Henry Clay

by

J. S. Bath
Ludwig van Beethoven
Sir, I bear a rhyme excelling
Those of senser, dirge or hymn
Strange in sound, and awkward spelling
Undramatic, uncompelling
Subdued in tone, but never grim.

Nay, who will my mirthfully tale
Shun the epic, prose or ode
Words too earnest blown with braille
Blind remembrance of the grail
The end of their uncovered road.

The road to rhyme is paved with bronze
And spades are the way to Mars
(The second friend was George, of Fons
Rough gravel filled his face,
And Scaviu's towers, rebuild the fields of sense
Which bound the wheaten corn
(Forlorn).

Sirs, I rear a heart bewildered
By the subtle ways of art
Shall I name her Jane or Maudred
As the keeper of the mill did
For he 'gan to shaft.

See, then, Meredith the maid
She of smock, of clog, somnabrous
See the joyous cavalcade
Sequel to the silky, diamond maid,
Emperor, king, and Pharaoh.
The ship aﬂame
we prickers kept
Upon.
Our soles alight
On virtue’s home in Chaldea.

"O Meredith, my soul is running out
The myth so dear to mortals in a lie
Which, told but once, atones the sauerkraut
Whereas carrion is as coinage to the eye
and to the pie"
Beside the line which wanders through the book
There grows a herb of magic—seldom told
And Azimuth has quoted from a book...
A tale of woe whose path is paved with gold

"O Meredith my soul is running in
The int of subtle reason was implored
The working of the wilderness of Zin
Mysterious the ways where Bubble moved,
and grooved"

His gamophane
Was not destroyed
Complete.
Our souls derive
The shepherdess,
So sweet.
Variety may be the spice of life
And plenitude the seasoning of years
But who prefers a combo to a wife
May live to see variety's careers
Down Asial hills to crime's reward below:

Who fears the life is foe.
And in the jail where barbarians wait
Twice loving, living twice within the span
These is a beggar sitting by the gate
Destroying with his knife each passing van
Though rates of alma to any future goal:

The man will make the mole.
And waiting with a jailor or a judge
Is sin enough for he who longs to know
But who prefers a suffering to a judge
Will suffer much come rain or snow
Or death - floods or criminal commonplace;

The foe will judge buffoons.

This be who never varies: in he bin
To she who coincides, each part alike
To sea? Whose brother keening in
Her eyes, see devils; in the dyke
Past drainage's dry culverts, to disguise

The bike whose bin one buys.

ENVOI

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
Even I can sometimes be made sad
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 malvolio's 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 need 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, has 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.

Now, Rosalind, our love is at an end.
Under the cloistered stars think yet of me
Now love is gone, remain no less my friend.
Each grain of sand that passes through the glass
Each cooling drip of wax upon the candle
Releases roasted seconds; growing grass
In flooded fields where drowning cattle pass.
Electrifies me faster than the sand will.

*

The sight of sinking tractors fills my head
Reviving memories once thought forgotten
Of my youth among the cornfields, by the cool
Made vicious by the trappings of my art.
But we were always sadder when the weather was rotten.
O, I was sadder still when she who dressed in cotton
Neglected all the cornfields, and the pig-sties quite expert
Eschewed; her memories are quite forgotten.

*

Crumbling now the oat-house has decayed
Animals therein have made their homes:
There undesired, they will die. The lease repayed
Has not been seen again. And now there roams
About the farm no bastard nor milking maid
Yearning for each other amidst 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 pain
Can bend its sticky way across the loam.
In jolly boats the farmfolk sail the foam
Now heavy-high, now often light, bordered and hard,
going, now their fields flooded, soft stone dries home.
DECIMATED

COINAGE

or

NOT A SECOND THYME

by

Father Wind.
The well-cooked Dane
Colin Ear
Achilles Thorp.

Mother Fab-llab.
explores we, marooned beside the plunging waters bank
We could not stop to argue, for we must leave time to think,
The world has edges, just like us, and we must neither change nor curs
So long as yellow loves not pink.

Our ship abraded a sandbank overgrown with concholine
We could not cause our drinking for the water tastes like beer.
And we, as mixed as leave, alike - for we are neither safe nor sure
That wisdom spoils the drink.

Our boat in sharks, our golden oars are but a sorry shore
Our minds a sullen sight of sands - the relics of a war
Aike bodies broken like a glass, we must we bad ourselves in grass
And watch the bosun sink.

Magellan, come!
And raise my thumb,
But not with tears
For mountaineers
A salty dog
Is better than a sleeping log.

Begone, MacDuff
Voice big way
To banish my night
Or wear my lights
Date rightly so
If only that you didn't know.

Remain, Sir Ankle
To sail the lake
In wooden boat
(Tugged by lands)
All clays and more
Defends our treasured shore.

I beg you, sir,
Give me your part
And she will hers.
Oh pull up your braces and pluck up your teeth
Teeth that I cared so bad

Let the garlic be bought, and the parsley be plucked

Let the damsels be raped and the maidens all sad

Let wimples be wadded and chickens be chucked

And the carpenter imprisoned in Mayo or Meath.

*

Now strengthen your gorgeous conundrum up your ears
(Ears I attempted to gauge)

Let brackets be scorned (and the intents therein)

By the maniac burblings of George.

The gavel he ached was stolen from Bath

By a secondhand daughter of Lear's.

*

Now bracelets are pulleys and cages here no guns
And winches been made from my limbs

I watched while we [redacted] the negligent graven
And circumcised all his whims

The brain of the [redacted] barley was found in the arm
By the rhapsody worm (what 'ums).

*

The taffy humming-bird burbles, the bumble bee sings
But marmosets carry the prize

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 as it leapt
And smothered us with its rings.
I haven't seen my uncle now for forty thousand years
Columbus was his captain and his king
He breakfasted with Hammurabi, dined with Sunday seres
And always sought the aid of the King

The King was in the country house, a coming through the eye
Bald sailors scudded the deck with asthmatic wigs
While booted ruffians soared on leaden wings throughout the sky
Cawing never deeper in the wings

And much bedabbled now the web suspended from the tree
The spider had expired a tiny note
Too big to be a bedbug, much too small to be a bee
Yet, in the sudden trembles did he die.

My rhymo's gone all gong at the humming of the dawn
The command is lighter than the gong
The weeping willow drowns in tears an unfraughting dawn
And soon expires the golden, hazy hour.

It all comes down to symmetry, there symmetry is high
The Delta wings its way to foreign climes
And seek on the brink so deep, the waterpeak so high,
Weeping softly for his love (betimes)

It all soaks down to the quill from the rill,
Where God has made his nest of grooves in logs
And darkly dinkled over Bradley's bile
And God in bed can beg a bomb from dogs.

"Good Gracious! cried the parson shaking out his tousy horse,
"A mote, a midge, a bumble-bee, how richly it all grows!"
He glanced around him smut crityly it quickly touched his ears
And bang! - hey presto! - one, two, three - he vanished up his nose

Painfully slowly.
"... And go make Orpheus your king
And do not grieve his lyre's hair
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 sail
In silent woods, wherein the rooster crows,
And women wait with oaks her reports
While every man dispels

or casts

And make Columbus your Queen
And do not fly on wings that melt
For love is hardest when the sun,
Like butter on a half-crossed lanes
...Preserves the rhododendral sheen

It held

And you my lore shall be the praise!
The charming prince whose beauty sleeps
Between Columbus' twofold keel
Beyond the murmuring of deeps
Whose waves and petrels wheel...

He spoke no more

And you, my praise shall be my mote!
He spoke a further word:
Columbus in the maker of my soul
In him I trusted
The lady of the mountaintop, red roses in her hair
Was frighted by a thorny lamb, her red hair rose away,
Her face by chance protected, by Castles in the air
The which from 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 hairs by time entwined betrays the much of years
Which no man, be he good or no, endures,
procures, or finds.

The vultures of the airways, the vote-ways underground,
Will know through the alluring wind which caresses up their heads
And listen though they might they hear no atmospheric sound
The which, soprum writhes every Nashville seats

The fathers of the wrong-days (with cornucopias in tow)
Alluede my happiness, incamadue my rose,
I could of course be happy (at least they tell me so)
Transcending all of Tennyson to prose.

The poets of the oceans (with poems on their thumbs).
Ride home by sundry routes, and play their shirts
They strip and lying naked in the sun upon other boats
Their sons are so ungrateful, they yet their attitude is hateful
Transvestites' 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
Bar the pubs! Close down the stills
make an end an end an end
And on until your sleeping pills
Are woken up old John.
Chemist, quiet! Let's putting cease
close down and down and down
Submerged, re-sign she could cease
For the Fisher's crown.

Light no tears! Destroy the rate
And burn the breeder's book
And book the man who hates all cats
And castigate the rook!

Publish the banns! We're still too close
to heed an ominous judge

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

The lawyer is grandiloquent

The judge is far too short

The jury is ventriloquent
This trick's a fake : Ahoy!

Laws, I'm told, are ethically wrong,
Gifs, one never should accept.
But days are short - a night is long
For those who are wise.

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

by

We of the southern region
Falling branches
Brittle limbs of men from favour fallen
Avalanches
Little rhododendron saunou
Do I wave?

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 objects?

Trees of winter
Falling snow on burning coastline
Flaming splinter
Eyeless, silent snowfall dining
Like exiles yearning?

Roots and branches
Broting 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 she mistook
Held more than it could hold
In vain could such as he be hold.

Of cold I would not suffer much
For often I had heard
That he who flees from winter's clutch
And shuns other seasons deeper 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 Sunday other things.
And when the parched noon is wet
He'll not regret
His wasted wings
And fly to where no nettle stings.

End

I thrust

Into my sight the sun that thoughtless tells I must.
O Man! What deeds thou dost within thy prison bound
An isthmus of crustaceous shields, of creatures sevenfold
Which almon wouldst never give, nor ever design to hold
O Man! Thy time within these shades is but a pauly day
The Judge holds to promise now, and difficult the way
Unending pleasantries will not suffice to bring me joy
For I am here to 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 strives and fades the floor
And makes me sick for days on end—the sanitation's poor
The empty more, and going backwards, dreary 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 echoes of echoes, the Hawk of men, the dead
Are all beyond thy reach. The only fate
To standing day by day before the only gate
Awaiting one whose lazy sons outlive
The ground of life. Do more than gulls and sickness give
The triple reed. I live my life in vain
Beside the wind line, without the be-less train
To take me where my life may start again.
when I wonder how my life is spent
my thoughts forget
And if I make a statement of intent
or mild regret
for things, that I have never tend
Nor shall do yet
These words I went:
I calculate, and from my findings new
I shall reveal, and tell both why and how
The only one
Who cannot now
(who isn't sure to see the sun)
To clasp his brow.

And I make a statement of intent
or face the truth
Of letters that I wrote but never send
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, I hope
(recall my song)
That if for long these maidens grope
I'll use my key.

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

The Laundress

Laments

Lake Carda 16 Sept 73
While I was recalling my youth by the sea
I was forcibly struck by this incident,
Cannery the catching of kitty-cats three
And the loathsome procedure concomitant.
The traps had been set for the blockish, whose kin
Were nearly deceived by the bait laid within

The fisherman's roast
To encircle the ocean.
Columbus's aim
The omnibus claim

A cabin for cats for the crewmen to man.
A crab in four minds for the monkeys & crow.
A fish, stands by, and proclaiming my name
Dispatches the family & sends me below.
From dawn in the dungeon, the pavement may belch
And loudly divide you in Anglicised Welsh,
A coachload from Bedford may grace the Gisford
The cockroach, my mother, the man from the waterboard,
Anyone else to striduous clapped
Cry "Ave Maria," cry "Save us, Our Lord;"
And save us, P. O. I.
Spare W. Pig,
The stink & the bug

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 die, I'll know what I've been.
And through the night they sang this song—
This melancholy strain
With a ponderous refrain.
And still they sing it, loud & long
The melody's strong, the harmony also—
Rubbery tones.
The chorus intones,
In alto et basso et falso.

"Strike up a chord, take up your places,
Turn to the altar, your piteously faces
Refute your religion with fearsome grimaces
In postures athletic deliver our ruses
Clamouring loudly, your beak & audacious
Your wrath is a cactus, your head, bitted snake."

To encourage the masses this dirge is intoned
While tears are slaked & messiahs are staved
The theme is familiar, the money we're loaned,
Will not be repaid till the smuggler returns

The rights on the song will never be spent
The Wurlitzer stands, but I use, in my turn
Its stops are all rusty, dispositions both bent,
While Sorel cries, sorry! & pains relent.

Yet Stendhal remains, the resolute one!
Decide if Kafka, the king of the sun
Weared on, his mother's milk, concealed of a duty
Ruined by rabbits, this sun reawim
The followers of Balzac, & Flaubert, knew they'd won.
The miniaturist plies his graceful trade,
And dips his wares in potted camomile
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 & spiced cordonnade,
The miniature sludge and the ski.

The city besieged and ambushed said,
The wattle bedaubed and the pigeon-tailed clan
Striking the drums & the pale renegade.
The prelate envies the three.

The potentate potions that potentates hate,
be sold by the glass, irrespective of weight.
When drunk they expire, the pupils dilate,
And ambulances age the bargain.

With minable imminent & conquering armies rarely late,
The general led his forces out the 'tradesmen only' gate.
In a loud and sturdy voice bid him take the other route.
To load the guns and in the cry of 'tradesmen only', shoot!
This plan, though feebly planned, was speedily adopted.
Here was no other medium so we optimus soon got opted.
The incorruptible corrupted & the corrupt corrupt anyway.
Delilah dallied desperately and didn't dare delay.
Spend a spent match, match a spent twine in its spent,
But keep that mindless medicine man forever from my tent.
Irregular verse for a heavy day

"Oaf," I spoke & "Pork," he replied, with

Never a thought for my old fragile snort.

If I talk he'll--

Tell me twice that Tolkien's dead

Send for armies sent ahead

Call back Olivier, Camela bold

Brave the elements, unarmed,

Buckle abroad in your old cotton socks

Scuttle about, quite unallowed,

Skip us a couple of pills from the box

Make us a kilogram fit to be destroyed

Call back Massilia and Charlemagne tall

That both in our forces be wisely employed,

That extra potatoes be furnished to all

That meat & cauliflower be cooked,

For Wiinver so hungry wished.

To save his cost was Zeus's task,

He drank Hephaestus from a flask

The drugs he quaffed from a hefty cask

What more need we ask?
I'm teaching my brother to move like a car.

Promblematic, Apparently.
HALLEY'S VOMIT

BY: JEDGARCARPETS WEEPER

PLUTO.
And yet more
The pennants of the rival cause which flutter in the vale
Are variously coloured in darker hues and pale
And designs of beasts and birds—embroidered thereupon—
Embody all the vailliance's common to the scale.

The flashing of the hostile sword, the whisper of the wind
The sun on pagan tent poles, the yeomen newly skinned
The screams of dying armies, the soft refreshing rain,
Rap the general's jester; no calf was left unshinnéd

Before the battle, in the vale, a beggar lost his way
Which fluttered through the wilderness before him like crows.

* *

The armies met—each soldier stoutly mounted on a rhino,
Whose seamy leaves unstably galloped through the forest lid
(You may forget the things unsaid that scarcely even I know)

Cormorants beware!

And go not there!

* *

The rivals of the peacock's cause, in deltas, in a fluff,
Were warned of the disaster by a counterspying, though
Impaled on Bubbia's basket, his beak in Perl's poem

And his talons clenched around a Norfolk ham

Cormorants begone
Pantechinicon!
The by-election is but half the governmental, poise
The high erection topples to the ground
And politics embegles us like theatre in the round
And statesmen's vows are caught out in random plays.

The plutocratic parliament is seldom ill at ease
The root of static activity, embegn
And economic academics frolic in the trees
And uniforms bedevil every one.

The decisions of the Union each are poorer than the next,
Condemn the writing of unnumbered verse
And vendors of plutonium, befuddled and perplexed
Decipher the unlettered doctor's curse.

This oath, in fifteen stanzas, unit in lord,
Has lost its clarity because the heat
Of flaming impetigo, scorned and charred
Has made the envoy sadly incomplete.

Which aim, which impediment, has made our princess cry?
Which cannot change the parrot to an owl?
And the gemet to a planet, and the wrinkle to a fly?
What philosophic elf is on the proud?

Whose canting spells suceed to victory's aim
Whose residue is worthwhile but to sense
Whose shell is minimal, whose smell the same
Whose passion has pervaded my presence.
The noble art of bloodshed is not lost,
Not lack the cash 99 years so nearly won
The one in bloody scenes is embossed
While bashes the other proudly in the sun.
While bronzer chiefs may hanger for the cold
Which, though unkind, invigorates the bold.

The nobles use the wooden bed for their trysts
Ejects first the nigger dwelling there
In violent manner (as the king insists)
... the royal dart-board carved with little care

By hosts of blunted missiles has been pitted

And fascists hold the fashion for their tracts,
Their fag-end points didactically wagged,
Ignoring twenty centuries of pacts
Ignoring plumed, e-fordly behatted

ENULL
The tomatoes are nourished on blood
The gardener has sunk in the mud.
Medieval moats are too wide for men of stone
Bregen the Colossus which bestrides

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

* *

In dungeon in the dungeon was I locked
(Possibly a fate which I deserved)
While the inundated villagers were nothing less than shocked
And a few were, sadly, totally unversed
And sadly swerved.

* *

Keep me to my word, for with grammar-poisoned clause
My temper frays, as I await the sentence,
And piller my confessions, as I have pillared years
Polluting each despicable repentance

* *

"Il pollo verde non è mica morto",
Though Giacomo has poisoned every Pope
The three-toed cloths has now become a four-toe
And the slender bras stouter far than Hope.

* *

ENVOI

Although my head is clay
I see the passing day.
To Ruth

or

The selfsame song
For what we cannot do instead
Or long to know within
I paid the mean, elegantly, Jorge's site for sin
so to begin
But what about

The vodka, or the gin?

For that we cannot use instead
Or promise to fulfill
I paid in kind for peace 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 promptly your counter product in 9 the fills,
Me deploring
Which you will give
In spurious codicils.

In recognition, in retrospect
Or rectifying sense
I paid in covenanted shall you had paid in peace
Over the fence
Here instead
A thousand ages hence.

A bribe for beauty, bribe for bith
Or double duty too
I say your eyes - I'd rather die than do what you must do
Sublimely true
A blustering oath

I think it's overdue.

And when Jim bawls out, here I'll go
To bribe the bride at last
And though I pause, the final clause will seal the matter Jack:
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 burnning sprite that waits behind the door
Where falling seaweed inhabitants the beams
But nought redeems.

This price 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 mirky bowl the goblin peers
The truth he sees

We merely say this to destroy the calm
The light is only saved to spill the dark.
And make flouresce 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 torn as on a razor, trouble-twisted
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 incite our diceal with their ps
And bring back now.

The beams, & and makes the pressed crumpled light
As if the leirty of love have flown
Although the breath of breath in human
To fly much Faster than the fragrant night
And leaves our sight.

So love will die despite the coming day
The pined lying pinned on the stairs
And dying how, alone or else in pairs.
The nightly lovers who paced the ninth of May
Inspires my lay.
A thousand answers, each one wrong
An argument in epigrams
A perfunctory prayer, a dreamy song
An argument in verse
For you who know the true ones from the sham
And from the fake
And never yet came under evil curse
Yet she wakes ...

She makes to drown my sorrows in dismay
And dries the dought that bares 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 another fruit by those on islands wrecked
More warriors

Beneath the open sky, beyond the use
Of time and space

She seems to take the meaning from my life
Dividing yet the union 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 singer stores his voice, plumber his tool
Women their worries

She knows my love; I pray you gods descend
And make our break, our shattered prayer a bond

At last I find my heart is grown
Too callous for the camouflages
That makes the skin conceal the bone
And warms up the blood.
But blood will ever make my heart pulse large
With boundless heat

For you who know the living from the dead
And miss them next.
She fainted in the field of corn a mile above the road
In purple cloak and long black hair she seemed a little sad
And going on the greenest grass where, maybe, oaks were sown
She fell a weakness in her heart such as she never had.
Her purple hair, and long black cloak beside her on the ground
She felt unending sorrow for the turning of her fate
The turning of the sea; said "So - noisome sound
A catastrophe where all her fears are thwarted, much too late.
And what a full four constancy to have, beside a sea.
As green does the unripe corn in which she falters yet
A mile above, and yet belies the standard poetry
For runes. I think her name is Ruth, but I shall soon forget
The purple is the symbol of the soul, point to point
The regal combatants that spar on arid desert sand
The long dark hair is davy, from the fringe to around
Her body that's so pale now it never will be tanned.
But like a bee that needs at least two awaken to be jelled
My love for her lives ever more, a new ring every year
An apple and a pear upon her branches nestled
And finally a fleecy robe upon each wheateen ear.
In purple to sustain her now when shepherds came to seek
And gaze admiringly upon her plenitude of youth
And give their wish to see upon the fellow softly pressed
And dreams of words that gather herds and soothe the purest breast.
To Ruth.
Let dawn a green go hand I hand
Through time's salt march; + try
To separate one pink and white.
Then rosy dawn from snowy night
The sown whole from late days -
        Prodigious fire!
        Immortal hand!
Let thing + I go worth in winter
Through dented valley's unique
To satisfied deserted beaches
To admittance pre-admitted reaches
Sear enamelled stones; she teaches
        Prodigal young
        Further Smith

Let cross and ocean, foot by foot
Explore recesses, vestibules
To speculate on wintry stains
Where hurricane says his prayers
And sits around in placated pain
On standing rules
Though more austere.

Let fields run loose + streams run free
Let thought demand a dream our times
Let indescribably dash all
Let storms deflect our punctured bell
Rove our lives and, never do all,
        Searn shall the leniency
        (What God would say?)

Let life's death not settle by
What care I?

Let her's cold exchange their views
in times & crying those cogs she
These crimes of dying up the wind
Collecting grudges long since paid
Provision poorly badly laid
Are tuned to me,
I shine such views

Let them + thine flat softly lay
And pass me now a glass of pie
The fishy wind, the private place
Do something in this glass-case
But why?
The waves of apathy evoke
The swaying corpse, the pelican
The swaying cres, Sachemwak
Exeunt the three again

The winds of glory dominate
The heroes, Homés; pneumonia!
The cannonade at Pentecost
Explosive my aim!

The riots of sanity cease
The steadfast brain, the Clandestine
Of troubled Spain, hallucinogenic
Explanatory claim!

The fury of logic, logic-tangled
The shops are shut, disorder-deluged
The winds might, mysterious
Exeunt the swimmers

The gas of reason suffocates
The grasping lung which paralyses
The leading guage, liturgical
Exeunt the swimmers

O awaking thy mind so clear
Losse wept me like a vanishing dream
Of drowning cars in clotted beam
Of crowning cars in soggy weir.

The bronze has kept myt hunder cool
The rancid food only now on ice
Were practically considerate -
They played the Gooseberry fool

Nasco de Gama was sterile
Leonardo had no sons
And this may seem pre-ordained
But I'm Threeved by burns.
And threatened by Portuguese guns.

The sleeves of crassitude point
The arms remain the same
I cannot tell her what she missed
She cannot, stomach shame
She cannot, no she cannot
She cannot, stomach shame.
I tied her by her petticoats
And bound her wrists with chains
(Those shackles which were enslaved)
Then I pounded on her loins.

I looked her in the hapless void
And knelt on all the shaving pegs
She lay there on the iron bed -
I flattened out her legs.

I crowned her through the litterstar
The postman asleep with
Said, 'Squeeze her, that's a better spin' -
I bit into her thigh.
I'll terrify her brief
I'll steal her epiphanies.

A vilerker response'll
Show me where her feet in.

Madam will you walk?
Do I say - you enlarged my hips
Madam, will you talk?
If I could - you've enlarged my hips
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 been or for a wink
Let's forget our line!

I leave her in the mornings
With her head uncurled for safety
From low, sharpened enemies
Her bell-bottoms are hefty.
She lunches now with Ishmael
There's nothing she shouldn't back
Some things so, so always -
He spent her down the back.
At evening today she saw
In odd, five-legged cries.

I'm keeping to her lee-ward
I crouch her dastard eyes.
As night falls on the cliff-tops
I round her numbers in vain.
I love her like no other man
(If store her limits within a case)
And here concludes my daily plan:
I suck her fleeting spine.
When I consider how my life is spent,
When hair is born and bosom rent,
And dreamy thoughts of half a hundred days
Divide my time

And weary recollection of the ways
Of empty life, man displays
The feelings of a soul that never meant
To grace my rhyme

My rhyme is now untrammeled by the past
And flows and runs in metre slow and fast
I lie bewildered in the buttercups
And watch the sky, as it now emptied
Beyond my gaze
While some lone hermit in the forest sups
And lives among the stree, in peace at last,
And heavenly way

And though the woodland paths appear severe
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 ere
As mortal in his way as she in hers
And she forgets to change the verdant green
And I behold what no base man has seen
And must expire.
THE DECIMAL HEN

Branston
The Butler of Searle
A.Q. Lucy
Dir: BT's.
There's crying in Ohuna and Kelspur langth
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 stride
Though poison's perpetual passage
Behind the locked gate where appealing wait
For a soothing remédéd massage.

Tonage, wells of rusty teeth
I weep it is no accident
That mobile numberplate from Neath
Dismay the unwed occupant
Of latent buzzards sleeping-bags
Like dismal suffering, hacking shag
Whose leered teeth decay,
And hymn the passing day.

There's laughter and license fought on the Lakes
And dancing (debauched) in the Dales.
There's cold baths for all, the short and the tall
For combats, wild waves, and waves.

ENVOI
Browm your partner eight times, eight
And bid him never 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 gaze again at the coffin flattered by
The fees for father's funeral are frightfully unremunerated
And waiting vessels keenly wonder why.

My life is now a knee where shepherds grazed
Where phlox and crooked capucinos grow
Where monkeys and bears are held as naked musos
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
Gently softly matched played with no-balls, Egyptian, and catches
Is certainly if nothing else a bore.

Bat had your mouths, and set the lake on fire!
Let loose your ears, and put it out with wax!
Extend your nose - extinguish from the pyre!
And stuff the charred remainder in these sacks

O miserable rakes!
Bicycles everywhere,

Dancing shoes

Pumps that go "pigs!" in the dusk
(The glow-worm moos)

As it nasally chews
To head.

*

Cows iridesce

Eagles petresce

The universe now putrefactory

Whores' toasty hymns

(At visiting-times)

Are read

*

Troilus was sacked

My baggage is packed

Cassandra she sake off the censit

And sang all the while

Of a far fairer isle

To bed

*

"Lustre of Troy!
You nameless boy!
We'll send you post-haste 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 ascertainning capes
  (My ape-timer is running somewhat slow)
St. Simon Stylios dressed in 30,000 capes
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 mutter—Jackamony's here)
Who cry 'I surely without doubt am fibbing 'bout the loads
  Of waver substance flowing from St. Cyril.

Beyond the weir.

*

Envoy The water flows like milk,
  'Tis thicker far than blood
Or aught else of that ilk
  I die with a slyly mind.
A winter day, a Pinter play,
By dirt and deep deception
Into a zebra’s ear were changed
An insecure inception.

A summer night, no numbers sight
A rum of old titration
Combined in equal quantities
To dissipate the nation.

An autumn moon, of mother born
An ankle conceived I encrusted
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 yearning.

ENVOI

Summer, winter, autumn, spring
Each pass long are its end
To equinox and solstice clinging
For James is my friend
And sadly, cannot sing,
Or comprehend.
The untold deeds of a lesser man
Were told unsmiling up before the court.
And long before the judge spoke began
I knew the value of what Steerforth taught.

Although in verse my words reveal a death,
They're anagrams of epitaphs from Ur.
They're called from crosswords done in past,
And bibles set in fur.

A monstrous gathering of Grecian gods
Who hacked and dashed the toasts,
Each singing different unharmonious notes,
Like an uncoiled roller-coaster.

An orgiastic conference of roasting pears
Took place upon the 8th of last week,
And like a stallion casting out his mares
The faintest gave an unromantic squeak.

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

I'm living in a block of gothic flats
A sharp and occulted pile (with rats).
And festoon in my mother's resting place
Where she used under her sinkful felice face,
Which none can see.
Oh, think of me!

And work more often...
Decay for teeth that live on bread and cheese!
Reprieve for sweet-toothed men of Athens and
The thaw for snow-clad mountains in the north
No calm in winter now for those who sheeze
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 wistling sailors deafened by the mug.
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 sworn all my lives to find the Elixir of Tooth
In all the spheres, the B.D.A., the asteride of Zooth
But wisdom fails me, eyes grows dim, and earth seeking for the truth
Is futile.
Scarcely while
Most uncouth!

I've attempted since my childhood to discover what it is
In all the bright receptacles where PhiloPhilics figg
But no one tells me where to go, and making for Cadiz
Exhausts me
Exhorts me
In quizz.

I'll try tomorrow strangely to tie up Steerforth's claim
That the parts of whom he seldom sees are every bit the same
As those dead sin the simple sons of Soup Simon's game
But hang!
The back
Of fame.

Tonight's the night! I'll bite (though grile) the camp
I'll burn the guy and strike (from grie) the camp
And hieing these again I'll arm in gamp.

Pantechnicon!
Collect it on
Tuesday.
Why isn't it Sunday?

or

Three Dreams of Prometheus

by

a happy little vegemite.

Fuzzy Wozzy [or wus ee?]

Brahms

Al. Orde Whistle
The Devon Valley Parchment bore the brunt of her black pen
As she scribbled every day of varnis, gentlemen
Who laud her, nay adored her, as the cockerel the hen.
Who raised his comb to heaven, or counted up to ten.

in Avalon

*

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

*

The Rajpride unquietness is quibbled with by Poe
Who thinks it very likely that there isn’t far to go
Before the world begins to rub upon his traversed toe
Where cats with canine whiskers know 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 knew
The tension in the air begins to mount.
The Ugly Aunt of Barath
Had a face of awful size
Compared to Uncle Barath
He weren't bad

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

The Cabin 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 eagle
He gets no rest.
And wakes to hear the seagull
In its nest.
Oh, leave me not an omnibus
Present me not with trains
But just give me an apple tree
A slender, shiny apple tree
With budding, fruity brains.

* *

Whilst making treacly 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 deedle do dum da
Persuasion ti ti 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 shuts the door

* *

Summer: 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 ladelled lumpy porridge
(The very best, from Norwich)
in soplific glades
and inseparable shades
Few were those who had not come to worship
Or sing a song of sadness for the pope.

! !
Fortunately the Duke of Castle Linde
Who, luckily, was stringed up by a strange
From which I ever cringe
My veil forever boiled
(So hard the workers toiled)
The too-Duchal kitchen aged
All Babylonian ablaze
Each door and window sundered from its hinge.

* *

The beams were dark and hairy as they hung across the door
The spider lurked impatiently thereby
And spectres, hags and 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?
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 twin, I am like a page
Torn from the spine & thrown upon the fire
The cold t'assuage.

Another crack; 't'aquarium must be
A different vision of eternity
And though I sought P, order comes to me
Through unexpected serendipity
Sweet peace

I die upon the morrow: let me be
The morn for thee will be eternity
They again be the Nebula above
Enfolded once again in heaven's love.
The Key
to Seduction

Rhenish excreta
The Porcelain Postman
The Proto-Lady of Surinam
My shirt is pure as Christian shoes; and yet
I am no clairvoyant, for my shoe is not a boat
My teeth are semi-precious, a fact that I regret
And though my hunting-jacket, if I tie
A Tobacco pipe, I see my bottles hanging by a wire
Attempting to distinguish an ostrich from a cock.
My baggy hat and crimson dancing pumps
Provide discomfort for the Finns or those from further south
Among the Basques, whose blouses, full of bumps
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 indication of my craft
My canine teeth are lacking, though I still possess a mouth
Although you may not think so, you nurses that never laughed
Your habits changed for sequined underwear
And your wimples for a capstan on your head
Where sailors in bell-bottoms blow the Lutine trumpet: Sovia!

My tie is drawn from ancient eastern myth
To accompany a pencil to embalm a fountain pen
To draw aside a scarlet veil and show the words of Japhet
To those who can appreciate canals
With paint-poles pierce your duly-booted paws!
A Bailey-bridge for polished goatherds then!

* * *

Sartorial surmise
A bandage for your eyes
A latitude of lies.
Devon valley partridge in a great green growth
bear-tree drizzle the meadow of the globe
smell like waffles like a sleek-sheened cloth
that angers the trombonists of Antibes.
Beri-beri for the children of the same!
Hari-kiri is the tailor's aim!

Sowing fields of fodder with a large blue seed
a glaucous gamete glowing in the glade
undernourished waddles in the long lake reed
that puzzles all the flautists of Belgrade.
Harun-Scarum lies the new cummedbrund
Karakorum is the place I shunned!

Sewing seems a waste of time - my future tailor's pact
my clothes are just an attribute of mind

Rivulets of Runnymead cascade through my crawl
and Nelson falls upon the Golden Hind
Hankie-panky, medaling shirt and tie
Monkey, donkey, which of these am I?

Capekau, Cervallau, their fulkhearse in rags
Capekau in cataleptic stocks with sunken wine
Stipulate or sterilize the foremost vestal hags
Zipping up their zippers, in muscles that were nume
Stopping for a plate of soup, when eating auction sausages
And dropping in for sherry, at a quarter past nine.

Raspy-wicky! Shows the faded vest
Jarl'sberg! cries the sock
And falls to rest
Thoke!
Three bigamists in shirts
Five metaphysicists of stunted growth
Eleven second-generation bigamists in pin-stripe suits
Seventeen geraniums, the gods of heaven to invoke
THOE!

Linge!
A pocketful of eyes
More overworked women than I can horse
Infinitude of unpretentious choristers in hats
A kettleful of apple-cores, the sort only a nobody can sing.
LINGE!

Bloit?
A king that drinks no milk
Eight point seven ounces doing stunts
A fraction of a flautist trying nine times seven scales
A bucket of old dirty herring reeking of what can be nothing but arsenic.
BLOT?

Bloit no more the surmy thoke that fences on the green!
Rubber scowl the attitude, whose timbly peckles green
... By grishing flock and sorely tolvere are only lyly seen,
Oh! greekly skirn the mandrigoes that purrple 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 those things connected, as the sleeve is to the arm?
Are we all invited to the picnic at the farm?
Sheep devoured our salivary, 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 helter-skelter pace?
The race is run, all time is lost, and leaves are scattered far
Down among familiar glades where ties are made I saw
With singing rain descend to mow the party in the park?
Will I need a raincoat? Are true lifethanks in the ask?
Or will you give me swimming lessons, teach me how do swim?
Instruct me in the art of being made to walk the moat?
 Apex the loneliest tower, crying, 'man, I dig your needs'
Mimic Persian carpet-men who squawk their wretched creeds!
If we plant my slippers in a shoe tree shall it grow?
If we shoot a rattler, will it stop the falling snow?
Will it melt the ice amours, or foretell the next monsoon?
Will it help to send unwanted clothing to the moon?
If we sanctify the moon, what dew will nourish our lawn?
What tunneled garments are you claiming to have worn?
What ectoplasmic halo descends upon the vale?
What helicopters empty vials pickled in the pail?
If I breathe out quickly, will it scour the airy plain?
Let top-knotted footless, (no mumbling) ! explain!
For everything's connected: the doormat to the wig
And the fell-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 breast.

Booze, bog, or boat.

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

And varicose varicose dog the foot

It's harder, wearing shin pools, 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 shuns away
You see, I have no moral bent
For working all the day
When I remember what we used to do
While piling the book
It seems that all I ever knew
Was captured in a book

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

When I am sorry for the things I did
And wish I'd never done
For all the mischief that I did and hid

What deceiver or covering can conceal
In fathomless array

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

What mindlessness, stupidity can do,

Dictionary delays
To skill; 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 at the hilt.
Für
Elise

Juno 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 laid with careless thoughts do those who know
That vital charm and feckless lust will overcome the foe
That fills the land and famesst coast and borders on the sea,
And rends apart the scorching air where navigates the crow.

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

Run, Jason, Run!

Run, a flea 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 daggers, I would will be 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.

My anger is irrational, a random element
My error geometrical, my justice with no sign.
My worry now is infinite, as lofty bough to twig
And when again my sympathies are not so easy lend.
Just as my hair's less lendable than yours, which is a wig.

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

Flee, Jason, Flee!
Relent, O clear One, gaze into my eyes,
E’en the words you never meant to say
Heed nevermore those unforgotten lies
And let us learn to live another way.

To live, yet not to die, is now our aim
Or if to die when 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 woe.

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 shine, 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 sight
So come and do 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,
Repeat the words you never meant to say.

Now, my love, I go
The sails, the tithe, call,
Prepare; and always know
That I shall be your love, and you my all.
GOETHEDÄMMERUNG

by

der Brausekönig von Bayern

Posaunenwald

Hummel
Vor dieses Tür ich stande nur
Und blieb die stummen auf meine Uhr
Ein Igel kommt dabei
Du bist die Benzin's Ei
Die Mutter meiner Katers sei
Ein alter Autobus, der fuhr
Zu Wolfgang's Bäckerei.

Vor diesem Hause standen wir
Und sagten schnell 'Eine, 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 — geschierte Haare
Ich scheu' das teure Lazarett
Ich scheu' den klugen Strauss.

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

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 pine.
"H ave One Anywa y"

or

Come an' bare

by

Sheridan Trifke

Makel the Angel

* N.B. Compared to the people of Barry, most Scotsman and Englishmen there. They wait in the church as if left in the lurch by maidens reluctant to marry [ED].
Why, tell me why, Do the Welshmen all repeat?
Where I asked them where, is all your money paid?
Who found the moral of the story, when it went
To make Litotes scarcely small, to scare Laocoon's maid?
This was the question in the bungomischer's lip
As he whistled the passing staysails of 1,000 countess yachts
Helen is his mistress, she who launched a simulian trip
Where the Norwegians stay in Scotland Whilke the helpless Welshman rots
An puddler in my liver where the cocker spaniels swimm
I poured viscous yellow A coffee till It I'd filled it up to the top
+ When it started fell, cascading, out of each & every limb
Why, the atoms could not but wriggle and the tags could not but hop.
Why, tell me who, made the collier's epic end?
Now, tell me now, can I find my long lost aunt
Where are the fragments, the pretty verses paused
Where is the man who cried: "I can, I must, I shan't!"
There were the findings of the Colbendsman of Rhyll:
Here are the writings of the dead man's final poem
"I was a minor, a minor am I still"

I was a minor, but now I am some strange
Aged as an astronaut, illiterate as yet
I'm majoring primarily, a warder so my room
It lists my favourite phnomens & embossed in the wall
A putrefying artefact from Montezuma's Tomb.
Humble Welsh illiterates - what a feeble joke!
I've bought a grand new bandersnatch, a piggin a sack
My verse has got to finish now, contrite because Reminisci
We cannot quit this day just yet, a punchline still we lack...
Take that!
And scat!
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 any plate

If I were a bowl of asparagus soup
Like goose seeds I'd blossom and crack well
I'd fly like vultures from their coop
Like tyrannous mores attempting to scratch a leg

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

If I were a bunch of geraniums pink
I'd show my list in the windy box
I'd show them I know what I think!
Unlike the disgusting geranium plaque.

But high! What varicose gardener through yonder greenhouse tramps
Swatching off the gooseberries & snitching at the lights
Piercing down the cabbages, and scaling all the heights
By syphonic stairways, & rage muffin ramps
By what dark bloody moundings does he rouse the ire of vamp's
Whose brains-playing splinters like nothing in a jaw
The door's ajar - but there's nothing in that.
He scales a wall - in Wales a search 'Scallywags are scamps'

If I were a sigh in Sixpence of guage
I'd rush through the streets of the town on all fours
I'd dash in all windows & rush out of doors
I'd seek seize all the wealth of the world in my jaws

Never: the jaws of despair sound the knell of my fate
At Jezebel's doors I am doomed to be lake.
The Muse, alas, has left my mind a blank,
so my tale will be fabrica saca

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 more can soothe my digestion.

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

And who will dare to play the better part
The leading role defeats all historians

The history of the enigmatic vote?
Reduces me to purposeless memories.

The girl, alas, has left my seat away,
My features turn to red & back to white

My feathers backed up far into the sky
I spent a most uncomfortable night.

A night so painful, so obscure
My features turned from pale to pale

My feather bed took up the strain
& sieved my dreams; no more remain

No notes remain to tell this taill
Translate to ensor into Braille

I'd seek a fool but cannot find

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

A MEMORY

by

The Voice of Percival

O. Terrible Ostrich

WITH THANKS TO:
S10
Ronald i Agny
Mon Ami

ARTWE R.
Tingo Crucith
Soda & Sweep

THE URBAN CORE
IRON
LUCY

Hendacions Henry
S.A. Häuser
No tree I saw within the forest's shade
Nor farmer ploughed within the manner'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 on deep orchestral jet,
No bass trombone within the dark abyss
Reposing on a gate I heard a twist
Who whispered softly "let the pyre be lit!"
He whispered far more quietly than any call can hies.

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 shotgun 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 Hellenic Hippocasts, no sadder he than I
My heart's a horse
I've run my course.

* No tree I saw, nor murky mushroom spied
No anchor spitting sights at distant bulls,
The forest spread before me, broad and wide
With cabbages and pears on either side
The cabbage-spritz he pushes whence the pear-god pulls.

* No harp I hurt, nor cringing comet kicked
Nor flute dashed to the wind as broke
No sandwich he had I foisted chewed, or licked
Nor braved the Scot, nor spurned the irate Pict

* Oh Joy! I've seen a tree, and heard the plangent harp
Beforeward field, orchestral orifice!
My bliss is now complete, ecstatic, sharp
As succulent as Lethal'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 lists  
And breathe your sighs.

* 

My Gothic 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 that elusive air,  
He flies from stubby meadows  
And sits from plant to plant,  
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 Hipparcass had stirred.

* 

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

* 

Envoy: 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 no scope, no space, 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
All harnesses for the Queen are made,
And leather gauntlets for the ageing sire
And chiff half-hose 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 weeps, 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 thrones in the cold?
Oh do not leave, you know my love is yours
You know your lust for mean has no cures

[Signature]
THE PRUNE DETECTOR

AND

WALLABIFEROUS KIN

BY: THE FIELD HARDELL

Convolulus 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 in the sight
Of staring eyes and faces
And hands that struggle for the right
To see: I tread these spaces
(Cold + hotson, maple, lane)
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 kind that passes.

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

Hanging fruits and pinkish corn
In angels gardens flourish.
The grass that grows upon the lawn
In leavy death must flourish.

Every seed and every weed
That feeds on forsaken bodies
All play the game: one open frame
Predicts infernal radis.
my sheets are torn, my blankets gone, my bed's no more a home
Then anybody's back yard is the alleys where I roam

I live the night
She's dressed in white - I knew 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 room 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 theft of my effects was lost a pebble on the beach
The return of my lost dignity is all others 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 frame
Yet uncopied
Though she roam wild - I know I'll find her soon

If she refuses me I'll buy a ticket to a
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 runes.

Walked 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 clay

I bore what passenger 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 if)

What troubles brought my brow

Upset my shelves

And now

I rest.
The lives in high places, he lives in low
And seldom, so seldom they meet
They could have agreed that the matter should end
With the vigorous tramping of feet
The fear 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 decoding their bliss
A word to unweapon their arms
A charm to re-burnish the many
To restore the leaf to the tree
Restoring his life to her charms.

He is so earthly, she soft as air
They meet, and Philistia released
Brine both of their streams, though they wished them to merge
In the love that's as good as a feast.
But neither will shatter till the gods have said grace
And the chorus recited the dirge
For ever the clothes that they wore
Encumber their passionate face.

Can any love account for such a scene?
The twin tubby towers of passion start to lean
And ends other 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 placid friend.

Another game
I cannot play, to see
Each man defend.

His threatened mind
(O Mind! what greater thing

Then show in men's

Desire to find
The orbit of the thing)
Then other hands

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

The star has shone;
The empty, shattered sky
Once sunny, falls

So now the frame is full and we have learnt
The tragedy of trees
My pen will soon be dry, this page be burned
The ashes scattered in the blue-eyed breeze.
Strings untuned and softs music
Never led my heart astray,
Only words or simple silence
Ever led me on to violence,
Ever shaped this column play.

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

'These subtle sighs fill my soul softness
(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, my crables,
When I find some iron ore!

And with this iron I work so stalwart,
Flute and lyre to thwart the rebels
An aluminium violin!
A horn of zinc, a harp of tin!
After 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:—
I saw the headless freshman pluck his ears;
The chaplain enters in the cloister dim
And lighteth the candles, doth an solemn hymn —

He'd sing forever true. But evening raves:
The darkness vast and crone in echoing caves,
In shades of gloom the dimpling lizards flit;
Amid the weeping of wives the page is lit:
The heretics are burnt, just as the King ordained,
And on the shore the captives are enchained —
The golden summer nights descend in snows;
And still, I see the headless freshman rowts.
Before the scarlet sacrificial gem.
The singing chaplain and the priests condemn

An old misguided hypochondriac,
He screams with sickening case, surrump his back,
Throes to the sky with all its hateful stars
The broken promises like a shattered vase
Fair Rosalind repairs it (for a fee)
And sees her lover surving from a tree.
She knows that with this man died all her hopes.
The phantom hunter, scaling midnight shapes,
Begins his nightly hunt; in sordid prose
The chaplain sings, and as the darkness grows.
The candles are blown out, the priests decree:

"Sad man of flame, your sentence is to be
No better than the Tyrant of Nepal's;"
On distant peaks the twilight huntsman calls:
An anguished mimic, long-drawn semibreve
For shrouded captives who can never leave.
And as the chaplain shuts each creaking door
This lips are silent and will sing no more.
The Elitist

WITH

The Explanation

by

Sappho 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 small as these,
My conscience melts like butter in the pan
I weep for loss - the words lost on the breeze
In tempest-torn tornadesc may not scan
Perhaps they were not said
Perhaps no tongue
Their doctrined sense could wed
To psalms unsung.

But unsaid words do not elucidate
The fields of sense. O, mebic 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

Rand C.
A moment's quiet reflection
Must show that I am right
In stressing our enchantment
I undermine our plight

A question in an evening
A fragment of a song
They emphasize our foolishness
But show you're wrong.

It follows from this premise
This house of ill-repute
A drama with a promiss
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 sileum upon! here has been found 4 solid as
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 Rymes with the C in every name
These poems are no different from the fashion— we're no shame
We feel no need to wine

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 truly 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 a stone
If Margelet looks madder, well, the Welde's looking wan,
We've kept them off the streets.
O, Meredith, 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 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 dreamed of a thousand stories in flight
A metaphysicist clad all in green

And twenty thousand beards have peeked the walls
Of trackless youth, and battered down the cage
That held my soul, protected from the world
And singing citadels of artless age.

And

O, Meredith, my soul is all too old
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.
The magic flights of dream gazelles that haunt my fading 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 tender grace.
She turned her tender heart from me, left in me an empty space
And turned away the scholar from the clown.

*

My exile is a broken blade, 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 ear, a cycle out of phase.

Creased have I nothing, I have left unworked the mine
I cry alone for rabbits: let the honeysuckle twine
About me now, in und unravelled ways.

*

In desert sand to irrigate we could appreciate
The methods we attempted for so long
By weeping washerwomen by the lake to irrigate
The meeting we postponed from going on
We hurried past 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 slavery were all victims to the knife
Their tired souls remain upon the stage.
The winds are bare save inward sails, my feet 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

1. Für Elise  [Tune the Third]  2. T, P
   "When I consider..."  4. T, R, P, K
2. To Ruth or The Selfsame Song  4. TR
3. Helical josmorunii [We of the Southern region]  3. T, P
7. Goethe's dämmerung (Dr. Biaukekönig von Bayern, Possumwald, Hummel)  1. R, T, P
8. (2 translations, 4 by P, one by KN)
  (The Sweet Onion, The Invisible Mosquito, St. Onno, Lorelei)
10. The Cider Apple [Shelley the Years More] (The Pumpkinhead Ocelot) (Mr. Andrews, Topjammer Lee)
11. The Open Frame [Four Months' Hard Labour] (The Protolady of Spinam)
12. The Key to Seduction [3 dreams of Prometheus]
  (The Happy Little Vagabond, Happy Whips, [or was ee?])
13. Why isn't it Sunday? [A dream of Prometheus]
  (Brahms, Al. Bach's Whistle)
14. Untitled ("Explorers We...")
15. The Prime Detector, & Wallaby-Knows Kin (The Field Marshal, Convolution, Launners)  4. R, T, P
16. Today: A Memory (The Voice of Percival, O. Terrible Ostrich)  2. AT
17. or The Feasibility of Oats, Beer-Softed Agenda (Ronald Ditch, The Happy Golucky Hake, Needle's the 4-crump's Pakistan)
18. "Have One Anyway" or Come in Bare (Sheddon Title, Mabel the Angel)
19. Explanation, A critique (Boum Thai, Bum C.)
20. The Elitist with the Explanation (and)

(Apologies to Broder, G. Bainbridge)
7. Henry's Lay
10. The Cider Apple
14. Deuced 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
26. When I Consider II
6. The Decimal Hen
13. Why isn't it Sunday
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1. Für Elise
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19/20 The Elitist with Explanation