms, A.G. Dache whistle) | 5 | RTGF |
| 22.VI | 14 | Untitled ("Explorers We...") | | 6 | RPTA |
| 24.VI | 15 | The Prune Detector & Wallabiferous Kin | (The Field Marshall, Convolvulus, Saunders) | 4 | RPT |
| 24.VI | 16 | Today: A Memory | (The Voice of Percival, O. Terrible Ostnib.) | 2 | AT |
| 26.VI | 17 | or The Feasibility of Orbs, Beer-Soaked Agenda | | 3 | PR |
| 28.VI | 18 | "Have One Anyway" or Come on Bare | (Ron the Witch, The Happy Go Lucky Kate, Nicholas the 4-cuorid Pakistani) | | |
| | | | (Sheridan Trifle, Mabel the Angel) | 3 | RA |
| 28.VI | 19 | Explanation, A critique | (Beau Thai Bund C.) | 2 | RA |
| 29.VI | 20 | The Elitist with The Explanation (≡ 19) | (Apollonius of Rhodes, C.G. Bainbridge) | 3 | PT |

7. Henry's Lay
10. The Cider Apple
14. Decimated Coinage
4. Helical Misconduct
- 2a. When I Consider I
5. Perhaps the Laundress Laments
9. The Nose Library
3. To Ruth
17. Beer-Soaked Agenda
- 2b. When I Consider II
6. The Decimal Hen
13. Why isn't it Sunday
12. The Key to Seduction
- 2c. When I consider III
1. Für Elise
8. Goethedämmerung
18. Have one anyway
16. Today: A memory
- 2d. When I consider IV
15. The Prune Detector
11. The Open Frame
- 19/10 The Elitist with Explanation