

The
Rat
Fathom

A digital facsimile of
the Codex Rodentalis

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THE RAT FATHOM

IN 3 INTERLACING PARTS

by

Top van der Booy

Partly Wig

Alabs Candle.

The Agricultural Revolution

Hopefully will end pollution

Though I think it much more likely

It will any ease it sikely. (!)

This contention, I contend,

Is but a means to butt an end

And thus the kings of Rome expired

+ the Canars were all fried

Thus the plot & morals clear:

If you want to season beer,

Place a lemon very near

The person most admired.

Place a very lemon near

The child who's closest to the hearth

The child who likes the hottest bath

The child by Cupid most desired.

The king dislikes a coup d'état

And I a rancid abattoir

And many men a gooseberry sponge

And every one, a gloomy dunge -

On filled ^{with} chains and fearsome fangs

- The water drips, the cell-door clangs

And dormice chatter in the wind

The academic fails, alas, to see

The cats who knew the dormice sinned

- the king dislikes them all, but me.

10

20

I wandered lonely as a tuit

A blue tit from the hedge outside

Aside I cast all thoughts of woe

30 "Go, thoughts" I said, and then a bit

Of bark my lofty thoughts defied

As fire will melt the falling snow

So you & I will lead the march

And bravely spurn the biting cold

And leave our footprints in the sea

Whilst lesser men beneath the larch

The older men (as prophets told)

Forebear, tho' rich, to pay the fee -

Thus spoke the prophets, long ago

40 My thoughts were then on other things -

The kings who taught me semaphore

Can hardly be said to bestow

To souls that soar on silken wings

That sublime sense of knowing ~~is~~ more

Than doctors & nurses & artisans too

Than the men from the mint, or the men from the zoo.

Than businessmen's parents who've come ~~in~~ from the cold,

Than the sage who grows old, or the seer who grows mould
on saucers of milk left out on the sill

50 Or chocolate shrimps that they make at the mill

Thus spoke the prophets, so strong and so ~~is~~ true.

The ostrich, then, inveterate beast
When nesting in the scrub
Eats large blue cakes with unripe yeast
- it hangs them at the pub.

And drinks, therewith, a pint of ale,
+ cleans its nest with gusto
And when it's sad it tells a tale
A song tale of death + lust - o!

60

But when it nests on mountain-tops
Or perches high on crags
It takes its ease in east-out slopes
- It doesn't sing, it brags.
In such a case it brags with vigour
And even sends its friends away
Sory sight, o fallen figure
O fallen pomp, relinquished day!

Chorus:



70

At times it haunts the lonely shore
but when distressed, it wails
and sings weird songs of ancient lore
~~which~~ in which invention rarely fails.
Thus ostriches are creatures strange
Like poems, they are wont to change.

F
I was always sad, when the people round me said
That the elixir of youth must contain excessive lead
And that animals, vegetables, the humble wombat too
Would never become younger by drinking salty glue
Or go over the eight & collapse into bed
With a navy-blue flute on the top of your head
80 What a frightening picture the elephants drew!

*

I was always glad, when the folk around me sang
That the secret of the tiger lay in its horrid fang
And that Parsifal the Porcupine and all his helpful ilk
Could live off petty cash receipts & half a pint of milk
Or kill a baboon with a Swiss boomerang
Or poison a pig with a tainted meringue.
And embroider the tale on a mural of silk!

*

90 I was often mad, when the men about me cried
& pretended they were sorry when a king they hated died.
And remorse was all I felt when the Revolution came
And the horse was all I smelt when they tried to change my name
Or lace my meringues with strong cyanide
& pretend that my father was not horrified
The day that my mother was ~~fed~~ to him, ~~fired~~.
led lame

At the edge of the forest a little bird sang
 Of the trauma of Life, the 'Storm' & the Drang,
 + the predator pigeons, the communist crows
 Spoke on all of the topics which everyone knows,

"But does anyone care?" asked our hero, alarmed
 On the field of dry stubble so dreadfully farmed,
 So appallingly ploughed, so disastrously sown
 That the ploughshare was ruined, the ploughman had
 Plowm

"O does anyone care" cried our hero again

"O does anyone dare to harvest the grain,"

"Yes, yes!" cried the hoopoes, "yes, yes!" cried the twites,

"We agree on the principle but shan't waive our rights,"
 Let's continue to continue what we have begun
 Let's take up our ~~blatant~~ cannon and fire our gun!

From eighty leagues distance the blast could be heard

The report was excessive & scattered the herd.
 The elephants fled and aardvarks withdrew

The twites they all twittered, the chaffinch crows they all crew
 at the edge of the forest where the avocet lives.
 and the people are pottles, or sailors of sieves,

The eligible elephant spoke of the day
 When the king had seduced his great-nephew away
 It was thus that realm of the forest declined
 By the vice of the king, it was all undermined

120

I rode to the sea on the back of a goat
 And sang to the moon of a beautiful stroat
 Imbued with this sense of ineffable glee
 I spurred the beast to on + went into the sea
 The brine it engulfed us, we sang not a note
 We searched for a sail, but there wasn't a boat
 We sought in the sea, for aught that should float.

130

I slid through the sea on the back of a jelly
 Methought it would make a delicate dish
 But there chanced to appear a demonstrative beast
 For whom every meal would end like a feast
 My fate it was sealed + I cared not a whit
 That the board was prepared and the candles were lit.
 And we started to eat, and the beast we all lost.

The importance, I claim, derives from the fact,
 That the goat became wedged in my di-gestive tract.
 The pain, (do I bore you?) was ~~so~~ great, I assure you,
~~that~~ I swore at the doctor with minimal tact.

And the fishes came round + condemned me outright
 Their voices all raised ~~in concert~~ ~~to~~ to ensure that their
 Would be better than mine, this abominable night. plight,

Buy me a bonnet and polish my boots!

Bring me a bouquet of paranoid coots!

Follow me down to the waters of Bath

And fall on your knees at the fishmonger's hearth.

Sell me your money but give me your land

Invest what you ^{owe} me, & give me her hand

My dowry, my dearie, must be of the best

(A hairy ~~old~~ old Tony from south Budapest

has the white of the cash of the crew in his care)

And my wealth must exceed that of Armithea,

when the trumpet is sounded, the king on his knees

shall show off his singing with great expertise

And ninety grand pianos, all played by one man

(Though the tuning is faulty, ~~it~~ sounding ~~is~~ worse than
a million cats that sing in the woods

And make a vast profit by purchasing goods

From the gnomes on the left or the sprites on the right)

Who is wretched in practice but ~~arrives~~ ^{good} on the right,

Arrayed with medallions and headdresses fine

He sings of the days of the summer + wine

In a reedy falsetto which lacks any timbre

Like tyres on a road with a very poor camber.

Meanwhile the old king will be choking to death

In the arms of his widow, the evil Queen Beth

Who poisoned ~~her~~ her stepsons with strychnine and salt

Which ensured the proceedings were called to a halt

8
There was an old person of Bognor
For pets he had neither a dog nor

A luminous tope

~~xxxx~~ A rare calligee

Or the best armadillo in Bognor.

170

She never tells me yes or no
It pains me so

It does you know
To hear her "No"

She seldom tells me why or when
But now and then

Some nine or ten

She'll 'why' or 'when'.

She often tells me whereabouts

Between the shorts

The ins + outs

Of crassest louts

She, whom I have so admired, is often somewhat vague

And he, my colleague in the woods, is often plagued by colds

And I, though scarce allowed to walk, have visited the Hague,
where, legal wrangles understood, the king his sceptre holds.

And we who are so many now that we cannot be wrong
Should not be forced to make a point already made before
~~the~~ Our lives are overgrown with weeds—the way is very long

190 The primrose path shall peter out in eight-score years + four.

And so she never tells me who

~~is bound to know~~

~~the~~ is bound to do

To wit, to woo

My kangaroo

Or who will come another day

+ what he'll say

or throw away

Of come what may.

In the mountains of Tibet,
 (Though I haven't been there yet)
 An oboe and a clarinet

Are sampled night + day.

In the forests of Nepal

(If there's any there at all)

A nineteen-sixty-nine Vauxhall

Is stranded by the way.

These two things are all I know

(~~save~~ That Ignorance is best)

In my bliss I'll fight the foe

Who has risen in the West

The west! those fabled storm-rent shores
 peopled by ageing, witless bores
 Such as those behind these doors

Within these strong immures.

The west! those storied sable steeps
 peopled by ageing witless creeps

That wallow in the timeless deeps

Devoid of sneeves

Thus let me rest in solitude

Without that lussy ~~comitnde~~,
 And pass away my days in peace

+ play the piano without cease.



MINUET IN G MINOR
 By The King
 Quominus

XELLA: THE YEARS ABOVE

(OR MERVYN THE MARMOT)

by: Laurie van Carr
Ahmed Kah
Meryl E. Spurk

I sought the truth, the truth I sought
Wide seas I sailed, ~~so~~ far ~~lands~~ lands I roamed

I plucked a rose in every port
And nodded much, but never homed

And when, forlorn, I looked for grass

On which to graze or bask my skins
I found ~~no~~ but miles of broken glass

Medusan mirrors, litter bins...

The trees were bear, the bears were dead.

Lost in this laval landscape, I

Hoped to find some softer bed.

Then that in which I hoped to die

The thought of hope, the hope of thought

The fear of holes in years to come

The weeping of the Argonaut

For each unfathered child at home

Let each unmothered child adopt

A rabid tapir from Brazil

Ensure his fur is aptly cropped

Or else a mangrove Swamp gazelle.

Thus came it hither, thus it went

The deftest darts struck home and true

Some pierced to hide a some were bent

But truth had killed the kangaroo.

The rabbits too had died, alas

Through eating uncooked rhubarb leaves

They gave off noxious orange gas

And all the world in darkness grieves.

2
My love's like a pea-green leek

like a drip from an old split barrel

She's mouldy and goldy and eyes so meek

But her love is a fellow called Harol'.

Harol' the Hartstongue—thus y-cleped

By the cuppe, the spoone, + the saucer —

O'er the buckets and pails he leapt

In a desperate effort to force her

But Morgan the Margrave was close at hand

260 **Through acres of mice he ran like fire**

Raving and cursing (egad it was grand $\frac{1}{2}$)

As ~~the~~ ^a piano) He sank in the mire.

Belching like ancient erupting volcanoes

wheezing like geysers that spout to the sky

~~Who it was~~ Croak what you said, ^{who it was} whom you say knows

For life's a pirate (I wonder why)

So my love, like a wizened anaemic sage

A dark astrider, enwrapped swaying,

270 Brass feet + clay head (for such is the sage)

Mopping and mowing, barking and braying

Slaying with slings that are sold by the sea

And wrapping up writhing wee wrinkles

She longs to be in her own countree

Where the lutine bell still tinkles.

Thus Harol' the Hartstongue still roams wild

And climbs the groaning trees in winter

The spoone + saucer still talk Chance - styled

And the cup ran away with the splinter.

"Not of this world!" the polecat cried,

Scratching its hairy underside
And scarcely stooping to divide
The red ones from the yellow

"Nor of the stars!" the stoat replied

(As, latterly, all rodents cried)

And hardly bothered to provide

Excuses for his bellow.

"Nay, of the deep" the molluscs crew

Waving their tentacles aloft

290

The which, though barbed, are smooth + soft
As all the Phrygian sages knew.

"Now we retract" the orchids wept

Giving up their bursicles

"Chop them off, + use yr sickles

O you unspeakable nympholept"

"Never again, O not one more ...

you Soaring up inwardly above

~~Never~~ No second time, O once my love

Can mermaids win the matador!"

300

"Alas for poor Gloucester, what a fool!

Alas" the mastodons exclaimed

The traitors, nameless, ~~the~~ proud + cruel

Because it was the last of Yule

Eventually were named

Green grows the mosses - o

In the vale of Vade Mecum

There they found wee mosses - o

Telling tales of Hamy Secombe

Whose song has Medusa in it?

The Chanson de Famous Roland,

The turtle, the redpoll, and the linnet

And the spotted den of Poland.

Which song has Medusa in it?

"Which has not!" the fulmar cries

"Tell us, do not lose a minute"

Shouts Black Morgan from the skies

~~Whose~~ Moses and his foe, the Gorgon

(a hopeless case for treatment - o)

Sprayed blue paint at ice-black Morgan

And cut in twain the Greekman's toe.

Use this maxim, learn it well

Tie it in a Gordian knot

Liberally laced with caramel

Just simmer gently, watch it clot.

So green grew the ghastly crew

On their haunches green and dachy

Coming back from Timbuctoo

By way of Nagasaki

Their toes were dead, the gang was green

The ~~was~~ rumour 'tis a mad, mad ~~but~~ tale

But. Henry Dicks a mad mad whale, And all we said was left unseen.

5
The stoops without ~~having~~ ^{the need} to conquer
Queen of all, she knows no bounds

For hatred 'gainst the men who wrong her
Or e'en the smallest of her hounds.

Engrossed she hunches o'er the loom
To weave a tapestry of woe
For in a brontosaurus' womb

340

No happy notions ever flow
Weep then, O prophets of disaster

Turn your eyes and hold your hearts
Let no evil fiend outcast her.

Shun the wild lugubrious parts!
Incensed she weaves the warlike woof

A wilderness of ~~the~~ shame takes shape
For heathen spirits need no roof
Dame Nature's Neckbones need no nape

Once, riding in a mossy dell

350

With staff beside a rod to guide

Upon a maid her eye once fell
She joined the staff, she joined the rode
And into forests lead their path

By murky steeps and grotts unholy

There, by Colonus one-time bath

They prayed so deep & lowly

But only once the wolf was heard

And only once the darkling vole

led them at dawn a broken sherd

360

Was seen to reach its goal,

O grimly soft-shaped earthen hole

6
"Yet once more, O ye cabbages, and once more
Sit you down by the water + sing
Sing of the leeks, O ye cabbages, and their love
And the bee in the tail of the sting

Turn again, O ye dumplings of dupestine
To the conundrums of Constantine
Sing once again this song of mine
or else be sleeping.

370

Yet once more O my blunderbusses, once again
Let's hear ~~by~~ ^{by} the belching thunderous one again
For the strongest sword in ~~far~~ Touraine

all else o'erleaping
For why should the spirit of Mayrtle be sad
Or the quagmires envelope Sir Galahad
For when will the linc-bird again be glad
~~Things being~~ (with all else equal)

380

So turn again, ye methylated mangold-worzels
Wreak out your wrath ~~of~~ on King Guffuzels
And all the rest that Jove emburzelz
And tell the sequel "

Thus spake the king of the vegetables
Esteem him and give him ~~to~~ due homage
Feed him with the nectar at silver tables
Credit him with the jamassest fables
That ever came from unripe porridge.

The thought of hope, The hope of thought
And what price Conrad's glistering glow
When, frowning, studying laws of tort

390

He realised 'twas time to go.

The act of going, going acts
The running sore, a soaring run

The carrot in the cataracts

Then here for tea & a carrot bun.

In fear and dread, in dreadful fear,

We told the runes, the bells were tolled

The ruined bells were dire to hear

My soul was here to die unsold.

400

The dows were wrong, with wrongs undone

They doffed their shoes, and bootless coughed

And naked danced beneath the sun.

On ill-made sand, nor firm nor soft

The casebook on the bookcase stands

And waits for gravity to fall

Serene and sombre (like brass bands

That roam the forests of Nepal)

8
Xella

Softly blue and rippling slowly

Sighing seldom, lying lowly

Gently yes, and yet not quietly

410

Xella yields.

Yields as rock to water wholly

Leaping nightly

Napping lightly

Over Aphrodite's fields

How jolly!

"THE ILL-DRAINED TWOSOME"

or 'What is Not'

by

Reinmar Liesen

T. A. MARINER

Dack Till

The welder was welding as never before

Bright sparks & hot metal were strewn on the floor

The woman they paid to keep everything clean

Had once sent a card to an African queen;

But this fact, however, had nothing to do

With the welder's great-nephew who shrieked, from the ~~floor~~ ^{flue}

"Begone, you fat dunlop, begone from my life!

Be you ever so clever, you puzzle my wife"

His wife was a moron, as thick as the woods

And no good as chittels & useless as goods

To the African Queen she was sister & niece

But his husband ~~shot her~~, he shot her, (to keep the ^{peace} ~~piece~~)

And the welder's third cousin had a stepson who thought

That if wives could be won, why then sons could be bought.

So off he then trundled one day to the market

(His car was so big there was no room to park it),

In his pocket were a map, & a fiver, ~~and~~ a stool

(A small immature one he'd got for a goat),

A lampshade, a bus-stop and fifteen gazelles

Two oxy-acetylene hermit crab shells,

An antidihrurian Turkish trombone,

No wonder his stomach did rumble and groan!

The market was full of the oddest of folk

Selling horrible pancakes that make children choke.

The Welder was weeping aside and alone,

For his grandfather's sister (an aged old crone)

Who was dying a blanket with ~~ant~~ antelope gore

And hoping to sell to some mad matador

For scandalous profit, usurious price

Who the soldiers then forever through acres of mice.

The humans wobbled horribly away

As the traffic jam wound slowly o'er the sea,

As the jaguars from Jupiter lay down at last to sleep

And monkey slunk along to lock the day

450 O the dreamers are the sleepers but the sleep is not the dream
(or so I deem),

And every little jaguar comes some day home for tea

Tea with traffic jam on Jupiter, for traffic jam is cheap.

For the gardeners of Jupiter are fair

The seeds fall softly from their velvet hands

Lying twelve months in the rubble till the first small shoots appear
To burgeon forth in blossoms fresh and rare.

But ^{the} seeds are not the flowers, and the flowers not the seeds

(or so one reads)

460 And the jaguars of Jupiter are known in many lands

for ~~their~~ skill with plants + maiden aunts. Their expertise is clear

But no, he could not ever break the spell
That deemed him ever to be small and thin

To wobble ever horribly + breathe the fetid air

He couldn't really stand the movement or the smell
But the move is at a standstill, and he shuns the standard move

(This I shall prove)

His eyeballs shot a thunderbolt, his armpit groan a grin

~~His~~ Yet doubt it not who dare: for doubt foredooms despair.

470

O The dreamers are the sleepers, but the sleep is not the dream
Will the swallows ever sleep again?

For the sloop is not the schooner, nor the yacht the quinquereine

Is it swift enough to plough the main?

Will the swallows sleep again?

O the spider spied a mayfly, and the fly may fly away

The web will not, I say, be spun anew.

Yet ~~to~~ to spin is to the spinster as the daystar is to day

And the curfew to the cur, at least a few.

The web will not be spun anew

480

If wafers feed waifs, name me widowers' fate!

(for windows eat wind, and waiters do wait)

But what of the orphan that wait at one gate (?)

For the old orphan-ginder who turned up too late?

Name me the fate of the mad potentate!

Nor shall you hear of the Welder's new mate!

Whose tale is sadder than I can relate.

Although I have spoken in words of eight

So the workers are the waiters, but the weight is not the work

Weld me to the writing of the wall

490

And I'll dream my life away until the coming of the Turk

Till the rising of the empire, or the Fall!

Is there writing on the wall?

For his trumplet is a limpet, but his limp is not a trump

~~but~~ It gives a melancholy note

Yet to write is not to notice and to slide is not to slump

The groaning grebe is not a goat

That gives a merry note.

If aught of love should make her heart despair
She would as lief have ^{left her} ~~staid her~~ native home

500

If aught of home should make her linger there
Then none but love would make her want to roam.

If sighs and weeping hours had brought her joy
(If joy had brought her sighs and sleeping flowers)
Then creeping cowards that took her home to Troy
Would have to bring it back (Such are their powers!!)

But powerless she lay, her heart a-torn in twain
Long hours ~~the~~ forlorn she dreamt of torments dire
And hope, though not enough, is not in vain
And pain could not put out her heart's eternal fire

510

Once, long ago, when but a lissom lass
A winsome wench, she met a gladsome lass.
Both northerners, they frolicked in the grass
Now she's a mum, and he, of course, a dad.

Now she's a wife but he alas is ~~dead~~ gone
What shall a poor wench do in such a strait?
When children went, she took a Aladdin's ~~lamp~~ on
A fishing trip. They used the lamp as bait

And ~~when~~ when the day was ~~over~~, Venus came
Clothed but in seaweed and her native hair

520

Her foot caught in the lamp - it made her lame.
And sing a wild lugubrious Cornish air.

O ~~Venus~~ Venus, how your sorrowed heart was wrent
When stormy Vulcan rent your rings, and fields
And Constance Plank was judged too thick, + sent ...
Where aught but love could catch the heart that yields.

5
In the evening came the cycles
Through the mist they span wearing
Round and round their eyeballs rolling

Howling, howling, uncontroiling

530

Howling, hairy demoniaicals

As the footfalls sounded softly

As the snowflakes fell like faces

Fleeing from some unknown kingdom
Treed by sycamore and linden,

By the poplar soaring loftily.

But the branches swaying sadly
Seemed to sing the saddest music

Chanted by some noisome lecher

Who away would gladly fetch her

540

On his tandem, madly.

But when morning dawned, the fair one
Seemed to vanish in the brightness

O eschew Medusa's gaze!

Sing again sweet Lethe's praise

(A German physicist called Erwan)

In its cycle came the evening

On the haystack slept St. Michael

Bravely groan the sad "Amen"

Or sing of Robin's kermie ken

550

And their unwholesome evilling.

ENVOI

May the cycle chain be shattered!

May the un^ufat calf be fattered!

As if it really mattered!

Let me know the day before you promise to forget
For I would write you long, long sonnets in the trees
Where chimpanzees and marmosets recline and take their ease

The trees are where we parted, the trees are where we met.

Long will I remember that you never will return.

Your sight still fills my mind, your memory my eyes

560

The sorrows of the universe are of a constant sighs
The sighs show we are martyred, the sighs show how we yearn.

But isn't this, the yearning, what we yearn to feel within?

And we yearn to show without, the things that only burn
(For without the burning show, what things can any learn?)

And yet without the food of love, I should grow thin

Trees are where we started, and trees are where we'll stop
To pick the mellow apricot, the acrid mangosteen

Next summer you'll return to me, and we will not be seen

Lest the keeper of the oasthouse ~~that~~ should catch us on the hop.

570

So tell me when you want to go and I shall go before

I'd not prolong your staying if your heart is set elsewhere

But before you go I'll tell you that you're rotten to the core.

Had you been a fairer love, I could have loved you more

I would have loved it more, had your lover been as fair.

7
Deep in the dripping forests of Rangoon
Lured by ^{The mongoose creeps} the languorous bassoon
The glowworm sleeps
And every creature fears the wild & racoon.

580

Soon in the flaming summers of Iraq
A flautist lurks
Awaiting the silence of the dark
to play the ~~very~~ works
The secret secret airfare works of JS Bach

Far in the rapid vortices of Ind
The Hindu stays

His body racked by spikes of wind
He longs to graze

in silent, ^{wispy} fields, but not rescind

590

High in the hanging heat of Hell

^{The camel swings,}
Eating cakes of caramel
And sweetly sings

Supposed songs that camels all know well.

Then in the mangroves swamps of far Cathay

Where we were born
(A mile along the road to Mandalay)

The unicorn

Devised this irreligious ~~sonnet~~ runderlay

600

Many long years with lute and lyre in hand.

The bard was barred
From writing sonnets in the sand;
The lard was hard

It melts when all the people understand.

Oh had I Janus in my grip
Then I would build, for I am skilled
And never make a slip.

Oh had I Etna in my grasp
Then I would write, till Guy Fawkes Night
of Cleopatra's asp.

Or should Elektra grace my house
And feed the fire of my desire
Then I would never grouse

Reverse the hearse! Rehearse the verse
Reveal the peel! Repeal the veal!

Imperatives are terse

Pejoratives are worse

For those that cannot feel the weal.

Who squirm + squint but never squeal
Or scatter far like frightened teal
For them I save my hearse!

O were sweet Helen here with me
Then she and I would purify
Our early-~~evening~~^{morning} tea

O dappled Daphne, stay in Rome!
For laurel shrubs make hardy scrubs
And bloom around our home

So should a Grecian Goddess come
Hes I would strangle, in the mangle
And pickle her in rum.

ENVOI

O Lady, when compared with you
The ocean hardly strikes me blue
-And nor do you.

From Turkestan and Samarkand with opal eyes they came

On his charger, Maximilian. On his horse without a name
Young Sophocles, his nephew; and on a cow called Kate

The Tartars came a-storming by - they feared they would be late

They stumbled through the ~~latter~~ Caucasus - a wilderness, a mine
A luckless land that every year is swept across by fire

Meanwhile the Turks were moving up from deepest Ethiopia

Beside them rode young Miguaine on a silver Calliope

His trusty shaft swung low about his strong and subtle neck
Bounced back upon the buccaneer who, born in far Quebec,

Where all the folk are chaktans + sell their sons for slaves,
Was bathing in a highland beck and washing in the waves.

But now the horgols charging came and wrought with swords of steel
Such blows as those of goodness knows who of defter blows can deal
And careless Kurds that use no words but those of Catalán

~~Parvost the least~~

Rehearsed the verse that bodes the worst for woman, child, + man

And bodes worse still in far Brazil for pumas and their ilk

Now Goths and Huns, their many sons, came bringing Curdled Milk

And Teutons brave, that rant and rave, and vicious Visigoths

Then Slavs and Cyclops, with broken necks, who rode on sacred Moths

Shout Hi! for one + Hi! for All: Usurp the tyrant of Nepal

And spoil ~~their~~ ^{his} beer with froths!

From Boma far of Kilimanjaro, the kings of Carthage came
With ~~AE~~ fifty thousand slave-girls who, with hearts and eyes aflame

With thoughts of hope + hopes of thought etcetera as you know

Were ransomed for a crown of gold and adamantine glow.

So all ^{the} hordes of conquerors that teemed throughout the land

Were thwarted, nay aborted; Chaos ~~thwarted~~ strangled all they'd planned

The kings they willed, and all were killed. Across the silent plain

On the shells of would-be heroes fell the darkness, fell the rain.

A April daze is here again
B And May may soon be on its way
C Cuddled now the Milky One
B That Juno's breast did spray.
C And duly stum^{*} the Creamy One
D Or gusty winds that ever blow
E Through the empty Nebulae
D Dismembering the Honied ~~one~~ Foe.
E The thund'rous knights of Febulae
F Came marching to the Northern March
G (No vent bereaves them of their air)
F They Jam no airy pie with starch.

G §In the transept embers flaire

H
A Foot, sock, toe bereft of limbs
Wading through the ming fen

We hum, we hum the honied hymns.

680

Yes, April daze is here again.

"PAPIST" 89

or

"THE PAPIST"

Written by

R. Bucknol

Arcturian Curry.

Ebenezer Tide

The Eight Bore.

O green, green, green, they all came out of the green.
Casting their cares to the wind, they shout to each other with glee
Why must I listen?

So green is the sea

The sea that in this awful place is, O, so rarely seen.

When the molluscs glisten
O fie, fie, fie! I toil + I tuggle + try
Cusking my fickers away, I ~~leap~~ ^{strike} up a chorus in I

Who must I strangle?

So orange are we!

So lumbly orange our glow has infected the sky
like a rotting Spangle
*↓

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a ~~po~~ luminous glow
Labouring over fields of glutinous loam

When shall I slumber

While writing this poem?

Or reciting the lies that I shall never know?

forgetting the number.

O death death death - my powents are both out of breath
Through breathing their last in a shoemaker's box

Drowning in leather

While ditching their socks

And pronouncing in Gothic ~~the~~ word a low shiboleth
Predicting the weather.

He writes with the left who once wrote with the right

And does in the day what he once did by night

And those who know him never take fright

And warn off their kin from a similar plight

He cries in the rain who once reigned with a cry

And furrows his brow with a sizeable ~~plough~~ sigh

And his awful errors multiply

The quotient of eight by the sum of reply.

Till the powers that be became banned from the sky

And are forced to descend on a lame hermit.

^{L44}
The lad on the rung of a ladder was wrong

By the neck for the song so appallingly sung

With lugubrious larynx and terrible tongue

With a warbling wind from a labouring lung.

Alas, Orghelusa, his time was now up

He drank a curried vole from an old paper cup

~~As if~~ **As if the volcano was about to erupt**

Then he grope, and he grope & he gripe & he grope

On August the 8th & arose with the ~~last~~ pup

Which it fed with a dump of wild rubber bung.

I feel like a pair of a peel at a fair

~~As if~~ **A lascivious Czechoslovakian au pair.**

From where I stand no sound is heard

Saw still + lucid mutters
And still no thought my mind has stirred

~~Saw "how saw cats have stutters"~~

Saw "how saw cats have stutters"

And with this truth I'll live my life

Until my grey beard crumbles
Or leaves me & attacks my wife
Who always grows & grumbles

A graceless squaw who plait's her hair
And fashions shapes exotic
And sleeps while floating like air
In postures quite ungainly >

Mainly,

Aquatic.

*

From where I sit a no smell is small

No sight is sought unobtrusively
The lighthouse keeper ten feet tall

He closed the door quite shutly.

His mouth wedged open by a spoon

He ~~had~~ kicked the bluish curry

& shouted "You may leave quite soon"

—they all left in a hurry.

A graceless hare who squats alone
And sings in ^{brav} Turkish
For two is comely, three's a crone,

And four is scarcely lawful

Awful

Allergisch

"FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA"

Upon a far-off gloomy shore,
Where octopoids made merry
My father left a bottle brown

Enclosure which was like a town

A city drowned in sherry
*

The first day that he left it there

To board his vessel being

It dug a hole full six foot deep

(As if an aging witless creep

Had dreamed it up in comic sleep -

His intellect is tiny).

*

The phantom welder raised this eye

My father helped him pickle

And looked around the burning booth

Awaiting the dire aftermath

Of fusing Sodium in the hearth

- These fearsome fiends are fickle.

*

His eye, it leapt from wall to wall

We squashed it with a racket

But bouncing back, it broke a vase.

The welder, rolling loud his 'r's

in imitation of Papa's

Said "If it squashes, sack it"

*

The hedgehog's in the nesting box

The wild ducks are prickly

My father stinned them with a mace

The Czech book-keeper fell from grace

And grace fell intent quickly.

Auntie's inferno ^{is} ~~has~~ long since extinct

As extinct as the greenhouse to which it was linked

The greenhouse decayed as the sunflowers grew

The flowers grew green as the sun house did too

Till everything burst with an ominous 'Bang'

And the debris was scattered to farthest Penang.

Where ~~the natives~~ ^{upstart} natives seek widely swore,

Till the days dawn again & their knee-bones are sore

The kneebones delayed as the coronaries crew

Had a dramatic note just to see who was who,

But hold, ye Arabs!
A vast, ye Scarabs!

Elope, ye Lapps!

And turn of taps

Begone, all Fings
And Mandarins

For as the poll was counted out,
We carried flavour into the lair

And laid the regal plinth.

"Fonsue makes the heart ABSINTHE"

And melts the wase of love

As it cries out aloud to the heavens above,

Desist!
You're pist!

under quiet and of several other signs of intention - and much
play has been made with the spirit and spirit of the matter and
please to be kind and please to be kind and please to be kind

unwieldy & unread - difficult

Belshazzar's Snack

OR

Watch this space

The follies of the Argonauts are terrible to tell

The arguments of Falstaff, they were pretty dire as well

But all are over now.

Yes all are dead & gone

And dead birds smell.

The Duke of Gloucester's "John"

And petty actors look to him as to a sacred cow.

An operative cow, that used to Low and ~~the~~ gin

And wing the neck whose knee belongs to Jason's kith and kin

Do I light all the hods?

Yes, the hods should all be lit

Let the witcraft begin

(For the tunnel is ill-lit)

And the Miners are non-plussed; ~~so~~ they beseech their bovine gods

"Jove, I now beseech you, say the word ~~that~~ that fires the bolt

That upsets the stable dawn, calls the sunrise to a halt"

Thus called the coal-black crew,

Poisoned pygms in their hands

From far Hainault

Or their tainted lands

Where birds are bait for businessmen and buxom barmaids too.

The Follies of the Shepherds, or Bergeres to the French
were always re-enacted in a Caledonian trench

Far beneath the Highland Block

Far beyond the Uistland realm

Where dead birds smell

In Iolanthe's helm

For here, as everywhere in fact, corruption is no shock,

I tried to count the Pharoahs at the bottom of my garden
Where roses grow and, fading fast, the snow begins to harden
But my eyes had scarcely focussed when they lit upon a locust
The locust flew away and cried "oh dear, I beg your pardon".
The Pharoah and the roaring cats in deadlock fought no more
(As Roman wedlock was a match that knew no three or four)
Yet for pygmaean sphinxes, or peripatetic hyenas
Such interrupted combat was a part of ancient lore.

And the law of ancient parts disclaimed the Pharoah & his tribe
"Try below the labyrinth" they cried "for liquor to imbibe"
We pursued a beery ~~run~~ tunnel down a lengthy ill-lit tunnel
And soon we met a helplessly inebriated scribe
"Where's the locust where's the locust" cried he, clutching at the air
With hyacinths and daffodils embroidered in his hair
But he might have been an Asian, or of that old persuasion
Had ~~his~~ the welder's second cousin not been swindled at the fair,
Where the roses harden softly in their concrete-hard retreat
And the amaranthine lilies bloom along the shores of Crete.
And the sickly lady Pharoah smooch their Pinnies & their Aeris
And the psychopathic jester serenades a parakeet.

Seven ages lives the swan, for seven ages pass away
Seven swans saw the sage at the breaking of the day

It was well & truly broken & the splinters, ash or oaken
Were burnt to make the sunset; the dusk was ashy grey.

O The Jester & the Pharoah & the Welder and the sphinx
And the welder's second cousin (O, miserable minx!)

With this greeting I shall greet em - Quit ~~it~~ you now my Abosetum
When I'm roused I'm more ferocious than anybody thinks.

ONE HUNDRED AND
THIRTY CHILDREN

by:- Arthur Itis

ANNA STOMOCES

MYCROFT XX

RAY PISSED.

(F)

(C)

I've lived all my life on an island so rare,

My only companion ~~is~~^a fat polar bear

I've existed on fish from a hole in the ice
The whole of the fish was a nice Camembert
But there certainly wasn't enough for to share

I've died all my deaths in a ~~scene~~ from King Lear

Immersed in a jar of best quality beer

My brain became pickled, I just could not think
I sank to my knees with a sorrowful tear,
And wished that the colourfull duck could be here,

I've visited Heaven, I've called in at Hell

My leg fell off-

Oh well.

Now I've learned in ^{not} to be immersed,

And aimed to achieve a ridiculous leer

I missed the last bus and I had to walk home

But my life flashed before me & then became clear
That a plum is a fruit, and a fawn is a deer.

My tail is too long and my story's too tall

I can't seem to fit in this rhyme - where at all,

I struggled & rose - the flower smell fine

But the daisy was dashed, for the bees were too small

And the Bessner Converter came 1st overall.

I've been to the belfry, I've drunk all the salt

#

I jumped from the bell-tower,

Splat!

The girl awoke, she looked askance,
while the handsome prince asked her to dance
**Avert your eyes
Were her skill eyes**
I must resist your bold advance.

He lunged at her madly, she welcomed him gladly
She fell into his arms, and they kissed. But, sadly,
They missed attack,
And fumbled back
Onto the bed, where they danced badly.

His terrible aim had a cause in myopia
He said to her boldly, "I really do hope you
Can help me make some
Tomorrow a cake
Or darling, I'll really soft-soap ya

She said she with a grin "If you do that I'll yell,"
The bad fairy appears at the touch of a bell
"I know it's a trick,
But if you do you'll go blind",
He replied it was truly a monstrous sell.

Said the fairy, "I'll hit you and join in the fun,
And the elves & the pixies came out one by one
The goblins appeared
And the fairy fairy was seared
By the burning gold rays of the luminous sun.

The sun it had set in gelatinous mould,
It had quivered, then roared as the day ^{had} grown old.
The golden orb waned
And the sandbar was saved

By hairy old Neptune of old.

By casting a statue in smooth polished gold

DUCK SOUP

A green feathered duck flew round the moon
Its phases banks firmly on star
It whistled a loud unmelodious tune

And dreamt of a red leather ~~burn~~ bun

~~SA~~ The fires died down to a ghostly glow
And crackled away in the hearth

I pondered upon the existence of To

As I warmed my nose in the bath

Green figs in blue wine

Are excessively fine,
But they will not suffice
Unless ~~to~~ simmered in brine.

Its primaries soiled as the poor bird was brooded

Oh may an entrail I would tell,
As the Irishmen taunted, abused and reviled
And the fairies all danced in the dell

The maidens went down to the grade by the stream

~~There~~^{air} faces were covered their pale bodies green

With the after-effects of tea with the Queen
Who had served soiled carpet with the truncated beam

Pink Femets in sieves

~~Quite~~^{one} frequently gives

To unfortunate mortals

And salubrious spurs

The shoe string tie gave way to the wide

A penilled rountube and hair slickly styled

The man with forked tongue denied that he lied

But was nonetheless firmly and justly reviled.

4
On a fine sunny day we went to the zoo
To see cardinals and elk, albatross and mice

And kangaroos sucking pink coconut ice

All life flashed before me, like that, in a trice

and a tumbil of hairpins, a whirl of white lice

Which flashed by in an instant all covered in glue.

The sheik of Abdulla fell down on his knees

And cried to his wives, who were singing a round,

Another like that and you'll all be disowned,

~~And~~ The chief wife said wifely why don't you say please

And we'll coat you in lemon & fry you with cheese

And jump up and down till you fall to the ground.

The finger which pointed the way to my doom

showed the Wabler the way to the Whispering wood,

Where mudibranchs always have eyes for their pud

Or else moolg around in ~~great~~ ^{a dark} ~~gloom~~ cloud of gloom

for a room with a fish, or a fish with a womb,

or a cataclysmic announcement in bloom

The walking stick upon hung by a thread from the light

As if held there by God or by Araldite,^a

And the butterfly fluttered by tied up in a knot

And the bee has just been through the ~~air~~ ^{was} it was hot

With the waspish-type anger one knows it has get

I stand alone, through having loaned a stand

**I grasped the red hot poker most firmly in
my hand**

My friends have all left me they've gone to slain
O desperate am I, how unhappy I am.

I lost my last friend, I could not stand a loan,
From the indigent friend of the half-bartone
Unwanted, unsuccessful I fell in despair
The bloated blue bats ~~was~~ caught up in my hair

I crawled to my feet which were three yards away
With three feet to the yard then I sat in the hay
And waved a white sock to a passing top hat
Which turned upside down ^{or soon} disgorged a cat

I felt for the maze while amazed at the feel
of unbasted hyena and monstrous teal
Surrounded by hedges of mushroom & maize
I was dazed every night and berighted by days.

I tripped over the sky as I walked upon air
I discovered a fly in the roots of my hair
The root of the matter was - where could I fly?
To Wigan perhaps? Well, let's have a try.

The glutinous mass which I took for my nose
Was really a Pobble a seeking his toes
'The sky fell down with a crack on my head
**It was the end of my dream when I fell out of
as bed**
^

"If you see a dustbin, paint it black

For blue is not their colour, not their style

It would not suit this dreary cul-de-sac

In backwoods, downtown East Angk

Thus spoke the sullen knight-at-arms

He was, as you will see, a man of many charms.

*

He rode at night through silent gloomy woods
And brewed strong pots of tea in silent dells
He drank them with emetic treacle puds
And played sweet tunes on dingy bells
He bought them from a charlatan who sold illicit goods.

*

After many days he found the Toads
And bargained with them for a bloated bat
Who sat upon a pumpkin writing odes
Of Noah and his ship on Ararat.
Eventually his subtle feet
Were like Jan ~~van~~ painting by Magritte.

undecided

↓

With new-won bat ~~and~~ ^{he rode} ~~and~~ ^{he rode} upon his way
Through viscous mire and unrelenting marsh
And shot the peasants ~~swimming~~ ^{swimming} in the Tay
The peasants whose brass bands were ^{too} harsh
much

They never practised more than twenty times a day.

*

2

The Plumber dined his instrument

It made a pretty sound
And split the sundry airs around
(the airs are what I thought you meant)
Until the jellied cat was drowned
(the cat that was so corpulent
it did the village folk astound).

He dug deep-freezes from the soil

And later by and by
He wooed a phantom butterfly
And wrapped it up in silver foil
He sent it to his mistress shy
Who torched it in boiling oil
(Its feelers went awry).

But gashes wept upon the floor
And drowned the plumber's feet
And spoiled the plates of fetid meat
With streams of undigested gore.
Corpsules dancing to the beat
Of musselman and matadors.
Whom panthers never eat.

"The Jug"

OR

"A CEREBRAL PALSY"

As the chicken to the cabbage, so the walnut to the swede
An incorrigible dictum of the Venerable Bede

I've washed words for weeks + weeks + still no sense you speak
I've booted myself in oil just to curb that squeamish shriek.

As the crayfish to the octopus, the bedesman to the loach
The horse unhorsed the driver who was paid to coach the coach
I've asked the Mayor to ride the mare, the clerk to read the rote,
The jeweller to line my hat with gold and peridot.

As the lapidary ladies to the mineshaft, thither coaxed
By the subtle semi-satrap from the rule of Krabatoket,
To look for semi-precious stones and worthless ones as well
And to wash their skins in ether and to wring them like a bell.

As the women oiled the liftcar, + the foreman raised his fist
Then the Welder raised his eyebrows, and the Wrestler broke his wrist,
Came the hoarse of clattered hoofsteps on the cobbles of the town
As the middle-aged pretender was about to claim the crown
As the coroner, deductively, pretended to be dead

Came the crayfish cry 'Then let him die' & 'Amputate his head'
But they took away his body and left the head behind
Does the heart contain the spirit, does the pelvis house the mind?

Do the houses mind the pelvis, does the body head the limbs,
Does the punitanic Welder mind the elves that sing no hymns?

See the Pilgrim father father fewer palking pilgrim sons

See the sunny cunning punster make unfunny punny puns.

As the punster to the pilgrim, so the manhole to the maid
Though the cobra may be soberer the adder's twice as staid
Though the viper may vituperate, she ^{eats} the adder's cake
Then putting on her Sunday best she wallows in the lake

As the miners to the milliner, the jewellers to the Jack -
The Welder was a humble man: he knew when to turn back.
The Queen + King, through thick + thing, they know when to turn black

2
She leapt to her seat with a cry of dismay,
No vigilant sage her fears could allay

No diligent vassal who cudgels the mass

Nor masculine ~~st~~ cowhand could save her, a lass.

For how can a cowhand deserve such a fate
When bulls with four feet cannot open a gate,

And a gate cannot hinder a four-footed bull -

Learn to hinder the better heron and fling to the gull

And the wide open spaces the philistine grebe -

That quakes in the quagmire and gloats in the glebe

The welkin exhibits no greater prestige

Than the drunkard who mutters "My ankle! My knees!"

The welder, the wheelwright, the maker of loaves

The cobbler who chews on chameleon cloves

The peasant's revolt! Was it 80 B.C.

Was it April, November or January?

Was it raining that day, or was Edward the Third?

Did Robert the Bruce know the way of the Kurd?

Now little Miss Muffet she relished a Studel

(Her last had been scoffed by a vigilant poodle)

I told you the system was Feudal.

I told you the system was atrociously bad

I told you twelve times till you thought me insane

I told you the system was mad.

For why should the spirit of marital be sad

When hopes can be high and rage can be glad

And why should the marital spirit decay

When a wedding can last for a year and a day,

And a funeral more than a miser could say.

Or a diligent vassal (on half of his pay)

Unerringly witty but sombrely clad

For what can the spirit of marital be had?

3
"Take that!" he cried, and kicked the hopeful frog,
Who'd fumed so long at dear Deirdre's bedside bed
Where Deirdre's sister slept as ~~like~~ if a log
Had larked her shin, and shunned her basking head.

The hopeful frogs + pessimistic toads
The nubile salamanders and the newts
Were hitchhiking, hiking, spawning in the roads
And swimming for the town by divers routes.

"The town!" they cried, "where we shall all be saved
If ~~dear~~ Deirdre grants the boon we craved
Princesses shall we kiss, and turn to ~~happy~~ carp
That play sweet water music on the ~~lyre~~ and the harp."

The pyre lay ready in the market-place
For ^{the} fishmonger's nephew whose soul was reprieved
For the desperate distiller whose dice were deceived
And the bishop who fled at a furious pace.
To the zone where the zebra is better believed
And the swift are the best, and the hares win the race.

"The town, the town, the town, the town, the town!"
Get up, sit back, fall short, move out, lie down!

Pursue, rescind, elope, transpose, give blood!
I nuke, in tone, imbike, in suit, slung mud,

But never, never, never curdle ice
And never heed his sensible advice,

This maxim ~~is~~ Deirdre's sister used, ignore
Amphibians and ~~these~~ reptiles and their lore.

The hopeful frog ³ ~~cried~~ ^{kicked} out + cried "Take that!"
And Deirdre turned once more into a rat.

I bled to death on Highgate Hill
I rose to heights hereto unknown to Man
or artisan

For Art is ~~an~~ a Narcotic Pill
And kills the soul as no narcotic can.

I bled to death as Artists must
I dyed deep red my soft four-poster chair
and, debonair,

They ban her for her ~~best~~ loathsome lust
The same that led her to the lion's lair.

I bled to death on Range of Gore
I wined in monarch's bones "A haversack,"
a lass I lack

A daisy calls me to the fore
And scurvy ~~cruturn~~ focus pulls me back.

And shall you bleed who follow me?
Or ~~see~~ see my sanguine book ~~des~~ flow with gore,
I ask no more

Talisman try to swallow me

That line's exceeding ~~poor~~ bad, appalling poor
And shall you follow me who bleed?

And you shall bleed, who ~~criticize~~! dare to criticize!!

~~scribble~~ I die for pies
I crave the Cassanary seed

I saw the craving in Cassandra's eyes

Despite all this, I bled ~~a~~ unseen

I sank to depths unknown, uncared for I.

Unknown I lie
surrounded by the green.

That is some corner of a foreign sky.

ripe and yet unsubtle were his weary ways.

No one dared to drive him from his home

A purple jake hung over his ear

Dab + dear, O dab & dear.

I wot not if he were a gnome

Rare and barely elish were his dreary days.

O weary days!

But though she sought to launder all her garments in the foam

She wept & read strange curses from an ancient crumbling tome
The curse was terse. The clothes were sated with Peat (some call it Loom)

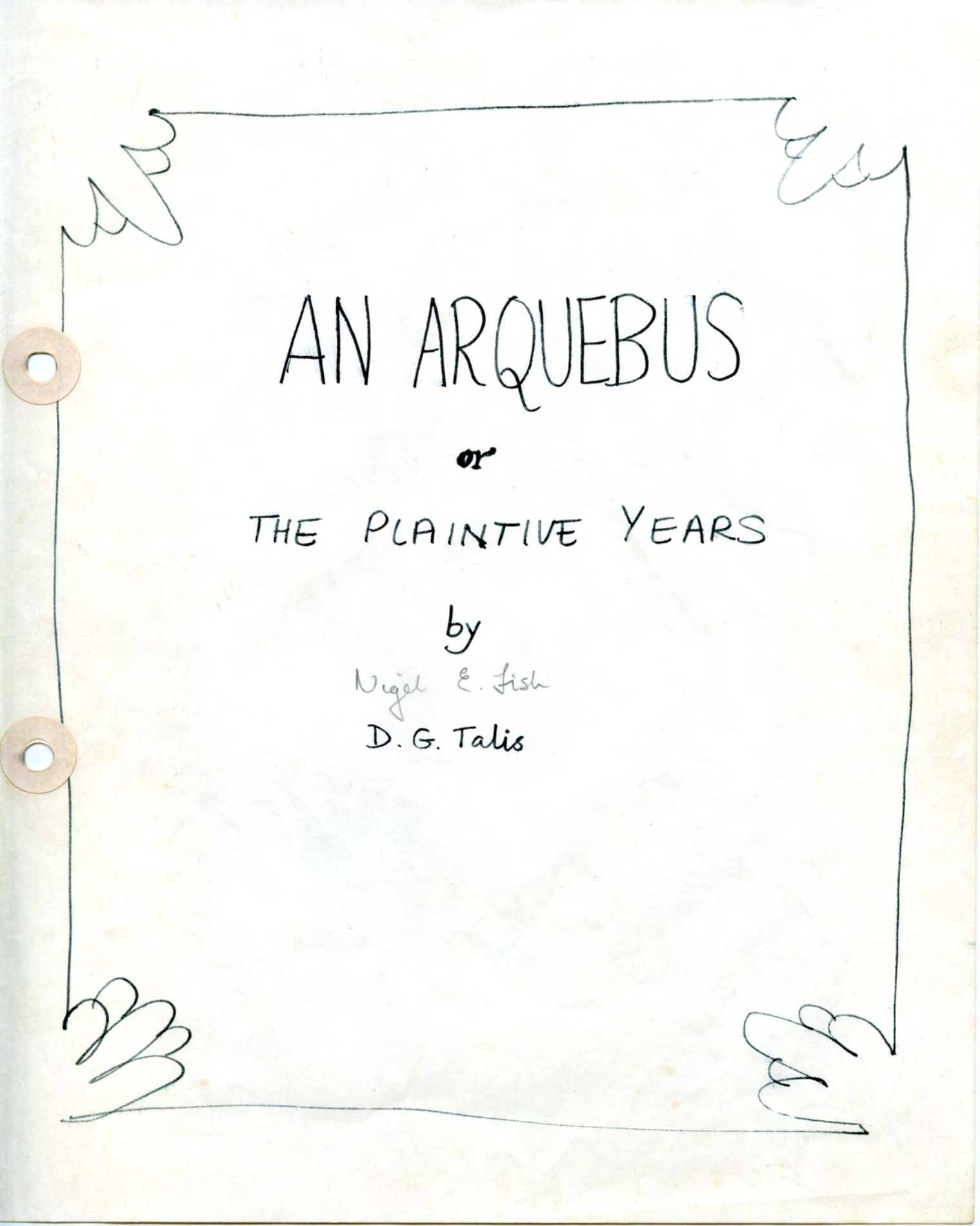
She telephoned: an urgent call to Aeneas' leg in Rome

The Pythia pretended that the lines were all engaged

And thus ^{gorgeous} ~~our~~ heroine by years & years she aged

While pushing stones up mountain, thirsty Siphilis assuaged

Who at the distasteful myth was horribly enraged



AN ARQUEBUS

or

THE PLAINTIVE YEARS

by

Nigel E. Fish

D. G. Talis

I sing of rabbits and the pristine rat
And all the sons that rodents e'er beget
Which fear the coming of the lynx-eyed cat.

I do not sing of aged peas and beans
Nor yet of ~~aubergines~~ and artichokes and aubergines:
My words are not of vegetable scenes.

I sing at night beneath the argent moon
And though my lays are always out of tune,
I'm better than the baritone buffoon

I've never sung in keys with many sharps
I've never wobbled to the sound of harps
And never sing, on principle, to carps.

The carp, salubrious fish, I do not love
I love the orange-purple Hopping Dove
I love all things that shift around and shove.

My loves, you think perhaps, are strange and odd
(You do not understand my love for cod),
But you weren't born, I say, in Norgorod.

You didn't spend your youth in silent woods
Where silent elves eat ancient Christmas Puds
Clad but in velvet ceremonial hoods.

But I, ~~on~~ whom the gods have often spat,
Sit down alone, and to the 'unhearing grnat
Sing songs ^{sad songs} of rabbits and the pristine rat.

The uncooked pie did wily smile and say
"Much have I pondered now on life and death,
For thought is not a pearl, that elephants will know
Nor thoughtlessness a crystal in the snow

Though many things exist, so many more do not
That know nor dusky night nor eye-bright day
Like musky moths that never did give breath
To sullen syllables that ease an insect's lot.
"Much have I pondered now on life and death."
*

Thus saying, to the oven went the pie:

He was a true blue stoic to the last
(His gut conceived where ~~cherries~~ ~~ripe~~ ~~do~~ grow,
pomegranates

And where the pirate kings their trumpets blow
To lure the mermaids). Thus the pie became
A tiny speck of pastry in the sky
Grimly remembering his joyful past
His sweet but fleeting joys, his momentary fame.
He was a true blue stoic to the last. ✓
*

And he is still remembered among the tribes
That wander o'er the plains of Kazakhstan
Those lost and weeping peoples do not know
What happiness was found long years ago
When pyres were burning in the mountains, on the plain
Hung heavy silence — language scarce describes.
Among these tribes it is a Sacred Yarn —
The Holy Pie: its shrine lies near the lane
That wanders o'er the plains of Kazakhstan.

" TERCES the FURTIVE CLAM "

OR

' BIT OF HALLEY'S COMET '

by

Jai Gestic
The Leaden Potto
NORE

For one night of rare enchantment, I passed ~~the~~ ninety nights of dis-
May my lover from the factory give me more eternal bliss

Let her slumber, let her snore, let her quiver let her roar

Let her do just what she will - for after all she ain't no whore

In my night of rare enchantment on the Ford production line

I woke in ~~profound~~ ^{agonizing} pain to find a rivet in my spine

Let it stay there, let it be, it's no catastrophe

Let her do just what she likes, after all her will is free

My night above the casement was worth all its weight in mould

The mushrooms sang a lullaby of sweetness quite untold

Such as milk or flowing honey (or maybe of flowing money?)

It matters little which, but it certainly was runny.

The pervert is pure!

Strive not to unloose

The secondary goose

or Mallarme,

or piously pray,

For Charlotte Russe.

Is rather obtuse

And sings in the bath all day.

The bandsman is buff!

They pay him enough?

For that yellow stuff

or La Fontaine

yet once again

My lemon puff,

Is often gruff

Like the kings that thund'rous reign.

ENVOI

So rarely is the serpent slow

Enough to see a walnut flow

My nights of rare enchantment so

slightly belemished.

"Pass the vallet, gallet," cried the sergeant in a stance
"Ease the stands" said the conductor an hour before the dance
His baton had a bat on: if you gave it half a chance
You could see it dance the polka
I was saddest when the folk a-
Round me said: "No More Romance!"

The day was over now and yet the lusty knight was gone
On an errand for the Marquis of Lower Babylon
Whose kitten had a mitten with a marigold upon
You could see it dance a tango
When they cried ~~you can go~~ aloud "You can go
Now" I said, and rambled on.

The catatonic couple dropped in death-throes to the floor
Like the epileptic crisis of a monthold matador
What's the matter with the latter? Surely 'twas't him we saw?
You could smell his rape the typist
Crying "Diese dumme Weib ist
Nicht so schlecht!" Who kept the score?

The new digestive amphitheatre never looked so grand.
(It was new you see) A fact that everyone should understand.
(And yet it would be better, if everyone were banned
From walking with a warrior
~~Those~~ whom nobody is sorer
To see than those who walk on sand.

The poet was a picturesque but sadly lacking shrub
He lacked the necessary shade to hide a lion cub
He invested all his savings in a desultory club
Where the foxes learned to trot
And de-rail the irate Scot
Who wheezed; Rubadub dub. Gub!

Let us drink a Hungarian toast to the Whale!

That's to say, spout the liquor 8 feet in the air
And ladies go back quietly home, do where
Music's unsound, and the sirens are male.

Let's crunch an incredible^{*} toast to the Melba
Unimpeachable dish, beyond all compare
And ladies go slowly back home, do where
My lover lies, leaning on her elbow

Let's burn a dead duck, let's fry it, let's roast
Let's spit it 8 miles to a far distant coast
Where we hope it will simmer and give up the ghost
Of the mallard's aforesight "How much is the most?"

But if ducks don't exist then nothing is "more"
Like a beingless apple devoid of a core
On which toothless old stunts necessarily grow
In lieu of the joys of an unwilling whore.

May the clue to the case of this capital clan ...
May the root of ~~all~~ my rabid revenge
Be uncovered in ancient Stonehenge
Or in subtly suburbical Peuge,
Where the underground railway engine
Ran.

① ye subtle engines of the shiny Northern line
Where the nauseating despot holds his court
Of antiquated boxers that never yet have fought,
Of delapidated mousetraps, that never rodent caught
(Those excellent devices, so rarely these days bought)
These things of ancient myth will come no doubt to nought
The numberless confection the doughnut-counter sought
As he downed the methylated mud and spumed the parson's port
+ the rights of rare entrancement. In cyst upon a Wart!

"I most certainly will not"

The table was laid, the glasses were set

I thought of my grandfather's silhouette
Enshrined for all time on a large photograph
I think I shall chop it in half.

And sell it for sixpence at Widdicombe fair

Answer no scurrilous questionnaire

Frighten inquisitors, bound for the coast

Mimic your grandfather's ghost.

The candles are lit, the board is prepared

And waiting in silence the horrible Laird
Enshrined his grandfather within a cassette

His body is rotting there yet.

I'll sell it for nothing if any will buy

For Agatha's my alibi

She slept half the night in the verminous fut

And wrote graffiti on't.

The font was defiled but the altar was clean

Until the wee small hours, I mean

When Aggie awoke with a visible eye

And altered the altar all terribly wry.

"A change is as good as Arrest!" shrieked the plue

(They'd just arrived from Greece)

As they battered my grandfather's house to the ground

With a humbling decibel sound

Enshrined for all time in the growth of the wheat.

For the epileptic chest

Enshrined for half time in the wirth of a goat

(Six o'clock in the rowing boat)

Enshrined for a dick in a buffalo's hide

(Six o'clock is the mystical ride)

Enshrined for enchantment for never, for night

(Six o'clock is worth half an ape)

For the grandfather clock that was battered: kito plight

Was rather dire. A squalid grouse

Is not the nicest of things to fight

It spoils enchantment in the night.

5
The keystone stood aloof beside the sea

It was the best of friends with Nosnibor & me

I see the loofa stood beside the quay.

I see it well.

I feel its smell.

Pardee!

*

The buzzard soared aloft above the Po
No softer lord was known, or now or long ago

To dominate the ~~dwain~~ dwarf, incognito

His name is not

I have forgot

Bardot!

*

The sofa floated twisted die during ~~times~~

Its ~~back~~ backside roughly level with the sergeant-major's knees,

The sergeant major's backside rough as gravel fails to please

The roughest wench

To say (in French)

On brise!

*

A ~~the~~ gravestone in the mattress of my bed

's but a feeble, paltry substitute for bread

To serve at bridal breakfasts to those about to wed

About to knot

(Believe it not!)

Ahead.

*

Enchant me with your whining repartee

Till screams should reach their apogee

And, falling, splash into the sea

Ask Nadia

For Bacardi or

Me.

See the potecak dance the polka
Before night falls;

On me, on thee.

And on the stokes

In this night of rare enchantment
Which your aunt meant

To cook, for tea

*

See the walrus waltz by day

To an eerie reel

At dawn, forlorn.

And far away

In this day which you enlighten

Or else frighten

Those still unborn

*

See the vixen, watch her trot

Or else, if not

(Unholy goat!)

The Irate Scot

Shall ram your mouth with cats.

And rubles stoats

(Out, out, damn spot!)

*

See the albatross apply

The potent oil

The Sheik profess

A blackened eye

Sheik may safely ~~have~~ gaze

Up on plains of supple jelly:

Like all am I!

*

Envoi:

Beside me now you are, beside myself I am
My second friend was not my a justive clam.

THE
THIRTEENTH
AFTERNOON

or

The Follies of Krishna

by

General De Terrence

The Whale of Tintoretto

The merchant of Venezuela

Was ~~locked~~ locked in his room by a sailor
Who demanded a bushel of blood
Or at least the address of his tailor,
And a lesson in chewing the cud.

The dream of a mid-autumn night,
Is like an unfliable kite
Which will land in a tree,
On a Saturday night
While trying to act like a bee.

Have you ever seen a meringue
Delivering a violent hurangue
Or a dissident dove
With a sharp ~~metal~~ parasang,
To give as a gift to his love.

The skylark once sang to his mate
"We'll meet at the butters gate
And slip on the hinge,
(For this is our fate)
If we ever go out on a binge."

The ~~mad~~ ^{mad} metallurgical monk

Was attacked by a scurridous skunk
And the bullfighting Basque
Sailed away in a junk,
And the skunk ran away with a flask

As the flames of the candle grew dim
There appeared from the glow Cherubim
Who made off with the wa ~~st~~
Though feeble of limb
(They have strong deaginous backs)

(2)

I wish I were a porcupine upon the banks of Dee
Or else a gilded telephone in far Trincomalee
For then I'd find myself at ease, though often I have said
That effervescent lemonade is better for the head
Than Montezuma's regimen performed while drinking tea
(For Montezuma had a thought: a lentil is a pea,
And half the sea is molten wax, the other half is lead,
But which is which we'll never know for Montezuma's dead).

I'm glad I'm not a pot of jam on Chile's distant plains
Or Genghis Khan's best blunderbuss, or even Tamburlaine's,
For then I'd feel that curried eel, though often rather poor,
Was the only proper food to eat in Warsaw or the Ruhr,
Unless riding down the Rhine by night with sadly slackened reins
My silver-plated tie awry, my stomach plagued by pains
I'd strike an attitude of wrath, a posture quite demure,
But what was what you'd never know, for cancer has no cure.

Though there was a young doctor named Blake,
Who kept yellow mice in a cage
When they said that he must be insane
He replied he undoubtedly wasn't
But of course if they said he was wrong,
(And in fact he was right all along)
He would make them a very fine cake,
As an underhand Christmas present,
For 'twas all the result of aways
That was not to be paid again.

I'm sorry never to have seen the marmoset at play,
For he's a child, and I to him in loco parente
He dangles from a lofty limb and sits athwart a brook,
And cries in sundry ancient tongues "pro carmine illuc"
He speaks most appalling French and shouts "je suis éte"
A cheerful lad he is, you see, just like a summer's day
And if I try to stop him, why - he qualls me with a look,
For if am a bishop, why then he must be a rook.

(3)

Oh, The gramophone is a marvellous beast, half bat, half snail, half prawn,
Half wombat, half elephant, half kinkajou, the remaining half is the least
Only three and one half in captivity, it's kept on a verdigris lawn
It has nothing to do from even to noon, but at night it is always releast

It roams through the streets
And whomever it meets
It cries "Where do you do?"
Like an arrogant you-
through a maich full of sweets.

It roves over parks
And it frequently barks.
To the denizens of
Far-Flung Herzegov-
-ina. "Linear B."

It runs through the town
In an old dressing-gown
Which it constantly doffs
(You can hear as it coughs
That its feathers are down)

It paints at an easel
The size of a measles,
Two armies in combat
Both chucking a bomb at
Whatever the breeze'll

~~Some~~ Bear to the river
Be it kidney or liver
Or pieces of bacon
The cat has forsaken
~~And~~ For the sake of a quiver,

Whatever it be, the gramophone beast, half this, half that, he will paint it
On a canvas so rare that the wealth of the world ~~could~~ for to buy it could never aspir
So rare, so unique, that the wrath of the world would descend on any
that taint it

As assault any seller who would try to dispose of this treasure to an ~~any~~ ^{elegant} buyer;
(Yes, the wrath would be dire).

(4)

The burglars of Leamington Spa
Are renowned for their daring and dash
For they never make use of a car
Unless they are travelling terribly far,
In search of illicit cash.

*

The Lemmings of Bergen-op-zoom
Have stormed the municipal pool
And invaded the manager's room
(Which is next to the emperor's tomb)
The emperor was a fool.

✱

The martyrs of Montevideo
Were lynched every night by a ~~mob~~ mob,
While the soldiers would faintly say "Oh,
My goodness they are getting rough in their play-o,
What does a burglar, but rob?"

*

The ~~crabs~~ crabs which infest Marrakesh,
Are careless up mountaintops
When they're tipsy they get out of breath
Though the net has a very fine mesh
To help ~~with~~ ^{of} hauling ~~the~~ hops

*

The venomous vermin of Vaud
Hadsa hide like a hideous hag,
It speaks in the Highway Code
While painting its heavers with woad,
You see it is quite a wag.

*

ENVOI:

The animal kingdom has come now to grief,
Though the vegetable garden is fully in leaf.

The Market-Place

or

'Jeremiah, Jeremiah'

by:

The Bantu Babe

Q. Rex Esq

Had the parson's nose been longer
Had he followed his instructions
Then the terrible destructions
Of the Bishopric of Tonga
Would never have occurred.

*
Had the parson used his potai
Had his wife been twice as pretty
Had their house been in the city
Rather than the mighty ocean
Noone would have stried.

*
But the parson was a madman
Quite convinced his nose would dwindle
So thereto he fixed a spindle
Recommended by the ad-man,
A Catalonian Kurd.

*
On the spindle hung a bottle
A quarter-full of gooseberry brandy
(This was just to keep it handy),
As favourite of Aristotle
Brewed it, so I've heard

*
Had Aristotle been a parson
Had he grown his nose correctly
(Instructed by his wife, hen-peckedly)
Followed everything minutely
Watched the Bishopric astutely
Summoned the craft of Arson
Then he would not have erred.

*
A

The drivers of cars who wear hats on their heads
Are a scurrilous breed who veer to the right of the road
And to those who esteem them I cry:

"Your cars are not beds

Though your sanctance seems to show you're ignoring the Code,
For this you should die."

And though they reply ^{to you} with some Biblical phrase
Culled from the Psalms or the seventeenth chapter of Job
I shall silence their wrath with a curse:

"Your cars shall not loze

Though expense seems to show that your cars lack a lobe
And your pocket a purse."

But however defective their bodies may be
There can be not a doubt that each one is a mischeivous rogue

Who embezzled the funds of the king
While drinking his tea

Though analysis seems to show (in a broad Highland Brogue)
That they know not a thing.

Being bogtans & hivy in Leamington Spa

Where the blackest of shields may be seen by the light of the moon.

They knew every inch of the palace,
Where they travelled by car

Though statistics appear to show they had hats on too soon
For such is their malice.

And thushy disguised, with the funds in their grasp
They travel the roads of the world from the east to the west

And to those who deem them I deem:

"All people should clasp

What intuitive thought seems to show is the biggest & best -
For such is my dream."

Let time + tide for no man wait, for no man but for me
For me whom mighty Jove ordained should hold in thrall the sea
For me + my companions whom all random now I choose
Let all of nature wait for us, for there's no time to lose.
Our wooden ell is built + tied, our armour's newly plated
The table's laid, the kettle's boiled and all the cheese is grated.
But though the fruit's are peeled + dried, a heroine we lack
I'll send my friend to look for one, for he's a mariner.

Five years have passed, six weary weeks, since those last lines were wrote
And in that time I've made for me a large elastic boat
With rubber on the filler + a lovely springy keel

I hope therewith to go to sea and catch a lengthy eel.
But wait! They shriek from peevish cays "Our heroine is come!"

For her I'll bake a loaf of bread and finish every crumb.
For her I'll kill the fattened calf or sweet the favourite cat

But wait! What are the earnest fiends intently looking at?
The planet yawns, the seas roll back, + peeping through the crust

The eye that every Muslim fears gazed out with mighty lust
Gazed? No, it blazed, + roved the scene, combusible + dry.

It ploughed the hills and scoured the rills and bent the woods awry
+ left behind a cindered do, an incandescent sky.

Let time + tide for no man wait, the eye has risen now
On us who hoped to tame the things that time has taught us how
Or master the complexities of large elastic craft

On us, the hopeless arrogant, at whom the Muslim laughed

On all that Buddha e'er betrayed, on all that Krishna saw
Who knew the wanted order but forgot the wanted law.

Thus let the cycles pass within their ordained paths

A chain of soiled pilgrims filing through the greasy baths

Gazing reverently at bones, the which (or so it's said)

Are we, who were so lively once that we could not be dead.

The Putative Egg

OR

The Length + Breadth of Italy

by

Young Macdoff

Kyrie L. Aison

I learned from the minstrel the songs of the East
That proclaim the supremacy of a certain beast
What its name? + where its dwelling? Be it clean or evil smelling?
And has it ever been released?
To charm the maidens of the East?

The minstrel knew not ought of this
And wandered the perimeter of the Jolly town of Fiss
Where is he now? and what does he do? Is he a Hindu or a Jew?
Is he Mister, Sir, or Miss?
What young ~~lady~~ lass awaits his kiss?

His songs of the beast made the townsmen take flight
For the beasts they were used to were camel and kite
And the sociable goats who go "Hello" in the night
That they fear, 'tis ~~as~~ as right
At the sinister sinister kite.

O I'm certain the beast is supreme in the land
For its flavor is fine, be it fresh, be it canned
~~Is it~~ Is it here? Is it there? O where is its lair?
Is it avable, rodent, ~~claw~~ claw?
How's its pituitary gland?

The eligible elephant spoke of the day
When its mate was unclotched by a gamma-ray
X the spot (But what is not)? whose trunks were stopped by a clot.
Where's the cove, and where the bay?
The minstrel leads us thataway ...

Over hills and under mountains, by the potholes in the sky
By the anchors, by the anchorites, Ankhara came we nigh
Where's the bird? And where the beast? Or the friendly goat at least?
Whose the lass he longs to kiss?
(Will he hit, or will he miss?)
Through the shamboid burgh of Diss
Time will tell: let's hope it will not lie.

I knew a girl who ate no pears
That's sixteen altogether. (Scuse the joke)
She sang inveterate Abyssinian airs
Beside the Nile where crocodiles a-croak
To lure unknowing lovers to their lairs.
To know alluring lovers down in theirs

She was the mother of a lycanthrope
The with feet of clay + brass head, all the rage,
Who at the midnight hour would meekly mope
and drink the lean gas, her thirst + assuage.
With murderous intent he took a rope
Though he was stoned, I'm sure that he could cope.

But no! For ~~see him~~ lo, behold his shaking hand
His aluminum armlets see them buckle!
As the sable currents lash his ampersand
His enemies emit a sombre chuckle
That rouses every creature in the land
Which destiny has grouped, or rather, clanned.

Thus, kith and kin, they all come to her aid,
That's lemon, lime, or orange (scuse the pun)
They rescue her, this humble working-maid
Who toiled her life-long life, by moon, by sun,
And never servile wench her wims obeyed
Nor gallery her canvasses displayed

No dealer would her canvasses unfurl
Nor auctioneer deliver with a gavel —
Thus opurned, her head was in a whirl
A Lycanthrope no human could unravel
Especially she: she was a no-pear girl
If not be gems: An artificial pearl!

The snow falls each morning at 6.35
Shortly before the startings arrive
And shortly before the startings arrive
No man is alive.

To sing in the snowfall
Of the bread and the loaf, all
The things that the baker brings just before eight
And leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate
Those leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate
Are teeming with life

Pray sharpen your knife
For the dangers are great.
The children go out at a quarter to nine
As the starlings sunbathe on the railway line
And sunbathing there on the railway line
The carriages glide
And marriage is made
in Heaven to shine.

At twenty to ten housewives chop off their heads
And pour pink petrol in everyone's beds
And pouring pink petrol in everyone's beds
The mob is enflamed
The mobile is framed
Their houses are sheds

And late in the evening the husbands return
Shortly before the thunder-clouds burn
And shortly before the thunder clouds burn
The starlings withdraw
By foot + by claw

And all men will learn
That Midnight the moment, is marked of man
When the night is as still as the day that began
And the night is as still as the day that began
When the hour-glass ran
And it lay in my hand still
As it came to a standstill.

I saw ten children every afternoon
They huddled in the waiting room outside
Until the rising of the gibbous moon
Until the ebbing of the mystic tide.

And on their faces awful fear was writ
They crawled into my study one by one
Their hands were lacerated by the grit
Which lay on every landing by the door

And when at last they all knelt by my feet
All hypnotised by Job, the parakeet
That sits in solemn silence in his cage
His turquoise turning indigo with rage,
I thought of the unspeakable elite:
Whose reputation nobody can gauge,
Unless discrete.

*
The register no longer holds my name
The catalogue no longer my address
For striking gold, my name is stricken off
The archives thus are marginally the less
The blow is less the stupor than the shame
That earned me only momentary fame.
For taking home, my life was stricken off
Unless, unless.

*
I paid the County Council for my rooms.
(The count's ill but the earl is feeling better)
The Parakeet's my locum - large he looms
He spurns the children's infantile Vendetta

Tell me, would you like a cup of cocoa?
Shall we sail the Amazon, or Orinoco?

Je dis Merci, Merci, Merci Beaucoup.

So as the sun sank slowly in the east, we cried aloud
We wailed + wept + gashed our teeth - we were a sorry crowd
That shivered by the playing-field till the rising of Orion
And downed the dreary anthem "Those who brought tied goods to Zion"
We watched the thudding footballers who frolicked in the dark
We spied the sables who bough and bend and bite + brouch a bark
But all ~~nothing~~ for nothing, since, alas!, our hopes were shattered when
The scum scurried down, the forwards flew, and Buddha turned to Zen.
Meanwhile a cricket match was played to shrieve the heretic
With current huns for cricket balls the fiddlers all fell sick
and brandy snaps for cricket bats less durable than most
The wicket was of celery, the groundsman was of toast.
Elsewhere, a furtive tennis-match with racquets of meringue
With combatants from Olsuore and far-away Cadiz
(where the golden Elephant and the silver leopard is)
Delivering each service with a terrible language.

There is a land where every game is ^{very} like a meal
Where lacrosse players hit lamb chops and darts is played with veal
And chess is played with vegetables upon a smörgåsbord -
The room is flooded with white sauce when any points are scored
And if a player cheats he'll find he's fast engulfed in custard
The salt + pepper soldiers stand in fearsome phalanx numbered
Ready to ~~the~~ attack ~~the~~ straightway the barley-sugar bishop
The cardineat contingent with a sterna plaintive wish - a
-lea to leave the lamp aside for fear they should go blind
For if sight is in the eye, who dares say 'madness in the mind'?
and in this land a music-man is seldom given leave
to crush a four-leaf clover, ~~to~~ or to split a four-leaf clover.
This land is where the sky is green and blood is seldom red
And Zion's eye on you + I, aeroplules withal,
Will feed our minds with fantasies, for sleep is but a wall
A fence so dense, a brick so thick, that we are likely, are deemed quick
Will ~~stumber~~ on in shaggishness, as if our life had fled.

I listened to your vibraphone with nothing but alarm
But my youngest daughter's perianth was enviably calm
May your melody forever soothe my offspring's epidermis
But my hit is to my miss, as her foolish hit to her miss.
Now it was the schooner Heppamus that sailed the windy sea
From Italy to Italy, thence to furthest Italy,
Where takenen tasks bitterly,
Latterly.

*
Repeat this assassination when I've counted up to eight
For if you wait till seventeen it will be much too late
+ if you ~~wait~~ wait till 31 the piece will all arrive
—that's a situation to prevent which we must strive
But hark to thee blithe spirit, dickybird thou never wait,
For the nest was left unguarded and the weasel was alert
Whom vitamins avert,
Abort.

*
Abominate the thief of time, for clandestine he creeps
And in his clock-filled haversack his timely harvest reaps
With pendulums about him, and his body swathed in springs
Firmly fixed, for time flies by on amethystine wings
And tell me now, shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely, I would say, than April or than May
Whose pitch is in my pay,
My fee.

*
ENVOI: O Tarmacadam, tarmacadam, now no more my bath
For I, of all the children in the world, I like the hottest
bath.

"Full Fathom Four"

or

"Views of a Measurement Boat"

by

"Ogilvey"

Edgar V.C. Westhill

"To slay the whole cast our purpose must be,
I find in the actors such cause for dismay
That the hero I chose will inevitably see
On the day of the judge, as judge of the day.

"Othello" or "Hamlet", what matter it now?
Copernicus salt at the organ

He purpos'd a play, yet only knew how
to sing of the Zola, or Goryan.

They hardly envisaged financial reward,
Bankruptcy would surely ensue
But the money flowed in with a pleasant accord,
A terrible lullaballoo

So rich they became that they hastily drank
The rum they'd been saving for D-day
The vapour was noxious, so fetid and rank
They rushed out + boked in the bidet.

So sickened were they their behaviour became
The model our children avoid.

By casting their legs in the manner selfsame
And gluing their kneecaps with Croid

The play was forgotten as chaos broke out
Our bodies were broken by ~~the~~ bandits.

The only technicians, he bulbous & stout.
Defended the case of the pundits

"The judgment was right I loudly uphold
And shout it in statements of eight.
The success was assured if we were but told
We start'd + finished too late"

Medeval marks may throng your halls
And sup your sumptuous feasts
and Eastern Kings may pay you calls
or Turkish Rukes, their dues reclaim
I know more Wests than you know Easts
And treat you thus with the greater disdain
Though friends ~~among~~ a-many among us a-main
Treat only their allies with the widest acclaim.

Your spies may hang from curtain-sails
And treat your worries lightly
Like feather beds, ~~to be~~ reduced in sales
Or lightweight coats in herring-bone
That hide the stinking board ~~with~~ unsightly
Scarcely seen's the wood obscured by loam
A scarcely mean the wood in this, our home
Now grown so ~~at~~ ill, to all our sins atone.

The pellet groans beneath your weight
Your ail conscience plagues you
The new edition will be late
Though better than the former one
Revised, reset, + up to date too
Presented like a family album
"Gibt mir achtzehn und ein halb"... um"
Inscribed with the name Agamemnon.

ENVOI:

Your name is embossed on my curtains
Your head ^{we} will ~~be~~ set in the ceiling
My safes will be filled with your curtains
To your effigy we will be kneeling,
sarcastic refrains we shall sing
Saleable gifts we shall bring.

The autumn mists were freezing mists
The welder wends him where he lists
The welder lists where men may find
A beaver's quill, in silk reclin'd.

No one can get there by candlelight
Only the rich from East German Bight
Only the poor who assaulted our sight, or the monks who uprooted our night.

When winter nights grow long & cold

The boilermaker starts to scold

The boilermaker's suit is thin

In silk he covers not his skin

As well as this, his woe to increase

He lives on cats + candlegrease

The digestive process shortly will cease, he'll need all his power to
obtain our release.

+ when from jail we are day sprung
with eighteen voices we will sing

In simple tones, in harmony

which well express our eulogy

Silken opossums + beavers of lace

Men in white stockings that cover the face

Anything pleasant our concert shall grace, anything fitting + not out of place

Some are blessed with a patent inhibitor

~~When drunk~~ when drunk, tell the welder to kiss her

So honest, so stolid, so handsomely clad

I cannot believe he could ever be bad

Arid & nasty, the tone was portentous

Prepare for a statement abrupt + tremendous:

Prepare for explosions horrendous, prepare for our breaking
then mend us.

Sigismund, refurbished, assaulted his crew
On grounds of divorce + desertion

The crew, in reply, their own wealth to pursue
Announce ~~an~~ a financial exertion:

Their plan comprehensive is speedily made
Equipment is rented, or bought.

And the speed of their action, so subtly played,
Is speed of a singular sort.

A bevy of boatmen's a sight to behold,
The towpath was lined with deserters

"Their feet were so cold" Sigismund was told,
They threatened to kill us or hurt us.

"But be not dismayed" he lustily bellowed,
~~"But be not dismayed"~~ "Arbutnot" the echoes replied

"I think of my mother" his voice now was mellow'd,
"I feel like my mother inside"

His speech was received with a minimal glee
By most of his friends + family

Their arms were linked to the neighbouring boats
Foundered, so great was their cargo of oars.

The swell it swelled, the waves did wave
Sigismund viewed the fray

As the water flooded the outer cove
The bevy of boatmen whom none could save
The wealthiest king, the lowliest slave
Drowned in a manner that none would crave

& Sigismund was lost in awful dismay
Let us pray.

issued by the Health Department of the United Kingdom

Medicine Cabinets should be kept in a cool, dry place. Do not use medicine in your medicine spoon with hot or boiling water.

"MARK'S BASS"

or

"Within an inch of my life"

by

The Real Fightsome
Pancho Stanza.

TAKING YOUR MEDICINE

IN METRIC DOSES
HOW TO MEASURE YOUR MEDICINE

Labour saving african assistant to the Duke

Found no other person there with whom he could rebuke

Lazing in the Sunday with the stress of his tribe

With a jar of Walter's whisky he'd forgotten to imbibe.

In the Duke's apartment stands a traitor to his race

With a vivid purple kerchief pressed tightly to his face

Amovils in his haversack & horsehoes in his hand

Trumpets for his cousins whose musicians in our band

Anything he welds will turn to dross come Christmas Day &

which with effort will endure tho' there's little more to say

Traitor to his union, his profession, and his friends

ⁿWalter, where's the onion, a confession, make amends!

African attendants bringing garlic ~~to~~ pumpkins lunny in

Able seamer charting, their stranded mothers worryin'

Lost on coral islands where the tiger holds his sway

Occupied with thoughts that call to creditors, "Repay!"

Walter where's the water? What's this fluid in the jug?

Traitor, have they caught her? Fetch a beaker or a mug.

Where's the humble african? The welder? The Elite?

Fares please, Sir. Remind her of the French fleet.

Stranded in the Hellespont with survy running wild

Handed to the sellers' point with the winners getting riled,

The Dardanelles Alarum bells were wanging in the poop

The Africans had served the Duke on bread with bowls of soap

Shanty towns were palaces ~~on~~ beside their simple homes

Paper covers covering their pile of learned tomes

Tones the welder read in piercing tones to all that heard

Tones the welder used to incense his mother's herd,

Cows that were to Ulysses as Haver is to me

Homer's where your heart is, irretrievably.

2
Acrimonious, ineffably large

The Cowbirds attempted to scuttle the barge

Agathe Christie would shortly discharge

The pistol which started the battle.

"A battle once fought is over & done

The King is the winner, who loses, his son?

Made from his liver, a venomous kun,

A gun which began as a rattle.

Pegasus flew to the East in rebuttal

Old King Cole barged in + tempted the scuttle

A move made ingenious & thereby so subtle

That covering cars turned to systems

Oranges over'd, that oranges cover,

O in the morning I hope to grow down

Apples so aged they start to go sour

Though ~~free~~ stored in the cool of the cloisters.

To offer our homes to every marksman

"Use these as targets - spare our remarks" Then

Take to the water; — the first man embarks when

A horse can be dredged from the sea.

This spirit engendered our cause is more favour'd,

Agathe strengthened the ~~ass~~ many who wavered

Chekhov inspired the others who quavered,

The minimum mentor was we.

" The dangers inherent in eating a spoon

Are many & varied, little & few

The speech of the Cynan was bland,

But armies compel us to eat the meal soon

To scift from the velvetreen hand

That Helen has brought to our crew

Our crew of deserters, ^{of} ~~or~~ our horses of oak

Our men with the sordid display

The player who mended his sword

The sight of such villains would cause me to choke

In unison, as in a ^{recital} chord,

My fears to increase, not alley.

Our lay is the air that the giantist abhors

I judge you, the sentence is horrid,

The publisher stuns my defence

The defendant is summoned; his only recourse

(as the sentence is not without sense)

Is weeping & clasping the forehead.

And Paris repeated, ^{*} with fork in his tongue

Invasion is imminent, shortly they'll come

The speech of Cassandra resounds

Call on the kygles, let nations be sung,

On pagan, or vice-pagan grounds

Gather the cuttings to paste in an album.

4
The way ostrich lies abed,
A pillow hides his weary head
And thus is found the real way
Of turning saunter right today.

In contrast sleeps the wicked snail
Imprisoned in a white wash pail
His motive forms a waxen scheme
In lives of bees which haunt his dream.

There dreams of these pellucid whelks
Who hold the reins of deers or elks
With such command & able skill
No mollusc's judge could call them ill

In deepest slumber's found the stout
German ermine forms his coat
And though asleep he hums a note
And snores a carefree chorus

A bear, yes, he, too, finds a nap
He chooses to ignore us

He sleeps without a sleeping-cap
Droops his ~~not~~ nightcap lay by lap

envoi: Only we're awake to strut the stage
Candelabras flicker in the cage
A fitting memento to our golden age
Mirrors for the wrath that's all the rage

5
Baby Lon fell & all were incensed

Noone should authorize such a demise

The hosts encamp'd around in tents

Forbid their guests the true disguise

Forbid their guests their evening ties

Their bows, + shoes, + your belows

The pelerine grey, the jacket that glows

As the trumpet redounds "Atta Turk!"

Way of Emperors, cheating & devious

fifty leagues onward I cautiously wept.

Then came there a voice, "The gods, then they leave you, "

Atta Turk crumpled. Babylon wept.

Oligarchs erudite chattered & slept

The shards of guards, with leotards

The death of Eloise, now Abelard's,

Never to queue in the kirk

*

Lost in the Forum, wandering lonely

Not like a whale nor a camel besides

far from family, the church in Stoneleigh

Memory Coin Ark + Abel elides

Down in the garden the serpent-like glides

Crieve that Eve will not believe

We've got to leave to find relief

Noah bids the leave of Eden

"It's true, I swear, indeed, 'n

If you're on the way to Wexlar

Take this beer & hourly feed'n.

Paradigm of porters' skill,

Phosphorus! The grimmest pill.

Arabesques to looser tongues

Pilgrims to the cloistered lungs

There immersed with evil plans

Windy Wendy needs her fans

Enjoined to secrecy they attest

Examination would be best.

"What the price now Olive's here?"

"Stared as ~~was~~ usual, my dear!"

"Find a doctor, swallow this,"

"In this bottle kindly peer?"

"Say again, I didn't hear,"

"Deafness follows too much beer"

He muttered gaily with a leer,

The Carol Singer's getting near

Imbue me with a sense of fear.

Make me from the window veer

Tiresias he, the blinded seer

Reputedly a ~~so~~ saving ~~opium~~-master

choir

Ravished a raider & reputedly cast her

Into the depths of disaster

Bandaged her links with elasto-plaster

Pledged to talk farther + farther

Sculpted with skill from white alabaster,

to be always was an ungrateful little brother

And once in bed he would demand another "goodnight kiss"

Windy Wendy + Peter Pan

Fell in love with the dustbin man

Finish the Footnote as best you can, finish however thou list.

I cannot still endure the gaze of Huckleberry Finn
The primal sin, is the safety pin

That choked his brother.

The Sawyer Tom eschews my gaze as to the gaze of Lot

The ocelot, the ill-begot,
I loath no other.

Giordano's advice is good, ~~but~~ but better than the King
Whose diamond ring, (Amoebaus thing)

Beguiles my nother.

Instead of salt I conjure you to season meat with cloves
Such wheaten leaves, such bogogoves?

Provide no cover.

A racing horse is fed on cloves to thicken up his main

Meal of mixed grains, reducing pain

Within another.

The wife of Lot, the life of Lot, The wifely Lot is Woe

Amadillo, plared pillow, Pussy willow

There to smother, Whistler's lover.

And I am left in clover while my sisters throng the live

Do I need to find your home or do you have ^a garage?

May I say your talking is a most unseemly bavage?

Will you come with me to drive away in this my handsome ^{carriage}

Would you judge your person to be dead or half-alive?

Come live with me or would it end in marriage
Would it end in Harwich?

There is no woman I would knowingly disparage,

Though I shun the gaze of Huckleberry Finn.

"Totally Predictable
TELEPRINTER"

or

Two may Twinge

by:

Five Days Early.

φ Onyx

Yah!

Exactly who knew her, or thought it was true

Was not in the lore of the land

Precisely whose mother had started the rumour

That Edward the 8th resembled a Hun

Was unknown to the soldiers of far Samarkand.

Entirely uncertain, her words were reported

Met thinks their veracity is not at all

~~Dependable~~; Doubtable; who can redeem or redress her?

What fool, after all, would wish to possess her?

None of the sailors from distant Nepal.

Quite what she intended was never that clear

(I hope you will never forget

That life-like potato I fashioned from wax)

The secret is succoured in dark cul-de-sacs

Unknown to the spungers of Ocker Tibet

She finished it off with a turn of the screw

She couldn't bear it any longer

she screwed in her turn the apricot jam

+ stuffed his great-grandfather's gullet with ham

Procured from Epping, or Ongar.

(He's frightened to use the word "Tanga")

(Even though it's not very much wronger)

(or longer)

There once was an ocean-bound isle

With diameter less than a mile

Its name was taboo

Its natives eschew

The arrogant few

The celibate crew

That help with the stew

In the bogs of Fern

The celibate who?

The ill-brained two!

(O vile kinkajou)

Who came in view

Of those ones who

Upset our Sue

Who grievous grew

Cry View-Halloo!

The island knew

No kangaroo

With less than a luminous smile

From diverse Welsh poets, from volumes of song
Came the worst of the words the emperor disowned
And the things that Big Bernard has never done
Were the songs that the emperor knew all along.
With sundry propellants our rockets are fuelled
To Venus we go, then to Saturn anon,
But when all the ~~air~~ food & the oxygen's gone
We've nothing but sulphur and nitrogen fuel.
The verminous vacuum of far outer space
Beloved of the coalmen in dangerous pits
Who live on plum brandy, or Stivovits
Supported by Pirates from arable Thrice
But space is hopelessness emptiness now
For the town in the sky was unspeakably grand
The Welsh are a nation whose poems are scanned
No better than those of this present writer now.

The phereme is a sorry mouse
It helps to stew
It helps to boil.

For me, for you
(Torgo no foil!)

I run the doings in this house.

The glottal stop the glowworm shuns

Instead it seeks

On Alpine ~~peaks~~ slopes

Expiring leeks

Who know the ropes

And disinherit half their sons.

By ones

And twos

No buns

No shoes.

I thought they were the ones.

The silent 'h' it is a beast apart

It helps to fry

Young Malechi

That wants to cry

No lullaby

For such is not his art.

Of part

And parcel

Of cart

And castle

Always keep the Welsh at bay.

Banquet's Ghost is here tonight
And who will wash the dishes?
Who's the host? Advance at a toast!
Where the fairy with her wishes?

The surgeon's spook is at the door
I trust he shan't gain entry.
For if he do my life is lost -
This much is elementary

The intellect that fails to grasp
The oracles of Cumae
Is scarcely likelier to know
Why sepulchres are tombly.

What further truths beyond our ken-
fish Weald are to be fathomed
Talk of Wealds, remembers Welders
Who, lispings, surely has 'em. D-
on't!

Pyes is a periphrastic P
The ocean is an inconclusive C
(My middle name begins with D)
But what of that?

The bus-stop was the tail of a Q
And I was always after U
Yet somehow you were 2
Obese, or fat.

I feel that I could eat a π
There is a small one 'fore my I
A-floating in the stony $\leq X$
Uselessly zone
Here's the π and there's the η
Here's the which η there's the β
(He lisped who owned the new 40)
Talking on the phone.

IC that URAB
I am 1 2 Par D!
But don't ~~be~~ ~~be~~ today!
Or else despair.

The μ -cow can do right for T
~~I'll if she's as² as me~~ I'll ! if she's as² as me
(Or else it were a crowd) 3
Or choice a pair)

The alphabet's a grotsome place
I'll have it woven twice, in lace
And wash therewith my vacant face
So lately stained with tears
The treble clef is key for three
To me who ~~loved~~ the apple tree
That grows at home in my countree
And disdains the use of ears
To symbolists I show my thumbs
Enmeared with recent toasted crumbs
As large as buttons on fat men's thumbs
Whose food is in arrears.
O terrible years!

5
The monkey turned the greasy handle
And screamed in several languages at once
Causing such an awsome scandal
That the ageing greasy candle
Hermes carried in his sandal
He'll wait until the burgeoned band'll
Use it for their stunts.

Organ-grinders' weekly payments
Scarce suffice's to sustain their wives
In multi-coloured woolly raiment
(Evil stuff - a fearful shame on't!)
Those women that I once to buy meant
(A crippled bee or else a lame ant
Succored in the lives.

Midnight struck & laid me lower
Scarecrows filled my mother's cupboard
And nibbled off her seventh toe, her
Her favorite, grown on Krakatoa
By an old potato-grower
(An expert magic javelin thrower)
Steering the ship starboard.

O, tell me do
You Kinkajou!

O Slender Loris,
Tell me true, what deeds does Batman do?

Or Boris?

In forests
At Waterloo.

What deeds, what murky deeds does Boris Batman do?
(He, too?)

I think I'll nip it in the bud

I think I'll ~~stab~~ ^{soak} it ~~in~~ in blood

I'll stem the winter flood

That rises from the glaciers in Koldest Katmandu.

O, me!

Let's toast-eating poets examine the drains

We must watch the decaying of porcupine's brains

ARROW-TIE

or

"A Numbered list of friends, and their salient attributes"

He who dares

Catharine, the spurious fish.

NUN

Arthur Moe,

In trying to ~~win~~ win her the sinner is saved
For the road to the depot is horribly long
From heights in Aleppo I wobble my song
(The chorus is ~~right~~ but the verse is all wrong)
~~He~~ Depraved in the depot we raved

Alas, for the father! Alack for the woe!
Which the sinner inferred from her virtuous speeches
On the nature of sex with subliminal leeches
And clandestine banquets with apples and peaches.
That terrible woman would never let go.

Yet terrible not in a terrible way
(For the road to inferno's ~~seductively~~ smooth)
Except that she'd lisp: "Let the dyocophanth oothe!"
A lighthearted aping of General Booth
Whose eyes were abnormally grey.

As grey as a grave, as purple as puce
As pink as the gleam of an earthenware mouse
It reeked of the bathos, it stank of the snow
In ~~the~~ the serpentine garden where hazelnuts flow
It seeped like serpent, and spat like a Turk
Or a clarinet-grinder whose sons will not work
It oozed like an oyster whose eyes are delight
Or an overfed bullfinch about to take flight
It even avoided eventual death
By breathing no more, and by mooring its breath
To the side of the bath: for the nuptial path
Is gay as a gannet that's needing a bath
Oh do not disparage ~~our~~ unfinished marriage
Our tandem, at random, is locked in the garriole
It will not be let loose.

My memory is like a little mushroom in the sea
Drowning in a nation where to be is not to be

O happy fungus!

My cross is born of parents still where ~~the~~ crust is crossed with bread
And I should be a baker still if I had lost my head
I went to beat my baker, I blew it: I saw red.

Yeast be among us!

The sea is like a lichen that fills the yawning pit
It wobbles like a pyroplate, a pyroplate like it
Like anyone who seeks the heights that Margelot has hit
Where thermotrichs and gastrobranchs like little insects flit
Asphyxia follows

O Arthur! My mother was seldom a sponge
The days were so few that my mother would plunge
Absent and helpless she lay in the gunge
Unhelpful she wallows.

O Gawain! My father a secretive pea
Who's hidden his head in a hole by the sea
Tormented by swallows.

And lest the galleons
Protrude from the shallows
To swallow marshmallows
Or arable aloes

No goats means no 'Hallo's'

And no more 'goodbyes'

To hide from his isle our tissue of lies

She isn't the type you could talk to all night
Nor the sort you could strangle all day
Nor sing to, nor sigh to, nor actually cry to
and yet ...

She isn't a girl who is part of this world
Though the world is her pitch and her pay.
She says not a word and seldom is heard
Though echo disdains to delay.
This threat

In trying to silence her ~~pass~~ passion of pride
I lost track of my mind on the way
I think she would make me a terrible bride
On the marital pavement of gray.
It would have been so much warmer inside.
I regret

My regret was delayed for a day and a half
But what could I do but dismay.
For the time of the wedding was not on the graph
And who had been weeping all day?

Margaret

My love, we were a sad some two, I deem
It's ~~not~~ ^{not} your dismal vapours I esteem
Nor yet the callous way in which you scheme.
Ma tête!

We didn't dissemble, we didn't deceive
(For if I'm an Adam, why then she's an Eve)
Forget!
And yet ...

Oh, tell me, is the silent serpent gone?
as promised in his edict of the eighth?

For lo! his trail leads to the abyss
we listen for his wicked hiss

That frightens all of Babylon
As much as Byron's wrath.

Oh, tell me, is a certain spurgeon here?

His likeness has been etched upon my back.

Did Orgelusa suffer on the cross?

And will our cooking buns conceal his loss?

Or strike him with a cudgel from the rear
And spoil his new expensive anorak.

And will our browning cooks conceal the snake
Inside a smouldering sulphur-cake,
A marinated wapentake.

Our hegemony cries to cooks "Repay!"

On every twentieth quarter day
"Rejoice in Nosritor always!"

Our cooks to parsimony cry "Begone!"

And bid that welder solder on

(The Duke of Gloucester is no John)

Oh tell me, is the sparkling stream afire,
And is the noble lutenist a liar?

And does the tennis player wield a riving lute,
The unspeakable bashed the horrible lute
With teeth made of jute.

O, Caia!

I shoot.

At first I didn't see the staring eyes

It was a most un-biblical disguise

In some respects, though, just a bit unwise.

It was a most un-biblical surprise

Though not, I think, of irreligious size

Among the ~~it was~~ most un-empirical replies
Of all.

At last my searching found the faceless stare

And lost it later - I don't know where

She didn't choke. I asked her "Do I care?"

(My seventh friend, I say, was debonaire

Though thought, for her, was oddly rare)

She didn't care. I clicked the old an-part

I'th' hall.

I cerebrate, I cerebrate again!

At first it caused me unrelenting pain,

The hairs that hide my back are in the main

Concealed from others in the rain

The courage of the heat-oppressed brain

Which bought a half-uncooked electric train,

for Saul

I speculate: my undernourished three

Are for the mayfly if I've any: he

will know, for he has many wisdom tee

He monarily dislikes them all but me

A-sitting: their royal pobble-trees

Whence apples are thrown down by gravities

In fall.

ENVOI: The stare in the steppe

Was Peregrine's Prep

"The Abstract-Mixer"

OR

Reconstituted Corn

OR

Keeping Off the Monkeys

OR

KEEPING OFF THE BOTTLE

OR

The Wax Sunflower

OR

NOI

by

Beau Thai
Bund, C.

Simple sisters in the sunlight

Watching o'er their brother's game,
Xella was the former's name and Margelet the latter

Aunts and uncles in the fireplace

Watch the sisters watch their brothers

While the louty wombat smoothers in vats of rained butter

Xella's dress is pink and cotton
Oft remembered, oft forgotten

Margelet's is black. She dresses in a sack.

The wombat's in a pickle now, he stirs in sauce tartare
Remembering how his uncle died, sealed in a samovar.

Simple Simon met a Sairman

Xella met them both

~~That~~ ^{She} said: Get right out of my hair, man
And Margelet added an oath

Hell - o Vicar
Life gets thicker.

Xella added
Thinking Quicker

Then Margelet who quietly rose and padded
to put her arms around the aged cleric

And lovingly ~~to~~ to call him Uncle Eric.

~ I thought the topical laugh too Atmospheric ~

I sit upon the topmost bough,
 My sister's singing louder now
 I fall upon a lower limb
 And arm in arm we sing the hymn:

I climb up to the ~~top~~ lowest cloud
 My sister's singing gets more clear
 And as I strain her song to hear
 It doesn't seem so loud.

It seems ~~as~~ soft as if she sang
 to God through reams of cotton-wool
~~of~~ ^{of} barbarous bison, three bags full
 of auld, of yoke, + even lang

She sits upon the turreted perch
 And ~~draws~~ ^{paints} a picture of the Pope
 And fills her rosary with soap
 to clean her corner of the church

I ^{rise} ~~climb~~ to reach the raging moon
 Pale sister to the stalwart sun
 And ~~can~~ ^{can} aloud the timeless tune
 Run Rabbit Run.

Envoi: My sister's speaking softer now
 Although her thoughts are dreadful ones
 She ~~the~~ speaks of raging turbid suns
 + Lady farmers. Hoes the plough:

I know what she says but I dread what she thinks
 I think that her head never eats, never drinks
 In thought it is barren as beef.

I rose with the sun but the crown sank away
~~In the arms of some king~~
 In the arms of some king she retired from the fray

And asked for the Welder's relief.

King Muffy he was, known as Matthew for short
 He didn't like games, but he was fond of sport,
 And wasn't called Matthew for long!

The welder arose with his son in his arms
 And christened his sister, who owned several farms
 His arm, when he knelt, was not strong.

The sister asserted she knew what she thought
 The sorters assisted, the teachers they taught
 I know she will dread what I say

The sunflower rose as the moonhouse grew green
 I've seen what she dreads to believe I have seen

But I am unable to say.

Yes I am unable to tell her the truth
 About Mrs Pankhurst and General Booth
 I know I should welcome her back

The roseate stindial, which Rosy ate whole
 Was worm-ridden, germ-ridden, sick to the soul
 Who soldered the thinning crack?

O tell me, where is the welkin, where in the welk is play
 Disparts among his countrymen entirely dressed in lay
 And where on Mars is the shady glade where ladies dressed in green
 Pop pigs-eyes in the earthlight, to make it seem serene?

I tell you now, enquire no more

And who will weep for Heeuba, or Heeuba for whom?
 And when will Desdrea you come to see the view without a room?
 And where on Mars is the shady glade where horses ape the king
 Do martians train their ears to hear what pop-eyed piglets sing?

I warn you now, inquire no more

And where ~~is~~ where is the very glade where the grebe makes merry
 sharing with his relatives the last of Walter's sherry

And where on Mars are the storage jars where the ibex keeps his gravel
 of nitric composition - & can I take a bit to school?

I shoot you now, you'll ask no more!

BANG!

Missed!

CLICK - damn!

The villain hissed.

THE SEVENFOLD SHIELD

or

Oedipus at Trafalgar

by

It Resc

The sugar-plum ice-cube

Knot of that ilk.

No bones for those that toil at night!

Invertebrate are many

And frogs at sunset outasite

Are worth a paltry penny.

I weep, and then I cease from weeping

Seas of silent torches

Held by silent soldiers creeping

Kangaroos do not stop leaping

In land out of Spartan porches

Porkia's torch has lit his porch

But Brutus' has not any

*

No feet for those who feed by day!

Procumbent then are many

Who past these pillars wend their way

Aboko a land of henny

and milk - we don't partake of milking

Cabbages or coaches

Grown in silken meadows

with crochet hooks and ~~coaches~~ bedows

Tho' you may call them Bedouins

(They^{own} the horse whose name I said who wins

A justive copper penny.

*

No food for those who feed at all!

The starving glow worms squeal

Who staring sadly, gaze on gall

And graze on fields of Teal

With eyes that hold no depths deeps

But ^{of silent simple waters} weeping pools where parrotts' sheeps

Are old or ageless witty creeps

With most debauched daughters

Amongst the gloomy glades

They seem a bit unreal

*

ENVOI:

My skeleton is a body out of key

Where cheddars caves produce a brand of Brie

And coldest logic seems a reverie.

Jam and puddings on the sofa
Sage and onion at the hearth
Silly Bernard ~~had~~ baked the loaf a-
gain, then took a bath.

Bernard was a dusky bushman
Fiery eyes upon his head
Yellow lips concealed his muck an'
made him seem quite dead

Yellow eyes are parasitic
foundice was my lover's name
She was a Persian music-critic
This explains her lack of fame

Worms are not much fun at concerts
Molluscs quite a bore at home
Whatever else my mother wants, it's
Not a plastic gnore

My lover's ears are quite neurotic
which forces eggs to be psychotic
or else cucumbers idiotic
(Not even slightly unerotic
As lovers (found for years).

Tenses here have gone to blazes

Sniping
Over the hill he gazes,
Typing,
Softly.
pianissimo
yes it really is him, Sh!
(Coughedly
he choked,
And then revoked)

All that de Gaulle had sung
Or hung
Under the ~~ears~~ ears he wounding
his bung
And wept.
He! so inept.

Koalas, voles and eagle-owls and ninety-five gazelles
Were feeding in the canyon every day
Till the shepherds led with gangs and songs and mighty bells

Jumped off to Manderlay
(He went to join the fray).
Then dear Prudence who felt ill
Was ransied on the window-sill
The night, I think, was quietly still
Until we three all took a fill
And slept till break of day
(The dawn was grey).

Perhaps I'll start another stanza
But then again ...

To those that fail in all they try, I say
Merely procrastinate in your respective way
For Prudence is the thief of scented herbs
And sits cross-legged by the side of kerbs
Unless it rain.

My hundredth friend was Sancho Panza
But not, I think, a consul from Brazil
For he knew not ~~reversal~~ of hands a-
cross the heavens; he's as ill
As that dear Prou we found last week
Sunbathing in the loamy creek
With an aged, naked Greek
Called Bill.

Oh Monty, see my capital arise
like winding pythons eating toast and cream
(and they shall starve who dare to criticise)
They dare not catch the Royal Bream
And fish for compliments in Istanbul
where yellow tigers seldom push or pull
And thus appear much ~~less~~ ^{more} than dull
without a gleam.

ENVOI

O Turtles sing my savage lay
Tonight and every other day

My syphilitic repastee
Is not for little girls
It is instead for those like me
Who scorn a frigid cup of tea
And go to bed with ears.

My semiotic ribaldry
Is not a happy sound
It is I think a sight for those
Of temper fierce or bellicose
Who shun my ~~grave~~ burial mound

Howards make sounds that leak + ^{bound} ground
Upon a distant hill
That was the thing my mother found
In lands where purple frogs abound
By oaken glade or rill.

I'll keep the sense or just the smells
That frighten all my clan
And cause my teeth to sound like bells
And sing as no bell can.

I spun the perfume and the sea
Which grows the breaded weed
My syphilitic repastee
Is to the Jews a creed.

Their noses hide their ancestry
In dime and temples mighty
"Your home?": the apple answers "Tree"
In puce and scarlet nightie

In buff and ochre dressed the sage
In red and green his nanny
For thus she hoped to hide her age
From every nook and cranny.

O Perkin, set my heart aflame
With brandy, vodka sherry
Whatever is: it's all the same
We'll be forever merry.

A HOMOGENEOUS WASH-BASIN

by The world's smallest mouse.

Syphilitic Jews hide the ochre-hoped cranny,
nanny:
Ancestry mighty, apple-scarlet, dressed is hoped
and cranny,
nanny.

Her age: "Tree". Nightie-dressed, his hoped
and my;
Vodka it's forever, and bedows milking,
milking
bedows:

~~Bed~~
Bedovins who all squeal gall. Teal creeps:
daughters,
Unreal body produce, seems mother wants,
it's concerts:
Home wants mother ~~and~~ gnome.

Are eggs cucumber-slightly? Lovers here sniping,
typing
Softly, pianissimo; those are pillars of don't-coaches'
meadows
and name.

I said who ~~and~~, who said: I feed glowworms
gaze,
Hold waters, pools ageless, debauched bit
a caves
seems.

Sugar and Spikes

OR

SOMETHING LESS MESSY

by

Canon Golightly

A Dull Thing

Sue de Nimes

A. Reject Fish.

TERRENCE A. POLLARD

My favourite pet was a raspberry flan
Which resembled a woman much more than a fellow
And dyed itself green much more often than yellow
And ended its life when the earthquake began.

We rumble & rumble, volcanoes of Asia
For the sun is in Taurus, and tidal the moon,
The doughnut was washed, and the old paper spoon
Lets out a laser with fettens to doge yer

Expurgation is an anagram of sin
And Worcester Sauce a telegram of woe
But not the right colour for the Alamo,
Where periphrastic doughnuts enter in.

Pyrexia is a motor neuron's spark
And if I hope to fall upon your sword
The which, or so it's said, the muskrat gnawed
Although the wombat sound it ~~far~~ to 'ard to walk.
This uncooked Snake
Cairo aint the daughter of the Nile

But of Napoleon, ~~the~~ to be Francophile,
(The frog is but a winter toad
And dies upon ^{the} mispronounced word,
And burns on the atomic pile
(of Tate, or Lyle)

Magus is the daughter of Magee
The magistrate fell straight into the sea
And drowned.

I seem to fly across a thousand themes
Razor blades, potatoes, asymptotes...

November handstands, sunken quinqueremes,
Salubrious lobsters and asthmatic ferrets

Who the rival spurgeon bloats

My themes are better than your scansion merits.

*
She whose teeth were sharp + nails were bay (= bay)
And painted green, with jagged, ragged tips

Whose fingers sang an evil, ribald song

Whose tongue was scarce more barbed than were her bay lips

She breathed the air, it fell, congealed, to drips,

And imprisoned her hair net with stainless steel grips

Medusa struck twice at the gang
*

But Val, ~~at~~ ^{out} whom the gods, ha' laughed

At bay (0 faces!), stay your aim

Like Stoll across a field that's strafed,

Or else an architect whom none could tame

Till they lock him in a rotting frame

And all that's left is ... lame.

(For Val, you see, is daft).

*

I deem that I, who ~~at~~ ^{now} have flown aloft,
Should never have departed from my swamp

To circumcise the stokers in their cleft

Who crop the sheep with circumstance, or pomp.

And with their rubber jaws do stoatly champ and chomp

And in their playgrounds on the ramps, do romp

(My love, you see, is soft).

O Xella, I await your soft reprieve
Your cutting blade of justice, I await
While grinning now and laughing in his sleeve
I drearily resign myself to fate.

O Xella, I expect your silent eyes
Your glazed acrylic eyeballs I expect
To see through my torments, my lays, my lies,
For you alone, my soul's elect

O Xella, your alluvial face is now
Unto me like a page of glass arrayed
With lots of snails on it
In martial rank ~~also~~ arrayed.
Like the lines of a sonnet

O Xella, now I dread your wrath so dire
That I would rather vomit in the sea
Putting out my heart's sulphuric fire
+ emptying my pockets of Magee.

O Xella, tell me you'll come back
And send me even a telegram
Addressed to Margelet - the - sack
No. 8, the new wigwam.

O Welder, leave this verse alone,
or else atone.

O Xella, who unpicked the cotton?
Was the fabric really torn to shreds?
Is the art of welding now forgotten
Are the nurses handcuffed to the beds?
With unscrewed heads
Alone?

It wasn't midnight when the maiden screamed
It wasn't 8:08 when the dormouse dreamed
Sharper was the knife than ere before.

eight-eight

Dawn was distant when she screamed again
The ~~didn't~~ dormouse didn't scuttle from the rain
The coal ship was not scuttled by the door,

On the daggery bank deserters roam
Labouring o'er seas of viscous foam,

A soup saucen of spongy gore
Mother carved the Maday joint with glee
And drowned her sorrows in a cup of tea
A tea-cup that was used by men of gore

Parse no more!
O, matador
These strains of war
Are quite enough
For badsmen buff
And bluffers bland,
With dripping swords chop off their bloody hands!

It's quite enough
For grocers gruff
But what a bore!

Oh! tell no Moor.

(It's half pest few!)

The artichoke was planned
But the article was banned
From censorious applause
From the mouth-old Mandarines
That now infest the strand.

And threaten soon Trafalgar Square
With sit-down strikes for justor ~~cause~~ cause, or just because

I slit you now who are who ever was. Who ever was?

Keep all virgins equal now, for ninety-five are gone!

The rest live on,

Though I beg to doubt their ~~hygiene~~ hygiene:

My Jean

Followed me to school each day

The longer way

The Stoneleigh way

I mean.

*

Keep your virtues even now, though ninety-five are gone!

All ninety-one (attributed to Owen - or John?)

I insist they must be lanced!

They danced

Now pranced!

Upon.

*

Keep your vigil at the station, the nineteen-five is gone!

Through the tunnel in the mountain

On its way to far Ceylon,

Ceylon Mon!

A Bomb!

*

Keep the vergers off the verges, for from Montjoie, five have gone

The mountain is so fair

Montjoie!

*

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a luminous gleam

And none is quite what they seem

I deem.

*

ENVOI : ON NE VOIT PAS.

6
The Oslo Chain-gang went awry,
And killed one perch too many
The birds, I say, were rather dry
And sought a damper alibi

A water-rat surveyed the scene,
The corpse of Uncle Benny
Brother to the long-dead queen
Who didn't know who Xella'd been.

The end was so unfinished, though
I ate a shilling + a penny
Then for ~~some~~ change I up did throw,
And changed my money into dough.

And yet like rabbits bred the bread
And spread to far Kilkenny
Where pygmies on a pewter sled
Cut off poor hapless Walter's head.

They hattered it + ate it white
(They didn't give me any
I had to eat a long-dead mole
Which did no wonders for my soul)

And when the biscuit was at bay
The short-bread was engulfed
And thus is found the real way
Or ~~trav~~ trolley bus at breakfast day,

① separation! Saccharine!
The reclaimed land is fenny,
Eviscerate the Mandarin
And celebrate the out and in
Alone at last in savour sin
For Ferdinand and I are twin!

Chopping up the lobster into countless tiny pieces
like tiny Argonauts in search of insect fleeces
I hope the welder's daughter doesn't mind my mad caprices
I wish to argue not another word.
you celibate surd!

Counting out the pieces of the lobster tiny claws
I came across a bunch of hips, a scarlet nest of haws.
O ye mobile maidens, now come ye out of doors
I seldom shun your viscous repartee
So bloated are we!

O float, float, float, on thy cold grey stare, o crab
Crambis slayed a Cynosbunda upon a marble slab.
The welder sang to Circe all the ballads wrote by Bob,
And slashed her wrists as quickly as he could.

A new Herod!

The lacerated fragments of the crab (or was it Moses?)
were used to fertilize the lawn, and Cleopatra's roses
wherever her little weedy asplen goes, his
own must add a soberer ~~was~~ thought,
"I may be caught!"

Chopping up the spinster into seven countless pieces

The Jenny left a problem - what with seven concurrent leaves,
The jenny probed a left hand lock, and stole all the polices
Countless copper plate
Eviscerate!

ENVOI: Crippled crustacea are seldom atoned
Thanks for the pincers you loaned
To my cat
(The one who sat on the mat)
And shat.

All ends in a well,
Who welds with an awl,
Whose wall is an elk
Whose stall is a whelk

Whose wheel is a deal,
The tail of a whale
Whose toe is a top
Whose shoe is a shop.

It is as you like
Come straddle my bike
And pump up my pike

What floatable fish
Or eatable dish
Would ~~st~~ stake you pro-pish?

What floatable boat
A floatable goat
Unspeokable goat!

O gout-ridden whelk,
Dramizarnof

From mountainous Selk-
irks me much.
My irksome catch.

The best of poetry on Mars has neither rhyme nor reason

Let me give a sort of thing to show you what I mean:

The skunk is but a serpent out of season

To read Kunke at a time was nought but treason,

For the unrelenting toad is but a sorry mangosteen

Come to our Walter Committee Meeting

And rearrange the seating

9
As the man with the lawn mower said to his dog,
"Methinks you would make me a delicate frog"
"I'll give you some wool and a set of my tees
and a workable cure to a nasty disease
But sharpen your sickle and look in the book
Or you'll forget ~~the~~ middle the way you should cook
A

As the girl with the melon remarked to her friend
I can't get it in, no matter which end,
"I'll give you a spanner and chisel as well
A verminous font, a Canterb'ry bell
But sharpen your sickle, and polish your hook
And take ~~your~~ all your problems to Prudence, the cook.

As the boy with the bun exclaimed to his glee
"I bit it & look what I found!"
He died on the fourteenth of February
And was buried ten feet in the ground
When he turned in his sleep the universe shook
With the ~~other~~ nightmares he dreamed of an impudent crook.

The lawn is no more
The clover is cleft
It falls into four
And expires on the floor
Of speech bereft.

"I bit her I bit her & look what I found!"
A lump of corruption ten feet underground
Twelve arms in the sky, ~~11~~ nine hands to a horse
Six feet is the sailor, three birds in the gorse
Have pickled the preacher as only they may
And the flower ~~on~~ on the lawn was the dawn of the day.

17
It was very, very sharp, + she screamed a little scream

Ouch!

And when she saw her fingernails emitting vapid steam
She cried aloud and carped about the songs of Julian Bream,
Scratching her pouch.

It was so very cold as she heaved a little yawn,
A periphrastic sneeze that was fifty hours long
Atishoo; the issue well-issued ~~that~~ down

Enjoying the pong.

It was seldom very hot when she bathed her biscuit tin
Collecting the saliva in a ~~jar~~ jar
It needed little coaxing to make her want to sin,
You sordid samovar

I boiled myself in oil (but I said that long ago)

Oh! The Welfare State stopped in 1999!

Wait!

Seven stones my ^{weight} ~~weight~~ is now, - I ^{always} told you so,
I shouted through the beak of a long forgotten crow

Go!

Go!

And off they went so speedy that the ground began to shake
And the mighty ocean cried aloud "I am, I think awake"
And in the main, I see, I think my wine-dark waves are woven,
And ~~yet~~ my inspiration was from Ludwig van B.

Though I couldn't play it cos the notes were all too sharp

And cut my fingers into tiny bits, you see

The horn was sounded, cud was chewed, and then the hoof was cloven.

Envoi: The birds all to their nests have flown, the rabbits to their burrows
And yesterday is dead and so are our tomorrows

The Fast-Receding Sloop

OR

THE WAR OF THE WHELKS

by

H. C. Welks

Celia Fate

Pont-op Adverb

O Buckthorpe, sing no more thy sorry strain
Of ~~flowers~~ of golden hue, or ~~pinning~~ pinning in the street
of alibi + alias, of daffodils + dainties
of snow or rain,
which is not meet
for us forsaken failures

pining

Sing not thy irreligious sarabande
Of ~~graceless squirrels~~ squirrels squabbling on a limb,
to Cicero or Ulysses, to wizards old or foolish
who speechless stand
and laugh at him:
~~the~~ his mistress is unruly. She's

In charge of all the pupils at Academies + Schools
And teaches them pig-Latin and the art of shelling peas
Arithmetic and history, (her talents are a mystery)
her pupils, fools
who chop down trees
as Buckthorpe chops down his tree.

O Mrs Buckthorpe, cut thy husband down!
Now pin him to the wall, and watch him writhe
To the occasion Mimic the Asian!
with fearsome frown
with chuckle blithe
His colour is a beige' un.

O Buckthorpe, where your plated helmet was?
O where, or where the shield with which you fought
And where the dagger? Please don't stagger
and clutch your brow
as though you'd caught
An ageing witless hag, a

Crone so old and mindless with ~~her~~ bare gums and balding head
That half the folk who saw her fell in fits + starts + stops
And lay upon the pathway, even though it was not bath day
as if quite dead
like the corpses in the shops
in semi distant Cathay.

I must go down to the woods again, to the woods of far Bombay
 Down amongst whose fearful glades I left my nesting-box
 Wherein I stored two golden combs, my sandals and my socks
 My stockings and my mandolin, ahging in the stocks
 I wonder if they died at once, or lived to see the day.

*

And I'll come back a wiser man, wiser and a sadder
 For madmen all of different size, they climb alike the stair
 To unattractive gambels, ~~where~~ the Neumanance's fair
 Where the wizard's countless friend are (dare I say it?) debonair
 For if the wise men all are mad, the wizards' grounds are madder

*

No one pays their salary and let their tireless work
 Find ~~the~~ Turkish wirelessmen who chew on celery all day
 Or play the flute; and so, without their ~~my~~ weekly pay
 They clean the nesting boxes out with vim (if I dare say ...)
 For Margelet will surely come and scold at one if they shirk.

*

I dye with madder now my shirt, my hair I dye with wood
 My colour scheme should save me from the pythons in the dell
 And if while cycling down the road, I catch a daisy "belle"
 I pray ye gods be not unkind: consign me not to Hell
 For sighing, nay for suing, the seeds uncertain sowed.

*

So Margelet will cycle now, to the woods where hermits pray
 And ~~ring~~ each hour she ~~is~~ ~~curfew~~ down which ~~enables~~ the parting sheep
 Watch my still life nesting in its lay eternal sleep
 See the unrelenting psychopaths that fishes in the deep
 And prays on hapless harmit crabs as only he can pray.

*

If she who dotes on feather onelettes cooks for me a stew
 I'll boil it in a samovar and eat it with a fork,
 Butter on the feathers - is it avocet or Stork
 If I put it in the oven will it condescend to talk?
 It will only talk to me, if I let it talk to you.

*

High among the mistletoe I saw a carrot hang

Deserted in the throes of love by Marigold and Meg
It dangled down the distance by one sharpened paragon
~~was~~ supported by a bulldog clip & held there by a peg

I gazed, and gazing there I saw a mistle thrush arrive
It settled on a nearby farm and soon began to chirp
To hear its chirping, proverb say, ensures that you will thrive
Albeit in a grimy jail where capybaras burp.

It grazed, and grazing there its knee it soon began to squeal
A scramel whine which roused the nearby king
Who, somnolent as ever, was disgorging his last meal
As a favour to his nephew, who had taught him how to sing.

Whales, cardwarks, elephants, send me no tares
Give me no cornfield weeds, distract me not with putty
When, twice a day, I hand you out your shares
Of artichokes (most cold, and coalman's jars so smutty,
That the jam that's found therein is not, I think, for hares.

Who makes preserves for the creatures of the field?
Is it the ibex, working with his horns of satty goop?
Or else the lonely avocet that tends his barley yield,
And mixes zero-concrete while savouring in a hoop
While he does the same reel with a 7 fold shield....

The carrot hit me on the head
I bit my leg and went to bed,
I knew I'd need that mistletoe, I guessed it wasn't washed
I thought I'd heard that whistle blow, the turkey wasn't basted.

And so my reverie was worth
A crystal in the snow
Which Vexing, at the hour of mirth
Not unrepentant of her lurch
Disowned. It pained her so.

The HONEY-RAG!

or

L'ouistiti engoutie

by

Nanny-Goat Lot

A Member of The Sly London Chair Gang

A youth of 20

Happy New Year to the King + the Queen

Happy no king for the Queen of the Year

Happy the been more who yearns for the King,

Razors for grows of Beards

Happy bodes greyer for roses and things

Stop this, I say, and stop this I mean.

Send me no sighs for unpertinent sees

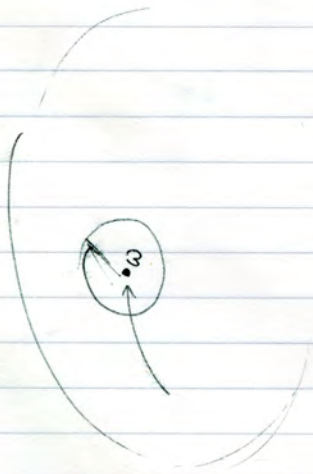
Send me his ear, for no pie is in sight

Send me his eyes - for dire is my plight

But Happy New Year just the same.

The beard is the same.

*



The earth split asunder, the moon flew apart,
 Her words shot a shattering hole in his heart
His blood filled the cracks in the newly-split earth
 Causing a glut where there once was a death.

The death of the slug was a boon for the land
 He rattled the mug with ~~the~~ a spoon in his hand
 And though she was standing aside on a plinth
She saw him lie down by the old terebinth.

The drought came at last, when the rain came once more
 The mug stood half full by the open back door
The water dried up on the back garden path
 And the ~~the~~ eighty eighth child had a half-timed bath.

She opened the door in her nightie
And observed a new hole in the field
 She drank though she wasn't thirsty
 And nobody said she was slightly
Though the curry was never revealed.

She died on the following morning
 When she fell from a ten-storey jar
Just as the Lady was dawning
 And hiding her face with an ~~away~~ away
She drowned in her mirth every star.

*

The bird of the oyster was bad for the town,
 The shell fish were striking, the sea was shut down
From the window of nowhere my new friend looked forth
 For if West can meet East, surely South must spurn North,
 Let me remark that your smell has improved
And the mollusc is dead now it's shell's been removed
 Her words shot a shattering hole in his heart
 And the moon split asunder, the earth fell apart.

Leprosy is no doubt apt

For those in peril on the Dee

Whose arms are numb, whose strength is sapped

From scurvy on the hypo sea

Whose life has reached its apogee,

At which the ~~would~~ wild spectators clapped

And filled their pockets with Mages.

Scurvy is a handsome ill

Ness it is a poisonous Loch,

Aff is a narcotic Pill

That angers ~~some~~ Marshall Foch

And Maribus the Scots men all say "Och"

Right & left, + no doubt still

"Er liegt im Himmel hoch".

Measles are a sorry trial

Carthagian fills the muced Thames

That flows in pain each cankered mile

And takes up ~~the~~ pins and lets down hems

Let all crematoria drop its MS

(I don't like your uncouth style)

A sorry pearl a, if wit were gems.



4

What was the secret you told me last night?

Was it you that I saw in the pale Venushlight?

I'll admit I was frightened, yet sign the reprieve

I'll confess that the Welder laughed right up my sleeve

I'll confess that the patriarch's daughter was right.

*

What was the nitrate you told me to seek?

Was it the goal of the ibex last week

Was it the mud in the swamp? I surmise

It can't have been bones though it might have been pies
For the Bactrian Bakers have founded a clique.

What was the night-rate ~~we paid all the~~ \$ the Sikhs all were paid?

I finally saw how they got the name 'raid'

*** I hide from the Sikh all the night; I reveal**

The secrets you swore you would make me conceal
From the ~~rob~~ city policeman when making a raid.

What was the night-rate for Cawani or Boss

Where were the dandelions, where were the * whores

Where were the houses where Nosibor roamed

Where were the foemen who fought & who foamed

In a boat on the ocean without any oars?

How does the night rate alongside the pier

Where welders have moored their acetylene hulks

And beating their breasts they depart, out of fear

To drink themselves sober, with never a tear

For ^{the} a sybante skeletal scullion who skulks

Under the tree where the marmosets play,

And shout all the time, though they've nothing to say,

Under that tree skulks the scullion all day

Predicting the weather.

*

Though my mouth was full of water I resolved to have a try
For the new headmaster's daughter was looking in my eye

I spat the water up three hundred yards into the sky
Though my heart was full of honor I resolved to have a try

And the jet of water fell serenely to the ground

The new head hunters unche made a sulky screeching sound
For the rabbits in his haversack were breeding much too fast
And the habits of dichotomy were much too strong to last

He doubles twice ~~the~~ his speaking rate, and kills a sacred cow

He hits the ~~the~~ sacred bull's-eye, with a sizeable plough,
Though she's standing at the tulips father's grazing in the font
She knows that golden dandelions are all she'll ever want.

Though the font was full of flowers, I was weeping on the floor

For my ~~plate of~~ apple caudle was devoid of angle but core

(Though the fruit had been most subtly introduced from Apple-dore

Where the dandelions bloom and the villagers drink gore.)

Though my plate was full of fancy I resolved to have no ~~no~~ truck
With the mighty vole of Tonga or the rib green-feathered duck,
When she struck me with the Atlas I assumed it wasn't luck

That brought me to the fate wherein my tearful life is stuck.

While the stalwarts from the Nunney were kicking Mrs Squib

-She'd forgotten that the Infant prince would die without a bib,

And the regent's plague would then be writ by pen without

By minstrel or by minstrel, by liar or by fib

Though the bowl was full of ~~curry~~ I still hurried to the cage,

Mrs Roman Candle swallowed half the ethos of the age

Whose most important ethos was the strutting on the stage

With mirrors as memories for the wrath that's all the rage

O, terrible gage!

The trees were old: their barks were scarred

Their boughs were bent and ragged,

Halfway up the seventeenth I found a Christmas Card

The which I read with dire dismay, ~~then~~ I found the going hard

But cheered myself by reading all the sonnets of the Bard,

All the sonnets of the King

(The words flew by on silken wing)

As the butler turned to land,

The ~~smooth~~ rocks were softly jagged.

*

The breeze was cold, its currents chill,

I trust you aren't uneasy

Halfway through the Heaven's teeth I found a sleeping pill

Which I took without regret, though I wasn't feeling ill

And cheered myself by running up the steepest hollow hill

Where the ruined out-house was

Drinking tankards by the dog.

As the holiday was still

Making everyone feel queasy.

*

I was tired: could scarcely sing

An old Etruscan anthem

Could hardly cause the often-silenced telephone to ring,

Which was scarcely very sad, as its such a noisy thing

As fit to wake an emperor as send to sleep a king

Of whatsoever clan

Of mollusc or of man

Or the bee that lacks a sting

That sucks the sweet Chrysanthemum

*

One: the bedesman hesitated while reciting his new tale

His thoughts were all but random

He thought of Shoridan the Shark, and Wilberforce the Whale

Of Bernadette the Bicycle, and Tamburlaine the Tandem

Write no such names in the Cards of New Year

Or Christmases will not be a time of Good Cheer.

"AUTUMN"

OR
tom later in life
by

The Queen of deans

All of her coincides. M.A.

An erotic Puritan (complete with legs)

Anna Gram

MUMMY!

Ask, and pause, for words are never far
Ask again and soon your knight will see
That he who asks three times will see the star
And seeing that fulfil the one in three.
Who king of kings and curly crumpets are.
'Tis not for thee to know. The star
The star?

*

'Tis not for thee to know what we all know
Now yet to speak & tongues that no man speaks
To flow where the water seems to flow
To where the ~~where the~~ witless wizard's stewpot reeks.
And where the elephants play nightly in the snow
And play pantoon with tigers for a state of
Sugar-iced leeks,

With leeks?

*

'Tis not for us to know that thou art dead
I see the worms are crawling from your ears
And your flesh, O faithful disciple, ~~is~~ once red,
Is indigo, + doubtless in arrears:
Are you really sure you do not want to go to bed?
Not to rent a sheet or two + leave it all in tears
'Tis not for me as I have often said
To seek to know the truth about dead kings
My secret life's confined to dreams in bed:
Just fantasies and no awakenings.
So supple as the princes. So silent are the dead
Aleppo was the parity for Coliath had the slings
The slings?

2
In a fairy grotto in sultry Bangor
an elfin feast
without meering or
yeast

*

In a goblin's kitchen in untilled Sheppey
Tea was brewed

without the tea

At least

In a funeral parlour in straight-laced Dorset
a coffin sat

~~And~~ ~~not~~ endorse it

No feud.

↓

In an abattoir in the great U.L.,

We supped so long

That the fire-bell

Went wrong.

↓

In an unfed stomach of the cow that grazes
Chewing slowly on the air

Awaiting digestion there sits an old nun,

(She is a fake, I say, a dud)

No deity she praises

No pious prayer she raises

To the goddess's ~~own~~ son.

But sits sublimely sanctified ~~most~~ ⁱⁿ intestinal mud

And unrelenting gazes

At a bud

A glass menagerie is but a periscope arboratum
 Cold in winter - difficult to ventilate or heat 'em
 And people who resided therein should throw no weighty stone
 Should cast no false aspersion
 Should seek not to attain conversion
 And for their unrelenting sins atone.

*

A draughty church is where I wait, all nervous, in the wings
 I find it hard to quite ignore the gargoyles as it sings
 The people who reside herein must be stone deaf by now
 Applauding so extremely
 Disguising so unseemly
 As if the nicest thing to be was but a dairy cow.

*

While lying in a pyramid in ancient egypt land
 laid meriam did clutch a little apple in her hand
 She thought it was an apple but in fact it was some sand
 + she swallowed it + choked
 and not long after croaked

A song much longer than she'd planned

*

But hold your camels!
 Try pinewood panels!
 And fill the bath!
 The RATS must be cooked in the hearth.

*

A ~~serenade~~ serenade of rubbish
 Xella can't endure
 underdone cooked cabbage:
 Her manner is demure

A fearsome visage through the door
A weevil-child of awful ilk
A young princess of with eyes of silk
With skin of ice & lips of milk
Unseen by mortal eye before

A whisp'ring voice assails my ear
I spit the raffle-tickets out
And to the undeserving lout
(Mr Ascot shuns this gaseous tout)
No vouchers here I fear.

Oh, dark and sparkish is her voice
~~Her~~ The sound enraptures me
The distant buzzing of a bee
The rapturous warbling of the flea
The purr of a Rolls-Royce.

Oh, weak and wiry are her limbs
As lissom as the slender reed
That brooks no ill for TV Bede
Yet da drinks she still much Pimm's.

Her nicest feature, though, is this:
Instead of two, ~~three~~ legs has she,
And this is just as well, for we
Play cricket with this miss.

I hate fish

I have no wish

To choke upon their bones;

But every dish

Each scaly swish

My love for you atones

My love for you

Still yet so true,

Expressed but in my groans

Hath conquered swords + stones

And lowly weasels too.

I hate birds

And girls in blue

That say no words

Save "How do you do?"

It is impossible to be

Indifferent to such as these

Whose ilk I start to rue.

Say, how do you do?

Do such as you munch fish-paste
too much as you might wish-waste?
or glue?

Halloo!

My serpent-james are too
select for you + you!

6
There lies in far Brazil a wood
Where baldness dogs the folk
Who all their children choke
For being much too good

There lies there too a leaning tower
Made of carrot-span
Where knights in waiting wait for
And dream of future power.

Between these two yet most impressive
In blue & red & green

There stands a jester, who, obsessive
Frolics before a Queen

Above the least, yet far below

The heights sublime of ~~death~~ there sings

A poet lost in thought, whom no
Administer hates, not least the kings.

The agriculture* favoured by the deities of Thrice

Consists of molehills maintained to form a ring of mud
Around the which the doctors run at whisking Jewish pace
Attempting to divine the cause of wombats chewing cud:

Never knowing,* never guessing that the reason for that
Only weeping and unleashing purple beads in bud ^{race}

Where + when the truth?

Do ask him for forsooth

I need'st must know the reason if it should be
comprehended

Before it's ended

7
The men of steel who conquered Jason's realm
Were from a distant planet in the sky
They came in spaceships they came, at the helm
An insect stood with watchful eye.
They came in pairs of brilliant blue
Their speech was like a sharpened flame
Which set on fire the Maribou
Who watched as they went west came

Arcoleathe, Arcoleathe, ease my burning heart!
Oh quench the flames with pints of beer
With glibbed talk, & indifferent cheer
Before we have to part
Just one day more, dear heart, then I
Shall have to disembark
Shall have no longer ~~time~~ chance to bark
Nor aptitude to fly.

Now succor, love, and comfort me, for Perkin is my name
A peering has kept my forehead warm
For many a winter, ~~by and~~ through many a pentous storm
The hapless Argonauts to Daulis came.
I played that woman all the tunes I knew
And when I finished time had ceased to go
My thoughts are not one thing that she should know
My thoughts are of a very uncouth form.
And like the stanzas of a genuine poem
Inept to fly the fathoms far to Rome
And seek a deeper home

8

The afternoon was nearly over when the Old Pretender came
Hobbling + shanking that the weather made him lame
(He in his shame !)

~~Seeking~~ Eschewing not fame
Or lust.

The evening settled down between the striped & sullen sheets
Trying to ignore the ~~not~~ random clatter of the parakeets
(The bedesman eats

Neither haggis nor meats

nor rust.)

Break it up! The police prefer the night to sombre day

Not surprising when the gas board is North sea, I'm sad to say

It ~~must~~

At least

Be trussed.

The meter man fished female plankton from the sea
Such Useful power sources these lady glow-fish be

And even when

We see

The crust

The chicken is a hen.

Better late than never is a motto to abolish

Better poached than fried is the egg upon the floor

Better than us all are Byron, Yeats and more

But better we than Sophocles; ~~but~~ Plato is a bore

+ Sophocles sophisticates: Although ^{for} we pitch + yaw

We cannot see, for now our eyes are sore

Conductors ain't allowed to keep the score

~~is~~ slightly damaged.

9
The phantom bankam mastra-man
His flaming eyes off stalks
Has ~~sited~~ chatted with me, man to man
As one who tiptoes as he talks

The ghastly gherkin grocer's boy
Declines howly chocolate
Oblivious of the loi polloi
That round about his chariot wait

The wrenched mandrake as it dies
Attempting to determine

... The relative absurdity of flies
The crassitude of vermin,
Shrieks to a neighbouring green tomato
Ripe me, now's your chance!
The leaves reply astonishingly in a sharp falsetto
No more romance.

The piano in the kitchen has been spoiled by cooking - fumes
The grease drips off the keyboard
Which the greengrocer exhumes,
For no man shuns this seaboard
If he's practiced all his scales
And weathered all the gales
I assume.

ENVOI That braves the direst storm is not, I think,
A quinquisme that swords of men could sink.

O serve he well sarcophagus
 Desert me not so late
 (My poetry's anonymous)
 And that's not hard to rate

O tell no ~~my~~ more the weeping child
 To leave the wolf at bay
 And tell no king of temper mild
 To say what he should say

His word is but an empty saw
 Seen oft then heard no more
 For four
 Or less

A wretched mess
 (His poetry is poor).

Yet poorer far, more wretched still
 The kings who thunderous reign
 Over the isles ~~that lie~~ serene he will
 Soon abdicate insane.

And should you see through my disguise
 I'll run a mile post haste
 And weave a web of chronic lies
 but like "I eschew fish-paste"

ENVOI

Secretly the apple grew
 Secreting, lest some one should know.
 Eschew
 Or go!

If I trust you now
 If I say you'll not be naughty in the trees
 And chop off every bough
 Then I don't know who you think you're ~~trying~~^{mean} to please
 But if I doubt your word
 If I think you'll cause great havoc in the leaves
 Of the tome you'll spread with lemon curd
 Of mustard pie? It's quite absurd
 I know the glow-worm grieves.

But if you eat the kettle
 If you take the non-stick saucepan from the stew
 You'll be able at last to rate the nettle
 Of the few
 That eat the nettle

*

And if the grand survival ball starts to roll away
 I'll love you for revising me enough to ~~make~~ pave the way
 To a meal in hall & oh! the thrill of apple sauce & beans
 Or else perchance a subtle pie of stoats and aubergines
 And top the whole with tiffle & delicious pale pink cream
 My clothes are what they seem

12
A riddle is a riddle; the opposite is not
The first is but an Irishman, the other is a Scot
Lancelot, variable, assigned the ocelot
For no apparent reason.

~~A poem is a poem~~

Poetry is poetry; this work of art is not
A tied-line on the telephone, a kitten in the cat ...
The teacher playing tennis & the pupil on the pot
Have laked me out. The keys are ...

Trust. I hope you'll give it back.
Not crumpled, mangled, wrecked but still
A key, agree? Unless I crack
You'll write ~~3~~ yet more, until,
The junk is on the rack.

Sonnets now have thirteen lines; the last is but a rat
And if you don't believe me try to strangle a spratt
Try to start a rined car, or to cast a steering-streak
And you will find, as I have found, be made as
of I make

This life's a fake
A great mistake.

The
Jack-Blue Door

OR

NOT F.H.

by

Little Boy Brown

K. Pawn

It is an oft forgotten fact
That Romeo and Juliet ate
No food from dawn to dusk
Though drowning in a cataract
Their much beloved plastic pet
Which chewed upon a tabouret
And spurned the soggy rusk.

*

I had a long-remembered dream
Which never yet took place
About a man who ran amok
And hanged herself upon a beam
Of sunlight on the isle of Thrace.
(~~There~~ where pyres ploughmen make the face
And cows are out of Wick

*

This is a long-awaited day.
~~When~~ When Margelet with distant look
At all her many kin,
Makes merry and begins to play
(Not even looking at the book)
With all the maids, and even Cook,
And joining them in sin.

*

But spirit asunder, like the ship
For all my words are like a vein
I spit them outwards, one by one
Until I stop.

2
The wild hedgehog raised the cry
Though Hugh remained asleep
And since the bear could not but peep
To gather up his swiny sheep
And shear them, like a witless fool
Who sees without an open eye
And, ageing, leaves the school.

The papal pulvin shook his locks
And ~~too~~ while standing on the quay
Reading ribald poetry,
And swinging from the shady tree
He cried to all in silence then
"I grant this boon, that in the docks
You'll have no death, my dear, of men."

The purple ~~locksmith~~ ^{locksmith} ~~locksmith~~ shook the page
Whereon the curse was writ
It read "No more shall wombs be slit
Or elephants the target hit"
He read it and did cry with rage
(He was a madman, not a sage)
No diligent rascal his wrath could assuage.

ENVOI

○ Shark!
Who dares
The frightful dark
Upon the bathroom stairs,
Withhold
We beg,
Your scornful scold
And hang it on a peg.

My love, I know no softer words
I know no smoother place to lie
Than on the floor, beneath the sky
Beside these bovine herds
These bovine herds that fly.

*
Well done, well on, thou ne'er do-well
For thou art ^{better} than thou know'st
And, saving brickbats for our host
We ring the Lutine bell
And ape the sailor's ghost.

*
Go, stealthy one, and seek thy place
Between the Saxons' shoulderblades
Let no one think that man evades
The lovers' tax in Thrace
Where lads disdain no maids.

*
Wring out the web + don the dog
And hang the other in the trees
Between Colossus' brazen knees
Beneath the blazing sky
A fire with honey-bees

*
So, honey, say no sweeter words
I know your banks off by heart
I know your ways (at least in part)
Upset the applecart,
and stir the wrath of unromantic Kurds,
who can't endure the weeping of the wail
That wanders lonely as a crowd
+ talking to itself out loud
Declains the one who ~~vowed~~ vowed.
In vain to get his lover back again
To where the vows of love would be as safe
As Beula with Ben
Or worm in field that never farmer ploughed.

Wring out the old, I say, but try no cause
Nor bring the oldest cause to sorry end
Nor tempt the earnest elder; running sores
Will do the cause that would to heaven send
The untired point; the quits we lost at sea
Are quite enough for Julia and for me
Although I have no money for the poor
Nor sturdy citadel which to defend
Let Orghesa hear my strain: Perseid!
Let warbling lutes and mighty organs roar!

*
The quites or quinquirenes which seaward sail
Unto the parting shore unleash this song:
This gutta-pescha dirge for queen and quail.
They sing at speed, for now they have not long:
"Increase your wretched ambulance's stroke
And strike not one but many ~~the~~ feeble folk
Excelsior!" And as they near the Pole
The weakest fall in faint; and then the strong
Then women, children, Kings Canute and Kory
And last, yes, last, the humble cabin-vole

*
And when we got to Nineveh the harbour-marker cried:
"Begone, you evil layabouts, we have no place for you!"

*
The eldest earner's chequebook, far from new
Was nonetheless as fresh as snow inside
We counterfeited members of the crew
Especially those no steersman could abide
And quizzed the owners of a long dead thing
That never emperor knew, nor mighty king
But nonetheless was crowned in tempest-torn ...
Cadiz, where all the Phrygian sages died.
That is, where Anne the Androplage was born
Who never could abide the songs we sing
'Tis she of whom I warn you, from inside.

BISMUTH

ALTERNATIVELY

Fatima's Tomb

by

Lord Reed of Woomera
The Sudden Octuplets

pp. BISMUTH BILL

1
Fever was her first concern
Fighting was her ~~same~~ pride and joy
February made her turn

Fortorn into a little boy -
Forever mung (ruining) what she'd done
Forgetting how to write her name
Forgiven by the Dean

By syllables - frenetically she cooked a bun
Five foodstuff for the lane
For popstar chair belonging to the Queen,

Never was her next concern -
Nonetheless she curdled ice,
Now November made her turn
Neglectful, ~~also~~ she snuggled twice

Not unsuspecting, fever struck
Not yet competing with a duck
No physician, jauglet with pills
Neatly curing Sunday ills,
Next to Muddy Manday's kills

Levera was her last concern
Let her bliss that clarinet
Lemmings always made her turn
Lorissa was her pet,
Laughing loudly, soon she fell
Lower than the depths of hell
Longer than the vale of woe
Louder than the Oboe
Longind vs the Limpopo.

ENVOI:

Guess her name + you shall see
Why she's lovelier than a frog

2
Aria in a flat, my love, or one you in a house

Are you in a state to understand?

Why can a turbid turtle-dove become a merry mouse

With sable winds to lash his ampersand

(Will Deirdre turn once more into a louse?)

Alone beside the ruined hill day strand

Whose owner often castigates his spouse

His only spouse

Who lent a hand

In far-off Samarkand

*

O, Meg, a dainty lass you are

Pray come & see my jaguar

(I bought it in Antigua

Where Romeo was slain)

O, Mike, Ron said to break to you

What Juliet had spoke to you

"I know of no such take - do you?"

Had Alf a sadder strain?

Or water on the brain?

*

In Katmandu did Xubla Khan

Eat kestrels by the score

And from the lofty minaret

He played up on a violetta

And to the fading sunny set

From Turkey and from far Iran

A slowly shutting door

He sang, alack no more

3
Mother O Mother I'm missing your meow!
Come back, O come back, O come back to me now!

Never again shall I spit on the floor
Never again shall I kick down the door
Never again shall I spit on the wall.

Father, My Father, I hear your voice still
Spare me, O spare me, the catapult kill!
Never again shall I lie on the stair
Never again shall I pull out your hair
Never again shall I play in the hall,

Kitty cat, kitty cat, sit on my knee!
And I'll tell you a tale of a hose in Capri
Here is your fur that I roughly pulled out
Here is your eyeball I bought from a tout
Here is your tooth which you lost in the Fall.

Daughter, O daughter she's gone into town
Wearing that hideous Alice-blue gown!
Here are her cash that I won at the fair
Here, Leander, ~~by hand~~ Ambrosia, Slave
Here are the tickets for Emma's May Ball.

ANON
Family fortune + family strife
Will never win a man a wife,

I leapt from the stair with a ~~step~~ lightning step
Ignoring both Pyrex + Peregrine's prep
I struck from the scroll of all the writings of Bab
And took my revenge on the Geography lab.
I left in a hurry, with rice in my hair
Ignoring Corambis's vigilant stare
I write with my left, you can not call me wrong
(Although your appearance is not like a gong)
I wrong all the rights that Sir Lancelot wrought
+ throw all the fights that Sir Pertelot fought
- For what can the spirit of mortal be bought?

*

Intending to follow her, off came my gloves
(The ~~poor~~ miserable mittens that nobody loves
The horrible handgear, the poisonous pair
With ~~a~~ blue lemonade at the roots of their hair
Intending to follow her, took the wrong route
(A pathway so perilous that all men eschew't)
Stumbled at nightfall in Acheron's pit
A cavern so gloomy and so poorly lit
That 2 smallish eyes would blot out the glow
Of the Sabulous surface, ~~as~~ flames all below
Here's Shadach, here's Meshach, here's Abednego.

Envoi:

The steeple stands at half past three
I fear there's pig-all left for tea
But still don't step upon the lawn
Unless your petticoat's still torn
Asunder by the sun's bright rays
A revenant to former days

3
Despite my birth, waist deep in water
Ost I struggled, oft in peril,
With my sparkish sister Merry
And her cousin - Beastly Beryl
Deadly Ninety's daughter

Before my death, with what dice waster
I would gamble, he would win
I would stumble, she would sin
He would crumble, we would gain
Making speed not haste, red
Yingon on my hilt & kin
Who came ~~to~~ ^{from} farthest Tooting with a half-hushaven skin

Despite my death, my waste of wisdom
Ost I trembled, oft in winter
Read the works of Harold Amber
Always looking for a bin ter
House my meal of mouldy mixed-up grain
To save it from the omnipresent rain,
The rancid rain that rots the crops
(And kills the girls when the Welders' cousin's kingdom.)

Destitute, waste deep in waist
I would wiggle, he would squirm
Teshily we sought the gem
Bankrupting the oldest firm
Makers of Fish - paste &
Who kill the Whale, the hardware too, to reinforce their taste.
Deadly Ninety was the name - with deadly something laced.

Good King Nasirbor looked in

To pay the window ~~tax~~ tax

His head fell off into a bin

+ shocked the happy Mandarin

Whose father had grown lax,

But hold - the welder's picture pins

Down from the ~~with~~ gallery

The suppliant wiles like his skins

And stap his images with pins

+ sticks of ~~the~~ celerec.

'But hell' - the wombat's uncle ~~started~~ swore

(Whom samovars encased)

"I cannot tell you any more

Of Mandarin + Mandagore -

Whom Xable Khan ~~source~~ traced >

Gentlemen, Ladies - Welcome to Hades!

The Sandwich Unmasked

OR

THE MIDDLE BROTHER

WRITTEN BY

Lilith

The Unrelenting Minnow

Mrs Lilith

The Tracy Toddler
J

Crispin comes but once a week

His visage feared by all that see

By all that see on Cripple Creek

That hear the words of those that speak

The simple homespun truth

The lad he utters words profound

That fright the lazy ones who know

But never do let out a sound

But wander whether waters flow
The elixir of youth.

Crisp in winter falls the frost
Upon the lawn of unknown sleep

And freezes all things live or lost

Whose price is little more than cost

Nor magnitude than size.

No width or silent terms.

Alarmed, perturbed, could I disguise

From sordid intellectual worms

The sombre beauty of my eyes?

Crisp in dry were the words he spoke

With hair cascading round his neck

As if his head was but a lake

Undammed nor held in check

By aught of form uncouth.

ENVOI

My life is late

Viscerate!

An ice test for terrapins
Is not a test for me

It's but a ruse for those who choose
No terrapin to see.

Eleven plus for elephants
Is not, I say, for you

It's but a quip, that's all it is
Which most of us eschew.

And evening school for Columbian

~~See~~ is not the place to go
It's just a bore, for all and more
Don't ask me, cos I know

B Sc's for pitcher plants
Are not of course for us

For how should men aspire to know
The secrets of the bus?

How should we, who drink no tea
Abjure the Chinese vice
With desperate pleas for clemency
For dishes made with rice?

To educate the shulhorn whale

Has been my life's ambition
I always knew that I should fail —

Not condemned to eternal punishment

The maid of onomatopœia

Lay later in a jug of beer

Totally inebriated, none held his hand
For men are mice

And far too nice
To sit where none may stand.

*

This maid so chaste that all stood back
Admiring the virtues she did lack

Lay upon the carpet, her wimple all awry

And wondered if pigs were pie
In the sky

For men are mice
And may soon die

*

Reversed, this maid became a dame
Rehearsed, the mate is seldom tame

Tremendous were his cries

As credulous he trembled
And horribly dissembled

With surreptitious lies

*

A scrambled egg makes little sense

To those who spend their lives in tents

Totally prepared, as if a one-man band
Had danced a solemn sarabande

For many mice to view

(If ~~it~~ only Perkin knew!)

*

ENVOI:

Take me to the chancel house

Where I shall die, who am a mouse.

The thongs of wheat that bound our sultry eyes
Lent color to a scene of ~~little~~ geyness drab
A dismal pool endowed with nought but crab
Of hitherto uncompensated size

bid ~~not~~ little to relieve, for me a least

The dismal echo of my rival's words
That die unheeded 'mongst the earthen sherds
Like lees of wine or remnants of a feast

We saw no animals that dismal day
Our eyes were sealed within our souls

No notes!

And bloom nor bud revealed no inner heart.

These goals

In part

Repay those cheated in the tepid mart.

*

The oaten pipe that lured me to my bath
Played notes unknown, unpiped

And sounded strangely fresh, or raw ^{before}

As if the composer had not been sure

He was deaf, belike?

Or feared the aftermath.

The Kapellmeister's wrath...

(The one that dug the dyke).

My rival's words are echoing anew
My alter ego's cooking now a stew
With vervain leaves to shove the beneath.
Who can avert the Sailor's wrath.

There was a young woman whose face
Resembled the vacuum of space
Excessively fair;

If I could be there
I'd destroy every inch of the place.

O sweetest, be my abacus, for I needs must count on you.
And tell thy tale not faster than the flaming words are writ

To narration ever the servant must be

If it is to encompass all my poetry
If hecans on the heights are to be left.

*
- So spoke the Max - ~~and~~ as listened all

The courtroom hushed + ~~just~~ jurors whispered curses

The judge exclaimed in soft surprise

"Alas, the strongest lady cries!"

*
Onomatopoeia here made utterance

Watched the greasy candle gutter out

Then fade into the darkness of the day

As judges weak from lack of rest

Fall yet again their driving test

What that will the strongest lady say?

*
The strongest lady is in love

With those that shift around and shove

With passing ^{shadows} ~~ships~~ and knightly ships

With arid eyes and limpid lips

With apparatus for giraffes

And those at whom the sandman laughs.

With vaulting horses, diving elves

Who hold their hair in clips

Who fly their sons with sandwiches

Their grandmothers with chips.

Both night and day are gone
+ clearly all is war.

THE
INNER COMA

OR

The Parenthetic Pomegranate

by

Elsie (q.v.)

The Botanical Trickster

The apple that ~~the~~ serpent gave,
The pomegranate tender,
To Ere upon that fateful morn,
A sleeping, riping, ending dawn
When Ere, with conscience, ^{surely} slander,
With nought but spirit of the grave
(But none deless ~~for~~lorn,
For who, of all, should save
The eloquent pretender,)

*

The apple (for I shall go on)
With this my saga sprightly
Being of persistent mind
And well-renowned for being kind,
(A word ~~that I do not~~ use lightly)
~~I've~~ (I've many virtues, whereupon,
I muse in thought (I am not blind)
Though criticised anon)
To any animals I find)

*

Which Ere took up (as I've remarked
(Although I nearly broke my wrist)
The those who can my charm ~~resist~~ withstand)
(To them, I say, I raise my hand)
(~~At~~ critics, though, I shake my fist,
Like ~~sturdy~~ dogs who never barked
At him who plies his rubber band)
This apple (now the end is marked!)
Did not (I'm sad to say) exist.

Flascon diamonds in the field
Woollen rubies in the glens,
Reap again this golden yield
Harvested from countless fens.

Whispering acres, silent streams
Gloomy glades, ~~and~~ missive moors,
Sleep again these meadow dreams!
Dream again of tiger's roars.

Over topaz trees of wheat
Under skies of azure deep
Where the waters apple-sweet
Are lapped by ^{sundry} servile sheep,

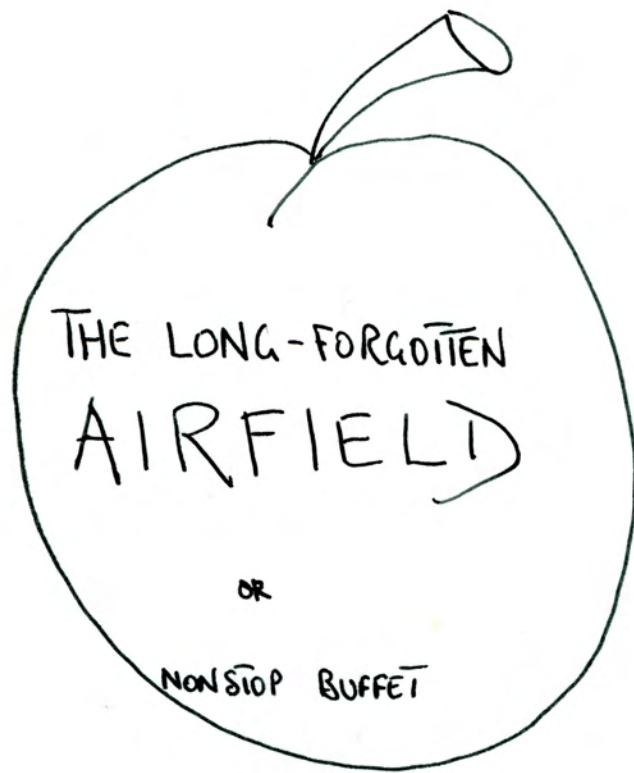
Sheep, whose thoughts run off about
The verdant pastures underneath,
Whose only minds contain no doubt
That Gödel's is the sounder proof.

My sheep, my sheep, my little ones
~~Give~~ Pay heed, I beg, to all my pleas
O never follow him who runs!
Nor ever try to swallow fleas.

O little lambs and peppy pigs
O dormice dour and badgers bask,
Oh, shuno the winy diamond rigs
And beat them with a winy whisk.

Envoi:

Flascon diamonds in the carriage
Woollen rubies ~~in the~~ break the deadlock
Pearly will always lead to marriage
Piglets always shy from wedlock.



by

Perry Grin

Mrs. Astorath - (just a bit)

Press to stop
Shamus Scintilans

The Fussy Pisce

Jugan Toenit

The bicycle pump was not of the best

Its owner was guilty, I dare to suggest

Or dare you? - to dare to, is dangerous lest

A host of mad geese should arrive

The cycle excursion was terribly planned

The office in general thought it should be banned

Though the undersized giant could not understand

The system of middle-wheel drive

That giant could ^{*}balance like none before

Though his steering was rather uneminably poor

(For such do we learn from the Phrygian Lore)

That mercy's poor talents are strained.

The talent of Percy ^{*}was not of the worst

(No cause for his filly, which Vathek has cursed)

Was blatantly clear that he'd never released

The dogma that trees are unbrained.

^{*}
The redwood was written for giants to read

That stroll in the twilight wherever we lead

In ember-strewn glades in the thickening dusk

Where ember envelopes the turtle husk

And the bicycle pump ~~is~~ rides away.

*

Ye trees that hum softly at night - your beds
Where the paranoid sandman unflinching treads

And jingles so softly his myriad beads

Counting with care the unmusical sheds

Where cycles + lawnmowers marry in bliss

And aged geometers ardently kiss

In gearboxes: on windowsills oiled oil-cans

Upset the intrigues that bicycle plans.

○ Shark and threefold! Shark and fire
O foaming shark + water

Or is it honey from the hive
Bought from the bedesman's daughter?

Or marmalade or jaffa cakes,
O cardinals, o custard!

~~The~~ ~~whose only blast~~
Crying out for rhyming mustard
Just like my mother makes.

*

Après moi, le déluge, Desiderata, she cries

Announcing that her Nibel Prize is but a vat of alibis
Lord Blankinship, the noble, pries into the deeds of men

Who, avaricious, oust the eggs from heron or from hen

~~Who~~ Who push the little darlings from their cosy nests, & then
Destroy the myth of who-knows-where with who-knows-what
foul lies.

Entraps the unsuspecting Quark to see he goes & dies.

○ Shark and eightfold! Shark and air
O festering shark and blister

Or wild sorrows sad and care

Wring from the Welder's sister

or lemon curd and walnut whirls

O apple pie @ so ample!

(I cry to those that trample
Down the sails ~~made~~ the Shark unfurls)

*

EPILOGUE: * Sing not the shark!
And save your bark!

In the ~~heart~~ heart of fast bulwark spake oracle sage

"Untimely your fury, though timely your rage!"

The oracle died as the sage burst in bloom;

As ~~like cards~~, for card-like ~~cards~~ slid down the
walls of the room

The walls that the sailor destroyed in the night
Were unpapered with gloom, they were painted with light
Which burnt like the sceptre in Noanibon's hand
And guttered like seashores - a tunnel of sand

And then rolled off to the east west
Where cantelagues invest
*

This paper is white; yet dear Grace, she was not,
Untimely ~~to~~ the cream she was ready to clot,
And yet like an earthworm she often forgets

That in a week, even if ye should swot
The sages that perilous blow.

Yes, dear friends, I envisage hard work as your lot
And undying pain for the feet in the sludge
& envisage such peril wherever you go
Wherever the fireflies anonymous glow.

Sweet fireflies, O, bear me no diligent gudge
~~Thus~~ Persuade me to rot.

*

MORAL:

This paper is white: be it whiter than there
Thou'll be hung, I declare from the uppermost bough
And your entrails fed to an ~~anxious~~ diligent sow
Preventing starvation

4
The house had many windows
And of doors a plenitude
No aeronaut the wind hoos
Nor Yairy King the jester chose
To scale the ivy towers

The house had many towers too
The ivy kingdom viewed
And on a starlit summer's night
Before a certain hour
Her pale blue bulbous eyes would light
Her paralytic tower,
The home of Ermintrude.

*

The field had many meadows
Yet of cows a lowly few
A herd which, clad in red, owes
Little gratitude to Bedow's
Or to milkmaids, man or wench
The milkmaid is a buxom bush
The bush of buxom make
That the farmer left outside
Was stolen by a wench.
Beneath this bushel hide
... No barbel, roach or tench
That poke around + push?

*

ENVOI: The house of fish is but an awesome glade
Where patés are paced + punless are paid.

5
Off like clockwork went my plan to manumit the slaves
The bark set off, the iceberg groaned, and sank beneath the waves
Reverberations of the splash resounded thro' the ocean
And everywhere the sea turned black, a necromancer's potion
And all forlorn the mermaids sang, combing golden hair
As ~~at~~ swiftly from the ocean bed, upon a

foaming mare,
Came Venus, Aphrodite, you may call her what you will
Though the epithet that she liked best was Beatrice, or Bill.
So Bill, that goddess of the Nile on which great Cairo stands
Arose at dusk and wandered lost among the sable sands
Arose at dusk and wanders still near Thames & London bridge
But you shall see her not, I say, ~~for~~ her size is but a midge
Midges may be murky oft, but she cannot be wrong
Her lover ~~going~~ up at Fleet Street sees her going, going "gong"

*
In but 8 days my doom will come
For ninety nights I'll eat no crumb
For deadly the enchantment in the shades of tender night
Deadlier still the hellish thumb that no man dares to fight.
To symbolists, electrical deposits on which bank
I cry "defect" or then again "the toady millpond stank!"
To fatalists, "ambivalent proposals by whose book
We never ^{weaken} steer our course. But lo! ^{Behold!} the rock
Flies by on leaden wing. The sun begins to wane
Behind the hills where ~~condens~~ clouds await the evening rain
Where fruit-bats wait beside ^{the} lake and, chattering with glee
Await the weary chain-gang: we are slaves you may not free.

ENVOI

○ son of my father's father's son!
Yours ~~to~~ me of the men whose freedom's won
By the sound of the wind & the sea.

Sad jesters were playing croquet then

A cloudburst hit the scene

A scene of serendipity

Like molehills^{*} on a green.

Like molehills in a forest ride

Or even in a pie

As if some grotesque slippancy

Should even make a jester cry

To dare do^{*} more than makes a man

(Who dares do more is NON)

Who veils his thoughts and hides his fears

Who elephant milks + tiger shears

At Castle End sheds midnight tears

No moats or beams in eyes or ears -

In truth, a hot cross bun.

*

To aim for less than half a life

To aim for more than whole

Is not ~~not~~ the aim of her, my wife

Who mounts makes out of mole

And yet maintains that hills exist

Prometheus befogged!

To arm is but to cut the wrist

To slash at giants in the mist

The millstone is a succour to the grit

The millpond much befrogged.

*

ENVOI: The weeks are weeks of weeds and tears
And days the rotting lives of years.

Phoenix

by

Usher.

OTTO

Rosalind

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including the name "Rosalind" and other illegible text.

When Galileo came to tea
I gave him gooseberry jam, for he
Requested it so charmingly
That I could not refuse.

He sucked it from a wooden spoon
And sang aloud a luteful tune
Concerning maidens born in June
He sang a dreary blues.

He put the toast rack on his head
Without much room to go to bed
(The hammock had been filled with lead)
It was a woeful ruse!

He put his pocket on his arm
His telescope had come to harm
(For he had lost it on the farm)

~~In rusty orange juice~~
Where Anne the Angus moos.

Then upon the girls he lay
And ran his fingers through their hay
And sang to her a roundelay
Of unreligious views

She was enraptured by his skill
And scampered up the sunny hill
We watched them from the window
In threes and twos.

She ^{lay} ~~was~~ exhausted by his side
+ watched astounded as he cried
"Alas, my love, my lofty pride
I beg, excuse!"

Then Galileo took her home
And told her nevermore to roam
From his arching wooden dome
Mount Palomar

*

A glass of milk

A yard of ale

A skein of silk so pale

And wain, ~~enough~~ enough to sail

The seven seas

*

A book of prose

of poetry

A tale of woe so free

And e's enough to see

A Fleur de lys

*

A sack of stones

And scribbles

Excessive loans of leaves

That every sailor leaves

to Pharisces

A bag of jam

A gadie dove.

A baby ram. Hell rove

Until the skies turn mauve

And burn the trees

*

A telescope

A looking glass"

*

The gloomy deceiver unravels

The fleeces in the clouds

The giant from Lullibote's travels

Whose head was in the strands

The doleful menigine makes sings.

His hands in the wangle he wrings.

We all are as glass

And shatter when he sings.

I have not heard the ~~phone~~ telephone since 1963

Although I have a red me in my room

I never ~~saw~~ saw an ambulance become a bumble bee

Although I visited patient, at its tomb

Although I patent washers for the groom,

~~And~~ who stops the horse water over me

And bids me to write the silken tomes of golden selené
of Babacambe.

*

I always used to jump from heights of more than 60 miles

And fall into a shiny muddy pool

A ~~big~~ parachute for octopi, the natives of these isles

Are so nice, like an ~~of~~ fornicating fool

A product of the Now-or-never school

Who wraps his willing victim up in smiles

And lodges him feet upwards ^{silent head at the wall,} ~~on~~ the piles
of gooseberry fool.

*

I always used to rise to depths hereto unknown to elves

Where octopi compile a subre chart

... O ~~the~~ bumble bee who keep your treasure high upon these shelves

Which you from men must always keep apart

Withdold from any vacillating heart

From any peering seeker, if he delves

Among the nation's valuables they're keeping for themselves
Upon ~~the~~ cart

*

ENVOI

A product of the never-never class

The misered men who babble but avoid

The parachute, for we are only glass
(pause)

(whisper) We are only glass ..

4
I, O King, am the Welder's son, & my father now is dead!
See before your court I bring his ferro-carbolite head!

The potion to restore him must not have excessive lead
Or he will never live again to solder, nay, and weld.

Whoso beheld

And read

The mystic tale, the wrathful curse upon my father laid,
By all the feeble Argonauts whose bills were never paid

By all the Searful vizigoths who ever ^{reped} ~~had~~ a maid

Their curse was fatal, dire; will never be repealed

Whose fate is sealed

And stayed.

By those who wished the Welder well, by those who never knew

How ~~much~~ ^{deeps} it would be the dreadful that they could not undo

They shrieked and wailed, invoked the Shark, and washed their hands in me
For penitence of their horrible mistake

Which ~~no~~ none may make

But those who do

And he who was so upright well that he could not be prone

... And ~~the~~ who seemed to deaf to hear the gilded telephone

He who showed the silent maids how apples could be grown

Has vanished from the vision of the victory and the vile.

They called the roll,

Alone,

The Welder's name was never heard, was never read therefrom

His name is not (I have forgotten) Not Harry, Dick nor Tom.

In the silence that ensued we wept with great uproar

The organ played, the flags were gone, there was no cause ~~to~~ to sing

Oh, bless me now, and I shall ply, my father's trade, O King!