The Rat Fathom

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THE RAT FATHOM

IN 3 INTERLACING PARTS

by

Top van der Bopp
Partly Wig
Abalo Candile.
The Agricultural Revolution

Hopefully will end pollutini;
Though I think it much more likely
It will only cease it likely. (!)

This contention, I contend,
As but a means to butt an end.
And thus the kings of Rome expired
And the Carons were all fired.

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 lives 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 dungeon—
On filled with chains and fearsome fangs
—The water drops, the cell-door clamps
And dormice chatter in the wind
The academic fails, alas, to see
The cats who knew the dormice scented
—The king dislikes them all, but me.
I wandered lonely as a Tweit
A blue hut from the hedge outside
Aside I cast all thoughts of use

"Go, thoughts" I said, and then a bit
Of back my lofty thoughts deriv’d
As fire will melt the yellow snow
So you & I will lead the march
And bravely spurn the biting cold
And leave our footsteps in the sea
Whilst lesser men beneath the arch

The elder men (as prophets told)
Forbear, the rich, to pay the fee

Thus spoke the prophets, long ago
My thoughts were then as 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 more

Than doctors & nurses & artisans too
Than the men from the mill, or the men from the zoo.
Than business men’s parents who’ve come from the cold,
Than the sage who grows old, or the sees who grows mould
On saucers of milk left out on the sill
Or chocolate shrimps that they make at the mill

Thus spoke the prophets, so strong and so true.
The ostrich, then, inveterate beast
When nesting in the scrub
Eats large blue cakes with unripe yeast
It hung them at the pub.

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

But when it nests on mountain-tops
Or perches high on crags
It takes its ease in cast-iron slops
- It doesn’t sing, it brags.

In such a case it brags with vigour
And even sends its friends away

Sorry sight, o fallen figure
O fallen pomp, relinquished day!

Chorus:

At times it haunts the lonely shore
But when distressed, it wails
And sings weird songs of ancient lore
In which invention nearly fails.
Thrice ostriches are creatures strange
Like poems, they are wont to change.
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 worm at too
Would never become younger by drinking salty glue.
Or go over the eight & collapse into bed
With a every-blue flute on the top of your head.
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 horned fangs.
And that Pascal the Boxykin and all his henchmen
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 truffled merangue.
And embroider the tale on a mural of silk!

* *

I was often mad, when the men about me cried
That 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 & bled, fired.
led & lamed.
At the edge of the forest a little bird sang
Of the trauma of life, the 'Scum' & the 'Drang',
+ the predator pigeons, the communist crows
Spoke on all of the topics which everyone knows,
"But does everyone care?" asked our hero, alarmed
On the field of dry stubble so dreadfully farmed,
So appallingly laughed, so disastrously sown.
That the ploughshares were ruined, the ploughman had flown
"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 raise our rights,
Let's continue to continue what we have begun,
Let's take up our 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 cries they all crew,
at the edge of the forest where the avocet lives.
and the people are pebbles, or sailors of stones,
The eligible elephant spoke of the day,
When the king had seduced his great nephews away.
It was thus that realm of the forest declined
By the vice of the king, it was all undermined.
I rode to the sea on the back of a jowl
And sang to the moon of a beautiful stout
Imbued with this sense of ineffable glee
I spurred the beast to a run and waded into the sea
The brine it engulfed us, we sang not a note
We searched for a sail, but there wasn’t a bit
We sought in the sea, for aught that should float.

I slid through the sea on the back of jowl
Met thought it would make a delicate dish
But there chanced to appear a demonstrative brute
For whom every meal would end like a feast
My jowl it was sealed, & I cared not a bit
That the board was prepared and the candles were lit.
And we started to eat, and the beast we all bit.

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

And the jolts came round & damned me outright
Their voices all raised in concert to ensure that their plight
Would be better than mine, this abominable night.
Bring me a bonnet and polish my boots!
Bring me a bouquet of paranoid costs!
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
Invert what you wear, I give me her hand
My darling, my deerie, must be of the best
(A hairy old Tony from south Budapest
has the while of the cash of the crew in his care)
And my wealth must exceed that of Arimethea,
the trumpeter is sounding, the king on his knees
shall show off his singing with great expertise
And ninety grand pianos, all played by me man
(Though the tuning is faulty, sounding worse than
a million cats that sing in the woods
And make a vast profit buy purchasing goods
From the provinces on the left or the spites on the right)
Who is wretched in practice but active on the night,
Arrived with medallions and headresses fine
The songs of the days of the summer and wine
In a reedy falsetto which lacks any timbre
Like tires 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 stepson with strychnine and salt
Which ensured the proceedings were called to a halt.
There was an old person of Bognor
For pets he had neither a dog nor
A luminous tope
A rare calliopes
Or the best armadillo in Bognor.
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 'say' or 'then'.
She often tells me whereabout
Between the shotts
The ins & outs
Of coosnest couts.

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 more than we cannot be wrong
Should not be forced to make a point already made before
Our lives are overgrown with weeds—the way is very long
The prince's path shall Peter out in eight score years or four.

And so she never tells me who
Is bound to do
To wit, to woo
My kangaroo

Or who will come another day
\What will 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 sounded night and 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
(Though I'm not brave to hear)
In my bliss I'll fight the foe
Who has risen in the West.

The west! Those fabled storm-rent shores
Peopled by aging, wizened bores
Such as those behind these doors
Within these strong immures.

The west! Those storied sable steepes
Peopled by aging wizened creeps
That wallow in the timeless deeps
Devoid of sinews.

Thus let me rest in solitude
Wheat that busy Grinnel's
And pass away my days in peace
To play the piano without cease.
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, far 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 a bull, my steeds
I found but miles of broken glass
Marble floors, littered bins...
The trees were dead, the beasts were dead.
Lost in this lawless landscape, I
Hoped to find a softer bed
Than that in which I hoped to die

The thought of hope, the hope of thought
The fear of bliss in years to come
The weeping of the Argonaut
For each unfathered child of home
Let each unmothered child adopt
A rabid tapir from Brazil
Ensure his fur is aptly cropped
Or else a kangaroo swamp gazelle.

Thus came it hither, thus it went
The deftest darts struck home and true
Some pierced its hide a song were bent
But truth had killed the kangaroo.

The rabbit too had died, alas
Through eating uncooked rhubarb leaves
They gave off noxious orange gas
And all the world in darkness grieves.
My love's like a pea-green leek
Like a drip from an old split barrel
She's mouldy and gosty and urs so weak
But her love in a feller called Harol'
Harol' the Hartstongue—thus y-cleped
By the cuppe, the spoone, & the saucer—
Oes the brutesets and pails the leap
In a desperate effort to force her

But Hroaran the Margrave was close at hand
Through acres of mice he ran like fire
Ranying and cursing (Legad it was grand)
As the piano) He sank in the mire

Belching like ancient erupting volcanoes
Wheezing like geysers that spout to the sky

Croak when you said, when you say knows
For life's a pirate (I wonder why)

So my love, like a wizened anaemic sage
A dark ostrider, enchanted swaying,
Bass 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 something 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 Chaucer-styled
And the cup ran away with the splinter.
"Not of this world!" the polecat cried,
Scratching its hairy underside
And scarcely stopping to divide
The red ones from the yellow

"Nor of the stars!" the stout replied
(As, lately, all rodents cried)
And hardly bothered to provide
Excuses for his bellow.

"Now, if the deep," the molluscs crew
Waving their tentacles aloft
The which, though bedded, are smooth and still
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 sympathizer!"

"Never again, 0 not once more ...
With sounding up inwardly above
No second time, 0 once my love
Can mermaids win the matador.

"Alas for poor Gloucester, what a fool!
Alas" the mastodons exclaimed
The traitors, nameless, too proud + cruel
Because it was the last of Yule
Eventually were named
green grew the roses - o

in the vale of vade meneum
there they found wee roses - o

telling tales of harry secombe
whose song has medusa in it?

the chanson de famous roland,
the triate, the redpoll, and the linnet
and the spotted dem of roland.

which song has medusa in it?

"which has not!" the fulmar cries

"tell us, do not lose a minute"

should black morgan from the skies

else moses and his foe, the gorgon
(a hopeless case for treatment - o)

sprayed blue paint at ace-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 swiver gently, watch it clot.

so green grew the ghastly crew

on their launches green and darkly

coming back from timbuctoo

by way of nagasaki.

their does were dead, the gang was green

the rumour 'tis a mad, mad tale

but indy dick's a mad mad whale. and all we said was left unseen.
She stoops without desire to conquer
Queen of all, she knows no bounds
For heaved against the men who wrong her
Or e'en the smallest of her hounds.
Engrossed she knuckles o'er the loom
To weave a tapestry of woe
For in a brontosaurus' womb
No happy notions ever flow.
Weep then, O prophet of disaster
Turn your eyes and hide your hearts.
Let no evil fiend outcast her.
Shun the wild lugubrious parts!
Incensed she weaves the warlike woof
A wilderness of shame takes shape
For heather, spirit need no roof.
Dame Nature's Necklaces need no rape.
Once, riding in a mossy dell
With staff beside a rod to guide
Upon a maid his eye once fell
She joined the staff, she joined the ride
And into forests lead their path.
By murky steeps and grots unholy
There, by Ailwen's one-time bath
They prayed so deep a lullaby
But only once the wolf was heard.
And only once the darkling owl
Bled often a dawn a broken shread
Was seen to reach its goal,
O gainly soft-shaped earthen hole.
"Yet once more, 0 ye cabbages, and once more
Sit you down by the water and sing
Sing of the leeks, 0 ye cabbages, and their lore
And the bee in the tail of the sting

Turn again, 0 ye shrimps of Alexandria
To the consuls of Carthage
Sing once again the song of mine
Or else be sleeping.

Yet once more 0 my Aeneids, once again
Let's hear to thy bellowing thunderous once again
For the strongest sword in Touraine
All else o'er sleeping
For why should the spirit of Maytle be sad
Or the quagmires envelope Sir Galahad
For when shall the lyre-bird again be glad

Thus spake the king of the vegetables
Esteem him and give him due homage
Feed him with veal and silver tables
Credit him with the famous fables
That ever came from unripe porridge."
The thought of hope, the hope of thought
And what arose Cornwell's glistening glow
When, frowning, studying laws of tort
He realised those were the times to go.

The act of going, going acts
The running bore, a soaring run
The carot in the cataracts
Then home for shelter a current run.

In fear and dread, in dreadful fear,
We told the runes, the bells were tilled
The ruined bells were dire to hear
My soul was there to die unsold.

The drums 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.
Xella

Sighing seldom, lying lovely

Gently yes, and yet not quietly

Xella yields.

Yields as rock to water wholly

Leaping nightly

Napping lightly

Over Aphrodite's fields

down jolly!
"THE ILL-DRAINED TWOSOME"

or 'What is Not'

by Remjur Riesen

T. A. MARINER

Dack Till
The welder was welding as never before.
Bright sparks a red welter west streamed 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 fifth floor.
"Begone, you fat clump, 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 clothes, as useless as goods.

To the African Queen she was sister and niece
But his husband, alas, he shot her, to keep one peace.
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 was a map, a fire, a stool,
(A small immature one had got for a goat),
A lampshade, a bus-stop and fifteen gazelles.

Two oxy-acetylene heimit crab shells,
An antidiluvian Turkish trombone,
No wonder his stomach did rumble and groan!
The market was full of the oddest of folk,
Selling humble 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 into an antelope gore
And hoping to sell to some mad matador
For scandalous profit, sumptuous price.
Who the solders then forever through acres of mice.
The humans wobbled horribly away
As the traffic jam wound slowly o'er the lea,
As the Jaguars from Jupiter lay down at last to sleep
And monkey slunk along to lock the day
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 bubble 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)
And the Jaguars of Jupiter are known in many lands
for their skill with plants and random rhymes. Their expertise in clear

But no he could not ever break the spell
That deemed him ever to be small and thin
To wobble ever horribly and breathe this yeid air
He couldn't really stand the movement of 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 grew a grin
Yet doubt it not who dares: for danger foredooms despair.
The dreamers are the sleepers, but the sleep is not the dream.

Will the swallow ever sleep again?
For the sleep is not the schooner, nor the yacht the quinquereme.

Is it swift enough to plough the main?
Will the swallow 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 spin in to the spinner, as the daystar is to day.
And the curfew to the cur, at least a few.

The web will not be spun anew.

If workers feed waifs, name me widowers' fare!
(for windows eat wind, and waiters do wait)

But what of the orphan that wait at one gate (?)
For the old orphan-quilter who turned up too late?
Name me the fate of the mad potentate!

Nor shall you hear of the Welder, when made
Whose tale is sadder than I can relate.
Although I have spoken in words 37 eight.

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

Weld me to the writing on the wall.
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 trumpet 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 abide is not to slumber.
The groaning grobe is not a goal.
That gives a merry note.
If aught of love should make her heart despair
She would as lief have left her native home
If aught of home should make her linger there
Then none but love would make her want to roam.

But powerless she lay, her head a-torn in grief
Long hours 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.

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 gone
What shall a poor wench do in such a street?
When children went, she took Aladdin's lamp on
A fishing trip. They used the lamp as bait.

When the day was done, Venus came
Clothed but in seaweed and her native hair
Her foot caught in the lamp - it made her lame
And sing a wild lugubrious Cornish air.

O Venus, how your sorrowed heart was won!
When stormy Vulcan rent your rings and fields
And Constantine Plunk was judged too thick & sent...
Where aught but love could catch the heart that yields.
In the evening came the cycles
Through the mist they spin unceasing
Round and round their eyeballs rolling
Bowing, haging, unswerving
Howling, hairy demoniacs

As the footfalls sounded softly
As the snowflakes fell like faces
Fleeing from some unknown kingdom
Treed by sycamore and linden,
By the hopew broiling softly.

But the branches swaying sadly
Seemed to sing the saddest music
Chanted by some noisome lecher
Who away would gladly fetch her
On his tandem, madly.

But when morning dawned, the fair one
Seemed to vanish in the brightness
O eschew Medusa’s gaze!
Singe again sweet leche’s praise
(A German physicist called Erwan)

In its cycle came the evening
On the haystack slept St. Michael
Bowedly groan the sad “Amen”
Or song of Robin’s heroic kin
And their unwholesome evilling.

May the cycle chain be shattered!
May the unfast calf be fatted!
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, I remember that you never will return.
Your sight still fills my mind. Your memory my eyes.
The sounds 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 learn
(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 stalked, and trees are where I will stop
To pick the mellow apricots, the acrid mangosteen
Next summer you'll return to me, and we will all be seen
lest the beauty of the oakhouse should catch us in the hop.

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 love been as fair.
Deep in the dripping forests of Rangoon
The mongoose creeps
Lured by the languorous bassoon
The glowworm sleeps
And every creature fears the wild 8 racoon.

Soon in the flaming summers of Iraq
A flautist lurks
Awaits in the silence of the dark
To play the Recorder works.

The secret concerts were of JS Bach.

Far in the rapid waters of the Ind
The Hindu stays
His body racked by spates of wind
He longs to graze in silent fields, but not receive.

High in the hanging heat of Hell
The camel sways,
Eating cakes of caramel
And sweetly songs Supposed songs that camels all know well.

Then in the mangrove swamps of A time, where we were born
(A mile along the road to Mandalay)
The unicorn
Devised this irreligious roundelay

Many long years with lute and lyre in hand
The bard was barred
From writing sonnets in sand;
The bard was hard
It melts when all the people understand.
Oh, had I James 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 my Faustus 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 veil!

Imperatives are these
Rejoiceth one is worse
For those that cannot feel the weal.

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

Oh, were sweet Helen here with me
Then she and I would purify
Our early 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
Her I would strangle in the mangle
And pickle her in rum.

End

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 chargers Maximilian; on his horse without a name
Young Sophocles, his nephew; and on a cow called Kate
The Taras and the Tarasians; they feared they would be late.
They stumbled through the Caucasus—a wilderness, a mine
A luckless land that every year is swept across by fire
Meanwhile the Turks were moving up from Tripolitania
Beside them rode young Mignanec on a silver Calliope
His sturdy slept swinging low about his strong and lithe neck
Bounced back upon the buccaneer who, born in far Quebec,
Where all the folk are charlatans and sell their sons for slaves,
Was bathing in a highland beck and washing in the waves.
Bust was the buckler changed and wronged with swords of steel.
Such blows as those of Goodness Knows who of the elder blow can deal
And careless Kurds that use no words but those of Catalan
Favored the heart
Rehearsed the verse that bore the worst for woman, child, and man:
And blows worse still in far Brazil for pumas and their ilk.
Now Goths and Norse, their many sons, came bringing crusted milk
And Teutons brave, that rant and rave, and vicious Visigoths
Then Slaves and Gypsies, with broken necks, who rode on sacred boar!
Shall Hi! for one & Hi! for All: Using the Tyrant's Nepalese
And spoiling the beer with froths!

From Beira for Kilimanjaro the kings of Cathay came
With fifty thousand slave-girls who, with hearts and eyes aflame
With thoughts of hope and hopes of thought elsewhere as you know
Were roused for a crown of gold and adamantine glow.
So all the horses of conquerors that streamed throughout the land
Were thwarted, now checked; Chaos b³ utched all thought 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.
April daze is here again
And May may soon be on its way

Cuddled was the Milky One
That Juno's breast did Ispray.

And daly stem the Creamy One
Or gusty winds that ever blow
Through the empty Nebulae

Dismembering the Honied Foe.

The thund'rous knights of Febulae
Came marching to the Northern march
(No vent bereaves them of their air)

They Jam no airy pie with stretch.

In the transept embers flashe

Took, seek, toe benefit & limbs
Wading through the miry fen

We hum, we hum the honied hymns.

Yes, April daze is here again.
"PAPIST"

or

"The PAPIST"

Written by

R. Buthnot

Arcturian Curry

Ebenezer Tide

The Eighth Book
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 multitudes glister

O fie, fie, fie! I boil and I struggle and try
Lashing my feet and away, I strike up a chorus in it

Who must I strangle?
So hourly orange our gloom has inked the sky
Take a rolling Spangle

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

While writing this poem?

Or reciting the lies that I shall never know?

Labouring over fields of glutinous loam

0 death, death, death — my friends are both of my breath
Through breathing their last in a Shoemaker's box

Drowning in leather

While cutting their socks

And pronouncing in Gothic, over word a low Shibboleth

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 knew him now take fright

And warn off their kin from a similar plight

He cries in the rain who once rejoined with a cry

And furrows his brow with a sizable sigh

And his awful errors multiply

The patient of night by the sun of day

Tell the powers that be become barred from the sky

And are forced to descend on a lame eremite.

As if the volcano was about to erup'

The loath on the rung of a ladder was wrong

By the neck for the rung so appallingly swung

With lugubrious larynx and terrible tongue

With a nagging wind from a laboring lung

Alas, Oregenes, his time was now up

The drummer curried rope from an old paper cap

He gave a piece of a peel at a fair

A lascivious Czechoslovakian au pair.
From where I stand no sound is heard
save shill + lucid mummers
And still no thought my mind has stirred
save "how few cats have kittens"

And with this truth I'll live my life
Until my grey beard crumbles
Or leaves me & attaches my wife
Who always grows a grumble

A graceless squaw who plaits her hair
And fashions shapes exotic
And sleeps whileobby takes air
In postures quite ungainly
Mainly,
Aquatic.
*

From where I sit no smell is small
No sight is sought unsuitably
The lighthouse keeper ten feet tall
He closed the door quite shortly.

His mouth wedged open by a spoon
He bid the klutish curry
I shrieked "You may leave quite soon"
—They all left in a hurry.

A graceless have who squats alone
And sings in basic Turkish
And four is scarcely lawful
Awful
Allergic.
"For Those in Peril on the Sea"

Upon a far-off glistening shore,
Where octopoids made merry
My father left a little brain
Enclosure which was like a town
A city drowned in Shelley
+
The first day that he left it there
To board his vessel bring
It dug a hole full six feet deep
(As if an aging witless creep
Had dreamed it up in coplade sleep—
His intellect is tiny).

*

The phantasmal Welder raised their eye
My father helped him pickle
That looked around the burning broth

Awaiting the dire aftermath
Of firing Sodium in the heath
—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 Pope’s
Said "If it squashes, sack it"

*

The hedgehogs in the nesting box
The wild ducks age pretty
My father stung them with a mace.
The Czech book-keeper fell from grace
And grace fell 'round quickly.
Auntie's inferior is 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 burned till too
Till everything burst with an ominous 'Bang'
And the debris was scattered to farthest Penang.
Where the natives uproarious armies seek wildly Swore
Till the day dawn's again, till his knee-bones are sore
The knee-bones delayed as the coronaries crew
Had a dramatic battle just to see who was who,

Back, back, ye Arabs!
Avasht, ye Scarems!

Elope, ye Lapps!
And damn of toads

Begone, all Fins
And Mandarins

For as the poll was counted out,
We carried flowers into the last
And laid the regal plinth.
"Fondue makes the heart absinthe"
And melts the wave of love
As it cries out aloud to the heavens above,

Desist! You're past!
Belshazzar's Snack

or

Watch this space
The follies of the Argonauts are terrible to tell

The arguments of Falstaff, they were pretty fine as well

But all are over now.

Yes all are dead, you give

And dead birds smell.

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

An sacred cow, that used to low and call;

And wringing the neck whose knee belongs to 'Tis Jason's kith and kin.

Do I sight all the hosts?

Yes, the hosts should all be lit

Let the hideous begin

(For the tunnel is still-lit)

And the Minors are now plush'd; so they beseech their bosom gods.

"Love, I now beseech you, say the words that fires the bolt

That upsets the stately dawn, calls the sun's eye to a belt.

Thus called the coal-black crew,

Possessed, says by the mind of heaven;

From far Hainault

Or these painted lands.

Where birds are bait for businessmen and buxom barmaids too.

The follies of the Shepherds, or Besique to the French

Were always re-enacted in a Caledonian trench.

For beneath the Highland Bolt

Far beyond the Uisland realm

These dead birds swell

In Isolanthe's helm.

For here, as everywhere in fact, corruption is no shocked.
I tried to count the Phaenodes 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 let upon a locust
The locust flew away and cried "Oh dear, I beg your pardon!"
The Phaenodes and the roasting cats in deadlake fright no more
(As Roman wedlock was a match that knew no three or four)
Yet for pell-mell sphinxes or pestiferous lupines
Such interrupted combat was a part of ancient lore.
And the laws of ancient parts disclaimed the Phaenodes of his title
"Try below the labyrinth" they cried "for liquor to imbibe"
We pursued a beany runnel 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 an Irish old person.
Had the welder's second cousin not been scrutinised at the fair,
Where the roses breathed softly in their concave-hued velvet
And the amaranthine lilies bloom along the shores of Crete.
And the sickly lady Phaenodes unmurm two prunes & their shoes
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 boshed, 9 the splendors, and its boshes
Were burnt to make the sunset; the dusk was ashy grey.
0 The Jester of the Phaenodes and the Welder and the sphinx
And the welder's second cousin (O, miserable minx!)
With this greeting I shall greet you - Quit you now my Abercomie
When I'm roused I'm more ferocious than anybody thinks.
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY CHILDREN

by: Arthuritas

ANNA STOMOCES

MYCROFT XX

RAY RISSED.
I've lived all my life on an island so rare,
My only companion a fat polar bear

I've fished on fish from a hole in the ice
The while of the fish was a true Rembrandt
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 sunk to my knees with a sorrowful tear
And wished that the colourless duck could be here.

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

My leg fell off.

Oh well.

Now l've learned in war to be invisible
And timed to achieve a ridiculous sleep
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 garnet is a deer.

My tail is too long and my story's too tall
I can't seem to fit in this rhyme scheme at all
I struggled & rose — the flowers smell fine
But the daisy was dashed, for the bee was too small
And the Bessemer cannon came 1st overall.

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

I jumped from the bell tower.

Splat!
The girl awoke, she looked about,
While the handsome prince asked her to dance
Avert your eyes
Weren't her shiell ones
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, stuck...
And tumbled back
0 to the bed, where they danced sadly.

It's terrible aim had a cause: "myopia"
He said, "Is her blye? I really do hope ya
Can help me make..."
Towards a cake
Or dancing, 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 and 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,
The first grazed; then clothed as he daygrown old.
The golden orb waved
And the sandbar was saved
By being cold. Neptunism of cold
By caressing a statue in smooth polished gold.
DUCK SOUP

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

And dreamt of a red leather bun

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 'n' the bath

Green figs in blue wine
Are exceedingly fine;
But they will not suffice
Unless the summit was brine.

Its primrose soiled as the poor bird was broke
Oh many an emotion I would tell,
As the Irishman Huntsman, abused and reviled
And the fairies all danced in the dell

The maidens went down to the deade by the stream
With the after-effects of the with the Queen
Who had served to the cart off with the Traumated dream

Pink Fennel in sieves
Frequently gives
To unfortunate morals
And salubrious spurs.

The shoe stringtie gave way to the wide
A recyled moustache and hair slickly unveiled
The man with forked tongue denied that he lied
But was none the less firmly and lustily mocked.
On a fine sunny day we went to the zoo
To see cardinals and elks, alligators and mice

And kangaroos suckling pink coconut ice
All life flashed before me, like that, in a trice

And a tumbler of hairpins, a whirl of white lace
Which flashed by in an instant all covered in glue.

The stroke of Abdullah fell down on his knees
And cried to his wives, who were singing a round.

The chief wife said wisely why don't you say please
And we'll coat you in lemon or 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 Woddis the way to the Whispering Wood,
Where mud branches always have eyes for their pud
Or else Moolg around in a black cloud of gloom
Or a room with a fish, or a fish with a womb,
Or a cataclysmic announcement in the gloom

The walking stick upon hung by a thread from the light
As if held there by God or by Amulette

And the butterfly fluttered by tied in a knot
And the bee has just been though the west
With the waspish type anger one knows it has got
I stood alone, through having leaned a stand
I grasped the red hot poker most firmly in my hand

My friends have all left me. They've gone to stain
So desperate am I, how unhappy I am.

Unwanted, unsought, I fell in despair
The bloated blue bats caught up in my hair

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

I felt for the maze while smug at the goal
Of unbrasted hyena and monstrous teal
Surrounded by herds of mushroom or magpie
I was dazed every night and bewildered 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 mess which I took for my nose
Was really a pebble a-seekin' his toes
The sky fell down with a crack on my head
'Twas the end of my dream. As I fell out of 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 Anglia."

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 braved strong oats of ten in silent cells
He drank them with emetic treacle puddles
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 told upon a pumpkin writing verses
Of Noah and his ship on Ararat
Eventually his silly feet
Were like January painting by Magritte.

He rode with new-won bat and was to rope upon his way
Through viscous mire and unrelenting marsh
And shot the peasants through the eye
The peasants whose brass bands were too harsh

They never practised more than twenty times a day.
The plumber dried his instruments
It made a pretty sound
And split the cemetery around
(the air is what I thought you meant)
Until the jellied cat was drowned
(the cat that was so corpulent
I 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 tormented it in boiling oil
(Its feelers went away).

But gashes went upon the floor
And drowned the plumber's feet
And spart the plates of flesh and meat
With streams of indigestible gore.
Corporal damage to the food
Of musselman and matadors
When 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 wished words for weeks + weeks + still no sense you speak
I've boiled 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 to read the note
The jeweller to line my hat with gold and peridotite.

As the lapidary ladies to the mineshaft, thither coaxed
By the subtle semi-satrap from the rule of Knabatain
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 called the lifter, + the foreman raised his fist
Then the welder raised his eyebrows and the wrecker broke his wrist.

Came the horse + clattered hoofsteps on the cobbles of the town
As the middle-aged pretender was about to claim the crown
As the coroner didacticly 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 horses mind the pelvis, does the body head the limbs,

Does the puritanic welder mind the elves that sing no hymns?
See the pilgrim, the father, the shooters, the pilgrim sans

See the sunny cunning punster mean 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, is 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.
She leapt to her seat with a cry of dismay,
No vigilant sage her fears could allay

No diligent vassal who cudgels the mass
No masculine cowhand could save her, a lass.
For how can a cow-hand 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 brave hero and fling to the fall.
And she who is open spaces the Philistine grieve.

That quakes in the quagmire and gloats in the glebe.
The wildkin exhibits no greater prestige
Than the drunkard who mutters "My ankle! My knees!"
The weild, the wheelwright, the maker of leavens
The cobbler who chewes on chameleon claves

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 whined a Schedel
(Her last had been scooped by a vigilant poodle)

I told you the system was feudal.
I told you the system was abominably bad
I told you twelve tums till you thought me insane
I told you the system was mad.

For why should the spirit of man be sad
When hopes can be high and rages 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 7 air pay)

Unerringly witty but sombrely clad
For what can the spirit of man be had?
"Take that!" he cried, and kicked the hopeful frog,
who'd fanned so long at dear Deirdre's bedside bed
where Deirdre's sister slept as if a log
had barked her shin, and shunned her baking head.

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

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

The lyre lay ready in the market-place
For fishmonger's nephew whose soul was reprieved
for the desperate distiller whose duc were deceived
And the bishop who fled at a furious pace.
To the zone where the zebra is better beloved
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, more out, we down!

Pursue, rescind, elope, transpose, give blood!
Invoke, in tone, unblow, in surf, sling mud.

But never, never, never, curdle ice.
And never heed this sensible advice.

Thus, man! Deirdre's sister used, ignore
Amphibians and reptiles and their lore.
The hopeful frog stood out and cried, "Take that!"
And Deirdre turned once more into a rat.
I bleed to death on Highgate Hill
I rose to heights here to unknown to May
or artisan
For Art is an a Narcotic Pill
And kills the soul as no narcotic can.

I bleed to death an Althists must
I dyed despied my soft four-poster chair
and, debonair,
They bow her for her beast loathsome lust
The same that led her to the lion's lair.

I bleed to death an anchor of yore
I lived in monarch's ones "A haversack,"
A lass I lack
A daisy calls me to the fore
And falling autumn leaves pull me back.

And shall you bleed who follow me?
Or see my sanguine blood overflow with gore
I ask no more
Talisman try to swallow me
That line's exceeding bad, appalling poor
And shall you follow me who bleed?

And you shall bleed, who criticise!!

I die for pias
I weep the Cassanary seed
I saw the craving in Cassandra's eyes

Despite all this, I bleed a unseen
I smile to depths unknown, uncared for I.
Unknown I lie
Surrounded by the green.

That is some corner of a foreign sky.
ripe and yet unsaleable was his weary way.
None dared to drive him from his home
A purple flag hung o'er his ear
Deus a dexter, o deus a dexter.
I wot not if he were a gnome
Rove and barely clush were his weary days.
O weary days!
But though she sought to launder all her garments in the foam
She wept and read strange curses from an ancient crumbling tome.
The curse was true. The clothes were salted with Peck (some call it Loam).
She telephoned: an urgent call to Atulé Here in Rome.
The Pythia pretended that the lines were all engaged
And this was the heroine by years a year she aged.
While pushing stones up mountain, thirsty sophistis assuaged
Who at this distorted myth he 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 roost in e'er been
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 keys are always out of tune,
I’m better than the baritone buffoon.

I’ve never sung in keys with many sharps
I’ve never warbled 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 blossoming love
I love all things that shift around and shoo.

My loves, you think perhaps, are strange and odd
(You do not understand my love for cod),
But you would love, I say, in Nowgood.

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

But I, once known the gods here often spied,
Sit down alone, and to the unhearing great
Sing songs of old rabbits and the pristine rat.
The uncoked pie did only 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.
Must I have I pondered now on life and death?"

Thus saying, to the oven went the pie.
He was a true blue stork to the last
(His gut conceived where characters to grow,
Pomegranates)

And where the pirate kings their trumpets blow
To lure the mermaids). Thus the pie became
A thing speckled of pastry in the sky
Grinning remembering his joyful past
His sweet but fleeting joys, his momentary fame.
He was a true blue stork 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 well know
What happiness was found long years ago
When pyres were burning in the mountains, on the plains
Hung heavy silence — language scarce describes.
Among these tribes it is a Sacred Yarn —
The Holy Pie: it's 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 Gustave
The Leaden Potto
NORC
For the night I face enchantment, I paused 100 nights of dis-
May my lover from the factory give me more eternal bliss
Let her slumber, let her sleep, let her quiver, let her roar
Let her do just what she will—for after all she ain't no whore
In my night I saw enchantment in the Ford production line
I woke in panic, a pain to find a river in my spine
Let it stay there, let it be, it's no catastrophe
Let her do just what she likes, after all she will in free
My night abode 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 it flowing money?)
It matters little which, but it certainly was honey

The peasant is gone!
Strive not to undo one
The secondary goose
of Mallarme,
or piously pray,
For Charlotte Russe,
To render Kline
And swing i the bath all day.

The bandman is tough!
They pay him enough?
For that yellow scarf
or La Fontaine
Yet once again
My lemon puff
Is often grievous
Like the kings that thundrous reign.

ENVOI

So rarely is she serious slow
Enough to see a walnut flow
My nights of rapture enchant so
Slightly diminished.
"Pass the vallet, golly," cried the sergeant in a trance.
"Ease the stands," said the conductor an hour before the dance
his button had a bad 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 Haroun of Lower Babylon
Whose kitten had a mitten with a mangold o upon
You could see it dance a tango
When they cried: "You can go!
Now" I said, and rambled on.

The cataletic couple dropped in death-throes to the floor
Like the epileptic crisis of a moonlight matador
What's the matter with the kitten? Surely wasn't him we saw?
You could smell him rape the gypsy
Crying "Diese dumme Weib ist
Nicht so schrecklich!" Who kept the score?

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

The poet was a picturesque but sadly lacking show
He lacked the necessary shade to hide a lion cub
He invested, all he saving in a desolate club
Where the fumes leaven'd up trot
And de-rail the irate scot
Who wheezed: Rubadub dub, Club!
Let us drink a Hungarian toast to the Whale!
That's to say, speak. The liquor & feet in the air
And look go back quietly home, no where
Music's unsound, and the sirens are male.
Let's canch an incredible toast to the Mollie
Unimpeachable dish, beyond all compare.
And let's go slowly back home, to where
My love 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 apothegm "How much in the most?"

But if ducks don't exist, then nothing in "more"
Like a beingless apple devoid of a core
On which no toothless old事物 incessantly grew
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 ruined revenge
Be uncovered in ancient Stonehenge
Or in subtly suburban Perse,
Where the underground railway eng
ine Ran.

O ye subtle engines of the slimy Northern Line
Where the nauseating depth holds his court
Of antiquated boxers that never yet have fought,
Of degenerate monsters, that never - again caught
(Those excellent devices, so rarely these days bought)
These things of ancient myth will come no doubt to nought.
The numberless confect in the downlaid-counter sought
As he downed the methylated mud and spurned the passer's port
The nights that are entrance. In cyst upon a waft!

"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 will chop it in half.

And sell it for security at Widdicome Fair
Answer no scurrilous questionnaire
Frighten inquiries, bound for the coast
Mimic your grandfather's ghost.
The candles are lit, the brand is prepared
Ade: waiting in silence the Hombre Largo
Enshrined his grandfather within a casette
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 venomous flat
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 o'er.

"A change is as good as a rest!" shrieked the pliee
(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 child
Enshrined for half-time in the womb of a goat
(Six o'clock in the rowing boat)
Enshrined for a stisk in a buffalo's hide
(Six o'clock is the mystical ride)
Enshrined for enchantment for never, for night
(Six o'clock is worth Hell and rape)

For the grandfather clock that was battered: to plight
Was rather dire. A squallid groupe
Is not the nicest of things to fight
It spoils enchantment in the night.
The keystone stood aloof beside the sea
It was the last of friends with Nosnibor & me
I see the ledge stood beside the quay.
I see it well.
I feel its small.
Pardee!
*

The bazaar soared right above the fo
No softer lord was known, or now or long ago
To dominate the dwarf, incognito
His name is not
I have forgot
Boblot!
*

The sofa frowned through the shiny dress
Its backside roughly level with the sergeant-major’s knees,
The sergeant-major’s backside rough as gravel juts to please
The roughed wrench
To say (in French)
On Brise!
*

A grave stone in the mallow of my head
It’s but a feeble pallid substitute for bread
To serve at bridal breakfasts to those about to wed
About to rust
(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 Berardi or
Me.
See the polka dance the polka
Before night falls;
Oh me, an thee.
And on the stokes
In this night I am enchanted
Which your aunt meant
To cook, for tea

See the walrus waltz by day
To an eerie reel
At dawn, solemn.
And far away
In this day which you enlighten
Or else frighten
These still unborn

See the vixen, watch her trot
Or else, if not
(Umphly good!)
The Irate Scot
Shall geom your mouth with oats
And rubles stools
(Out, out, damn spot!)

See the alladoss apply
The potent oil
The Sheikh prefers
A blackened eye
Sheikh may safely gaze
Up on plains or hopping jilly
Like all am I!

Erron:
Besides me now you are, beside myself I am
My second friend was not my or justive clam.
THE THIRTEENTH AFTERNOON

or

The Follies of Krishna

by

General De Torrence

The Whale of Tintoretto
The merchant of Venezuela
was 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 unflappable 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 harangue
Or a dissident dove
With a sharpness parasang
To give as a gift to his love.

The skydancer once sang to his mate
"We'll meet at the button gate
And slip on the hinge"
(For this is our fate)
Is use ever go out on a hinge.

The mad metallurgical monk
Was attacked by a scurrilous 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 us with the waste
Though feeble of limb
(They have strong diagnostick backs)
I wish I were a porcupine upon the banks of thee
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 regalia performed while drinking tea
(For Montezuma had a thought: a lentil is a pea,
And half the sea is willing water, 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 seed, 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 knife away, my stomach plagued by pains
I'd strike an attitude of wrath, a posture quite demeaning,
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 nice cake.
As an unscrupulous Christmas present,
For twists all the result of a wage
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 parentis
He dangles from a lofty limb and sits on what a brake,
And cries in sundry ancient tongues "pro camino illic"
He speaks even appalling French and shouts "je sais bête."
A cheerful lad he is, you see, just like a summer's day
And if I try to stop him, why—he quells me with a look,
For if I am a bishop, why then he must be a rook.
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, is kept on a verdigris lawn.
It has nothing to do from even to mom, but at night it is always releasted.

It roams through the streets
And whomever it meets
It cries, Where do you do?
Like an arrogant you
Through a teabag full of sweets.

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

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

It paints at an easel
The size of a mescal,
Two armies in combat
Both chucking a bomb at
Whatever the breeze will.

Bear to the river
Be it kidney or liver
Or piece of boot
The cat has forsaken
That 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 not buy it, it would never again
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 elegant buyer;
(Yes, the wrath would be dire).
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 good

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

The crabs which infest Marrakesh,
Are careless up mountaintops
When they’re tipsy they get out A breath
Though the net has a very fine mesh
To help they have 5 hops.

The venomous vermin of Vaud
Had a hide like a hideous bug,
It speaks in the Highway Code
While painting its ears with blood,
You see it is quite a rag.

ENVOI:
The animal kingdom has core now to grief,
Though the vegetable garden is fully in leaf.
The Market-Place

or

"Jeremiah, Jeremiah"

by:

The Bantu Babe
Dr. Rex Esq.
Had the parson's nose been longer
Had he followed his instructions
Then the terrible destructions
Of the Bishopric of Tung
Would never have occurred.

* * *

Had the parson used his potin
Had his wife been twice as pretty
Had their home been in the city
Rather than the mighty ocean
No one would have swiveled.

* * *

But the parson was a madman
Quite carnivalesque nose would dwindle
So there to his fired a spindle
Recommended by the ad man,

A Catalonian Kurd.

* * *

On the spindle hung a kittle
A quarter full of gooseberry brandy
(This was just to keep it handy)
As a favourite of Aristotle

Brewed it, so I be heard.

* * *

Had Aristotle been a parson
Had he grown his nose correctly
(Insituted by his wife, then-peckedly)
Followed everything minutely
Watched the Bishopric astutely
Summoned the craft of Asin
Then he would not have erred.
The drivers of cars who wear hats on their heads
Are a scurilous breed who veer to the right of the road
And to these who esteem them I say:
"Your cars are not beds
Though your smugness seems to show your ignorance of the Code,
For this you should die."
And though they reply 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 laze
Though expensive seems to show that your cars lack a lease
And your pockets a purse."
But however defective their bodies may be
There can be no doubt that each one is a mischievous 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 brawns + living in Laurengin Spa
Where the blackest of shields may be seen by the light of the moon.
They knew even rich of the palace,
Where they travelled by ear.
Though statistics appear to show they had had an 99% saw
For such is their malice.

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

Five years have passed, six weary weeks, since these last lines were wrote
And in that time, I've made for me a large elastic boat
With rubber on the filler, and a lovely springy keel.
I hope there to go to sea and catch a lengthy eel.

But wait! They shriek from perching ears, "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 seek the favorite cat.
But wait! What are the earnest friends intensely looking at?
The planet yawns, the sea still back, and peeping through the cause.
The eye that every Muslim fears gazed out with mighty lust.
Gazed? No, it blessed and roved the scene, consummable and dry.
It ploughed the hills and scourched the rills and bent the woods away
And left behind a cindered orb, an incandescent sky.

Let time and 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, as whom the Muslim laughed.

On all that Buddha e'er betrayed, on all that Krishna saw
Who knew the warded roads but kept the wanted law.
Thrustlet the cycles pass within their ordained paths
A chain of soiled pilgrims filing through the greasy balls.
Gazing reverently at bones, the which (for so it's said)
Are we, who were so lively sure 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’s its name? Where its dwelling? Is it clean or evil-smelling?
And has it ever been released?
To claim the maiden of the East?

The minstrel knew not aught of this
And wandered the perimeter of the holy town of Fiss!
Where is he now? And what does he do? Is he a Hindu or a Jew?
Is he Master, Sir, a Miss?
What young lass awaits his kiss?

The songs of the beasts made the taxmen take flight
For the beasts they were used to were camel and kite
And the sociable goats who go “hello” in the right
That they fear, tis so as right
At the sinister sinister kite.

0 I’m certain the beast is supreme in the land
For its flaxen in fine, be it fresh, be it canned
Is it here? Is it there? 0 where is its lair?
Is it ample, robust, claud?
How’s its puritanic gland?

The eligible elephant spoke of the day
When its mate was unclothed by a gamma-ray
X the spot (But what is left?) whose trains were stopped by a clot.
Where’s the core, and where the bay?
The minstrel leads us thataway...

Over hills and under mountains, by the portholes in the sky
By the anchors, by the anchors, Anubis came we sigh?
Where’s the bird? And where the beast? Or the friendly goat at least?
Where the loam he leaps to kiss?
Will he hit, or will he miss?)
Through the showbread hugh of Diss.

Time will tell: let’s hope it will not lie.
I knew a girl who ate no pears
That's sixteen altogether. (Because the joke)
She sang invertebrate Abyssinian airs
Beside the Nile where crocodiles a-croak
To lure unknowing lovers to their lairs.
To know alloying lovers down in theirs.

She was the mother of a lycanthrope
With feet of clay and horns headed, all the rage;
Who at the midnight hour would mockly mope
And drink the bane from her thirsty tassure.
With murderous intent he took a rope
Though he was shamed, I'm sure that he could cope.

But no! For lo, behold his shaking hand
His lumenium armpits see them buckle!
As the sable currents lash his ampersand
His enemies e'en a sable cluckable.
That rouses every creature in the land
While dancing her goaded, or rather, cleaned.


Mux, kith and kin, they all come to her aid,
That's lemon, wine, or orange. (Sense the pun)
They rescue her, this humble working-maid
Who lived her life-long life, by moon, by sun,
And never serve wench her wims obeyed
Nor getting her canvases displayed.

No dealer would her canvasses unfurl
Nor mousewine debies with a jewel—
Thus spurned, her head was in a whirl.
A Lycanthrope no human could unravel
Especially she: she was a no-pears girl.
If not be yours: an artificial pearl!
The snow falls each morning at 6,35
shortly before the starlings arrive
and shortly before the starlings arrive
No man is alive.
To ring in the snowfall
of the bread and the loaf, all
The things that the bakers bring just before eight
and leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate
These leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate
are teeming with life
Pay sharpen your knife
for the dangers are great.
The children go out at a quarter to nine
as the starlings subbathe on the railway line
And subbathe twice on the railway line
The carriages glide
And marriage is made
in heaven to shine.
At twenty to ten bakers' shop of their beds
And pour pink petrol in everyone's beds
And pour pink petrol in everyone's beds
The mob is inflamed
The rail is framed
Their houses are sheds
And take in the evening the husbands return
Shortly before the thunder-clouds burst
And shortly before the thunder-clouds burst
The starlings withdraw
By foot and by claw
And all men will learn
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 if came to a standstill.
I saw ten children every afternoon
They huddled in the buttocks 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 ton.

And when at last they all knelt by my feet
All fascinated by Job, the Parakeet
That sits in solemn silence in his cage
His tarsus turning indigo with age,
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 shock than the shame
That earned me only momentary fame.
For liking home, my life was stricken off
Unless, unless.

* I paid the County Council for my rooms.
(The Count's ill but the earl is finding 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 wished we might go past and see our ships - we were a sorry crowd.
That shivered by the playing-field till the rising of Orion
had joined the deenary anthem. "There who bringest field gods to Zew."
We watched the thudding footballers, who spollied in the dark
We spied the wheels who bumped and screeched and bled and breathed a sob.
But all for nothing, since alas! our hopes were shattered when
The scene scammed down, the grandstand flew, and Buddha turned to Zew.
Meanwhile a cricket match was played to shrive the heretic
With current brand for cricket bolts, the fielders all fell sick
And brandy snaps for cricket bats; less durable than most.
The wicket was a collar, the groundsmen waxed so green!
Elsewhere a futile tennis-match with buckets of meringue
With combaladiis from Elswéve and far-away Cadiz
(Where the golden Elephant and the silver Leopard is)
Delivering each service with a teetle l'ançaque.

There is a land where every game is, like a meal
Where inclusive players list lamb chops and draughts is played with ease.
And chess is played with vegetables upon a smorgasbord -
The room is flustered with white sauce when any points are scored.
And if a player cheats, he'll find he's fast engulfed in custard.
The salt and pepper sidelines stand in James's plumeaux murdered.
Ready to attack straightway the barley sugar bishop
The connoisseur cooks with a silent，在 affirmative wish - a p

- 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-leaved clover, or to split a four-leaf clover.
This land is where the sky is green and blood is seldom red
And Zew's eye on you - it acquaintance, kitchen,
will seed our minds with fantasies, for sleep is but a wall
A fence so dense, a brick so thick, that we are likely once deemed quick
Will stammer on in shaggishness, as if our life had fled.
I listened to your silence with nothing but alarm
But my youngest daughter's petriath was enviable 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 scheme that sealed the unity seen
From Italy to Italy, theme to furthest Italy,
Where between taunts bitterly,
Latterly.

* Repeat this assassination when I've counted up to eight
For if you wait till seventeen it will be much too late
But had to three birthdays spent, zesty bird, they never felt
For the nest was left unguarded and the weasel was alert
Whom vitamens avost
About.

* Abominable the tick of time, for clandestine he creeps
And in his clock-filled haversack his timely harvest reaps
With predilections about him, and his body swathed in spangles
Firmly fixed, for time flies by an 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 key.
My fee.

* Envoi: O Tannenbaum, Tannenbaum, may no more my path
For I, of all the children in the world, I like the hottest bath.
"Full Fathom Four"

or

"Views of a Measurement Boat"

by

Ogilve

Edgar O.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, an 'judge of the day'.

"Othello" or "Hamlet", what matter it now?
Copingius sat at the organ
He proposed a play, yet only knew how
to sing "If the Zola, or Copingus."

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

So rich they became that they hastily drank
The rum they'd been saving for 9-year
The vapour was noxious, so fastid and rank
They rushed out & bolted in the bucket.

So sickened were they their behaviour became
The model our children avoid.
By casting their legs in the manner selfsame
And gluing their kneescaps with Codd

The play was forgotten as chaos broke out
Our bodies were broken by its bandits
The only technician, the bulbous assistant
Defended the case of the bandits

"The judgment was right & loudly upheld
And shall be in statements of eight.
The success was assured if we were but told
We shall not & finished too late."


Melena makes thy hair thy beards
And sip your sumptuous feasts
And Eastern kings may pay you calls
Or Turkish Dukes, their dues reclaim
I know none Beirts than you know Easts
And treat you thus with the greater disdain
Though friends of many a-many among us a-main
Treat only their allies with the wildest acclaim.
Your spies may hang from curtain rails
And treat your worries lightly
Like feather beds, reduced in sales
Or lightweight coats in herring-bone
That hide the slipping board unlightingly
Scarcely seen's the wood obscured by loam
It scarcely mean the wood in thin, our home
Now grown so ill, to all our sins alone.
The pelmet grows hereath your weight
Your soul 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
"Geb mir achtzehn und ein halb... um"
Inscribed with the name Apennine.

ENVOL:
Your name is embossed on my curtains
Your head will rest in the ceiling
My safes will be filled with your cestains
To your effigy we will be kneeling
Sacred remains we shall sing
Saleable gifts we shall bring.
The autumn mists were freezing mists
The welder warns him where he lists
The welder lists were men may find
A beaver's quill, in sick reelin'd.
None can get there by candlelight
Only the rich from East German right
Only the poor who assaulted our sight, or the monks who uprooted our right.

When winter rights grew long as 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 is increase
He lives on cats and candlegrease
The digestive process shortly will cease, he'll need all his power to obtain our release.

When from jail we are day spring
With eighteen voices we will sing
In simple tones, in harmony
Which will express our eulogy
When opossums and beavers I fare
Here is white stockings that cover the face
Anything pleasant of count shell grace, anything fitting + not ask is there

Some are blessed with a patent imbiber
When drunk, fill the welder to twice his
So honest, so stolid, so handsomely clad
I cannot believe he could ever be bad

Avid & 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
Assurance — a financial exertion.
Their plain comprehension is speedily made
Equipment is rented, or bought.
And the speed of their action, so subtly played,
is speed of a singular sort.

A kevy 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 burn us.

"But be not dismayed" he lustily bellowed,
"Arthurlast" 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
Furnished, so great was their cargo of oats.

The swell it swelled, the waves did wave
Sigismund viewed the fray.
As the water flooded the outer cave
The kevy of boatmen whom none could save.
The wealthiest king, the lowliest slave
Drowned in a mammer that none would crave
& Sigismund was lost in awful dismay
Let us pray.
"MARK'S BASS"

or

"WHEN IN Worcester Life"

by

The Real Eighton

Pachco Stanza.
Labour-saving agent assistant to the Duke
Found no other person there with whom he could rebeke
Laying in the family with the relics of his time
With a jar of Walter's whiskey had forgotten to imbibe,
In the Duke's apartment stands a traitor to his race
With a vivid purple kerchief pressed tightly to his face
Anchors in his haversack are themselves in his hand.

Trumpets for his cousins whose musicians in our band
Anything he sells will turn to dress come Christmas Day
Which with effort we'll endure, too, there's little more to say
Traitors to his union, his profession, and his friends

"Walter, where's the onion, a confession, make amends!
African attendants bringing the pumpkin hum in
Able seamen chanting, their stranded mother worryin'

Lost in coal islands where the fags holds his son
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 bucket or a mug.

Walter, the humble African? The Welder? The Elite?

Penses please, Sir. Remind her of the French fleet
Sunked in the Hellespont with savagery running wild

Handed to the bellers' point with the winner's getting fired.
The Dastarese Alarum bells were ringing in the poop

The Africans had saved the Duke on bread with bowls of soup
Shanty towns were palaces beside their simple homes
Paper covers covering their pile of learned tomes.
Tunes the welder read in piercing tones to all that heard.

Tunes the welder used to increase his mother's head,
Cows that were to Ulysses as Homer is to me
Homer, where your heart is, irretrievably.
Acimmonious, inefably large
The Countess attempted to scuttle the barge.
Agatha Christie would shortly discharge
The fistic 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 kurr,
A gun which began as a battle.

Pegasus flew to the East in rebuttal
Old King Cole barged in & tempted the scuttle
A move made ingenious & thereby so subtle.
That no covering cats turned to prey.

Orange, quick, that orange cover,
0 in the morning I hope to grow slow.
Apples so aged they start to go sour
Through the stone in the cell of the cloister.

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 favored,
Agatha strengthened the navy who wavered
Chekhov inspired the others who quavered.

The minimum mental war was.
The dangers inherent in eating a spoon

Are many & varied, little & few
The speech of the Czar was bland.

But amies compel us to eat the meal soon
To scoff from the velvet hand

That Helen has brought to our crew
Our crew of despoilers, our horses of oak
Our men with the sordid display
The play to which we needed his sword

The sight of such villains would cause me to choke
In unison, or in a chord,
My fears to increase, not abate

Our lay in the air that the flautist abhors
I judge you, the sentence is horrid,
The publisher shams my defense

The defendant is summoned; his only recourse
(as the sentence is not without sense)

Is weeping & clapping the forehead.
And Paris repeated, with felt in his tongue
Invasion is imminent, shortly they'll come
The speech of Cassandra resounds

Call on the bugles, let matings be sung,
On pagan, or vice-pagan grounds
Gather the cuttings to paste in an album.
The way ostrich lies abed,
A pillow hides his weary head
And thus is found the real way
Of turning sunbeams right today.

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

These dreams of these pellucid walks
Who hold the reins of deer or elks
With such command & able skill
No�试es judge could call them ill.

In deepest slumber's sound the stoat
Hermanermine 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 grate us
He sleeps without a sleeping-cap
Drafts his nightcap lap by lap.

envoi: Only we're awake to shout the stage
Candelabras flicker in the cage
A fitting memento to our golden age
Mirrors for the wake that's all the age.
Babylon fell & all were incensed
Noone should authorize such a devise
The hosts encamped around in tents
Forbid their quests the true disguise
Forbid their quests their evening tides
Their bows, & arrows, & gar belows
The paleme grey, the jacket that glows
As the trumpet redounds "Ata-Tude!"

Way of Emperors, cheating & devises
Folly leagues around I cautiously crept
Then came there a voice, "The gods, then they leave yours"
Attitude crumpled Babylon wept
Oligarchs erudite shattered & slept
The shrill of guards, with leotards
The death of Alouise, now Abelson's,
Never to quench in the Kirk

Lost in the forest, wandering lonely
Not like a whale or a camel besides
Far from family, the church in Stoneleigh
Henry Cain, Ark + Abel eludes
Down in the garden the serpent-like glides
Grieve that Eve will not believe
We've got to leave to find reprieve
North bids the leave of Eden
"It's true, I swear, indeed, in
If you're on the way to Wadon
Take this beer & hourly feedin'
Paradigm of porters' skill,
Phosphorus! The grimiest pill.
Arabesques to loosen tongues
Pilgrims to the cloistered lungs
There immersed with evil plans
Windy Wendy meets her fans
Girond to secrecy they attest
Examination would be best.

"What the price now Olive's here?"
"Stood as usual, my dear!"

"Find a doctor! Swallow this,"
"In this bottle kindly beat?"

"Say again, I didn't hear,"
"Deafness follows too much beer"
The crowd surges getting near

Imbue me with a sense of fear.
Make me from the window hear

Tiresias he, the blinded seer
Reputedly a saving master
Ravished a maiden & reputedly cast her
Into the depths of disaster
Bandaged her limbs with elasto-plaster
Pledged to talk faster & faster
Sculpted with skill from white alabaster,
To be always war an ungrateful little brother
And once in bed he would demand another "goodnight kiss"

Windy Wendy + Peter Pan
Fell in love with the dancing man
Finish the footnote as best you can finish however these lines
I cannot still endure the gage of Huckleberry Fin.
The prime sin, is the safety pin.
That choked his brother.
The Sawyer Tom eschews my gage as I the gage of Lot.
The ocelot, the ill-begot,
I loath no other.
Ginie's advice is good, but bett'rst better than the King.
Whose diamond ring, (Amoebas thing)
Beguiles my mother.
Instead I ask you to season meat with cloves
Such wheaten loaves, such brogues?
Provide no cover.
A sneeze horse is fed in clover, to flatter up his main
Meal of mixed grain, reducing pain
Within another.
The wife of Lot, the life of Lot, the wifely Lot is Woe.
Amadillo, plucked pillar, Pussy willow
There to smother, Whistler's cover.
And I am left in clover while my sisters throned the hunte.
Do I need to find your home or do you have a garage?
May I say your talking is a most unseemly banalage?
Will you come with she drive away in this my handsome carriage?
Would you judge your heart to be dead or half alive?
Come live with me or would it end in marriage?
Would it end in Haverick?
There is no woman I would knowingly disparage,
Though I shun the gage of Huckleberry Fin.
"Totally Predictable TELEPRINTER"

or

Two way Twinge

by:

Five Days Early.

Onyn

Ugh!
Exactly who knew her, as thought it was true
Was not in the love of the land
Precisely whose father had offered the realm
That Edward the Sixth resembled a Summer
Was unknown to the soldiers of far Samarkand.

Exhilarating, her words were repaid
Methinks their veracity is not at all
Doubtable; who can redeem or redress how?
What loss, after all, would want to possess her?
Hereafter will the sailors from distant Nepal.

Quite what she intended was never that clear
(I hope you will never forget
That life-like photo I fashioned from wax)
The secret is succoured in dark cul-de-sacs
Unknown to the sponges of older 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 her great-grandmother's jellied with ham
Procured from Epping, or Orner.
(He's frightened to use the word Taya.)

There once was an ocean-bound isle
With diameter less than a mile
Its name was taboo
Its natives ascetics
The arrogant few
The celibate crew
That help with the stew
At the boors & farm
The celibate who?
The ill-dressed hero!
(O vile kinkajou)
Who came in knee

Of these ones who
Upset our sue
Who grievous grew
Cry, 'Hallelujah!'
The island knew
No kangaroo
With less held a luminous smile
From diverse Welsh poets, from volumes of song
Came the worst of the words the emperor disowned
And the thing that Big Bernard has never altered
Were the songs that the emperor knew all along
With sourly propellants our rockets are filled
To Venus we go, then to Saturn anon
But when all the food on the spaceship gone
We're nothing but sulphur and nitrogen ground.
The verminous vacuum of far outer space
Beloved of the content in dangerous pits
Who live on plum brandy, or Storvitts
Ingested by Pirates from abate Three
But space in hopeless emptiness now
For the town in the sky was unspeakably grand
The Welsh are a nation whose poems we scanned
No better than those of this present writer now.

The phenomenon is a song house
It helps to stew
It helps to boil.
For me, for you
(sorry no oil!)

I run the doings in this house.
The gloom stops the gloomish bluffs
Instead it seeks
On Alpine slopes
Expiring leeks
Who know the ropes
And disinterested cannons.

By boat
And horse
No guns
No sloesh.

I thought they were the ones.
The silent 'k' it is a beard apart
It helps to cry
Young Melchuz
That wants to cry
No little by

For such is not his art.
Of pan
And parcel
Of cart
And castle
Always keep the Welsh in play.
Banquet's Ghost is here tonight
And who will wash the dishes?
Who's the host? A sound of a toast!
Where the fairy with her wishes?

The spigot's spout is on the door
To trick he shant gain entry.
For if he do, my life is lost —
This much is elementary.

The intellect that fails to grasp
And the oracle of Cumes
Is scarcely likelier to know
Why sepulchres are tony.

What further truths beyond our ken
Dish words are to be followed
Talk of Weeds, remember Welders
Who, with ping, surely has 'em. D—

on't!
Aye, it is a periphrastic P
The ocean is an inconclusive C
(But what I think)

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

I feel that I could eat a T
There is a small one 'fore my I
A-Joading in the starry S
Visibly zone

Here's the M and there's the N
Here's the Whick & there's the P
(He lisped who owned the new 4Q)
Talking on the phone.

IC that UAB
I am 1 2 that Q!
But don't be off today!
Or else despair.

The M cow can straight four T
(Or else if were a crowd of 3
Or choose a pair)

The alphabet's a grotesome place
I'll have it weren't twice, in here
And wash therefore with my vinegar face
So likely stained with tears.

The treble clef is key for three
To me who read the quire.
That grows at home in my countree
And disdains the use of ears
To symbolists I show my thanks.
Enameared with recent toasted crumbs
As large as buttons on fat men's tummies
Whose food is in arrears.
Oh bleth the years!
The monkey turned the greasy handle
And screamed in several languages at once
Causing such an awesome scandal
That the ageing greasy candle
Flashed, covered in this scandal
We'll wait until the bourgeoisie band'll
Use it for their stunts.

Again, gentleman's weekly pay-out
Scarcely suffice's to sustain their wives
In multi-coloured woollen raincoat
(Evil stuff—a fearful shame on't!)
(These women that I once so long mourned
(A crippled bee or else a lame ant
Suicided in the wives.)

Midnight struck a laid me lower
Scarecrows filled my mother's cupboard
And nibbled at her second toe, her
Her favourite gnaw a kachooer
By an old potato-grower
(In secret magic jivelin clover)
Steering the ship starboard.

O tell me who
You Kintepau!
O slender Loris,
Tell me true, what deeds does Batman do?
Or Boris?
In forest
At Waterloo.
What deeds, what mighty deeds does Boris Batman do?
(He, too?)
I think I'll sip it in the field
I think I'll soak it in blood
I'll stem the winter flood
That rises from the glaciers in Koldest Kathmandu.
O, me!
Let hood-wearing fools examine the doom
We must watch the decaying of porcupine's brains.
ARROW-TIE

or

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

He who dares
Catherine, the spurious fish
NUN
Arthur Moe
In trying to win her the sirens is saved
For the road to the depot is horribly long
From heights in Aleppo I wade my way
(The chorus in fright led off: verse is all wrong)
Deprived in the depot we saw

Alas for the potion! Ailack for the rose!
Which the sirens inferred from her virtuous speeches
On the nature of sex with subliminal teches
And clandestine banquets with apples and peaches
That demonable woman would never let go.

Yet tender nor in a tender way
(For the road to inferno's seductively smooth)
Except she'd kiss: "Let the dryophane soothe!"

Lighthearted aying 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 moose
It neked of the babies, it stank of the snow
In the serpentine garden where hazelnuts flow

It seeped like serpent, and spelt like a Tuck
Or a clarinet-grinder whose sons will not work
It oozed like an oyster whose eyes are alight
Or an overfed bullfinch about to take flight
It even avoided eventual death

By breathing no more, and by meeting its body
To the side of the bath: for the nuptial path
Is grey as a gamer that's needing a bath
Oh! do not disparage our unfinished marriage
Our tandem, at random, is locked in the garriage
It will not be let loose.
by memory is like a little mushroom in the sea
Drowning in a motion where to be is not to be
O happy fungus!

My cross is born of parents still where cheese crust is crossed with bread
And I should be a baker still if I were not lost my head
If went to break my baker I bled it: I saw red.

Yeast be among us!

The sea is like a lichen that fills the yawning pit
In mudholes like a pyroclast, a pyroclast like it
Like anyone who seeks the heights, the Marpolek has hit
Where thermotrichs and gastrobranches like little insects flit
Asphyxia follows

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

O Gavrin, my father a secretive pear
Who's hidden his head in a hole by the sea
Tormented by swallows

And tests the gallows
Protrude from the shallows
To swallows marsh-mallows
Or arable aloe
No goads means no 'Hallo's'
And no more 'goodbyes'

To hide from his issue our tenure 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, with a word and seldom is heard
Though she desires to delay.

This threat
In trying to silence her poem of pride
I'd lost track of my mind on the way
I think she would make me a terrible bride
On the marbled 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 leaf
And she had been weeping all day?

Morgelar

My love, we were a sadder two, I deem
It's not your dismal vapours I esteem
Nor yet the callous way in which you scheme
Ma tète!

We didn't deserve, we didn't deceive
(For if I'm an Adam, why then she's an Eve)
Forgot!
And yet...
Oh, tell me, is the silent serpent gone
as promised in his edict of the eighth?
For lo! his trail leads to th'alysse
we listen for his wicked bells
That frightens all of Babylon
As much as Byron's wrath.

Oh, tell me, is a certain spurgeon here?
His litanies have been etched upon my back.
Did Orgelusa suffer on the cross?
And will our cooking burns conceal his loss?
Or strike down with a cudgel from the rear
And spoil his new expensive anorak.

And will our burning cooks conceal the snake
inside a smoldering sulphur cælee,
A marinated wapentake.

Our hegemony cries to cook "Repay!"
On every twentieth quota's day
"Rejoice in Nosrihor alway!"
Our cooks to parsimony cry "Begone!"
And bid their welder solder on
(The Duke of Gloucester is no John)

Oh, tell me, is the sparkling stream, a fire,
And is the noble butcher - war?
And does the tennis player wield a mild bike
The unspeakable beast, the horrible brute
With teeth made of jade.

O, Caïa!
I shoot.
At first I didn't see the staring eyes
It was a most un biologist disguise
In some respects, though, just a flat unwise
It was a most un-biological surprise
Though not, I think, of religious size

Among the most unscientific replies
Of all.

At last my searching found the faceless stare
And lo! at last, I didn't know where
She didn't choke, I asked her: "Do I care?"
(Then seventh friend, I say, was debonaire
Though thought, for her was oddly rare)
She didn't care. I clicked the 3am-pair
I'mn' th' hall.

So cerebrode, a cerebrode 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 coinage of the heat-opposed brain

Which bought a half-naked electric train
For Saul

I speculate; my undernourished chree
Are for the mayfly if I've any; he
Will know, for he has many wisdom tee
The mannerly disliked them all but me
A-sitting in his royal possum tree
Where apples are thrown down by gravitice
In fall.

Envoy: The stave in the steppe
Was Peregine's prop
"The Abstract-Mixer"

or

Reconstituted Corn

or

Keeping Off the Monkeys

or

Keeping Off the Boilers

or

The Weak Sunflower

or

Not

by

Bearn Thai

Burl., C.
Simple sisters in the sunlight
Watching o'er their brothers game,
Xella was the former name and Margeler the latter
Auntie and uncles in the Sheppare.
Watch the sisters watch their brothers
While the Gradey wombat smothers in vats of rancid butter.
Xella's dress in blue and cotton
Oft remembered, oft forgotten
Margeler's in black. She dresses in a sack.

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

Simple Simon met a Sairman
Xella met them both.
She said: Get right out of my hair, man.
And Margeler added an oath.

Hello Vice-
Life gets thicker.
Xella added
Thinner quicker.
Than Margeler who quietly rose and paddled
To put her arms around the aged cleric.
And lovingly to call him Uncle Eric.
"I thought he spoke too atmospherically."

I
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 nearest cloud
My sister's singing gets more clear
And as I strain her song to hear
It doesn't seem so loud.

It seems so soft as if she sang
To God through seams of cotton-wool
Faint, luminous images, these says full
Of cloud, of sun, of even long

She sits upon the toreador's perch
And paints a picture of the Pope
And fills her rosary with soap
To clean her corners of the church

I rise to reach the raging moon
Pale sister to the steadfast sun
And sing aloud the timeless tune

Run Rabbit Run.

Envoi: My sister's speaking softer now
Although her thoughts are dreadful now
She speaks of raging turbulent suns

+ Lady James. Here's the plough:
I know what she says but I dread what she thinks.
I think that her heart never quite, never drinks
In thought it is barren as beef.
I rose with the sun, but the crow's shadow away
In the arms of some king she refused from the fray.
And asked for the Weller's relief.
King Mally 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 weaver arose with his son in his arms
And christened his sister, who owned several farms.
His arm, when he built, 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 moonflower grew green
I've seen what she dares to believe I have seen.
But I am unable to say.

Yes I am unable to tell her the truth
About Mrs. Parkhurst and Gerald Booth.
I know I should welcome her back.

The roseate spindlet which rosate whole
Was worn-ridden, worn-ridden, sick to the soul
Who soldered the thinning crack?
O tell me, where is the walkin', where, in the wheel in play
Disports away his countrymen entirely dressed in lay
And where on Mars is the shady glade where ladies dressed in green
Pop pigs' eyes in the eastlight, to make it seem serene?

I tell you now, enquire no more

And who will weep for Helenka, no Helenka, for whom?
And when will Dardan, 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 pigtails sing?

I answer you now, inquire no more

And where is where is the very glade, wherein the grebe makes merry
Sharing with his relatives the last of Walter's shawl

And where on Mars are the storage jars where the bee keeps his gruel
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 missed.
THE SEVENFOLD SHIELD

or

Oedipus at Trafalgar

by

T. Rex

The sugar-plum ice-cube

Knot of that Elk.
No bones for those that toil at night!
I weep, and then I cease from weeping
Kangaroos do not stop leaping
Pohutukawa torch has lit his porch
But Brutus has not any

* *

No need for those who feed by day!
Procumbent then are many
Who past these pillars wander their way
And milk— we don’t partake of milking
cabbages or croches
Grown in silken meadows
With crocket hocks and croches bedows
The you may call them Bedowins
(They the horse whose name I said who wins
A jubilant copper penny.

* *

No food for those who feed at all!
The starving glow worms squeal
Who staring sadly, gaze on gall
And grage on fields of Tea
With eyes that hold no depths deeps
But weeping pools where parrot sheeps
Are old or ageless witty creeps
With most refreshing daughter
Amongst the gloomy glades
They seem a bit unreal

* *

envy:
My skeleton is a body and a key
Where churlfag Cavus 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 bakes the loaf a- / 
Guilt, then took a bath.

Bernard was a ducky bushman
Tiny eyes upon his head
Yellow lips concealed his mustache and
Made him seem quite dead.

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

Worms are not much fun at concerts
Hollers quite a bore at home
Whatever else my mother wants, it’s
Not a plastic gnome.

My lover’s ears are quite unnatural
Which forces eggs to be psychotic
Or else cucumbers idiotic
(Not even slightly unnatural)
As lovers (found for years).

Texans here have gone to blazes
Sniping
Over the hill he gazes,
Typing,
Sulking.

pianissimo
Yes it really is him, Sh!
(Coughedly
he choked.
And then retorted)
All that de Gaulle had sung
Or hung
Under the ears he crumpled
His drum
And wept.
He! so inept.
Koalas, voles and eagle-owls and ninety-five gazelles
were feeding in the canyon every day
Till the shepherd led with gangs and rings and mighty bells
Jumped off to Manderlay
(He went to join the fray).
Then dear Prudence who felt ill
was ravished on the windowsill.
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 stanzas
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 herbs
Unless it rain.

My hundredth friend was Sancho Panza,
But not, I think, a consul from Brazil
for he knew not how to put his hands across the heavens.
As that dear Panze we found last week
Sunbathing in the loamy creek
With an aged, naked Greek
Called Bill.

O, let me see my capitol arise
Like winding pythons eating toast and cream
(and they shall starve who dare to criticise)
They dare not cast the royal cream
And fish for compliments in Istanbul
where yellow tigers seldom pass or pull
And thus appear much more than dull
Without a gleam.

ENVOI
O Troubles sing my savage lay
Tonight and every other day.
my syphilitic repeatee
It is not for little girls
It is instead for those like me
Who seem a frigid cup of tea,
And go to bed with earls.

my semiotic rivalry
Is not a happy sound.
It is I think a sight for those
Of temper fierce or bellicose
Who shun my bound
Hounds make sounds that leak + groan
Upon a distant hill
That was the thing my mother found
In lands where purple frogs abound
By oaken glade or hill.

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

I spin the perfume and the sea
Which grows the dreaded weed
my syphilitic repeatee
Is to the Jews a creed.

Their noses guide their ancestry
In clime and deeps 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 head afame
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: "Free". Nightie-dressed, his hoped and my;
Vodka it's forever, and bedows milking, milking
bedows:

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

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

I said who, who said: I feed glowworms gaze,
Wild waters, pools ageless, debauchèd bit a caves seems.
Sugar and Spikes

or

SOMETHING LESS MESSY

by

Canon Golightly
A Full Thing
Sue de Nimes
A. Reject Full
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 a rumble, volcanoes of Asia
For the sun is in Taurus, and tides the moon.
The doughnut was washed, and the old paper spoon
Let's out a layer with fetters to cage yer.

Exorquixion 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.

Pyrex is a modern-worm's speak
And if I hope to fall upon your sword
The Which, or so it's said, the muskrat gnawed
Although the wombat found it far too hard to walk.

Cairo ain't the daughter of the Nile
But of Napoleon, the Francophile.
The frog in India winks no faad
And disengages unpronounced sound,
And burns on the atomic pile
(of Tate, or Lyle)

Magus in the daughter of Magee
The magistrate fell straight into the sea
And drowned.
I seem to fly across a thousand times
    Razor blades, potatoes, asymptotes...
November handstands, sunken quinqueremes,
    Sulphurous lobsters and asthmatic seer's
Who the rival spongeman float.
My themes are better than your scanlion merits.

* She whose teeth were sharp & nails were long
    And painted green, with jagged, ragged tips
Whose fingers sang an evil, mad song
Whose tongue was scarred more barked than were her boy lips
She breathed the air, it fell, congealed, to drips,
    And imprisoned her hair red with stainless steel grips
Medusa struck twice on the gang

* But Val, at whom the gods, had laughed
    A bay (O joces!), stay your aim
Like Stell across a field that's staked,
Or else an architect whom none could tame
Till they lock him in a raining frame
    And all that's left is... lane.
(For Val, you see, is daft).

* I dream that I, who flew about, have grown aloft,
    Should never have departed from my swamp
To cercumise the stikers in their coats
Who crop the sheep with circumstance, or pomp.
    And with their rubber jaws do stodgy champ and chomp
And in their playgrounds, on the ramps, do romp
(For 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 sleep
I dreamily resign myself to fate.

O Xella, I expect your silent eyes
Your glazed aghast eyeballs, I expect
To see through my torment, my toils, my lies,
For you alone, my soul's ordeal.

O Xella, your alluvial face is now
Unto me like a page of glass arrayed
With lists of names on it
In martial rank arrayed.
Like the lines of a sermon.

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

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

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

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

Alone?
It wasn't midnight when the maiden screamed
It wasn't 8:08 when the dormouse screamed
Sherpo was the knife than ever before.

Dawn was distant when she screamed again
The dormouse didn't scuttle from the rain
The coal ship wasn't scuttled by the door,
On the deeper banks disasters roam
Labouring o'er seas of viscous foam,
A soup bouquet of spongy gore

Mother served the Sunday joint with glee
And drowned her sorrows in a cup of tea
A tea-cup that was used by men of yore

Pace no more!
O, matador
These strains of war
Are quite enough
For brass-men bawd
And blunderbuss blend
With dripping sweets chopp'd into bloody hands!

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

Oh, tell me Moor,
(It's hell room four!)
The artichoke was planned
But the article was banned
From censorious applause
From the waist-old Mandalaymen
That now infest the strand.
And thicken soon Trafalgar Square
With sit-down strikers for justice, or just because
I shit 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 hygienic hygiene:
My Jean
Followed me to school each day
The longer way
The Stanhope 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
Nay, punctured!
Upon.

* *

Keep your vigil at the station, the nineteen-five is gone!
Through the tunnel in the mountain
On its way to far Ceylon,
Ceylan Mon!
A Bomb!

* *

Keep the vergers off the verges, for some ninety-five have gone
The mountain is so fair
Mortjoie!

* *

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a luminous gleam
And none is quite what they seem
I dream.

* *

Envoy: On ne voit pas.
The Oslo Chain-Gang went away,  
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 Keena'd been.

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

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

They battered it + ate it whole  
(They didn't give me any)  
I had to eat a long-dead mole  
Which did no wonder for my soul.

And when the biscuit was at bay  
The short-bread was engulfed  
And thus it proved the real way  
Or train trolley 3½ at twenty day.

O separation! Saccharine!  
The reclaimed land is fenny,  
Evic和平 the Mandarun  
And celebrate the soul and in  
Alone at last I savour sui  
For ferdinand and I are twin!
Chopping up the oyster into countless tiny pieces
like tiny oysterands in search of vicinal fleeces
I hope the oyster's daughter doesn't mind my mad caprices
I wish to argue not another word,
you celibate sod!

Counting out the pieces of the oyster's tiny claws
I came across a bunch of hips, a scarlet nest of haws.
O ye humble maidens, now come ye out of doors
I seldom shun your viscerae repartee
So bleared are we!

O bloat, bloat, bloat, on thy cold grey stare, o crab
Crawly's slumber a communard 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 called fragments of the crab (or was it Moses?)
Were used to fertilize the lawn, and Cleopatra's roses
Whenever her little sheepish goat goes, his
Own must add a soberer thought,
"I may be caught!"

Chopping up the spinster into seven countless pieces
The Jenny left a problem - what will seven concurrent leaves,
The Jenny probed a left hand lock, and stole all the plates
Countless copper plates
Eviscerate!

ENVoi: Crippled crustacea are seldom atoned
Thanks for the prunes you loaned
To my cat
(The one who sat on the mat)
And shall.
All ends in a well,
Who wields with an awl,
Whose wall is an elk
Whose stall in a whelk
Whose wheel is a deal,
The tail of a whale
Whose toe is a stop
Whose shoe is a shop.

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

What floatable fish
Or oatable dish
Would still stake you pro-fish?

What floatable boat
A gloatable grot
Unspeakable good!

O gout-ridden whelk,
O marineroof
From mountainous Selkirk
Irks me much.
My illsome 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 hot 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
As the man with the lawn mower said to his dog, "Methinks you would make me a delicate frog."
"I'll give you some wood and a set of my feet
And a workable cure to a nasty disease
But sharpen your sickle and look in the book
Or you'll forget some middle the way you should cook.

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 Canterbury bell
But sharpen your sickle, and polish your hook
And take all your problems to Prudence, the cook.

As the boy with the bun exclaimed to his gloe,
"I bit it! It looked better 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 ponderous nightmares he dreamed of an impudent crook.

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

"I bit her, I bit her a look what I found!"
A lump of compassion ten feet underground
Twelve arms in the sky, nine hands in a horse
Six feet is the sailor, three birds in the gorse
Have pickled the preacher as only they may
And the flower on the lawn was the dawn of the day.
It was very, very sharp, she screamed a little scream

Ouch!

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

It was also very cold as she heaved a little yawn,
A periphrastic sneeze that was fifty hours long
Attaching the same welly-suede mat down
Enjoying the pong.

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

I boiled myself an oil (but I said that long ago)
Oh! The Welfare State stopped in 1988!
Wait!

Seven stones my weight is now, I told you so
I shattered through the beak of a long forgotten cow

Go!

And they went so speedily 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 upon my inspiration was Franz 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.

Edward: 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. G. Wells

Colin fate

Pont-op Adverb
O Buckthorpe, sing no more thy sorry strain
Of flowers of golden hue, or pining in the street
Of dill and dillies, of defended dolls
Of snow or rain,
Which is not meant
For us Jerusalem.

Sing not thy irreverent sarabande
Of graceless squawls squabbling on a limb,
To Caesar or Ulysses, to wizards still 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 fig-lein, and the art of shilling 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, blame the Assam!
With fearsome grown
With cluckle whistle
His cowbird is a beggarkin.

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 clench your brow
As though you'd caught
An ageing witless hag, a

Crowned so old and mindless, with the boneous and balding head
That half the folk who saw her fell in fits & slacks & steps
And lay upon the pathway, even though it wasn't bad day
As if quite dead
Like the corpse in the stove
In some distant Cathay.
I must go down to the woods again to the woods as far Bombay,

San aynig where flowers gladly I left my nesting box.

Wherein I stored two golden combs, my sandals and my socks.

My stockings and my mandolin, slumbering in the stocks.

I wonder if they ever at all use, as I used to see the day.

* And I will come back a wiser, many wiser, and a sadder

For madmen all of different size, they climb the steepest stair.

To unstructured gourds; about the hierarchies fair.

Where the wizard's countless friend are, (dare I say it?) debonair.

For if the wise men all are mad, the wizard's world is madder.

* None pays their salary and let their tireless work.

Find them flesh, the useless men who chew on celery all day.

Or play the flute; and so, without their weekly pay.

They clean the nesting box out with much (If I dare say...)

For Margelet will surely come and shed them if they shine.

* I dye with madder now my shirt, my hair I dye with wood.

My fellow scheme should save me from the furies in the dell.

And if while cycling down the road, I call a doggy "belle".

I pray ye gods be not unkind; consign me not to hell.

For sighing, pay for sighing, the seeds uncertain sowed.

* So Margelet will cycle now to the woods where hermits pray.

And wince each hour the sun's diurnal course which breaks the pating sheep.

Watch my still the nesting in its long eternal sleep.

See the unrelenting psychopath that fishes in the deep.

And prays on helpless hermit crabs as only he can pray.

* If she who dotes on, feather oneletter writes for me a stew.

I'll boil it in a saucepan and eat't with a fork.

Butter in the feathers — is it wool a, or areth.

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 away the mistletoe I saw a carol hang

Deserted in the throes of love by Marigold and Meg
It dangled down the distance of one sharpened prancing
Tines, supported by a bulldog clip and held there by a tear.

I gazed, and gazing there I saw a mistletoe arrive
It settled on a nearby bough and soon began to shiver
To hear its chirping, travels 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
It screamed whine which raised the nearby king
Who, somnolent as ever, was digesting his last meal
As a favor to his nephew, who had taught him how to fly.

Whales, octopuses, elephants, read me no tales
Give me no cornfield weeds, distract me not with putty
Blow, twice a day, I shall you all your shares
Of artichokes most cold, and coolman's yes so smutty
That the jam that's found therein is not, I think, for hares.

But why does nature use the creatures of the field?
Is it to chase, writhing with his toes, off setting goop?
Or else the lonely avocet that tends his barley yield,
And mosey zero-orange while swarming in a hoop
While he does the same reel with a 7-foot shield...

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

And so my reverie was worth
A cupful in the snow
Which Vanished at the hour of mirth
Not unexpected of her kind.
Disowned. It pained her so.
The Honey-RAG!

or

L’ouistiti engloutie

by

Nanny-Goat Lot
A Member of The Sky Lorden Chair Gang

A Year 7 20
Happy New Year to the King & the Queen
Happy no king for the Queen of the Year
Happy he been more who yearns for the King,
Razors for groves of Beards
Happy bodes greyer for roses and things
Stop this, I say, and stop this I mean.
Send me no sighs for unrequited secrecy,
Send me his ear, for no pie is in sight
Send me his eyes — for dyes is my plight
But Happy New Year just the same.
The beard is the same.

*
The earth split wide, the moon grew apart,
Her words shot a shattering blade in his head.
His blood filled the cracks in the newly-split earth
Causing a quirk where there once was a death.

The death of the slug was a boon for the land
He trotted the rug with a spoon in his hand.
And though she was standing side by side, a flint
She saw him lie down by the old terebinth.

The drought came at last, when then 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 eighty-eight child had a half-topped bath.

She opened the door in her nightie
And observed a new hole in the field.
She drank though she went 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-storied jar.
Just as the lady was drowning.
And hiding her face with an amo.
She drowned in her mirth every stair.

* 

The bird is the toiler was bad for the town.
The shell fish were sticking, the sea was shut down.
From the window of nowhere my new friend looked forth.
For if West can meet East, surely South must span North.

Let me remade fear your smell has improved.
And the mollusc is dead now, it's shell's been removed
Her words shot a shattering blade in his head.
And the moon split wide, 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 wildest wild spectators clapped
And filled their pockets with rags.

Scurvy is a handsome ill
Nest is a penitent Loch.
Art is a mantic Pill
That angers Marshal Foch
And makes the Scotsmen all say 'Och!'

Right a left, + no doubt still
"Er liegt im Himmel hoch".

Measles are a sorry trial
Carnage fills the sacred Thames
That flows in pain each canker'd mile
And takes up the pin and lets down dams
Let all countries drop in it's
(I don't like your uncouth style)
A sorry pearl a'if wit were gems.
What was the secret you told me last night?
Was it you that I saw in the pale Venuslight?
I'll admit I was frightened, yet sign thequeeze
I'll confess that the Weller laughed right up my sleeve
I'll confess that the patriarch's daughter was right.

* * *

What was the一则 you told me to seek?
Was it the smell of the dread weed
Was it the mud in the swamp? I surmise
It could have been a snare though it might have been a pike
For the Bakers have founded a clique.

What was the right road we paid all the 5 to Sube? all were paid
I finally saw how they got the name 'mad'
& I hide from the Sich all the night; I reveal
The seeds you sowed you could make me conceal
From the boring policeman when making a raid.

What was the knight-ride for Cawani & Ross
Where wore the dandies, where were the $ whores
Where wore the heroes whose nominal roommate
There were the men who fought & who formed
In a boat on the ocean without any oars?

How does the knight ride alongside the pier,
When wellens have passed their acetylene bulks
And beating their breasts they depart, out of fear
To drench themselves sober, with never a tear
For the infinite skeletal scullion who skulks

Under the tree where the marmosets play,
And shunt all the time, though they're 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 spit the water up three hundred yards into the sky.
Though my heart was full of horror I resolved to have a try.

And the jet of water fell serenely to the ground
The new headmaster uncle made a scaly screaming sound.
For the rabbits in his hencoop were breaching much too fast.
And the habits if dichotomy where much too strong to last.

He doubles twice his speaking rate, and kills a sacred cow
He kills the sacred bull-aga with a sizzleable plough.
Though she's standing in the little father's growing in the font.
She knows that golden dandelions are all shall ever want.

Though the font was full of flowers, I was weeping on the floor
For my apple caumble was devis'd a matchless core.
(Though the skirt had been most subtly introduced from Applemore
Where the dandelions bloom and the villagers drink gone.)

Though my plate was full of fancy I resolved to have no trick.
With the mighty voice of Tonga or the rife green feathered duck,
When she stuck me with the Atlas I assumed it wasn't luck.
That brought me to the fate wherein my fearful life is stuck.

While the schoolgirls from the Nunney were kicking Miss Squid
She'd forgotten that the Infant prince would die without a bit.
And the regent's plaque would then be writ by pen without a nib.
By minstrel or by minnep, by lir or by job.

Though the bowl was still as still I still hurried to the cage.
Miss Roman Coudle swallowed half the ether of the age.
Whose most important ethos was the strutting on the stage.
With mirrors as reminders for the world that's all they age.

O, terrible gauge!
The breeze were old : their barks were scarred
Their boughs were bent and ragged,

Halfway up the seventeen I found a Christmas Card

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

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

All the sonnets of the Earl

(The words flew by on silken wing)

As the butcher turned to lord,

The rocks were softly jagged.

*

The breeze was cold, its currents chill,
I think 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

There the ruined oakhouse was

Printing booklets by the doz.

As the holiday was still
Making everyone feel queasy.

*

I was tired, I could scarcely sing

An Old Etruscan anthem

Could hardly cause the ever-silenced telephone to ring
Which was scaredly very sad, as its such a worrying thing

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

Of whatsoever clan
Of whatever of man

Or the bee that lacks a sting
That sucks the sweet chrysanthem

Um: the bedesman hesitated while reciting his new tale
His thoughts were all but random

He thought of Sheridan the Shake, and Willibrorde the Whale
Of Hermelot the Bicycle, and Tamburlaine the Tandem

Wake no such names in the words of New Year

Or Christmas will not be a Sine of good cheer.
"AUTUMN"

or
tom later in life

by

The Queen of deans

All of her coincides. M. A.

An erotic Pantan (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 fulfill the one in three.
Who king of kings and early emperors are.
'Tis not for thee to know. The star.
The star?

'Tis not for thee to know what we all know
Nor yet to speak a tongue that we have spoken.
To fill to where the waters seem to flow
To where the witness wizard's stumptot reeks.
And where the elephants play nightly in the snow
And play pantomine with tigers for a state of
Sugar-ried leeks.

Wha bekes?

'Tis not for us to know that thou art dead
I see the worms are crawling from your ears
And your flesh, a faithful disciple, once real.
Its indee, and doubtless in array;
Are you really sure you do not want to go to bed?
Not to read a sheet of two and 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 confined to dreams in bed;
Just fantasies and no awakenings.
Soipple crocodile princes. So silent are the dead
Aleppo was the purity, Calicuta had the ring.
The slings?
In a fairy grotto in sultry Bangor
an elfin feast
without meringue or
yeast
*

In a goblin's kitchen in untilled Sheppey
Tea was brewed
without the tea
At least
*

In a funeral parlour in straight-taxed Dorset
a coffin sat
And we endure it
No feud.
*

In an abattoir in the great U.K.,
we supped so long
That the fire-bell
went wrong.
*

In an unfed stomach of the cow that grazes
chewing slowly on the cud
Awaiting digestion there sits an old nun,
(she is a fay, I say, a dud)
No deity she prays
No pious prayer she raises
To the goddess' chosen son
But sits sublimely sanctified amidst intestinal mists
And unrelenting gazes
At a bud.
A glass menagerie is but a perspect arborium
Cold in winter – difficult to ventilate a heat 'em
And people who resided therein should throw no weighty stone
   should call no false aspirin
   should seek not to attain conversion
And for their unrelenting sins alone.

* * *
A daughter clung in where I wait, all ears, in the wings
I find it hard to quite ignore the gargoyle 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
Haid hercun 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 crooked
   A scene much longer than she'd planned

* * *
But hold your camels!
Try pinewood panels!
And fill the bath!
The Peas must be cooked in the heart.

* * *
A serenade of rubbish,
Xella can't endure
Under done cooked cabbages:
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 whispering voice assails my ear
I spit the raffle-tickets out
And to the undeserving shout
(All Ascol shuns this gaseous tout)
No vouchers here I fear.

Oh, dark and spritely is her voice
The sound enraptures me
The distant buzzing of a bee
The ravenous waltzing of the flea
The purr of a Rolls-Royce.

Oh, weak and wily are her limbs
As lissom as the slender reed
That breaks no ill for TV Beda
Yet she drinks she still much liquor.

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 doth
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 thee
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?
Hallo!
My serpent-jawed are too
Select for you + you!
There lies in far Brazil a wood
Where baldness dogs the folk
And all their children choke
For being much too good.

There lies there too a leaning tower
Made of carol-sausm.

Where knights in waiting wait for rain
And dream of future power.

*Betwixt these two, yet most impressive

In blue a red a queen

There stands a jeoter, who, obsessive

Fellies before a Queen.

Above the least, yet far below

The heights sublime of death there sing.

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

The agriculture favoured by the designing of Thrale

Consists of molehills mountainized to form a ring of mud
Around the which the doctors run at whispering Jesuit pace
Attempting to divine the cause of wombats chewing cud:

*Never knowing, never guessing that the reason for that
Only weeping and unheeding purple heads in bold race

Where + when the truth?

Do ask him for forsooth

I need must know the reason if it should be

Before it's ended
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 Mariban
Who watched as they relent less came

Acolochile, Acolochile, ease my burning head!
Oh quench the flames with pints of beer
With gobbled talk, with indifferent cheer
Before we have to part.

Just one day more, dear heart, then I
Shall have to disembark
Shall have no longer chance to bask
Nor aptitude to fly.

Now succour, love, and comfort me, for Peskin is my name
A penning has kept my forehead warm
For many a winter, through many a
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 of a very unseemly form.
And like the stanzas of a genuine poem
Inept to fly the fathoms far to Rome
And seek a deeper home
The afternoon was nearly over when the Old Pretender came
Hobbling and shuffling that the weather made him lame
(He in his shame!)
Sections Eschewing not fame
Or lust.

The evening settled down between the striped & sullen sheets.
Trying to ignore the rest, random clatter of the parasols
(The bedesman eats
Neither haggis nor meats
Or must.)

Break it up! The place prefers the night to sometime day
Not surprising when the gas board is North sea, I'm sad to say
It must
At least
Be trussed.

The wiser men fished female plankton from the sea
Such useful power ensures these lady glow-fish be
And even when
We see
The crust
The chicken is a hen.

Better late than never is a motto it abhors
Better poached than fried is the egg upon the floor
Better than us all are Byron, Yeats and next
But better we than Sophocles; so Plato is a bore
+ Sophocles sophisticates: Although we pitch & yaw
We cannot see, for now our eyes are sore
Conductors aren't allowed to keep the score
Slightly damaged.
The phantom bankman bank man
His flaming eyes off stalks
Has chatted with me, man to man
As one who tiptoes as he talks

The gloomily glistering grocer's boy
Delivers brownly chocolate
Oblivion of the ho'i pilo'i
That round about his chest went

The wrenched mandrake as it dies
Attempts 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 shrill falsetto
No more romance.

The piano in the kitchen has been spoiled by cooking - James
The grease dries off the keyboard
Which the greengrocer exhumes.
For no man shuns this seaboard
If he practised all big scales
And weathered all the gales
I assume.

ENVOI That braves the direst storm is not, I think,
A quinquireme that swords of men could sink.
O serve he will sarcophagus
Desert me not so late
(My poetry's anonymous)
And that's not hard to rate

O tell no 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

Seem o'er then heard no more
For four
Or less
A wicked mess
(His poetry is poor).

Yet poison far, more wicked still
The king's who trembles reign
Over the isles that lie serede; he will
Soon abdicate insane.

And should you see through my disguise
I'll run a mile, poetic haste
And weave a web of chronic lies
t'is 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 every bough
Then I don't know who you think you're trying to please
But if I doubt your word
If you shame, great horror in the leaves
Of the tame you'll spread with lemon curd
Of instant 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 reviving me enough to make the way
To a meal in half an hour; the thrill of apple sauce & beans
Or else perchance a subtle pie of Stouts and aubergines
And top the whole with trifle & delicious pale pink cream
My clothes are what they seem
A riddle is a riddle; the opposite is not.
The first is but an Irishman, the other is a Scot.
Sir Lancelot, variable, arranged the oc Lol
For no apparent reason.

A poem is a pass.

Poetry is poetry; this works of art is not.
A tied line in the telephone, a kitten in the cat...
The teacher playing tennis, the pupil on the pole
Have lacked me ever. The keep on...

Trust, I hope you'll give it back.
Not crumpled, mangled, wrecked but still
A key, agree? Unless I crack
You'll write or yet more, until.
The jute 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 sparrow
Try to start a mined car, or to cast a steaming steak
And you will find, as I have found, be made as

This life; a fake
A great mistake.
The Jack-Blue Door

or

NOT E.H.

by

Little Boy Brown

K. Pawn
It is an oft-forgotten fact
That Romeo and Juliet ate
No food from dawn to drunk
Though drowning in a torrent
That much beloved plastic pool
Which chewed upon a tabernacle
And spurned the soggy muse.

* *

I had a long-remembered dream
Which never yet took place
About a man who ran amok
And hanged himself upon a beam
Of sunlight on the side of Thrace
(Or somewhere where pyres ploughmen make the pace
Had cows are out of luck.

* *

This is a long-expected day.

When Marguerite, with distant look
Not all her many kin,
Made merry and began to play
(Not even looking at the book)
With all the maidens, and even Cook,
And joining them in sun.

* *

But spirit man, like to run
For all my words are like a bun
I spit them outwards, one by one.
Until I stop.
The wild hedgehog raised the cry
Though Hugh remained asleep
And since the beam could not but creep
To gather up his surly sheep
And shear them like a withers fool
Who sees without an open eye
And, raging leaves the school.

The papal pilgrim shook his locks
And stood while standing on the quay
Reading rabel's poetry
And swaying from the shady tree
He cried to all in silence when

I grant this boon, that in the docks
You'll have no death, my dear, of men.

The purple plumes shook the page
Wherein the curse was writ
It read "No more shall woman slit
Or elephants are targeted hit"
He read it and did cry with rage
(He was a madman, not a sage)
No diligent race of his wrath could assuage.

Envoy

O Shade!
Who dares
The frightful dark
Upon the bathroom slies,
Wistful
We beg,
your scornful scold
And hang it on a peg.
"THE UNASSUMING GASH"

or

Herbal Wedlock

written

A. Norton
A.M.
My love, I know no softer words
I know no snarer place to lie
Than on the floor, beneath the sky
Beneath the bower where bees
These bower bees that fly.

* *

Well done, well done, thou ne'er do-well
For thou art, than thou know'st better
And, saving luckwits for our host
We ring the Lute bell
And age the savior's ghost.

* *

Go, stealthily one, and seek thy place
Between the Saxon's shoulder-blades
Let no one think that man evades
The lovers' tax in Thureau
Where lads disdain no maids.

* *

Wring out the web, & dry the day
And hang the other in the trees
Between Glossus' brawn knees
Beneath the blazing sky
After with honey-bees.

* *

So, honey, say no sweeter words
I know your bounties, if by heart
I know your ways (at least in past)
Uphill the apples,
and stir the wrath of unromantic Kursds,
who can't endure the weeping of the ways
That wanders lonely as a crowd
& talking to itself and land
Declares the she who vowed
In vain to get his lover back again
To where the vows of love would be as safe
As Becula 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 elders; running sores
Will dry the cause that would to heaven send
The untried point; the quarts we lose 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 Orgulium hear my strain: Repeal!
Let warbling lutes and mighty organ roar!

The quires of quinquagesima
Sail unto the paining shore unleash this song:
This gutta-percha drizz for queen and quail.
The yells at speed, for now they have not long:
"Lance once your worldwide ambulance's stroke
And strike not one but many feeble folk
Excelsior!" And as they near the Pole
The weakest fall in faint; and then the strong
Then women, children, kings, canute and kay
And last, yes, least, the humble cabin-vole

And when we got to Nineveh the harrowing master cried:
"Begone, you evil layabouts, we have no place for you!"

The eldest earner's chapeau, far from new
Was nonetheless as fresh as snow inside
We counted cited men of the crew
Especially those no steersman could abide
And quipped the owners of a long dead thing
That never emperor knew, nor mighty king
But nonetheless was crimson in tempest-torn...
Cadiz, where all the Phrygian sages died.
That is, where Anne the Androphage was born
Who never could abide the songs we sing
'Tis she 'grew I warn you, Jove inside.'
BISMUTH

ALTERNATIVELY

Fatima's Tomb

by

Lord Rea of Woomera

The Sodden Octuplets

pp. BISMUTH BILL
Fever was her first concern
Fighting was her pride and joy
February made her turn
Fortune into a little boy,
Forever being (know) what she did done
Forgetting how to write her name
Forgiven by the Dean.

Symbols: Fenestra she cooked a bun,
True foodstuffs for the home
For peasant chair belonging to the Queen.

Neeve was her next concern
Nonetheless she curdled ice,
Now November made her turn
Neglected, so she swilled twice
Not unsuspecting, fevers struck
Not yet competing with a duck.
No physician, jangled with pills
Nearly caring Sunday 's, the
Next to Muddy Monday's kills

Levers was her last concern
Let her blow that clarinet
Lemmings always made her turn
Lorissa was her bell
Laughing loudly, & soon she fell
Littlest than the depth of hell
Longer than the vale of woe
Loader than the Obi obi
Lauded was the Limpopo

Guess her name & you shall see
Why she's lovelier than a song
Aria in a flat, my love, or are you in a house.
Are you in a shake to understand?

Why can a typist tell to-dare become a merry mouse
With all the winds to look his amanuend
(Will Deidre turn once more into a mouse?)

Alone beside the raised her dog stand
Whose owner often caresses his spouse

His only spouse
Who lost a head

In far-off Samarkand

O, Meg, a dignity less you are
Stay come & see my jaguar
(I bought it in Astrigna
Where Romeo was slain)

O, Mike, Ron said to break to you
What Juliet had spoke to you
"I know of no such Duke—do you?"
Had Alfl a saddle strain?
Or writer on the brain?

In Kathmandu did Xubda Khan
Eat kestrels by the score
And from the lofty minaret
He played upon a zither
And to the tricking sun set
From Turkey and from far Iran
A slowly shutting door
He sang, 'clock no more
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 in the well.

Father, my Father, I hear your voice still
Spare me, O spare me, the catapult shall!
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 house in Capri
Here is your fur that I roughly pulled out
Here is your eyeball I bought from a tout
Here are your teeth which you lost in the fall.

Daughter, O daughter, she's gone into town
Wearing their linden Alice-blue gown!
Here are her teeth that I won at the fair
Here, Lancelot, Ambrosia, there
Here are the tickets for Emma's May ball.

Love
Family fortune + family strife
Will never win a man a wife.
I leapt from the stair with a lightening step
Ignoring both limeron and Rebecca's peep
I struck from the south by all the writings of Bob
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 going
I wrong all the right that Sir Lancelot wrought
And they all the fights that Sir Peleteet fought
For what can the spirit if mortal be bought?


Intending to follow her, I came my gloves
The miserable mirths that nobody loves.
The horrible handkerchief, the poisonous hair
With a blue lemonade at the roots of their hair.
Intending to follow her, took the wrong route
(For a pathway so paralytic that all men eschew.)
Stumbled at nightfall in Aeschon's jet
A cavern so gloomy and so poorly lit.
That 2 smallish opossum would blow out the glow
Of the Fabulous furnace, shines all o'clock.
Here's Shaddack, here's Moshack, here's Abashnijo.

Envoy: The steeple stands at half past three
I fear the bees for 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 serenade to former days.
Despite my death, waist deep in water
Oh! I struggled, fit in fand,
With my sparkish sister Derry
And her cousin Beauty Berg.
Deadly Nickets daughter

Before my death, with what dire woe!
I would gamble, he would win.
I would stumble, she would sin.
He would gamble, we would gain.
Making speech not haste, rel
Yingon on my kith & kin.
Who came soarest Testoing with a half-hirsheaven skin.

Despite my death, my waste of wisdom
Oh! I trembled, fit in winter.
Read the works of Handel Anker.
Always looking for a binder
House my meal i mainly mixed-up gain.
To sure it Grew the omnipresent rain.
These, then, rain that not the crops
(And kills the girls when the Welders cousin's kingdom.

Destitute, waist deep in waist.
I would wriggle, he would squirm.
Feddly we sought the gem.
Bankrupting the oldest firm.
Monies & Fish = passes.
Who kill the Whale, the quadrade & 2, to reinforce their taste.
Deadly Nickets was the same - with deadly something laced.
Good King Naamibor looked in
To pay the window tax
His head fell off into a bin
+ shocked the happy Mandarin
Whose father had grown lax,
But half - the Wombat's red sanguine
Down from the galleria-
The suppliant wobbers like his shins
And stops his images with pins
+ sticks of salt ceree.

"But half" - the Wombat's red sanguine
Whose sanguine excused
"I cannot tell you any more
If Mandarin + Mandrake
Womba Xieblu Xhan +sense trimmed."

Gentlemen, Ladies - Welcome to Ulmali!
The Sandwich Unmasked

OR

The Middle Brother

Written by

Lilith

The Unrelenting Minnow

Mrs. Lilith

The Tracey Toddler
Crispin comes but once a week
His visage feared by all that see
By all that see in Cripple Creek
They hear the words of those who speak
The simple home spun 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 know
The elixir of youth.

Crisp in winter falls the frost
Upon the lawn of unmourn sleep
And freezes all things live or dead
Wherein is little more than cost
Nor magnitude than size.
No width or silent storms.
Alarmed, perturbed, could I disguise
From sordid intellectual worms.
The學生 beauty of my eyes?

Crisp in dry were the words he spake
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 taste
Gnervate!
An ice test for terrapins
Is not a test for me
It's a race for those who choose
No terrapin to see.

Eleven plus for elephants
Is not, I say, for you
It's just a quiz, that's all it is
Which most of us eschew.

And evening school for Columbia
Seems not the place to go.
It's just a bore, for all and more
Don't ask me, cos I know.

So's for pitchers plants
Are not, of course, for us.
For how should men aspire to know
The secrets of the buzz?

How should we, who drink no tea
Argue like Chinese vice
With despair please for clemency
For dishes made with rice?

To educate the shudder whale
Her's been my life's ambition
I always knew that I should fail
Be condemned to eternal odium.
The maid of onomatopoeia

Buy brandy in a jug of beer

Totally intoxicated, nay, he held his hand

For men are mice

And far too nice

To sit where none may stand.

*

This maid so chekka that all stood back

Admiring the virtues she did lack

Lay upon the carpet, her ample all away

And wondered if pegs were put

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 suspicions lies

*

A scrambled egg makes little sense

To those who spend their lives invents

Totally prepared, as if a one-man band

Had danced a solemn sarabanda

For many mice to view

(If only Perkin knew!)

*  

ENVOI: Take me to the chancel house

When I shall die, who am a mouse.
The thongs of wheat that bound our sultry eyes
Led Easy to a scene of greyness drear.
A dismal pool endowed with nought but crab
Of hithe uncompassed size

And not little to receive: for me a least
The dismal echo of my rivals 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 voices!
And bloom nor bud revealed no inner heart.

These goals
In part

Repay those cheked in the tepid west.


The oaten pipe that lured me to my bath
Played notes unseasonable.

And sounded strangely fresh, or raw.

As if the composer had not been sure

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 venom leaves to strow the belieuth,
Who can avend 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 sweetness, be my abacetus, for I needs must confide on you. And tell thy tale not faster than the flaming words are unit 
For narration ever the ebonv must be 
If ed is to encompass all thy poetry 
If because on the hills they are to be lit. 

-So spake the drake aged as listened all 
The courtroom hushed + jurors whispered curves 
The judge exclaimed I soft sunrise 
"Alas, the strongest lady cries!"

Onomatopoeia here made utterance 
Watched the green candle gutter once 
Then fade into the darkness of the day 
As judges weep gone lack of rest 
Felt yet again their driving feet

What trial will the strongest lady say?

The strongest lady is in love 
With three that shift around and shore 
Shadows 
With passing ships and knightly ships 
With ambed eyes and limpid lips 
With appurtenances for giraffes 
And those at whom the sandman laughs. 
With vaulting horses, dining elks 
Who hold their hair in chips 
Who fly their sons with sandwishes 
Their grandmothers with chips. 

Both night and day are gone 
+ clearly all is wan.
THE INNER COMA
or
The Parenthetic Pomegranate
by
Elsie (q.v.)
The Botanical Trickster
The apple that the serpent gave,
The pomegranate tender,
To Eve upon that fatal morn,
A sleeping, rising, ending dawn
When Eve, with conscience slender,
She sought her spirit of the grave
But her soul too fat
For whom of all, should save
The eloquent pretender.

The apple (for I shall go on)
With this my saga sprightly
Being of pensive mind
And well renowned for being kind
(And words I do not use lightly)
I have many virtues, whereupon
I nose in thought (I am not blind)
Though criticised anon,
To any animals I find

Which Eve took up (as I’ve remarked
(Although I nearly broke my wrist)
The those who can my charm withstand
(To whom I say, I raise my hand)
(As others, though, I shake my fist
Like slyly dogs who never basked
At him who pips his rubber band)
This apple (how the end is marked)
Did not (I’m sad to say) exist.
Flaschen diamonds in the field
Woollen rubies in the glens,
Sleep again this golden yield
Harvested from countless seas.

Whispering acres, silent streams
Gloomy glades and mossy moors,
Sleep again these meadow dreams!
Dream again of tiger's roars.

Over snowy trees of wheat
Under skies of azure deep
Where the waker apple-sweet
Are lapped by swarming sheep,

Sheep, whose thoughts run gay about
The verdant pastures underfoot,
Whose ruby minds contain no doubt
That Eidol's is the sounder proof,

My sheep, my sheep, my little ones
Pay heed, I beg, to all my pleas
O never follow him who runs!
Nor ever try to swallow Gleas.

O little lambs and pesky pigs
O dormice, do not and bedgers, bask,
Oh, shun the winged diamond rigs
And beat them with a wing whistle.

Finish:

Flaschen diamonds on the carbunage
Woollen rubies in the glens
Foulness will always lead to manage
Riglets always shy from nedlock.
THE LONG-FORGOTTEN AIRFIELD

or
NON STOP BUFFET

by

Perry Grin
Mrs. Astorelli- (just a bit)
Press to stop
Shammi Sciutians
The Fussy Ficcie
Inyan Toenil
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 wild 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 unmercifully 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 folly, which Wuthke has cursed)

It was blindingly clear she had never rehearsed
The dogma that trees are untrained

The redwood was written for giants to read
That stroll in the twilight wherever we lead
In ember-stream glades in the thickening dusk
Where embers envelopes the stillest dusk
And the bicycle pump rides away

Ye trees that hum softly all night in your beds
Where the paranoid sandman unceasingly treads
And jingles so softly his myriad balls
Counting in the claim the unmusical shades
Where cycles + lamassers marry in bliss
And aged geometers ardently kiss
In generation: as wind and wiles embosomed oil-seams
Upset the intrigues that bicycle plans.
Shark and threefold! Shark and fire
I foaming shark + water
or is it honey from the hive
Bought from the bedesman’s daughter?

Or marmalade or jaffa cakes
O confound it, o custard!
The whole only black
Crying out for rhyming mustard
Just like my mother makes.

* *

Après moi, le déluge, Desiderata, she cries
Announcing that her NIHIL comes in hot a var of all this
Lord Bleskimos, the noble, pours into the deeds of men
Who, anxious, crush the eggs from hen or from hen
Who push the little darlings from their consistory then
Destroy the myth of who-knows-where with who-knows-what
Foul lies.

Entraps the unsuspecting Quark to see he goes a dies.

* *

Shark and eightfold! Shark and air
O festering shark and blister
Or is it sorrow and care
Wring from the Webley’s sister
Or lemon curd and walnut whirls
O applepie! So ample!
(I cry to those that trample
Down the souls wrath the shark unfair)

* *

EPILLOGUE: Sing not the shark!
And save your back!
In the heart of East Bulrush spake Oracle Sage.

"Vainly you pray, though timely your age!"
The oracle died as the sage burst in bloom.
And like cards, fast card-like, slid down the walls of the room.

The walls that the sailor destroyed in the night
Were unpaved with gloom, they were painted with light
Which burned like the sceptre in Neenibook hand
And guttered like seashores - a funnel of sand
And then rolled off to the east west
Where candelabras invest

This paper is white; yet dear Grace, she was not,
Vainly to the ocean she was ready to clasp,
And yet like an earthworm she often forgets

That in a week, even if ye should trust

The sages that perilous blow.
Yes, dear friends, I envisage hard work as your lot
And undying pain for the feet in the sludge
I envisage such purl, whereas you go
Wherever the fireflies anonymous glow.
Sweet fireflies, O, bear me no dilated grudge

* Persuade me to rot.

MORAL: This paper is white; be it wiser than these
Though I be hung, I decline from the uppermost bough
And your entrails fed to an diligent soul
Preventing starvation.
The house had many windows
And of doors a multitude.
No aeronaut the wind hoes
Nor Faerie ring the jester close.
To scale the ivy tower.
The house had many towers too.
The ivy kingdom viewed.
And on a starlit summer's night
Before a certain hour
Her pale blue bulbose eyes would light
Her paralytic tower,
The home of Ermintrude.

The field had many meadows
Yet of cows & bullocks few.
A herd which, clad in red, owes
Little gratitude to Bedows.
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 thin buckled chide
No barrel, roach or tench
Thus probe around + push?

Envoi: The house of fish is but an awesome glade
Where pikes are paced + penniless are paid.
Off like clockwork went my plan to ransom the slaves,
The bark set off, the iceberg grounded, and sank beneath the waves.
Reverberations of the splash resounded thru the ocean.
And everywhere the sea turned black, a necromancer's potion.
And all from the mermaids song, combing golden hair
As swiftly from the ocean bed, upon a
foaming wave.

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 a smiles upon 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, her size is but a midge.
Midges may be nasty & 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 wintry night a will eat my crown.

For deadly the enchantment in the shades of tender night
Deadlier still the hellish thumb that no mark dares to fight.

To symbolize, electrical deploys a quick bark.
I cry "defect!" or then again "the toady millpond stank!"

To jesters, abundant proposals by whose book
We were steers our course, but lo! the rocks
Flies by on leaden wing. The sun begins to wane
Behind the hills where citadels await the evening rain
Where fruit-bats wait beside lake and, chattering with glee
Await the weary clair-gang: we are slaves you may not free.

ENJOY!

O, son of my father's father's son!
You're me of the men whose freedom is won
By the sound of the wind & the sea.
Sad jesters were playing croquet then
A cloud burst 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 flippancy
Should even make a jester cry.
*To dare do more than makes a man
Who dares do more in NUN
Who veils his thoughts and hides his fears
Who elephant milks tiger shears
At Castle end shears 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 the aim of her, my wife
Who mounts makes one 9 mile
And yet maintains that hills exist
Prometheus befogged!
To arm is best to cut the unrest
To slash as giants in the mist
The millstone is a succour to the grain
The millpond much befogged.
* Envoi: The weeds are weeds of weeds and tears
And days the rotting lives of years.
Phoenix

by

Usher
Otto
Rosalind
When Calello came to tea
I gave him gooseberry jam, so he
requested it so charmingly
That I could not refuse.
He sucked it from a wooden spoon
And sang aloud a soldier's tune
Concerning martins born in June.
He sang a dreamy blues,
He put the watchcase on his head
Without much room to go to bed
(The hawthorn had been filled with lead)
It was a woeful muse!
He put his pocket on his arm
His telescope had come to warm
(For he had lost it on the farm)

In dusty orange jars
Where Anne the Angus moos.
Then up on the grass he lay
And saw his jingles through the jars.
And sang to his roundelay
Of religious views.
She was enchanted by his skill
And scampored up the sunny hill
We watched them join the windmill
In three and three.
She was exhausted by his side
We watched astonished as she died.
"Alas, my love, my lofty pride
I beg, excuse!"

Then Calello took her home
And told her to remont to roam
From his arching wooden dome

Mount Palomar
A glass of milk
A jolly Yule ale
A skein of silk so pale
And war enough to sail
The seven seas

A book of prose
Of poetry
A tale so true so free
And e's enough to see
A Fleur de lys

A sack of stone
And somberness
Excessive laws & leaves
That every sailor leaves
To Pluniverse

A bag of jam
A gallon more
A baby there, He'll rove
Until the skies turn mauve
And burn the trees

A telescope
A looking glass

The gloomy dreamer marvels
The fleece in the clouds
The great yarn world's wheels
Whose head wears in the shrouds
The delightful narrative maker sings
His hands in the mangle his twine
We all are as glass
And shelter when He sings.
I have not heard the telephone since 1963

Although I have a red one in my room

I never saw an ambulance become a bumble bee

Although I waited, patient, at its tomb.

Although I patient washers for the groom,

And bids me write the silken verses of golden Selene.

I always used to jump from heights of more than 60 miles

And fall into a slimy muddy pool.

A big parachute for octopi, the nature of these tales

Are sad, like an ... or something soot.

A product of the Now-a-never school

Who wraps his willing victim up in smiles

And lodges him feed onwards on the piles

Of gooseberry feet.

I always used to rise to depths here to unknown tales

Where octopi compile a similar chart

...O bumble bee who keep your treasure high upon these shelves

Which you from men must always keep good

Wished from any vacillating hand

From any peering seeker, if he delve

Among the wailing valuables they're keeping for themselves

Upon the end.

A product of the never-never class

The misguided men who bubble bid avoid

The prediction for we are only glass

(pause)

(whisper) We are only glass...
I, O King, am the Welder's son, and my father now is dead!
See before your court I bring his gorgeous head!
The potion to restore him must not have excessive lead
Or he will never live again to solder, repair, and weld.
Whoso believeth
And read

The mystic talk, the wrothful curse upon my father laid,
By all the feeble Argument whose bills were never paid
By all the Searful tragicots whose ever a maid
Their case was fatal, dire; will never be repeated
Whose fate is sealed
And stilled

By those who wished the Welder well, by those who never knew
How would be the dreadful, that they could not undo
They shrieked and wailed, invoked the Shakes, and washed their hands in me,
For repentance of their horrible mistake
Which none may make
And those who do

And he who was so unjust here that he could not be peace
And the who seemed to desire to hear the gilded teller hence
He who showed the evil maids how apples could be grown
He vanished from the vision of the viceroys and the vile.
They called the roll,

The land was never heard, was never read. From
His name is not (I have fight) My Mary, dear nor Tom
In the silence that ensued we wept with great abundance
The organ played; the flags were gone; there was no cause for joy.
Oh, bless me now, and I shall ply my father's trade, O King!