The Rat Fathom

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THE RAT FATHOM

IN 3 INTERLACING PARTS

by

Top van der Bopp
Partly Wig

Ahab Candle.
The Agricultural Revolution

Hopelessly will end pollution
Though I think it much more likely
It will only ease it slightly. (!)

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

Thus the plot & moral's clear:
If you want to season beer,
Place a lemon very near
The person most admired.

Place a very lemon near
The child who's closest to the hearth
The child who likes the hottest bath
The child by Cupid most desired.

The king dislikes a coup d'etat
And a rancid abattoir
And many men, a gooseberry sponge
And every one, a gloomy dungeon —
On filled, chains and fearsome fangs
The water drips, the cell-door clangs
And dormice chatter in the wind
The academic fails, alas, to see
The cats who knew the dormice sung
— the king dislikes them all, but me.
I wandered lonely as a trout
A blue bit from the hedge outside
Aside I cast all thoughts of awe
"Go, thoughts" I said, and then a bit
Of bark my lofty thoughts defied
As fire will melt the falling snow
So you & I will lead the march
And bravely spurn the biting cold
And leave our footsteps in the sea
Whilst lesser men beneath the larch
The elder men (as prophets told)
Forbear, tho' rich, to pay the fee-

Thus spoke the prophets, long ago
My thoughts were then on other things—
The kings who taught me semaphore
Can hardly be said to bestow
To souls that soar on silvery wings
That sublime sense of knowing more

Than doctors & nurses & artisans too
Than the men from the market, or the men from the zoo.
Than business men's parents who've come in from the cold,
Than the sage who grows MD, or the sage 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 bays them at the pub.
And drinks, therewith, a pint of ale,
+ cleans its neck with gusto.
And when it's sad it tells a tale
A song tale of death and lust-o!

But when it nests on mountain-tops
Or perches high on crags
It takes its ease in cast-iron slopes
- It doesn't sing, it bays.
In such a case it brags with vigour
And even sends its friends away
Song 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.
Thus 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 wombat too
Would never become younger by drinking salty glue
Or go over the eight & collapse into bed
With a navy-blue flute on the top of your head
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 homid fang
And that Paskoj the Porcupine and all his bubble ilk
Could live off petty cash receipts or half a pint of milk
Or kill a baboon with a Swiss boomerang
Or poison a pig with a tainted 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 & buffeted.
At the edge of the forest a little bird sang
Of the travaun 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 ploughed, so disastrously sown
That the playshare was ruined, the playshman 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 turites,
"We agree on the principle but shan't raise our rights;
Let's continue to continue what we've 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 turites they all twittered, the hooping crows they all crew
at the edge of the forest where the avocet lives.
and the people are piddles, or sailors of seizes.
The eligible elephant spoke of the day
When the king had seduced his great-replies away
It was thus that realm of the forest declined
But the vise of the king, it was all undermined.
I rode to the sea on the back of a goat
And sang to the moon of a beautiful stowt
Imbued with this sense of ineffable glee
I spurred the beast on and we went into the sea.
The tine it engulfed us, we sang not a note
We searched for a sail, but there wasn't a boat.
We sought in the sea, for aught that should float.

I slid through the sea on the back of a gull,
Methought it would make a delicate dish
But there chanced to appear a demonstrative beast
For whom, every meal would end like a feast.
My fate it was sealed, I cared not a whit
That the board was prepared and the candles were lit.
And we started to eat, and the beast we all 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 fishes came round and condemned we outright.
Their voices all raised to ensure that their plight
Would be better than mine, this abominable night.
Buy me a bonnet and polish my boots!
Bring me a bouquet of paranoid costs!
Follow me down to the waters of Beth
And fall on your knees at the fishmonger's hearth.
Sell me your money but give me your land
Invent what you like, I give me her hand
My daughter, my desire, must be of the best
(A hairy old Tony from south Budapest
has the white of the cash and the crew in his care)
And my wealth must exceed that of Ariadne,
When the trumpeter is sounded, the king on his knees
shall show off his singing with great expertise
And ninety grand pianos, all played by one man
(Though the tuning is faulty, sounding worse than
a million cats that sing in the woods
And make a vast profit by purchasing goods
From the gamblers on the left of the spires on the right)
Who is wretched in practice but virtuous on the night,
Arrayed with medallions and headresses fine
He sings 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 stepsons 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 calliope
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 'when'...
She often tells me whereabouts
Between the shores
The ins and outs
Of crassestoute.

She, whom I have so admired, is often somewhat vague
And he, my colleague in the woods, is often plagued by colds
And I, though scarce allowed to walk, have visited the Hague,
Where, legal wrangles understood, the king his sceptre holds.

And we who are so many now that we cannot be wrong
Should not be forced to make a point already made before.
Our lives are overgrown with weeds—the way is very long.
The painrose path shall peter out in eight-score years and 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'll he say
Or throw away
Of come what may.
In the mountains of Tibet,
(Though I haven't been there yet)
An oboe and a clarinet
Are sampled night 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
(So true that ignorance is best)

In my bliss I'll fight the foe
Who has risen in the West.

The west! those fabled storm-rent shores
Peopled by aging, wizened bones
Such as those behind these doors

Within these strong immures

The west! those storied sable steeps
Peopled by aging wizened creeps
That wallow in the timeless deeps

Thus let me rest in solitude
Thus let me rest in solitude.
That busy Guntureka,
And pass away my days in peace
And play the piano without cease.
XELLA: THE YEARS ABOVE

(or Mervyn the Marmot)

by:

Laurie van Carr
Ahmed Kah
Meryll E. Spunk
I sought the truth, the truth I sought
Wide seas I sailed, far lands I roamed
I plucked a rose in every post
And nodded much, but never homed
And when, forlorn, I looked for grass
On which to graze a bale my steeds
I found but miles of broken glass
Medusa mirrors, litter bins...
The trees were bare, the branches were dead.
Lost in this laval 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 unmothered child of home
Let each unmothered child adopt
A rabid tapir from Brazil
Ensure his fur is aptly cropped
Or else an Evangel Swamp Gazelle.

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

The rabbits too had died, alas
Through eating uncooked rhubarb leaves
They gave off noxious orange gas
And all the world in darkness grieves.
My love's like a pea-green leek
like a drip from an old split barrel
She's mouldy and goldy and airs so mean
But her love in a fellow called Harol'
Harol', the Hartstongue—thus y-cleped
By the cuppe, the spone, & the saucer—
O'es the buckeets and pails she leaps
In a desperate effort to force her

But Moorfeal the Margrave was close at hand
Through acres of mice he ran like fire
Barking and cursing (legad it was grand)
As the piano He smuk in the mist
Belching like ancient erupting volcanoes
Wheezing like geyser that spurt to the sky
Creak 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, enamoured swaying,
Bears feet & clay head (for such is the sage)
Mopping and mowing, barking and braying
Slaying with stings that are sold by the sea
And wrapping up wreathing we wrinkled

She longs to be in her own countree
Where the lutine bell still tinkles
Thus Harol', the Hartstongue still roams wild
And clims the grooving trees in winter
The spone + saucer still talk Chaucer-styled
And the cup ran away with the splinter.
"Not of this world!" the polecat cried,
Scratching its being underside
And scarcely stopping to divide
The red ones from the yellow

"Nor of the stars!" the stout replied
(As, latterly, 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 bashed, are smooth & soft
As all the Phrygian sages knew.

"Now we retract" the orchids wept
Giving up their bursicles
"Chop them up, & use yr sickles
O you unpeopled nymphists?"

"Never again, 0 not ane more ...
Yet soaring 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 Mecum
There they found wee roses – o

Telling tales of Harry Secombe
Whose song has Medusa in it?
The Chanson de Roland,
The thrush, the redpoll, and the linnet
And the spotted dam of Roland,
Which song has Medusa in it?

"Which has not!" the fulmar cries

"Tell us, do not lose a minute"

Shouts Black Morgan from the skies

Moses and his Joe, 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 maxium, learn it well
Tie it in a Gordian knot
Liberally laced with caramel
Just simmer gently, watch it clot.

So green grew the ghastly crew
On their launches green and dappled
Coming back from Timbuctoo
By way of Nagasaki.

Their foes were dead, the gang was green

The rumour 'tis a mad, mad tale

But alas, Dick's a mad mad whale. And all we said was left unseen.
The steps without the need to conquer
Queen of all, she knows no bounds.

For her heart is bound to 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 hild your heart.

Let no evil fiend outcast her.
Shun the wild lugubrious pants!

Incensed she weaves the warlike woof
A wilderness of shame takes shape.

For heathen spirits 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 her 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 Arthur’s one-time bath.

They prayed so deep a lullaby.

But only once the wolf was heard.

And only once the darkling wolf
And only once the darkling wolf
And only once a dawn a broken shard
Was seen to reach its goal.

O grimy silt-shaped earthen hole.
"Yet once more, O ye cabbages, and once more
Sit you down by the water and sing
Sing of the leeks, O ye cabbages, and their lore
And the bee in the tail of the sting

Turn again, O ye chumps of chapeleering
To the cannonoms of Constantin
Sing once again the song of mine
Or else be sleeping.

Yet once more O my Blunderbus, once again
Let's hear the bold and thunderous once again
For the strongest sword in fair Touraine
All else o' sleepeing

For why should the spirit Maytle be sad
Or the quaghires envelop Sir Galahad
For when will the lyre-bird again be glad

So turn again, ye methylated mangold-worzels
Break out your wrath on King Guflunglo,
And all the rest that Jove emburselez
And tell the sequel

Thus spake the king of the vegetables
Esteem him and give him due homage
Feed him with heces and silres tables
Credit him with the famous tables
That ever came from unripe porridge.
The thought of hope, the hope of thought
And what price Conrad's glimmering gone
When, frowning, studying laws of tort
He realised those wires to go.
The act of going, going acts
The running bore, a soaring run
The carrot in the cataracts
Then home for den & a current run.
In fear and dread, in dreadful fear,
We told the runes, the bells were tolled
The ruined bells were dire to hear
My soul was here to die unsold.

The doors 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 solemn (like brah bandals
That roam the forests of Nepal)
Xella

Softly blue and rippling slowly
Sighing seldom, lying lazy
Gently yes, and yet not quietly
Xella yields.

Yields as rock to water wholly
Lapping nightly
Napping lightly
Over Aphrodite's fields
down jolly!
"THE ILL-DRAINED TWOSOME"

or 'What is Not'

by Rainier Riehen

T.A. MARINER

Dack Till
The Welder was welding as never before
Bright sparks a little metal were stream on the floor
The woman they paid to keep everything clean
Had once sent a card to an African queen;
But this fact, however, had nothing to do
With the welder's great-nephew who shrieked, from the floor to the floor
"Begone, you fat dunce, 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 or useless as goods.

To the African Queen she was sister and niece
But his husband, however, he shot her, (to keep the 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 traveled one day to the market
(His car was so big there was no room to park it);
In his pocket was a map, a fine
(A small immature one had got for a goat),
A lampshade, a bus-stop and fifteen gazelles,
Two oxy-acetylene heathen 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 made children choke.
The Welder was weeping aside and alone,
For his grandfather's sister (an aged old crone)
Who was dying a blanket into goat antelope gore
And hoping to sell to some mad matador
For scandalous profit, enormous price.

Who the soldiers 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
O the dreamers are the sleepers but the sleep is not the dream
(or so I deem),
And every little jaguar comes some day home for tea.

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

For the gardeners of Jupiter are fair
The seeds fall softly from their velvet hands
Lying twelve months in the 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 seeds. Their expertise is clear

But no he could not ever break the spell
That deemed him ever to be small and thin
To wobble ever horribly + breathe the feral air
He couldn't really stand the movement or the smell
But the move is at a standstill, and he shuns the standard move
(Thus I shall prove)
His eyeballs shot a thunderbolt, his amput gave a gain
Yet doubt it not who dare: for doubt 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 quinquærem.

Is it swift enough to plough the main?
Will the swallow ever sleep again?

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

Yet the to spin is to the spider, as the daystar is to day.
And the curfew to the cur, at least a few.
The web will not, I say, be spun anew.

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

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

Nor shall you hear of the weaver, whose mate
Whose tale is sadder than I can relate.
Although I have spoken in words a sight
So the workers are the waiters; but the weight is not the work.

Weld me to the waiting of 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 limb is not a trumpet.

Yet to write is not to notice any more to glide or not to slump.

The groaning grove 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 love should make her linger there
Then none but love would make her want to roam.

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

But powerless she lay, her head a-torn in thrawn
Long hours she forlorn she dreamt of tortures 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 northernmen, they frolicked in the groves
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 i such a street?
When children went, she took a Aladdin on
A fishing trip. They used the lamp as bait

And 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 rent
When stormy Vulcan rent your rings, and fields
And Courance Plunk was judged too thick, and sent...
Where aught but love could catch the heart, that yields.
In the evening came the cycles
Through the mist they spun unceasing
Round and round their eyeballs rolling
Bowing, bailing, uncontrolling
Howling, howling, demoniacal

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

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

But when morning dawned, the fair one
Seemed to vanish in the brightness
Oh oschiera Medusa's gaze!
Sing again sweet lecher's praise
(A German physicist called Erwan)

In its cycle came the evening
On the haystack slept St. Michael
Bravely gave the sad "Amen"
Or singing of Rohan's licentious
And their unwholesome evilling.

May the cycle chain be shattered!
May the unfat calf be fattened!
As if it really mattered!
let me know the day before you promise to forget
for I would write you long long sentences in the trees
where chimpanzees and marmosets recline and take their ease
the trees are where we parted, the trees are where we met.

Long will I remember that you never will return.
your sight still fills my mind, your memory my eyes.

The sounds of the universe are of a constant sighs
the sighs that we are martyred, the sighs that 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 we stop
To pick the mellow apricot, the acid mangosteen
Next summer you'll return to me, and we will not be seen
lost the steps of the oak house, should catch us on the hip.

So tell me when you want to go and I shall go before
I'd not prolong your stay 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 shews
And every creature fears the wild & racoon.

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Soon in the flaming summers of Iraq
A flautist lurks
Awaiting the silence of the dark
to play the works

The sacred cursive notes of JS Bach

Far in the vacant vistas of Hind
The Hindu stays
His body racked by spires of wind
He longs to graze
in silent fields, but not reside.

His body

High in the hanging heat of Hell
The camel sways,
Eating cakes of caramel
And sweetly sings.

Supposed songs that camels all know well.
Then in the mangoose swamps of far Ceylon

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

The unicorn

Devised this irrelephant mandalay

Many long years with lute and lyre in hand.
The bard was barred
from writing sonnets in the sand;
The bard was hard

It melts when all the people understand.
Oh had I Janus in my grip
Then I would build, for I am skilled
And never make a slip.
Oh had I Etna in my grasp
Then I would write, till my Faustes Night
Of Cleopatra’s asp.

Or should Elektra grace my house
And feed the fire of my desire
Then I would never grumble
Revere the hearse! Rehearse the verse
Reveal the peel! Repeal the real!

Impersonals are worse
Rejoicuhues are 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!

O 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.

Oh lady, when compared with you
The ocean hardly strikes me blue
And nor do you.
On his charger, Maximilian, on his horse without a name
Young Sophocles, his nephew; and on a cow called Kate
The Tatars came a-storming by—hey feared they would be late
They stumbled through the Caucuses—a wilderness, a mirage
A luckless land that every year is swept across by fire
Meanwhile the Tushes were warming up from deep red Ethiopia
Beside them rode young Mignon on a silver Calliope
his sturdy steed, swaying low about his strong and sculpted neck
Bounced back upon the buccaneer who, born in far Quebec,
Where all the folk are charlatans & sell their sons for slaves,
Was bathing in a highland beck and washing in the waves.
But was still hunched charging came and wronged with swords & steel
Such blows as these of Goodness knows how & deeper blows can deal
And careless Kurds that war no words but those of Catalán
Favored the heart
Rehearsed the verse that bore the worst for woman, child, & man
And bore worse still in far Brazil for pumas and their ilk
Now Goths and Thrus, their many sons came bringing Culled milk
And Teutonic brave, that rant and rave, and vicious Visigoths
Then Slaves and Cyclops, with broken necks, who rode on sacred hoofs
Shout Hi! for one & Hi! for All: Up and Grant me Nepal
And spile their beer with froths!

From Beina far & Kilimanjaro, the kings of Cathay came
With fifty thousand slave-girls who, with hearts and eyes aflame
With thoughts of hope & hopes of thought electric, as you know
Were ransomed for a crown of gold and adamantine glory,
So all the ordnance of conquerors that teemed throughout the land
Were thwarted, any o’erthrust; Chaos strangled all they’d planned.
The kings they willed, and all were killed. Across the silent plain
On the shields 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 spay.

And only steem the Creamy One
Or gusty winds that ever blow
Through the empty Nebulae

Dismembering the Honied Foe.

The thund'rous knights of Febulae
Came witness to the Northern March
(No vent be leaves them of their air)

They Jam no airy pie with starch.

In the transept embers flasier

fool's, cock, toe, benedict & limbs
wading through the miry fen
We hum, we hum the honied hymns.

Yes, April daze is here again.
"PAPIST"

\textit{The PAPIST}

Written by

R. Burtnot

Arctician Curry.

Ebenezer Tide

The Eight Bear
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 glisten
O fie, fie, fie! I foil + I struggle + try
Loosening my bonds away, I strike up a thorn in 1
Who must I strangle?
So orange are we
So loudly orange our glow has infected the sky

Like a rolling Spangle

O woe, woe, woe, I shine with a luminous glow
Labouring over fields of glutinous loam
When shall I slumber
While writing this poem?

Or reciting the lies that I shall never know?
Forgetting the number.

O death, death, death — my friends are bare all of breath
Through breathing their last in a Shoemaker's box
Drowning in leather
While cutting their throats.

And pronouncing in Gothic whisper a low Shibboleth
Predicting the weather.
He walks with the left, who once wore 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 sizeable sigh
And his awful errors multiply
The quotient of eight by the sum of eighty
Till the powers that be became banned from the sky
And are forced to descend on a lame eremite.

The look on the rung of a ladder was wrong
By the week for the song so appallingly sung
With lugubrious larynx and terrible tongue
With a wrabbling wind from a labouring lung.
Alas, Origeness, his time was how up
He drunken curried rope from an old paper cap
As if the volcano was about to erup,
Then he grope, and his gape a he gripe a he grapple
On August the 8th it arose with the book pup
Which I fed with a dump of wild rubber lumps
I feel like a pair of a reel at a fair
A lascivious Czechoslovakian au pair.
From where I stand no sound is heard
Save shrill and lucid mutters
And still no thought my mind has stirred
Save "should there be stations"
Save "how few cats have stations"

And with this truth I'll live my life
Until my grey beard crumbles
Or leaves me and attacks my wife
Who always grows a grumbles

A graceless squeak she plaits her hair
And fashions shapes exotic
And sleeps while I take air
In postures quite ungraceful

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 shutly.

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

A graceless hare who squeaks alone
And sings in broad Turkish
And four is scarcely lawful

Angry
Allergisch
"For Those in Peace on the Sea"

Upon a far-off godly shore,
Where octopoids made merry
My father left a little brain

Enclosure which was like a town
A city drowned in slumber

The first day that he left it there
To board his vessel bring
It dug a hole six feet deep

(As if an aging witless creep
Had dreamed it up in copious sleep—
His intellect so tiny.)

* *

The phantom welder raised his eye
My father helped him juggle
And looked around the burning broth

Awaiting the dire aftermath
Of frying sodium in the socket

—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, suck it"

The hedgehog is the nesting bose

The wild ducks are pretty

My father stunned them with a mace

The Czech book-keeper fell from grace
And grace fell instantly.
As extinct as the greenhouse to which it was linked,

The greenhouse decayed as the sunflowers grew

The flowers grew green as the sun house did too

Till everything burst with an ominous 'Bang'

And the debris was scattered to farthest Penang.

Where the Japanese too, sometimes seek widely swore,

Till the days dawn again, and his knee-bones are sore

The knee-bones delayed as the coronaries crew

Had a throbatic note just to see who was who,

Aye, hold, ye Arabs!

Avast, ye Sc九江es!

Elope, ye Lapps!

And shun of taps

Begone, all Fins

And Mandarins

For as the roll was counted out,

We cursed flowers in the last

And laid the regal plinth.

"Fondue makes the heart absinthe"

And melts the mass of love

As it cries out aloud to the heavens above,

Desist!

You're pist!
Belshazzar's Snack

or

Watch this space
The follies of the Argonauts are terrible to tell.
The argument of Falstaff, they were pretty dire as well.
   But all are over now.
   Yes, all are dead & gone.
   And dead birds smell.
   The Duke of Gloucester's "I hold"

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

An special cow, that used to low and utter groan.
And wring the neck whose knee belongs to Jason's kith and kin.

Do I light all the torches?
Yes, the torches should all be lit.

Let the he-courier begin.
(For the tunnel is ill-lit)

And the suiviers are now pursued, so as they beseech their bosom gods.

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

The spears the steeple dawn, calls the sunshine to a halt.

Thus called the coal-black crew,
Powder pigeons in their hands.

From far Hainault
Or these painted shades.

Where birds are biet for businessmen and buxom barmaids too.
The follies of the Shepherds, or Beggars to the French
were always re-enacted in a Caledonian trench.

Far beneath the Highland Block,
Far beyond the Uisland realm
These dead birds swell
In Isolanthe's helm

For here, as everywhere in fact, corruption is no snock.
I tried to count the Pharaohs at the bottoms of my garden.
Where roses grow and, fading fast, the snow begins to harden.
But my eyes had scarcely focused when they left upon a locust.
The locust flew away and cried "oh dear, I beg your pardon".
The Pharaohs and the roaming cats in deadlock fought no more
(As Roman wedlock was a match that knew no three or four)
Yet for phallicous sphinxes, or pestificous pygmies,
such interrupted combat was a part of ancient lore.
And the laws of ancient parts disclaimed the Pharaoh of his tale
"Try below the labyrinth" they cried "for liquor to imbibe"
We pursued a beery tunnel down a lengthy ill-lit tunnel.
And soon we met a helplessly inebriated scribe
Wherein the locust wherein the locust" cried be, climbing off the air.
With hyacinths and daffodils embroidered in his hair.
But he might have been an Asian, or of other old persuasion;
Had the welder's second cousin not been surrounded at the fair,
Where the roses laden softly in their crimson-hued velvets
And the amaranthine lilies bloom along the shores of Crete.
And the sickly lady Pharaohs sunder their Rims & their honor.
And the psychopathic jester serenades a parakeet.
Seven ages live the swan, seven swans ages pass away.
Seven swans saw the sage at the breaking of the day.
It was well & truly bored, & the splendors, oil & oaken
Were burnt to make the sunset; the dusk was ashy grey.
0 The Jesters & the Pharaohs & the Welder and the sphinx
And the welder's second cousin (0, miserable minx!)
With this greeting I shall greet you - Quilt you now my Abode! When
I'm roused I'm more ferocious than anybody thinks,
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY CHILDREN

by: Arthur Itas

ANNA STOMOCS

MYCROFXX

RAY RISSED.
I've lived all my life on an island so rare,
My only companion a fat polar bear.
I've fed on fish from a hole in the ice
The while of the fish was a nice Remembrance.
But there certainly wasn't enough for to share.

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

**Immersed in a jar of best quality beer**

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

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

My leg fell off.

Oh well.

Now I've learned in life
To be sensible.

And aimed to achieve a ridiculous beer.
I missed the last bus and I had to walk home.
But my life flashed before me and then became clear
That a plum is a fruit, and a gurn 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 flower small fine.
But the daisy was dashed, for the bee was too small.

And the Bessiere Convent came 1st overall.

I've been to the belfry I've drunk all the gat.

I jumped from the bell-tower,

Splat!
The girl awoke, she looked around,
while the handsome prince asked her to dance.

Avert your eyes
Were her small eyes
I must resist your bold advance.

He lunged at her madly, she welcomed him gladly.
She fell into his arms, and they kissed. But suddenly,
They missed... rocked...
And tumbled back
Onto the bed, where they danced loudly.

His terrible arm had a cause in myopia
He said to her boldly, "I really do hope you can help me make..."
Towards a cake
Or dashing, I'll really soft-soap ya

The good fairy appears at the touch of a bell
"I know it's a bad,
But if you do you'll go blind."
He replied it was truly a monstrous spell.

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,
It first quizzed, then rode as the doggone old.

The golden orb waned
And the sandbar was saved
By heavy-iced Neptune of cold.
By casting a statue in smooth polished gold.
A green feathered duck flew round the moon
its phrases barely on the sun
it whistled a loud unwelcoming 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 in the bath

Green figs in blue wine
are excessively fine;
but they will not suffice
unless simmered in brine.

Its promenades sailed as the poor bird was toasted
Oh many an ordeal I would tell.
as the Irishman basted, abased and reviled
and the fairies all danced in the dell

The maidens went down to the bridge by the stream
there faces were covered with pale bodies green
with the after-effects of the with the Queen
who had served so well a day with the truncated beam.

Pink Femlets in Sieves
frequently gives
To unfortunate morals
find salubrious spurs

The shoe string tie gave way to the wide
A recurred movement and keen silkly stilled.
The man with forked tongue denied that he lied
but was none the less calmly and quietly courted.
On a fine sunny day we went to the zoo
To see cardinals and elks, alpacas and mice
And kangaroos sucking pink coconut ice
All life flashed before me, like that, in a trice
And a tumbler of hairpins, a whirl of white ice
Which flashed by in an instant all covered in glue.

The sneeze of Abdulla fell down on his knees
And cried to his women, who were singing a round,
Another like that and you'll all be dismissed;

The chief wife said wistfully 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 me the Waldrich the way to the Whispering Wood,
Where mudbranches always have eyes for their pud
Or else Moolg around in a deep cloud of gloom
For a room with a fish, or a fish with a worm,
Or a cataclysmic announcement in gloom

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

And the butterfly fluttered by tied in a knot
And the bee has just been though the roof, it was hit
With the waspesh type anger one knows it has got
I stand alone, through having leaned a stand
I grasped the red hot pokev most firmly in
my hand

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

I lost my last friend, I could not stand a loan,
I from the indignant friend of the half-baritone,
Unwanted, unsolicited 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 in the hay
And waved a white sock to a passing top hat
Which turned upside down disgorged a cat

I felt for my maze while amaged at the goal
Of unbaasted hyena and monstrous teal
Surrounded by heges of mushroom or magie
I was dazed every night and bennighted 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 Pobble a seeking his toes
The sky fell down with a crack on my head
'Twas the end of my dream, 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 brewed strong poisons in silent cells
He drank them with emetic treacle puddings
And played sweet tunes on gliding 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 said upon a pumpkin writing order
Of Noah and his ship on Ararat.
Eventually his greedy feet
Were like Jandson's painting by Magritte.

With new-war boot and flag he rode
Through viscous mire and unrelenting marsh
And shot the peasants, whispering the glow.
The peasants whose brass bands were too harsh

They never practiced more than twenty times a day.
The plumber tuned his instrument
It made a pretty sound
And split the symmetry around
(The airs are 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 let it by and by

He wrapped a phantom butterfly
And wrapped it up in silken gait
He sent it to his mistress shy
Who strangled it in boiling oil
(Its feelers went away).

But gashes wept upon the floor
And drowned the plumber’s feet
And sprawl the plates of jealied meat
With streams undigested gore.
Corpuscles dancing to the beat
Of musselman and maledore.

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 wasted weeks upon weeks and still no sense you speak.

I've boiled myself in oil just to curb that squeamish shriek.

As the crayfish to the octopus, the beedesman to the loach.

The horse unhorsed the driver who was paid to coach the coach.

I've asked the mayor to ride the mare, the clerk to read the rate

The jeweller to line my hat with gold and peridot.

As the lapinlay ladies in the mineshaft, thither coerced

By the subtle semi-satrap from the side of Krabat, Krabat.

To look for semi-precious stones and worthless ones as well.

And to wash their skins in either and to wring them like a bell.

As the women called the lifters, & the foreman raised his fist

Then the Welder raised his eyebrows and the Wrestler broke his wrist.

Come the horns of shattered hoofsteps on the cobbles of the town.

As the middle-aged pretender was about to claim the crown.

As the coroner didactic and pretended to be dead.

Come the crayfish cry 'Then let him die' & 'Amputate his head'.

But they took away his body and left the head behind.

Does the heart contain the spirit, does the pelvis house the mind?

Do the houses mind the pelvis, does the body head the limbs?

Does the puritanic Welder mind the elves that sing no hymns?

See the Pilgrim father father fewer pultry pilgrim sans

See the sunny sunny punster make unfunny pun puns.

As the punster to the pilgrim, so the manhole to the maid.

Though the cobia may be soberer the adder's twice as slaid.

Though the viper may vituperate she's the adder's sake.

Then putting on her Sunday best she wallows in the lake.

As the miners to the milliner, the jewellers to the Jack-

The Welder was a humble man: he knew when to turn back.

The Queen & King, through thick & thin, they knew when to turn black.
She leapt to her feet 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 heathen and slay to the full That she wide open spaces the Philistine grotto. That quakes in the quagmire and gloats in the globe. That quakes in the quagmire and gloats in the globe.

The wellkin exhibits no greater prestige Than the drunkard who mutters "My ankle! My knees!" The wellkin exhibits no greater prestige Than the drunkard who mutters "My ankle! My knees!"

The welder, the wheelwright, the maker of loaves The cobbler who chews on chameleon clothes

The peasant's revolt! Was it 80 B.C. Was it April, November or January? Was it passing that day, or was Edward the Third? Did Robert the Bruce know the way of the Kurd? Now little Miss Muffet she relished a Stäckel (Her last had been scoffed by a vigilant poodle).

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

For why should the spirit of a mortal be sad? When hopes can be high and rage can be glad. And why should the marital spirit decay When a wedding can last for a year and a day.

And a funeral more than a miser could pay Or a diligent vassal (on half 17 win pay) Unerringly witty but sombrely clad. For what can the spirit of a mortal be had?
"Take that!" he cried, and kicked the hopeful frog,
who'd panned so long at 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
hatch, hatching, hatching, spawning in the roads
and swimming for the town by divers routes.

"The town!" they cried, "where we shall all be saved
if daylike Deirdre grants the boon we craved
princesses shall we kiss, and turn to carp
that play sweet water music on the lyre and the harp."

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

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

Pangue, resound, elope, transpose, quell blood!
Invoke, in tone, unlike, in suit, slay mild,

But never, never, never curdle ice
and never heed this sensible advice.
This marion 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 bled 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 bled to death on Afflictions must
I dyed decorted my soft four-poster chair
and, debonair,
They love her for her first loathsome lust
The same that led her to the lion's lair.
I bled to death on Ruge of yore
I lived in monarch's ones 'A harpersack,'
a lass I lack
A daisy calls me to the foe
And seaside autumn's calls pull me back.
And shall you bleed who follow me?
Or see my sanguine blood flow 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 pious
I crave the Cassian seed
I saw the craving in Cassandra's eyes.

Despite all this, I bled a unseen
I smile to depths unknown, unacared for I.
Unknown I lie
surrounded by the green.
That is some corners of a foreign sky.
Ripe and yet unsatable was his weary way.
None dared to drive him from his home
A purple leaf hung on his ear
Tales of dear, of dear.
I was not if he were a gnome
Rose and barely clung were his weary days.
O weary days!
But though she sought to launder all her garments in the stream
She wept and read strange curses from an ancient crumbling stone
The curse was true. The clothes were salted with Peck (now call it Loan)
She telephoned: an urgent call to Attilie begs in Rome
The Pythia pretended that the lines were all engaged
And thus a young heroine by year she aged
While pushing stones up mountain, thirsty Sophilos assayed
Who at this disturbed myth was horribly enraged
AN ARQUEBUS

or

THE PLAINTIVE YEARS

by

Nigel E. Fish

D. G. Talis
I sing of rabbits and the pristine rat
And all the sons that restless eels beg
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 lore
I love all things that shift around and chore.

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

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

But I, one amongst the gods here often spoil,
Sit down alone, and to the unhearing great
Sing songs of rabbits and the pristine rat.
The uncocked 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 mirth the never did give breath
To sullen syllables that ease an insect's lot.
Methinks here 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 cactus tips 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
Gringly remembering his joyous past
This sweet but fleeting joy, 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 not know
What happiness was found long years ago
When pyres were burning in the mountains, on the plain
Hung heavy silence — language scarce describes.
Among these tribes it is a Sacred Yarn —
The Holy Pie: its shrine lies near the lane
That wanders o'er the plains of Kazakhstan.
"TERCES the FURTIVE CLAM"

or

'BIT OF HALLEY'S COMET'

by

Fai Gestive
The Leaden Potto
NORC
For the night I carre enchantment, it pursed 30 min'y nights of distress.
May my lover from the factory give me more eternal bliss.
Let his slumber, let her snore, let her quiver, let her roar.
Let her do just what she will — for after all she ain't no where.

In my night I am enchantment, in the form / production line.
I waked in paroxysm 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 her will is free.

My night above the casement was worth all its weight in mould.
The mushrooms sang a lullaby of sweetness quick undestilled.
Such as with a flowing hag, or maybe it flowing money?
It matters little which, but it certainly was nylon.

The peasant is pine!
Strive not to undo-see
The secondary goose
or Mallarme.

or piously pray,
For Charlotte Russe.

It roister disperse
And swing in the bath all day.

The bandman is bluff!
They pay him enough?

for that yellow scarf
or La Fontaine.

Yet once again
My lemon puff,
Is often gnaw
Like the kings that thund'rous reign.

Enough to see a walnut flow
My nights of an enchantment so
Slightly embellished.
"Pass the vodka, godet," cried the sergeant in a trance.

"Ease the stands," said the conductor an hour before the dance.

This button had a load 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 lanky knight was gone.

On an eround for the Harriett J. Lover Babylon,

Whose kitten had a mitten with a mangold o' upon

You could see it dance a rango.

When they cried a song about "You can go,

Now," I said, and rambled on.

The cataleptic couple dropped in death-throes to the floor

Like the epileptic crisis of a monthold matador.

What's the matter with the butters? Surely twasn't him we saw?

You could smell him rape the gipsy?

Crying "Diese dumme Weib ist

Nichts so schlecht!" Who kept the score?

The new digestive amphitheatre never looked so grand.

(If I was new you see) A fact that everyone should understand.

(And yet it would be better if everyone were banned

From waltzing with a warrior

Who 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 his savings in a dead-stone club

Where the roses learned to 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, spread the liquor 8 feet in the air
And let's go back quietly home, so where
Music's unsound, and the sirens are male.
Let's coach on an incredible feast to the Melba
Unimpeachable dish, beyond all compare.
And later go slowly back home, to where
My loves lies, leaning on her elbow.

Let's burn a dead duck, let's fry it, let's roast
Let's split it 8 miles to a far distant coast.
Where we hope it will simmer and give up the ghost
Of the mallard's apothecary.
"How much in the best?"

But if ducks don't exist, then nothing is "more"

Like a beingless apple devoid of a core
On which my toothless old chaps incessantly gnaw
In lieu of the joys of an unwilling whore.

May the clue to the case of this capital clan...
May the rook of my randomized revenge
Be uncovered in ancient Stonehenge
Or in subtly suburban Pege,
Where the underground railway engine

May ye subtle engines of the Shiny Northern Line
Where the nauseating deuce holds his court
Of antiquated boxers that never yet have fought,
Of deluged monsters, that never yet are caught.
(Those excellent devices, so rarely these days bought)

These things of ancient myth will come no doubt to nought
The numberless confab in the doughnut-counter sought
As he downed the methylated mud and spurned the parson's port
+ the nights are entrance. In cyst upon a Waif!

"I most certainly will not"
The table was laid, the glasses were set
I thought of my grandfather's silhouette
Enshrined for all time on a large photograph
I think I shall chop it in half.

And sell it for sequence at Widdicomb & Fair
Answer no scurrilous questionnaire
Frighten inquisitions, bound for the coast
Mimic your grandfather's ghost.
The candles are lit, the board is prepared
Adept-waiting in silence the terrible Laird
Enshrined his grandfather within a cassette
His body is nothing 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 away
"A change is as good as a rest!" shrieked the slave
(They'd just arrived from Greece)
As they battered my grandfather's house to the ground
With a humming decibel sound
Enshrined for all time in the growth of the wheat.

Enshrined for half-time in the with of a goat
(Six o'clock in the rowing boat)
Enshrined for a clock in a buffalo's hide
(Six o'clock is the mystical ride)
Enshrined for enchantment for never, for night
(Six o'clock in the month of the ape)
For the grandfather clock that was battered: its plight
Was rather dire. A squabid group
Is not the nicest of things to fight
It spoils enchantment on the night.
The keystone stood aloof beside the sea
It was the best of friends with Nosnibor & me
I see the lighthouse stood beside the quay.
I see it well.
I feel its smell.
Pardee!

*

The lighthouse 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
Baudot!

*

The sofa flopped around the chiming clock
Its backside roughly leaved with the sergeant-major's knees;
The sergeant-major's backside rough as gravel, fails to please
The roughed wrench
To say (in French)
On brise!

*

A frayed gravestone in the wattle of my head
'tis not a feeble papery substance for bread
To serve at bridal breakfasts to those about to wed
About to rust
(Believe it not!)
Ahead.

*

Enchant me with your winking repartee
Till screams should reach their apogee
And, falling, splash into the sea
Ask Nadia
For Baudot or
Me.
See the polecat dance the polka
Before night falls;
On me, on thee.
And on the stakes
In this night of an enchantment
Which your aunt meant
To cook, for tea.

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

See the vixen, watch her trot
Or else, if not
(Likely, good!)
The Irate Scot
Shall rear your whelp with cats.
And rubles stools
(Out, out, damn spot!)

See the alladross apply
The potent oil
The Sheik prefers
A blackened eye
Sheik may safely gaze
Up on plains of hopple jilly:
Like all am I!

Envoi:
Beside me now you are, beside myself I am
My second friend was not my first or last.
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 unfiexible 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 sharp-witted parasang.
To give as a gift to his love.

The skylark once sang to his mate
"We'll meet at the buttery gate
And slip on the hinge,
(For this is our fate)
Is we 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 gloom Cherubim
Who made us with the瓦
Though feeble of limb
(They have strong diaphanous backs)
I wish I were a porcupine upon the banks of the
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 r,'%sion performed while drinking tea.
(For Montezuma had a thought: a lentil is a pea,
And half the sea is water, while 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 seal, though often rather poor,
Was the only proper food to eat in Warsaw or the Ruhr.
Unless riding down the Rhine by night with sadly slackened reins
My silver-plated tie away, my stomach plagued by pains
I'd strike an attitude of wrath, a posture quite demure
But what was what you'd ne'er know for cancer has no cure.

Though there was a young doctor named Blake,
Who kept yellow mice in a cage
When they said that he must be insane
He replied he undoubtedly wasn't
But of course if they said he was wrong,
(And in fact he was right all along)
He would make them a very fine cake.
As an underhand Christmas present,
For it was all the result of argue
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 atop a brook,
And cries in sundry ancient tongues "pro camine illuc"
He speaks even appalling French and shouts "je sais li".
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 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 releast.

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

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

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

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

Bear to the river
Be it kidney or liver
Or piece of bone.
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 could never again
So rare, so unique, that the wrath of the world would descend on any
That taint it

Or assault any seller who would try to dispose of this treasure to an elegant

(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 Leamings 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 in 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-oh,
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 the huey, the hops.

* *

The venomous vermin of Vaud
Had a hide like a hideous bag,
It speaks in the Highway Code
While painting its hearers with wood,
You see it is quite a wag.

* *

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

or

"Jeremiah, Jeremiah"

by:

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

Had the parson used his potin
Had his wife been twice as pretty
Had their have been the city
Rather than the mighty ocean
Noone would have stirred.

But the parson was a madman
Quite convinced his nose would dwindle
So there he fixed a spindrel
Recommended by the ad-man,

A Catalanian Kurd.

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

Had Aristotle been a parson
Had he grown his nose correctly
(Instructed by his wife, hen-peckedly)
Followed everything minutely
Watched the Bishopric astutely
Summed the craft of Asian
Then he would not have erred.
The drivers of cars who wear hats in their heads
Are a scurrilous breed who veer to the right of the road
And to those who esteem them I say:
"Your cars are not beds
Though your swain's face seems to show you're ignoring 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 lose
Though expensive seems to show that your cars lack a joke
And your pocket a purse."

But however defective their bodies may be
There can be not a 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 knew not a thing.

Being brought & living in Leamington Spa
Where the blackest of shields may be seen by the light of the moon.
They knew every rich by the Palace,
Where they travelled by car.

Though statistics appear to show they had had an 800 run.
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 clasps
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 but for me
For me whom mighty Jove ordained should hold in thrall the sea
For me of my companions chosen at random now I choose
let all of nature wait for us, for there's no time to lose.
Our wooden shell is built and tied, our armor's ready blazed.
The tables laid, the kettle's boiled and all the cheese is grated.
But though the fruits are 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 those last lines were wrote
And in that time I've made for me a large elastic boat
With rubbers on the biller and a lovely springy keel.
I hope thencewith to go to sea and catch a lengthy eel.
But wait! They shriek from perdy cage "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 sink the favourite cat.
But wait! What are the earnest fiends so intently looking at?
The planet yawns, the sea still back, and peeping through the casse
The eye that every Muslim fears gazed out with mighty lust.
Gazed? No, it blazed and roared the scene, combustible a day.
It ploughed the hills and scoured 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 thing that time has taught in 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 wasted solos but kept the wanted law.
Thus let the cycles pass within their ordained paths.
A chain of soulful pilgrims filing through the grey hills
Gazing reverently at bones, the which (for so it's said)
Are we, who were so lively and that we could not be dead.
The Putative Egg

or

The Length & Breadth of Italy

by

Young Macdonell
Kyrie L. Aison
I learned from the minstrel the Song of the Cabul
That proclaim the supremacy of a certain beast
What is its name? And where is its dwelling? Be 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 Amy town of Fiss
Where is he now? And what does he do? Is he a Hindu or a Jew?
Is he Muter, Sir, or Miss?
What young lass awaits his kiss?

Its song of the beast made the taxmen take flight
For the beasts they were used to were camels and kites
And the sociable goats who go "Hello" in the night
That they fear, 'tis as right
At the sinister minstrel's kite.

O I'm certain the beast is supreme in the land
For its flava in fine, be it fresh, be it canned
Is it here? Is it there? O where is its lair?
Is it amble, rodat, cloud?
How's its peregrinate gland?
The mighty elephant spoke of the day
When its mate was unclouded by a gamma-ray
The spitz (But what is real)? whose trains were stopped by a clot.
Where's the cave, 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, 'Anthea' came we nigh.
Where's the bird? And where the beast? Or the friendly goat at last?
Where the lion leap to kiss?
Will he hit, or will he miss?
Through the stonehedge, through Diss
Time will tell: let's hope it will not lie.
I knew a girl who ate no pears
That's sixteen altogether. (Cause the joke)
She sang inveterate Abyssinian airs
Besides the Nile where crocodiles a-croak.
To lure unknowing lovers to their lairs.
To burn alluring loves down in theirs.

She was the mother of a lycanthrope
With feet of clay + brass head, all the rage,
Who at the midnight hour would moekly mope
And drink the brew from her throst tussage.
With murderous intent he took a rope
Though he was scared, I'm sure that he could cope.

But no! For lo, behold his shaking hand
His aluminium ampoule see them buckle!
As the stable currents lash his ampersand
His enemies eat it a sudden cluck.
That rooses every creature in the land
Which deathly has goosed, or rather cleaned.

Thus, kith and kin, they all come to her aid,
That's lemon, lime, or orange (sense the pun).
They rescue her, the humble working-maid
Who lead his life, by moon, by sun,
And never servele wench her wims obeyed
Nor rolling her canvasses displayed

No dealer would her canvasses unfurl
Nor muslinner delves with a quire—
Thus spurned, her head was in a whirl
A Lycanthrope no human could unravel.
Especially she: she was a no-pearl girl
If not by thee: 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 baker brings just before eight
And leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate

The leaves in the dustbin in front of the gate
Are teeming with life
Pay sharpens your knife
For the dangers are great.

The children go out at a quarter to nine
As the starlings sunbathe on the railway line

And sunbathe twice on the railway line
The carriages glide
And marriage is made
In Heaven to shine.

At twenty to ten ladies wear chip if their heads
And pour pink petrol in everyone's beds
And pouring pink petrol in everyone's beds
The mist is inflamed
The whistle is blazing
Their houses are sheds
And take in the evening the husband return
Shortly before the thunder-clouds burn

And shortly before the thunder-clouds burn
The starlings withdraw
By tooth & by claw
And all men will learn

When the night is as still as the day that began
And the night in as still as the day that began
When the hour-glass ran
And it lay in my hand still
As it came to a standstill.
I saw ten children every afternoon
They cuddled in the westergin outside
Until the rising of the gibbous moon
Until the ebbing of the mystic tide.

and on their faces awful fear was writ
They creaked with my study rue by rue
Their hands were lacerated by the grit
Such lay on every landing by the ton

and when at last they all knelt by my feet
All haggard by Jove, 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 stinging than the shame
That earned me only momentary fame.
For keeping house, my life was stricken off
Unless, unless.

I paid the Adirondack for my rooms.
(The Count's ill, but the Earl is feeling better)
The Parakeet's my focus - large he looms
He spurns the children's infantile Vendetta

Tell me, would you like a cup of coco?  
Shall we sail the Amazon, or Orinoco?  
Je dis Mercii, Mercii, Mercii Beaucoup.
So as the sun sank slowly in the east, we cried aloud
we wielded + wept + gnashed our teeth - we were a sorry crew.
That shimmered by the playing-field till the rising of Orion
had blown the dream away: "There who brought me food to Zou!" We watched the thudding footballers who frolicked in the dark.
We spied the tackler who bought and sold and bite + breathe a baw.
But all for nothing, since alas! our hopes were shattered when
the scene scrunched down, the firewheels flew, and Buddha turned to Zou.
Meanwhile a cricket match was played to shrive the heretic
with current sound for cricket balls, the fielders all fell sick
and brandy snaps for cricket bats less durable than most.
The wicket was a cellar, the groundman was a beast.
Elsewhere, a fluent tennis-match with buckets of meringue
with combalunts from Elsinore and far-away Cadiz
(Where the golden Elephant and the silver leopard is)
Delivering each service with a terrible hairpin.

There is a land where every game is, like a meal
Where lacrosse players hit lamb chops and darts is played with veal
And chess is played with vegetables upon a smörgåsbord -
The room is filled with white sauce when any points are scored
And if a player cheats he will find he's lost engulfed in custard.
The salt + pepper soldiers stand in flames, the phalanx murdered
Ready to attack straightway the barley-sugar bishop
The condiment cookout with a silent punitive wish - a p

He to leave the lamp aside for fear they should go blind
For if rite is in the eye, the despair, 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 Zou's eye on you + it weeped-inclusively wicked
Will feed 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 staggishness, as if our life had fled.
I listened to your interlude with nothing but alarm
But my youngest daughter's perianth was envirably calm
May your melody forever soothe my offspring's epidermis.
But my hat is to my miss, as her foolish hit to her miss.
Now it was the schooner Haymore that sailed the wiling sea
From Italy to Italy, theme to furthest Italy,
Where between terrors bitterly
Latterly.

* Repeat, assassination, when I've counted up to eight,
For if you wait till seventeen it will be much too late
+ if you sojourn till 31, the plate will all arrange
—thats a situation to prevent which we must strive
But hold to these bitter spots, wary bird, thou never wilt,
For the nest was left unguarded and the weasel was alert
Whose vitamines avest,
About.

* Abominable the thief of time, for clandestine he creeps
And in his clock-filled haversack his timely harvest reaps
With pendulums about him, and his body swathed in springs
Firmly fixed, for time flies by an amethystine wings
Had till we use, shall to 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: 0 Tarsacedian, tarsacedian, hear 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

"Ogilvey"

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, as judge of the day.

"Othello" or "Hamlet", what matter it now?
Copenhagen sat at the organ.
He purposed a play, yet only knew how
to sing of The Zola, or Corry.

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

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

So sickened were they that their behaviour became
The model our children avoid.
By casting their legs in the manner selfsame
And gaining their kneesaps with crud.

The play was forgotten as chaos broke out
Our bodies were broken by the bandits.
The only technician, he bodgers 2 stools,
Defended the case of the bandits.

"The judgment was right, I loudly upheld
And shout it in statements 9 & eight.
The success was assured if we were but told
We shall end + finished too late."
Meditate on thy joyous halls
And sup your sumptuous feasts
And Eastern kings may pay you calls
Or Turkish Dukes, their dues reclaim
I knew more Weals than you knew Easts.
And treat you thus with the greater disdain.
Though friends among a many among us a Main.
Treat only their allies with the wildest acclaim.
Your spies may hang from curtain roods.
And treat your worries lightly,
Like feather beds, reduced in sales
Or lightweight coats in herring bone.
That hide the stitching bond unsightly.
Scarcely seen is the wood obscured by loam.
Scarcely seen is the wood in thin, our bone.
Now grown so ill, to all our sins alone.

The pelmet grows hensneath your weight.
Your soul conscience plagues you.
The new edition will be late,
Though better than the former one revis'd, reset, + up to date too.
Presented like a family album
"Cella nit achtzehn und ein halb...um"
Inscribed with the name Apollinsion.

ENVOI:
Your name is embossed on my curtains.
Your head will be set in the ceiling.
My safes will be filled with your certain.
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 welds him where he lists
The welder lists where men may find
A beaver's quill, in sick needin'd.

None can get there by candlelight
Only the rich from East German Right
Only the poor who assaulted our right, or the masks who uprooted our might.

When winter nights grew long & cold
The boilermaker starts to scold
The boilermaker's suit is thin
In silk he covers not his skin.

As well as this, his woe t'increase
He lives on cats + candle-crease
The digestive process shortly will cease, he'll need all his power to
obtain our release.

+ When from jail we are free spring
With eighteen voices we will sing
In simple tones, in harmony
Which shall express our eulogy

Silken gossamers + beavers I see
Men in white stockings that cover the face
Anything pleasant on canvas shell gape, anything fitting + not sad of face.

Some are blessed with a patent imbiber
When drunk, till the welder to bake her

So honest, so stolid, so handsomely clad
I cannot believe he could ever be bad.

Avid + nasty, the tone was contentious
Prepare for a statement abrupt + tremendous:
Prepare for explosions horrendous, prepare for our breaking
Then mend us.
Sigismund, refurbished, assaulted his crew
on grounds of divorce & desertion.
The crew, in reply, their own wealth to pursue
Announce an a financial exaction.
Their plan comprehensive is speedily made
Equipment is rented, or bought.
And the speed of their action, so subtly played,
is speed of a singular sort.

A bevy of boatmen’s a sight to behold,
The towpath was lined with deserters.
Their feet were so cold, "Sigismund was told,
They threatened to kill us or hunt us.

"But be not dismayed," he lustily bellowed,
Arbutnott 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
Founded, so great was their cargo of oars.

The smell it swelled, the waves did wave
Sigismund viewed the fray.
As the water flooded the outer cove
The bevy of boatmen whom none could save.
The wealthiest king, the lowliest slave
Drawn in a manner that none would care.

& Sigismund was lost in awful dismay
Let us pray.
MARK'S BASS

WANTED

by

The Real Eighty
Pachico Stanza.
Labour saving green assistant to the Duke
Found no other person there with whom he could rebuke
Lying in the family with the others of his tribe
With a jar of Walter's whiskey he'd forgotten to imbibe.
In the Duke's apartments stands a traitor to his race
With a vivid purple kerchief pressed tightly to his face
A scissors in his haversack & himself in his hand
Trumpets for his cousins white be musicans in our band.
Anything he did will turn to dust come Christmas Day
Which with effort we'll endure but there's little more to say
Traitor to his union, his profession, and his friends
Walter, where's the onion, a confession, make amends?
African attendants bringing the pumpkin's hurry in
Able seamen chanting, their stranded mother worryin'
Lost in coal islands where the tiger holds his sway
Occupied with thoughts that call to creditors, repay!
Walter where's the waker? What's this fluid in the jug?
Traitor, have they caught her? Fetch a beaker or a mug
Where's the humble African? The Welder? The Elite?
Fares please, Sir, Remind her of the French fleet
Sneaked in the Hellespont with scurvy running wild
Handed to the sellers' point with the winner's getting filed
The Dardanelles Larum 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
Tones the welded read in piercing tones to all That heard
Tones the welded used to incense his mother's head,
Cows that were to Ulysses as Homer is to me
Homer, where your heart is, irretrievably
Acrimonious, ineffably large

The Countess attempted to scuttle the barge
Agatha Christie would shortly discharge
The fist which started the battle.

"A battle once fought is over & done
The King in the winner, who loses, his son?
Made from his liver, a venomous burn,
A gun which began as a battle.

Pegasus flew to the East in rebuttal
Old KuykCole barged in & tempted the scuttle
A move made ingenious & thereby so subtle
That scowling cats turned to roosts.

Orange, sweet, that orange cover,
0 in the morning I hope to grow down
Apples so aged they start to go sour
Through feet stowed in the cold of the cloisters.

To offer our homes to enemy marksmen,
"Use these as targets - spare our remarks." Then
Take to the waters, 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 we.
The dangers inherent in eating a spoon
Are many & varied, little & few

The speech of the tengo was bland.

But amiers compel us to eat the meal soon
To scoff from the velvet-wax hand

That Helen has brought to our crew
Our crew of desperadoes, our horses of oak

Our men with the somber display
The play who needed his sword

The sight of such villains would cause me to choke
In unison, or in a chord,

My fears to increase, not allay.

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

The defendant is summoned; his only recourse
Is weeping & clapping the forehead.

And Paris repeated, with glee in his tongue
Invasion is imminent, shortly they'll come

The speech of Cassandra resounds

Call on the boggles, let matings be sung,
On pagan, or wise-pagan grounds

Gather the cuttings to paste in an album.
The way ostrich lies abed,
A pillow under his weary head
And there is found the real way
Of turning sombre right to day.

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

There dreams of these pellucid weeds
Who hold the reins of deer or stags
With such command & able skill
No mortal judge could call them ill.

In deepest slumber's found the stoat
German ermine forms his coat
And though asleep, he hums a note
And snorts a carefree chorus.

A bear, yes, he, too, finds a nap
He chooses to give us
He sleeps without a sleeping-cap
drafting his oat night-cap lap by lap.

envoi: Only we're awake to stow the stage
Candelabras flicker in the cage
A fitting memento to our golden age
Mirrors for the worth that's all the age.
Babylon fell & all were incensed
None should authorize such a device
The hosts encamped around in tents
Forbidden their guests the true disguise
Forbidden their guests their evening cries
Their bows, + swords, + gird belows

The palerine grey, the jacket that glows
As the trumped redounds "Attabuck!"

Way of Emperors, cheating & devious
Fifty leagues onward I cautiously creep
Then came there a voice, "The gods, then they leave gone,"
Attabuck crumpled, Babylon wept,
Oligarchs, erudite shattered & slept.

The shades of guards, with leotards
The death of Elusive, now Abelard's,
Never to queue in the dark

Lost in the forest, wandering lonely
Not like a whale or a camel beside
Far from family, the church in Stoneleigh
Harry Cain, Ark + Abel eludes
Down in the garden the serpent-like glides
Cried that Eve will not believe
We'll have got to leave to find reprieve,
North tools the leave of Eden

"It's true, I swear, indeed, in
If you're on the way to Wada
Take this bear & hourly feed 'n"
Paradigm of porters' skill
Phosphorus! The grimpest pill.
Arabesques, to loosen tongues
Pilgrims to the cloistered lungs.
There immersed with evil plans
Windy Wendyrealm her fans
Grown in to secrecy they attest
Examination would be best.

"What the price now Oliver's here?"
"Steady as ususal, my dear!"

"Find a doctor, swallow this,"
"In this bottle kindly peer?"

"Say again, I didn't hear,"
"Fooliness follows too much beer."
He muttered gaily with a leer,
The Cordy's getting near

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

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 take fables & fables
Sculpted with skill from white alabaster,

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

Windy Wendy + Peter Pan
Fell in love with the dental man
Finish the footbath as best you can finish however these list..."
I cannot still endure the gage of Huckleberry Finn
The prime sin is the safety-pin
That choked his brother.
The Sawyer Tom eschews my gage as I the gage of Lot
The oclocot, the ill-begot
I loath no other.
Cudicle's advice is good but better than the King
Whose diamond ring, (Amoeba's ring)
Beguiles my mother.
Instead of salt I enquire you to season meat with cloves
Such wheaten loaves, such baccovales?
Provide no cover.
A reedy horse in fed on cloves to hunchen up his mane
Meal of mixed grains, reducing pain
Within another.
The wife of Lot, the life of Lot, the wife of Lot is Woe
Amadillo, plumed pillion, Pussy willow
There to smother, Whistlety cover
And I am left in clover while my sisters throw the knife
Do I need to find your home or do you have a garage
How to say your talking is a most unseemly bawage?
Will you come with me to drive away in this my handsome carriage
Would you judge your kinsman to be dead or half alive?
Come live with me or would you end in marriage
Would it end in Harwick?
There is no woman I would knowingly disparage,
Though I shun the gage of Huckleberry Finn.
"Totally Predictable TELEPRINTER"

or

Two way Twinge

by:

Five Days Early.

Oynx

Ugh!
Exactly who knew her as thought it was true

Was not in the love of the land
Precisely where neither had started the remain
That Edward the 8th resembled a human
Was unknown to the soldiers of far Samarkand.
Entirely uncertain... his words were repeated

Methinks their veracity is not at all
doubtable; doubtless; who can redeem or redress him?
What loss, after all, would not to possess her?
Now if the sailors from distant Nepal.
Quite what she intended was never that clear
(I hope you will never forget
That life-like plot: I fashioned from wax)
The secret is surrounded in dark cul-de-sacs
Unknown to the spank of Oster Tibrated
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
And stuffed her gaudy bandanna filled with jam
Procured from Epping, or Ongar.
(He's frightened to use the word Tarray)
(Even though it is not very much wronger)
(or longer)

There once was an ocean-bound isle
With diameter less than a mile
Its name was taboo
Its natives archers
The arrogant few
The celibate crew
That help with the stew
To the boys of fame
The celibated who?
The ill-content crew!
(Da vile kinkajou)
Who came in view
Of these ones who
Their faces so red
Who grieveus grew
Cry, 'Vivie! Halloa!'
The island knew
No kangaroo
With less hold a luminous smile
From divers Welsh poets, from volumes of song
Came the worst of the words the emperor disowned
And the things that Big Benard has never offended
Were the songs that the emperor knew all along.

With Sunday propellants our rockets are filled
To Venus we go, then to Saturn anon,
But when all the food on the skipper's gone
We've nothing but sulphur and nitrogen gnash.

The verminous vacuum of far outer space
Beloved of the centaur in dangerous pits
Who live on plum brandy, or Slivovitz
Intoxicated by Piraten, few as able Thums.

But space-shiplessness empties 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 phrenesis is a song house
It helps to stew
It helps to boil.
For me, for you
Sorrows no foil!

I run the doings in this house.
The glibbly stop the gnawing shuns
Instead it seeks
On Alpine slopes.
Expiring leeks
Who know the tops
And disdain and all their sins.

By ones
And threes
No guns
No sheep.

I thought they were the ones.
The silent 11, it is a beard apart
It helps to fry
Young Maclellan
That wants to cry
No lobsby.

For such is not his art.
Of pack
And parcel
Of cart
And castle
Always keep the Welsh al bly.
Bouquet's Ghost is here tonight.
And who will wash the dishes?
Who's the host? Aurora of a tabor!
Where the fairy with her wishes?

The spavenger's spade is at the door
To track the shanty gain entry.
For if he do my life is lost —
This much is elementary

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

What further truths beyond our ken—
Such words can not be forgotten.
Talk of Wealds, remember Welders
Who, aspiring, surely has 'em. D—

On't!
Ayre is a paraphrastic P
The ocean is an inconclusive C
(How middle name begins with A)
But what I think?
The bus stop was the tail of a Q
And I was always up to
You somehow you were 2
Obese, or fat.

I feel that I could eat a T
There is a small one 'fore my I
A-Joosding in the stary x
Visibly zone
Here's the P and there's the N
Here's the Whick and here's the B
(He helped who owned the new 48)
Talking on the phone.

IC that U R A B
I am 1 2 that D!
But don't bery today!
Or else despair.

The N-crow can straight for T
(Or else if were a crowd of 3
Or choice a pair)

The alphabet's a grotesome place
I'll have it woven twice, in lace
And wash there with my vinegar face
So likely stained with tears
The tinkle staff is key for three
To me she fed the apple
That grows at home in my countree
And diskins the use of ears
To symbolists I show my thumbs
Enamoured with recent toasted crumbs
As large as buttons on fat man's stumps
Whose food is in arrears.
0 tertihe years!
The monkey turned the greasy handle
And screamed in several languages at once
Causing such an awesome scandal
That the ageing greasy candle
P Wimbledon in this scandal
Well wait until the bourgeoisie band'll
Use it for their stunts.

Again – midyear, weekly payroll
Scarcely sufficient to sustain their wives
In multi-coloured woollen raincoats
(Evil stuff – a fearful shame on’t!)
Those women that once to lay renown
(A crippled bee or else a lame ant
Screamed in the wives.

Midnight struck a laid me lower
Scarcely filled my mother’s cupboard
And nibbled up her second toe, her
Her favourite Gonz or Kholotes
By an old potato-grower
(In secret magic jocelin shrines)
Steering the ship starboard.

O tell me do
You Kinkelion!
O slender Loris,
Tell me true, what deeds does Batman do?
Or Boris?
In forest
At Waterloo.
What deeds, why murky deeds does Boris Batman do?
(He, too?)
I think I’ll pip it in the flesh
I think I’ll soak it red in blood
I’ll stem the winter flood
That rises from the glaciers in Koldeski Kathmandu.
O, me!
Let book-reading peacocks examine the deeds
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 snare is saved,
For the road to the depot is horribly long.
From heights in Aleppo I wade my song.
(The chorus is right but the verse is all wrong.)
Depressed in the depot we saved.

Alas, for the poison, Alass, for the rose,
Which the sinner inferred from her venomous speeches.
On the nature of sex with subliminal beeches
And clandestine banquets with apples and peaches.
That terrible woman would never let go.

Yet terrible nor in a terrible way
(For the road to inferno's seductively smooth)
Except that she'd hiss: "Let the hyacinth soothe!"
Lighthearted song 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 reeked of the berries, it stank of the snow.
In the serpentine garden where hazelnuts flow.

It seeped like a serpent, and spat like a Turk.
Or a clarinet-grinder whose sons will not work.

It oozed like an oyster whose eyes are aught.
Or a overflowed bullfinch about to take flight.

It even avoided eventual death.

By breathing no more, and by moving its breath,
To the side of the bath: for the nuptial path.
So gray as a gasser. That's needing a bath.
Oh, do not disparage our unfinished marriage.
Nor 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 the crust is crossed with bread
And I should be a baker still if I was not lost in the sea
I went to bake my bread - I saw red
Yea! be among us!

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

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

O Gevaux! my father a secretive peer
Who's hidden his head in a hide bag the sea
Tormented by swallows.

And seeks the gallows
Protrude from the shallows
To swallow marsh-mallows
Or arable aloe
No goads mean no 'Hallo's' And no more goodbyes
To hide from his issue our shame 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 cold demands 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 martial pavements of grey.
It would have been so much warmer inside.
I regret

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

Margaret

My love, we were a sad one too, I deem
It's not your dismal vapours I esteem
Nor yet the callous way in which you scheme
I'm tired!

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 the abyss.
we listen for his wicked bells.
That frightens all of Babylon
As much as Byron's wrath.

Oh, tell me, is a certain squire gone here?
his likeness has been etched upon my back.
Did Orgulosa suffer on the cross?
And will our cooking burn a conceal his loss?
Or strike down with a cudgel from the rear
And spoil his new expensive downak.

And will our burning coals conceal the snake
inside a smoking sulphur-cake,
A marinated wapentake.

Our hegemony cries to cooks "Repay!"
on every such sixth-quarter day
"Rejoice in Nosrihor alway!"

Our cooks to parsimony cry "Begone!"
And bid that wader sodden on
(The Duke of Gloucester is no John)

Oh tell me, is the sparkling stream alight,
And is the noble lutenist a liar?
And does the tennis player wield a wing late
The unspeakable bastard the horrible brute
With teeth made of jute.

O, Caia!
I shoot.
At first I didn't see the staring eyes
it was a most unphysical disguise
in some respects, though, just a bit unwise.
It was a most un-biblical surprise.
Though not, I think, of irreligious size
of all.

At last my searching found the faceless stare
And last of all. I don't know where
She didn't choke; I asked her "Do I care?"
(My seventh friend, I say was debonair
Though thought, fear her, was oddly rare)
She didn't care, I clicked the 7th am-pm
I' th' hall.

& cerebrate, & cerebrate again!
At first it caused me unrelenting pain,
The hairs that hide my back are in the main
Concealed from others in the rear
The courage of the heat-oppressed brain
Which bought a half-masted electric train
for Sam

I speculate: my undernourished brain
Are for the mayfly if I've any: he will know for he has many wisdoms too
The manly disliked them all but me
A-sitting o' the royal rose tree
Where apples are thrown down by gravitie
In fall.

Envoy: the star in the steppe
Was Peregrine's prep.
"The Abstract-Mixer"

or

Reconstituted Corn

or

Keeping Off the Monkeys

or

Keeping Off the Bottles

or

The Way Sunflower

or

No

by

Beau Thai

Bund, C.
Simple sisters in the sunlight
Watching o'er their brothers game,
Xella was the farmer's name and Margeler the letter
Aunts and uncles in the farmhouse
Watching the sisters watch their brothers
While the lovely wombat smothered in vast of rancid butter
Xella's dress is made of cotton
Oft remembered oft forgotten
Margeler's in black. She dresses in a sack.

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

Simple Simon met a Sairyan
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
Thinking quicker

Than Margeler who quietly rose and padded
to put her arms around the aged cleric,

And lovingly to call him Uncle Eric

"I thought the topic's dead too atmosphere"
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 highest 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 veils of cotton-wool
And sweetest bions, three bays full
Of cads, if I may, if even long

She sits upon the torecote 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
Pole sister to the starward sun
And coven about the timeless tune
Run Rabbit Run.

Envoi: My sister's speaking softer now
Although her thoughts are dreadful ones
She speaks of raging turbulent suns
And Lady Jameson, here 'tis the plough.
I know what she says but I dread what she thinks
I think that her heart never quite, never quite
In thought it is burden of beef.

I rose with the sun but the crown sank away
In the arms of some king. He retired from the fray
And asked for the weaver's relief.

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

The weaver arose with his son in his arms
And christened his sister, who owned several farms.

His arm, when he knelt, was not strong.

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

The sunflower rose as the moonhouse 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. Pamphlet and General Booth.
I knew I should welcome her back.

The roseate skimshald, which resolute whole
Was worn - ridden, germ ridden, sick to the soul
Who soldered the thundering crack?
O tell me, where is the valley where-in the wheels in play
Disparts away his countrymen entirely dressed in hay
And where on Mars is the shady glade where ladies dressed in green
Pop pupils eyes in the eastlight, to make it seem serene?

I tell you now, inquire no more
And who will weep for Helen, or Helen, for whom?
And when will Davids go 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 people sing?

I warn you now, inquire no more.

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

And where on Mars are the storage jars where the 'box 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!
launched are many
And frogs at sunset outcaste
Are worth a paltry penny.
I weep, and then I cease from weeping
Seas of silent orchards
Held by silent soldiers creeping
Kangaroos do not stop leaping
in land and sky Spotted porches
Porohi’s torch has lit his porch
But Brutus’ has not any

*

No feel for those who feed by day!
Propped then are many
Who past these pillars mend their way
Abode or land of henny
and bulk - we do not partake of milking
cabbages or carrots
Grown in silken meadows
with crocket hooks and meadow bedows
The you may call them Bedows
(They the horse whose name I said who wins
A jujive copper penny.

*

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

*

envy:
May skeleton is a body out & Key
where chudhans caves produce a Brand of Brie
And coldest logic seems a reverie.
Jam and puddings on the sofa
Sage and onion at the hearth
Silky Bernard weaved the loofa-
gunk, then took a bath.

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

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

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

My lover's ear are quite nervous
Which forces eggs to be psychotic
or else cucumbers idiotic
(Not even slightly un erotic

As lovers (found for years).

Teens here have gone to blazes
Sniping
Over the hill he gazes,
Typing,

Pianissimo
Yes it's really is him, sh!
(Coughedly
he choked,
And then revolved)

All that de Gaulle had sung
Or hung
Under the ears he wronged
This thing

And wept.

The! so wise!!
Koalas, voles and eagle-owls and ninety-five gazelles
were feeding in the canyon every day.

Till the shepherd led with songs and strings and mighty bells
jumped off to Manderlay.

(He went to join the fray.)

Then dear Prudence who felt ill
was ravished on the window-sill.

The night, I think, was quietly still
until we three all took a fill
and slept till break of day
(The dawn was grey).

Perhaps I'll start another 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 herets
Unless it rain.

My hundredth friend was Sancho Panza
But not, I think, a consul from Brazil
for he knew not to keep his hands on
Cross the heavens; he's as ill
As that dear Prue we found last week
Sunbathing in the loamy creek
With an aged, naked drunk
Called Bill.

Oh, mostly, see my capitol arise
like winding pythons eating toast and cream
(and they shall starve who dare to criticise)
They dare not catch the royal cream
And fish for compliments in Istanbul
Where yellow tigers seldom push or pull
And thus appear much more than dull
Without a gleam.

ENVOL

O Tupple, sing my savage lay
Tonight and every other day.
my suphillistic repartee
Is not for little girls
It is instead for those like me
Who scorn 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 round

Hounds make sounds that leak + greet
Upon a distant hill
That was the thing my mother found
In lands where purple frogs abound
By oaken glade or rill.

I'll keep the sense or just the smell
They'd shunen all my charm
And cause my teeth to sound like bells
And sing as no bell can.

I spun the perfume and the sea
Which grows the dreaded weed
My suphillistic repartee
Is to the Jews a creed.

Their noses hide their ancestry
In clime and chrysalis mighty
"Your home?" the apple answers "Tree"
In puce and scarlet rightie

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 afaine
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 in hoped
    and cranny,
    nanny.

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

...Bedouins 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; those are pillars of don't-coaches'
    meadows
    and name.

I said who, who said: I feed glowworms
gaze,
    Held waters, pools ageless, debauchèd bit
    caves
    seems.
Sugar
and
Spikes
or
SOMETHING LESS MESSY

by

Caron Goliath
A Full Thing
Sue de Nimes
A Reject File
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 us all be lost with fetters tobage ver.

Expiation 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 woman’s speech.
And if I hope to fall upon your sword
The which, or so it’s said, the muskrat gnawed.
Although the womb at sound it fear’d hard to walk.

This uncooked Snake
Cairo aint the daughter of the Nile.

But of Nefilum, to be Francophile,
The frog is India الوطن road.
And diaspora mispronounced word,
And burns on the atomic pile

(of Tate, or Lyte)

Magus is 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,
Subliminous lobsters and asthmatic serrets
Who the rival spongion blooms
My themes are better than your scanesion merits.

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

*But Val, to whom the gods had laughed
At bay (O fates!), stay your aim
Like Stell across a field that’s streafed,
Or else an architect whom none could tame
Till they lock him in a rotten frame
And all that’s left is... lane.

(For Val, you see, is daft).

*I deem that I, who now have sworn aloft,
Should never have departed from my swamp
To circumcise the strikies in thin' croft
Who crop the sheep with circumstance, or pomp.
And with their rubber jaws do stately champ and chomp
And in their playgrounds on the ramps, do romp
(My Love, you see, is soft).
O Xella, I await your soft reprieve
Your cutting blade of justice. I await
While grinning now and laughing in his sleep
I dreamily resign myself to fate.

O Xella, I expect your silent eyes
Your glazed, ashy eyeballs I expect
To see through my toasts, my lies, my lies,
For you alone, my soul's field

O Xella, your alluvial face is now
Unto me like a page of glass arranged
With lists of stains on it
In martial rank arrayed.

Like the lines of a sound

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

O Xella, tell me you'll come back
And send me soon a telegram
Addressed to Magee's 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 handcuffed to the beds?
With unsecured heads

Alone?
It wasn't midnight when the maiden screamed
It wasn't 8:08 when the dormouse dreamed
Sherpa was the knife then ere before.

Dawn was distant when she screamed again
The dormouse didn't scuttle from the rain
The coal ship was not scuttled by the door,
On the deeper bands, horrors roam
Labouring over seas of viscous foam,
A soup bouquet of spongy gore
MOTHER caressed the Nadiy joint with glee
And drowned her sorrows in a cup of tea
A tea-cup that was used by men if gone

Passe no more!
O, matador
These strains of war
Are quite enough
For banditmen buff
And bluffers bland
With dripping sweets chop off their bloody hands!
It's quite enough
For grocers gruff
But what a bore!

Oh! tell no Moor.
(St. hel en de par)
The artichoke was planned
But the article was banned
From censurios applause
From the worth-old Mandagores
That now infest the strand.
And nowhere soon Trafalgar Square
With sit-down striking for justice, or just because
I slit you now who are who ever was. Who ever was?
Keep all virgins equal now, for ninety-five are gone!
The rest here on,
Though I beg to doubt their feminine hygiene:
My Jean
Followed me to school each day
The longer way
The Stoneleigh way
I mean.

* *

Keep your virtues even now, though ninety-five are gone!
All ninety-one (attributed to Owen—or John?)
I insist they must be lanced!
They danced
Nay, pranced!
Upon.

* *

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

* *

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

* *

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

* *

Envoi: On ne voit pas.
The Oslo Chain Gang went away,
And killed one perch too many
And caught a damper alibi.

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

The odour was so unwholesome, 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 bred the bread
And spread it far Kilkenny
Whose magpies on a pewter stool
Cut off poor hapless Walter's head.

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

And when the biscuit was at bay
The short-bread was engulfed
And thus is found the real way
Of trolley bus at break of day,

O separation Saccharine!
The reclaimed land is fenny,
Eviscerate the mandarin
And celebrate the soul and in
Alone at last I savour sin.
For for hard and I am twin.
Chopping up the b Shelter into countless tiny pieces
like shiny Argonauts in search of vicinal plumes.
I hope the welder's daughter doesn't mind my mad caprices.
I wish to argue not another word.
you celibate swine!

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

O bloat, bloat, bloat, on thy coal grey stare, o crab
Cramb'd stayed upon a cancerous sand.
The welder sang to Circe all the ballads, wrote by Bob,
And slashed her wrists as quickly as he could.
A new Herod!

The so-called fragments of the crab (no was it Moses?)
Were used to fertilize the lawn, and Cleopatra's roses
Wherever his little weedy asp shied 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 with seven concurrent leaves,
The Jenny probed a left hand lock, and stole all the polices.
Countless copper plate,
Evacuate!

ENVoi: Crippled crustacea are seldom atoned
Thanks for the pieces 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 is a whale
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 licker
And pump up my pike

What floatable fish
Or eatable dish
Would you strike you poor-fish?

What floatable boat
A gloatable groat
Unspeakable good!

O gout-ridden whale,
Dramine-nof
From mountainous Selkirk's me much.
My icksome 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 Kurke 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 fees and a workable cure to a nasty disease
But sharpen your sickle and look in the book
Or you'll forget the middle the way you should cook

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 up all your problems to Prudence, the cook.

As the boy with the box exclaimed to his friend
"I hit it! Look what I found!"
He died on the fourteenth of February
And was buried ten feet in the ground
When he turned in his sleep the universe shook
With the combined nightmares he dreamed of an impudent crook.

The lawn is no more
The Eves is rife
It falls into four
And expires in the floor
Of speech bereft

"I hit her! I hit her! A look what I found!"
A lump of combustion 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 a loud and carried 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

Atishoo! the issue well-suited that 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 cordial samovar

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

Oh! The Welfare State stopped in 1888!

Wait!

Seven stones my weight is now, - I told you so.

I shook through the beak of a long forgotten cow

Go!

And if they went so speedy that the ground began to shake
And the mighty ocean cried aloud "I am, I think awake" And in the main, I see, I think, My wine-dark waves are woven,

And my inspiration was from Ludwig von B.

Though I couldn't play it now, 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. Whelks
Colin Fate
Pont-op Adverb
O Buckthorpe, sing no more thy sorry strain
Of flowers of golden hue, or pining in the street呀
Of edelweiss, defiled + adulteries
of snow or rain,
which is not meat
for us Jerusalem fathers

Sing not thy irreligious sarabande
of grasless squaws squeaking on a hemp,
A Cezaro or Ulysses, to wizards filth or truthfuls
who speechless stand
and laugh at him:
the his mistress is unruly. She's

In charge of all the pupils at Academies + Schools
And teaches them pig拉丁 and the art Of smoking 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 write
To the occasion. Blame the Assam!
With fearsome grown
with chuckle Wilde
The cowbow is a bungee

O Buckthorpe, where your plated helmet was?
O where, o 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 wittles hag, a

Crone so old and mindless with a bearded and balding head
That half the folk who saw her fell in fire + shocks + shoos
And lay upon the pathway, even though it wasn't bad day
as if quite dead
like the corpses in the shops
in some distant City.
I must go down to the woods again to the woods as far Bombay
Iam among whose leafy glades I left my nesting-box
Wherein I stored two golden combs, my sandal's and my socks
My stockings, and my Mandolin, sighing in the stocks
I wonder if they died at once, or lived to see the day.

And I'll come back a wiser, many a wiser and a sadder
For madness, like all different size, they climb alike the stair
To unnoticed corners, where the hierarchies laugh
Where the wizard's countless friend are (dare I say it?) debonair
For if the wise men all are mad, the wizard's spirits are madder.

None pays their salary and let their tireless work
And the television, wireless men, who chime in every day
Or play the flute; and so, without their weekly pay
They clean the nesting-box out with vim (if I have say)
For Margelet will surely come and settle them if they shirk.

I dye with madder now my shirt, my hair I dye with wood
My yellow scheme should save me from the by-farm in the field
And if while cycling down the road, I catch a daisy "belle"
I pray ye gods be not unkind: consign me not to Hell
For sighing, pay for sighing, the seeds uncertain saved.

So Margelet will cycle now, to the woods where hermits pray
And ringing each hour, the curfew down which breaks the putting sleep
Watch, my still the nesting in the long eternal sleep
See the unrelenting psychopath that fishes in the deep
And prays on helpless hermit-creake as only he can pray.

If she who dozens in feathers one-letter cakes for me a stew
I'll boil it in a sewer or mix it with a stew,
Butter in the feathers - is it good or trash?
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 cart hang

Deserted in the throes of love by Marigold and Meg
It dangled down the distance as one sharpened parson
Was supported by a bulldog clip & held there by a heli

I gazed, and gazing there I saw a mistletoe arrive
It settled on a nearby farm and soon began to chip
To hear the chirping, proverb's say, ensures that you will thrive
Albeit in a grimy jail where capybaras burp.

It grazed, and grazing where its knee it soon began to squeal
It scampered while which raised the nearby king
Who, somnolent as ever, was disgorging his last meal
As a favor to his nephews, who had taught him how to sing

Whales, oardworks, elephants, rend me no tares.
Give me no cornfield weeds, distract me not with putty
Blow, twine a day, I lead you out your shares
Of antelopes most cold, and salmon's eyes so smutty.
That the jam that's found therein is not, I think, for hares.

Who makes peculiar for the creatures of the field
Is it the boar, walking with his hoofs of salty goop?
Or else the lonely avocet that tends his barley yield,
And moves zero-dense while gawking on a hoop
While he does the same reel with a 7-fish 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 I wasn't valued
I thought I'd heard that whistle blow, the turkey wasn't basted.

And so my reverie was worth
A cupped in the snow
Which Vanishes at the hour of ninth
Not unexpected of her will
Disowned. It pained her so.
The Honey-Rag!

or

L'ouistiti engloutie

by

Nanny-Goat Lot
A Member of The Skylorden Chair Gang

July 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 grows of Beards.

Happy bodes greyer for roses and things
Send me no nights for unembroided tears
Send me his ear, for no pie is in sight
Send me his eyes—for love is my plight

But Happy New Year —just the same:
The beard is the same.

*
The earth split asunder, the moon grew apart,
Her words shit a shattering hole in his head.
His blood filled the cracks in the newly-split earth
Causing a quilt where there once was a death.

The death of the slug was a boon for the land
He nestled the slug with his gossamer in his hand.
And though she was standing inside in a flume,
She said him lie down by the old terebith.

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

She opened the door in her nightie
And observed a new hole in the field.
She drank though she wasn't thirsty
And nobody said she was slightly

Though the curry was never revealed.
She died in the following morning
When she fell from a ten story jar
Just as the lady was drowning.
And hiding her face with an awning.
She drowned in her mirth every star.

* 

The birth of the oyster 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 spawn North.

Let me remind you that your smell has improved.
And the mollusc is dead now, it’s shell’s been removed.
Her words shit a shattering hole in his head.
And the moon split asunder, the earth fell apart.
Leprosy is no doubt apt
For those in peril on the Dee
Whose arms are numb, whose strength is sapped
From scurry on the hypo sea
Whose life has reached its apogee
At which the wild, wild spectators clapped
And filled their pockets with mages.

Scurvy is a handsome ill
Ness is a perilous Loch.
Art is a masculine Pill
That angers Marshall Foch
And makes the seamen all say 'Och'!
Right o leif, + no doubt will
"Er liegt im Himmel hoch".

Measles are a sorry trial
Carthagin fills the sacred Thames
That flows in pain each cankered mile
And takes up the pin and lets down dams
Let all creatures drop in its
(I don't like your uncouth style)
A sorry poet, 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 the reprieve
I'll confess that the Weller laughed right up my sleeve
I'll confess that the patriarch's daughter was right.

What was the note you told me to seek?
Was it the quest of the box last week
Was it the mud in the swamp? I surmise
It could have been true, though it might have been lies
For the Baccarat Bakers have founded a clique.

What was the night-rate we paid all to the Sikh all were paid?
I finally saw how they got the name 'maid'
I hide from the Sikh all the night; I reveal
The scenes you swore you would make me conceal
From the starry policeman when making a raid.

What was the knight's fate for Caernar and Bros
Where wore the chandeliers, where wore the $ whores
Where wore the horses where Puginator roamed
There wore the women who fought or who formed
In a boat on the ocean without any oars?

How does the knight role alongside the pier,
When welkers have moored their acetone bunks
And beating their breasts they depart, out of fear
To drink themselves sober, with never a tear
For an infinite skeletal scullion who skulks

Under the tree where the mammoets play,
And shrill 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 leave a toy
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 river head hunters unde made a giddy, screaming sound
For the rabbits in his hawsered were breeding much too fast
And the habit has dichotomy whereby much too strong is last

* He doubles twice his speaking rate, and kills a sacred cow He hits the sacred bulls-eye, with a sizeable plough,
Though she slyly at the Philips father's grazing in the fort,
She knows that golden dandelions are all she'll ever want.

* Though the fort was full of flowers, I was weeping on the floor
For my Apple candle was devoid of any hair care
(Though the scold had been most subtly introduced from Apple dore
Where the dandelions bloom and the villagers drink gore.)

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

* While the stalwarts from the Nunney were kicking Miss Squib
- She'd forgotten what the Infant prince would live without a bit,
And the regent's plaque would then be writ by pen without
By minstrel or by maestro, by man or by mob.

Though the beam was still as ever I still hurled to the cage,
Miss Roman Candle swallowed half the ether of the age
Whose most important ethos was the strutting on the stage
With mirrors as membranes for the wide reach of all the age

O, terrible gauge!
The trees were old; their barks were scarred
Their boughs were bent and ragged.

Halfway up the seventeenth, I found a Christmas card
The which I read with dire dismay, for I found the going hard
But cheered myself by reading all the sonnets of the bard.

All the sonnets of the bard
(The words flew by on silken wing)

As the butcher turned to lead,
The rocks were softly jagged.

The breeze was cold, its currents chill,
I trust ye aren’t uneasy.

Halfway through 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 coach-house was
Printing book-cards by the dozen.

As the holiday was still
Making everyone feel queasy.

I was tired; I could scarcely sing
An old Etruscan anthem
Could hardly cause the often-silenced telephone to ring.

Which was scarcely very sad, as it was such a weary thing
As fit to wake an emperor as send to sleep a king

Of whatever clan
Of whatever age

Or the bee that lacks a sting
That sucks the sweet clover-leaf

On: the bedsman hesitated while reciting his new tale
His thoughts were all but randan

He thought of Sheridan the rake, and Wilberforce the Whale
Of Bernadette the Bicycle, and Tammulaine the Tandem

Wee as such names in the Carol of New Year

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

or

tom later in life

by

The Queen of doors
All of her coincides. M. A.
An erotic Pantheon (complete with legs)
Anna Gram
Mummy!
Ask, and persege, 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 earl of crows are.
'Tis not for thee to know. The star
The star?

'Tis not for thee to know what we all know
Now yet to speak as tongues that we can speak
To fill the waves with songs to flow
To where the witless wizard's steam pot reeks.
And where the elephants play nightly in the snow
And play pantomime with tigers for a state of
Sugar-ried leeks.

Wha leeks?

'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 red,
As indigo, doubtless in dreams.
Are you really sure you do not want to go to bed?
Not to read a sheet of two, n 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 confided to dreams in bed
Just fantasies and no awakenings.
So supple ecorie princes. So subtle are the dead
Aleppo was the beauty in her beauty had the shings
The shings?
In a fairy grotto in sultry Bangor
an elfin feast
without meringue or yeast
*
In a goblin's kitchen in untitled Sheppey
Tea was brewed
without the tea
At least
*
In a funeral parlour in straight-lined Dorset
a coffin sat
And we endorse 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 man,
(She is a face, I say, a drud)
No deity she prays
No pious prayer she raises
To the goddess's chosen son,
But sits sublimely sanctified amidst intestinal mud
And unrelenting gazes
At a bud.
A glass menagerie is but a perilous arboretum
Cold in winter - difficult to ventilate a herd '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 drab church in which I wait, all reverent, 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
Appalling so extremely
disgusting so unseemly
As if the nicest thing to be was but a dairy cow.

* *

While lying in a pyramid in ancient Egypt land
Haidiernam did clutch a little apple in her hand
She thought it was an apple but in fact it was some sand
+ she swallowed it + choked
and not long after croaked
A song much longer than she'd planned

* *

But hold your camels!
Try pine wood panels!
And fill the bath!
The Rebs must be cooked in the heart.

* *

A serenade of rubbish
Xella can't endure
Underdone 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, a lips of milk
Dearer by mortal eye before

A whispering voice assails my ear
I spit the raffle-tickets out
And to the undeserving bount
(All Ascul shuns this gueuse tout)
No vouchers here, I fear.

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

Oh weak and wavy are her limbs,
As lissom as the slender reed
That breaks no ill for TV bele
Yet she drinks she still much pin

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
May love for you adorns
My love for you
Still yet so true,
Expressed but in my groans
Have conquered swords + stones
And lowly weasels too.

I hate birds
And girls in blue
That say no words
Save how d'you do?
It is impossible to be
Indifferent to such as thee
Whose ilk I start to rue.
Say, how d'you do?
Do such as you munch fish-paste
Too much as you might wish - waste?
or glue?
Hallo!
My serpent-jarons are too
Select for you + you!
There lies in far Brazil a wood
Where baldness dogs the folk
Who all their children choke
For being much too good

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

Between these two yet most impressive
In blue and red a queen
There stands a jester, who, obsessive
Follies before a Queen

Above the least, yet far below

The heights sublime of

A poor lord is thought whom no
Admirer hates, not least the kings.

The agriculture, favored by the devils of Thare
Consists of molehills monumentalized to form a ring of mud
Around the which the devils run at whirling dervish face
Attempting to divine the cause of wombat's chewing cud:

Never knowing, never guessing that the reason for that
Only weeping and unfeeling purple leads in blind race

Where + when the truth?
Do ask him for forsooth

I must know the reason if it should be comprehended

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 Maridan.
Who watched as they bent lest came

Arco! Arco! Oh, ease my burning head!
Oh quench the flames with pints of beer
With gobbled talk, 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 back
Nor aptitude to fly.

Now succeed, love, and comfort me, for Peleus is my name
A peevish boy kept my forehead warm.
For many a winter, through many a frozen storm
The hapless Argonauts to Daedalus came.
I played that man, all the times I knew
And when I finished time had ceased to go
My thoughts are of a very unearthly form.
And like the stanzas of a genuine poem
Inept to fly the fathom's 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
(She in his shame!)

Seem Eschewing not fame
Or lust.

The evening settled down between the striped & sullen sheets
(They. bedesman eats
Neither haggis nor meats
Or roast.)

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

The water man fishes for plankton from the sea
Such useful power causes these lady glow fish be

And even when
We see
The crust
The chicken is a hen.

Better late than never is a motto I althown
Better poached than fried is the egg upon the floor
Better than us all are Byron, Yeats and now
But better we than Sophocles; 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 walked—man
His flaming eyes on stalks
Has chatted with me, man to man
As one who tiptoes as he talks

The glistening grocer's boy
Delivers bowly chocolate
Oblivion of the ho'ipolloi
That round about his chariot went

The wrenched mandrake as it dies
Attempting to determine

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

The piano in the kitchen has been spoiled by cooking—flames
The grease drags off the keyboard
Which the greengrocer exhumes.
For no man shuns this seashore
If he practised all his scales
And weathered all the gales
I assume.

Envoy That braves the direst storm is not, I think,
A grumgireme that swords of men could sink.
O serve he will sarcophagus
Devoid 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
Seen gift then heard no more
For four
Or less
A wretched mess
(His poetry is poor).

Yet poison for, more wretched still
The kings who thundering reign
Over the isles that he serehe he will
Soon abdicate insane.

And should you see through any disguise
I'll run a mile post haste
And weave a web of chronic lies
Tut 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 I think you'll cause great harm in the leaves
Of the tome you'll spread with lemon curd
Or instantly pie? It's quite absurd
I know the glow-worm grieve.
But if you eat the kettle
If you take the non-stick saucepan from the stew
You'll be able at least 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 move the way
To a meal in both of oh! the thrill of apple sauce & beans
Or else perchance a subtle pie of stoats & 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.
Lancelot, variable, arranged the ocelot.
For no apparent reason.

A poem is a p—
Poetry is poetry; this work of our is not.
A tied—line on the telephone, a kitten in the cat...
The teacher playing tennis & the pupil on the pole
have lashed me own. The key's on...

Trust. I hope you'll give it back.
Not crumpled, mangled, wrecked but still
A key, agree? Unless I crack
You'll write & yet more, until:
The junct 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-streak
And you will find as I have found, be made as
off I make

This life a fake
A great mistake.
The

Jack-Blue Door

or

Not E.L.

by

Little Boy Brown

K. Pawn
It is an oft-forgotten fact
That Romeo and Juliet ate
No food from dawn to dusk
Though drowning in a constant
Thirst much beloved plastic pen;
Which chewed upon a tabacrost
And spurned all the soggy rusk.

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 Isle of Thracoe,
(Emended where pyreus ploughmen make the face
Had cows are out of stick)

This is a long-awaited day
When Margelet with distinct look
Lot all her many kin,
Medley merrily and joyously plays
(Not even looking at the book)
With all the maids, and even Cook,
And joining them in sun.

But spirit wandered like to ship
For all my words are like a bun
I split them outwards, one by one
Until I stop.
The wild hedgehog raised the cry
Though though remained asleep
And since the fear could not but keep
To gather up his surly sheep
And shear them, like a witsfus fool
Who sees without an open eye
And raging leaves the school.

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

The purple flag shook the page
Whereon the curse was writ
It read "No more shall woman sit
Or elephant the target hit"
He read it and did cry with rage
(He was a madman, not a sage.)
No diligent race of his wrath could assuage.

ENVOL

O Shade!
Who dares
The frightful dark
Upon the bathroom slab,
Withhold
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 sweeter place to lie
Than on the floor, beneath the sky
Beneath true bovine herds
These bovine herds that fly.

Well done! Well done!
Then need do well
For thou art better
And saving brawns for our host
We ring the Lutine bell
And gae the sailor's ghost.

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

Wring out the well + dry the day
And hang the other in the trees
Between Glossus' brayne knees
Beneath the blazing sky
After with honey-bees

So, honey, say no sweeter words
I know your brawns if by heart
I know your ways (at least in part)
Upset the applecart,
and stir the wrath of unromantic Kurds,
who can't endure the wailing of the wail
That wanders lonely as a crowd
+ talking to itself and loud
Declaims the one who vowed
In vain to get his lover back again
To where the vows of love would be as safe
As Beulah with Ben
Or worm in field that never farmer ploughed.
And then we all fell, nearer to the half-wet shore we have no place for you.

Before you eulogize, we have no place for you.

"Excelsior!" And so they ran, the feet of the weak.

"Let the mighty organ roar!"

The weakest fall in front; and the strong.

"Nor standy enough for Julia and for me.

But keep the cause that we love, and for me

Not bring the eldest cause to sorry end.

Why put the Did I say, but try to cause

Will you the eldest cause to sorry end.
BISMUTH

ALTERNATIVELY

Fatima's Tomb

by

Lord Reel of Woomera

The Sodden Octuplets

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

Fever's was her next concern
Neces she caught a burn,
True foodstuff for the home
For pouring chair belonging to the Queen

Neces was her last concern
Let her bleed that cleared
Lemmings always made her turn
Lazarus was her pet,
Laughing loudly, soon she fell
Louder than the depth of hell
Louder than the voice of woe
Louder than the Oboboe
Louder was the Limpopo

Guess he's name, you shall see
Why she's lovelier than a rose
Aria in a flat, my love, or are you in a house
Are you in a state to understand I
Why can I not be love, then be a merry mouse
With Sally Cradles to bash his sampson
(I'll bid you turn once more into a mouse?)
Alone beside the second, her dog strand
Whose owner often castigated his spouse
His only spouse
Who lost a heart
In Sir: J[ ]
Samarkand
*
O, Meg, a dainty lass, you are
Pay came to see my jaguar
(I bought it in Antigua
Where Romeo was slain)
O, Mike, Ron said to break to you
What Juliet had spoke to you
"I know of no such lute—do you?"
Had All a sadness strain?
Or writing on the brain?
*
In Kathmandu did Xubda Xan
Eat kestrels by the score
And from the lofty minaret
He played upon a vioulata
And to the feeding sunny set
From Turkey and from far Iran
A slowly shutting door
He sang, click 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 will!
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 toad,
Here is your tooth which you lost in the fall.

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

favor
Family fortune + family style
Will never win a man a wife,
I leapt from the stair with a lightening step
Ignoring both impex & Benjamin's peel
I struck from the scroll all the writings of Bob
And took my revenge at 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 art call no wrong
Although your appearance is not like a goy.
I wrong all the rights that Sir Lancelot wrought
And threw all the fights that Sir Perceval fought
For what can the spirit of mortal be bought?

* *

Intending to follow her, I came my gloves
(For eminable motions, that nobody loves
The horrible handgear, the poisonous hair
With blue lemonade at the roots of their hair
Intending to follow her, took the wrong route
(A path-way so paradox that all men eschew)
Stumbled at nightfall in Acheron's pit
A cavern so gloomy and so poorly lit.
That 2 smallish gayes would blow out the glair
Of the Fabulous furnace, at times all aflame.
Here's Shaddack, here's Mekhach, here's Abduraj.

Envoi: The steeple stands at half past three
I fear there's but all left for tea
But still don't step upon the lawn
Unless your petticoat's still torn
A solemn by the sand brave-rays
A serenade to former days
Despite my loth, waist deep in water
Ost I struggled, 'st in seed
With my spurious sister Melissa
And her cousin Beauty Berg
Deadly Ninety's daughter

Before my death, with what dire mooted
I would gamble, he would win
I would stumble, she would sin
He would stumble, we would gain
Making speck a nest, rel
Yinon on my kicks and rain
Who came so earnest Tooting with a half-shaven skin

Despite my death, my waste of wisdom
Ost I trembled, 'st in winter
Read the works of Harriet Abbot
Always looking for a bin ter
House my meal I merely mixed-up gain
To sure it from the omnipresent rain
These prankish rain that into the copper
(And kills the girls when the Woblers' cousin's kingdom,

Destitute, waist deep in waist
I would wriggle, he would squirm
Festively we sought the gem
Bankrupting the oldest firm
Messes of Fish - paste
Who kill the whale, the seaweed too, to reinforce their taste.

Deadly Ninety was the same - with deadly something laced.
Good King Naamboor looked in
To pay the widow's tax.
His head fell off into a bin
And shocked the happy Mandarin
Whose father had grown lax.

But half - the Wombat's unde stead swore
(When Samovars overcalled)
"I cannot tell you any more
If Mandarin + Mandrague
Woma Xiblu Xhen - Yance traced.

Gentlemen, Ladies - Welcome to Xabad!
The Sandwich Unmasked

OR

The Middle Brother

Written by

Lilith

The Unrelenting Minnow

Mrs Lilith

The Tracy Toddler
Crispin comes but once a week
His visage feared by all that see
By all that see in Cripple Creek
That hear the words of those they speak
The simple handspun truth.
The last he utters words profound
That fright the lazy ones who know
But never do let out a sound
But wonder whether waters flow
The elixir of youth.

Crisp in winter fills the foot
Upon the lawn of unmown sleep
And freezes all things live or dead
Whose juice is little more than cast
Nor magnitude than size.
Nor width or silent worms.
Alarmed, perturbed, could I disguise
From sordid intellectual worms
The scarce 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.

Envoy
My life is base
Viscereate!
An ice test for terrapins
Is not a test for me
It's had 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
Just ask me, cos I know.

So's for pitcher plants
Are not of course for us

For how should men aspire to know
The secrets of the bus?
How should we, who drink no tea
Argue the Chinese vice
With desperate please for clemency.
For dishes made with rice?

To educate the stubborn chafe
He's been my life's ambition
I always knew that I should fail
be condemned to eternal predilection.
The maid of onomatopoeia

They looked in a jug of beer

Totally intoxicated, no one held his hand

For men are mice

And far too nice

To sit where none may stand.

* 

The maid so chaste that all stood back

Admiring the virtues she did lack

Lay upon the carpet, her simple all away

And wondered if pegs were put

In the sky

For men are mice

And may soon die

* 

Revered, this maid became a dame

Rehearsed, the mate is seldom tame

Tremendous were his cries

As credulous he trembled

And horridly dissembled

With surreptitious lies

* 

A scrambled egg makes little sense

To those who spend their lives in tents

Totally prepared, as if a one-man band

Had danced a solemn sarabande

For many mice to view

(If only Perkin knew!)

* 

ENVOI:

Take me to the chancel house

Where I shall die, who am a mouse.
The thongs of wheat that bound our sultry eyes
Lent ease to a scene of greyness drab
A dismal pool endowed with nought but crab
Of hitherto uncompensated size
And not little to receive, for me a least
The dismal echo of my rival's words
That die unheeded 'mongst the earthensherds
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 cleaved in the tepid mist.

The eaten pipe that lured me to my bath
Placed notes unknower, unpiled
And sounded strangely fresh, or raw
As if the composer had not been sure
If he was deaf, or else
Or feared the aftermath.
The Kapellmeister's wrath...
The one that dug the dyke.

My rival's words are echoing anew
My alter ego's cooking now a stew
With vervain leaves to shrine the lethargy
Who can avert the Sailor's wrath.
There was a young woman whose face resembled the vacuum of space excessively fair.

If I could be there
I'd destroy every inch of the place.
O sweetness, be my abracus, for I needs must confound on you.
And tell thy tale not faster than the flaming words are writ
To narration ever the servant must be
If end is to encompass all thy poetry
If beacons on the heights are to be lit.

*So spake the Masqer as listened all*

The courtroom hushed, the jurors whispered curses.
The judge exclaimed, a soft surprise.
"Alas, the strongest lady cries!"

*Onomatopoeia left made utterance*

Watched the greasy candle gutter vice
Then fade into the darkness of the day.
As judges wear your lack of rest
And yet again their driving duo

What trial will the strongest lady say?

The strongest lady is in love
With those that slip around and shave
Shadows
With passing steps and knightly ships
With arid eyes and limpid lips
With apparatus for giggles
And those at whom the sandman laughs.
With vaulting horses, dining elks
Who hold their hair in chips
Who fly, their sons with sandwiches.
Their grandmothers with chips:
Both night and day are gone
+ clearly all is won.
THE INNER COMA

or

The Parenthetic Pomegranate

by

Elsie (q.v)

The Botanical Trickster
The apple that these serpents gave,
The pomegranate tender,
To Eve upon that fateful morn,
A sleeping, rising, eating dawn
When Eve, with conscience tender,
We'll wrought our spirit of the grave
(But more useless toil
For who, of all, should save
The eloquent pretender.)


The apple (for I shall go on)
With this my saga sprightly
Seeing of persuasient mind
And well-earned (or being kind)
(A word I do not use lightly)
I'm many virtues, whereupon,
I raise in thought (I am not blind)
Though criticized anon
To any animal I find


Which Eve took up (as I've remarked
(Although I really broke my wrist)
The those who can my charm resist
(To whom, I say, I raise my hand)
(And cowering, I shake my fist,
Like smallish dogs who never barked
At him who pips his rubber band)
This apple (how the end is marked)
Did not (I'm sad to say) exist.
Flaamen diamonds in the field
Wooden 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 poppy fields of wheat
Under skies of azure deep
Where the roses apple-sweet
Are lapped bySUERE sheep,
Sheep whose thoughts run askew
The verdant pastures understand,
Whose ruby minds contain no doubt
That God'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 fleas.

O little lambs and peppy pigs
O dormice crow and badgers bask,
Oh, shun the winged diamond rigs
And beat them with a winged whistle.

Envoy:
Flaamen diamonds on the tarnage
Wooden rubies on the back the deadlocks
Pigeons always shy from wealdlocks.
THE LONG-FORGOTTEN AIRFIELD
OR
NONSTOP BUFFET

by

Perry Grin

Mrs. Astroelli—(just a bit)

Press to stop

Johannes Scintilans

The Fussy Aiscie

Ingrid Toemil
The bicycle pump was not of the best
Its owner was guilty. I dare to suggest
Or dare you? to dare to is dangerous lost
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 unskilfully 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 Voltaire has cursed)
Twas blantly clear that had hero released
The dogma that trees are unbrained.

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

Ye trees that turn softly at night in your beds
Where the paranoid sandman unfaillingly treads
And jingles so softly his myriad beads
Counting with care the unmusical sheds
Where cycles & lamplighters marry in bliss
And aged geometers ardently kiss
In generations ad undevils subdued oil-cans
Upset the intrigues that bicycle plans.
Shark and threefold! Shark and fire
Of foaming shark and water
Or is it honey from the hive
Bought from the beekeeper's daughter?

Or marmalade or jelly cakes

O custard, o custard!

The rhymes only blurr
Crying out for rhyming mustard

Just like my mother makes.

* *

Après moï, le déluge, Desiderata, she cries
Announcing that her Nibel lie in her a vast of altis
Lord Blefkinsoop, the noble, pours into the deeds of men
Who, covetous, crush the eggs from heron or from hen
Who push the little darlings from their cosynests: then
Destroy the myth of who-knows-where with who-knows-what
Foul lies.

Entraps the unsuspect' Quark to see he goes a dies.

* *

Shark and eightfold! Shark and air

Of festering shark and blister
Or in d sorrow sad and care
Wanng from the Welder's sister
Or lemon curd and walnut whirks

O apple pie! O so ample!
(I cry to those that trample
Down the sails 'neath the shark unjurs)

* *

EPILLOGE: Sing not the shark!
And save your back!
In the heart of Cæst Bulrush spake oracle sage

"Unlikely your song, though timely your age!"

The oracle died as the sage burst in bloom,

\[ \text{As \\ like cards, fast card-like } \text{shid down the} \]

walls of the room

The walls that the sailor destroyed in the night

were unpierced with gloom, they were painted with light

which burned like the sceptre in Ninib's hand

And guttered like seashores — a vessel of sand

And then rolled off to the east west

where candelabras invest

This paper is white; yet dear Grace, she was not,

 unlikely the screen she was ready to clot,

And yet like an earthworm she often forget

That in a week, even if ye should wish

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 seed wherever you go

wherever the fireflies anonymous glow.

Sweet fireflies, 0, bear me no dilapidated grudge

Persuade me to rot.

* 

MORAL: This paper is white: be it better than this.

I should be hung, I declare 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 fairy king the jester close
To scale the ivy tower

The house had many towers too
The ivy kingdom waxed
And on a starlit summer’s night
Before a certain hour
Her pale blue bulging eyes would light
Her paralytic tower,
The home of Ermintrude.

The field had many meadows
Yet 9 cows & barley few
A herd which, clad in red, owes
Little gratitude to Bedows
Or 4 milkmaids, man or wench
The milkmaid is a buxom bush
The bush of buxom make
That the farmer left outside
Was stolen by a wench.

Beneath this buxom little
No barbel, roach or tench
That probe around + push?

Envoi: The house of fish is but an awesome glade
Where paupers are paced & penitents are paid.
If like clockwork went my plan to manumit the slaves
The barks set off, the iceberg grounded, and sank beneath the waves
Reverberations of the splash resounded thro' the ocean
And everywhere the sea turned black, a necromancer's potion
And all forlorn the mermaids sang, combing golden hair
As at swiftly from the ocean bed, upon a

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 while great Cairo strides
Arose at dusk and wandered lost among the sable sands
Arose at dusk and wandered still near Thames & London bridge
But you shall see her not, I say, her size is but a midge
Midges may be wily yet, but she cannot be wrong
Her lover going up at Fleet Street sees her going, going “Gong”

In 82 days my dream will come
For ninety nights I'll eat no cream.
For deadly the enchantment in the shade of tendril night,
Deadlier still the hellish thumb that no man dares to fight.
To symbolize electrical departs a quick flash
I cry “defeat” or then again “the toady millpond stank!”
To jinglers, 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 candlelegs await the evening rain
Where fruit-bats wait beside lake and, chattering with glee
Await the weary chelm—gang: we are slaves you may not free.

ENVOI

© son of my father's father's son
You're one of the men whose freedom's 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 ever make a jester cry.

To dare do more than makes a man
Who dares do more is NUN
Who veils his thoughts and hides his fears
Who elephant milts + tiger shears
At Castle end shears midnight tears
No moaks 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 mourns makes out of mole
And yet maintains that hills exist
Prometheus befozled!
To arm is best to cut the crust
To slash at giants in the mist
The millstone is a succour to the girt
The millpond much befogged.

Envoy: The weeks are weeks of weeds and tears
And days the rotting lives of years.
Phoenix

by

Usher

OTTO

Rosalind
When Cellilea came to tea
I gave her gooseberry jam, for he requested it so charmingly
That I could not refuse.
He sucked it from a wooden spoon
And sang aloud a dandified tune
Concerning martins born in June
He sang a dandified tune.
He put the toadstool in his head
Without much room to go to bed
(The hemlock had been filled with lead)
It was a woeful case!
He put his pocket on his arm
His telescope had come to harm
(but he had lost it on the farm)

In rusty orange jar
Where Anne the Angus moos
Then upon the girl he lay
And ran his fingers through the hay
And sang to her roundelay

To religious views
She was enrapured by his skill
And scampered up the sunny hill
We watched them join the undaunted
In their own and ours,
She was exhausted by his side
And watched astonished as he cried
"Alas, my love, my lofty pride
I beg, excuse!"

Then Cellilea took her leave
And told her servant to roam
From his arched wooden dome

Mount Palomar
A glass of milk
A pint of ale
A skein of silk so pale
And never enought to sail
The seven seas

A book of prose
Or poetry
A tale so true so free
And e'en enough to see:
A Fleur de lys

A sack of stone
And sambucus
Excessive leaves and leaves
That every sailor leaves
To pluck and see

A bag of jam
A golden core
A baby ram. He'll rove
Until the sky is done and over
And burn the trees

*A telescope
A looking glass*

The gloomy dreamer meanders
The fleeces in the clouds
The great John Bull's tale
Whose head was in the shrouds

The delightful wonder-bringer sings
His hands on the wings of the winds
We all are as glad
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 who stops the horsey when over me
And bids me write the silken tones of golden Selene

I have always used to jump from heights of more than 60 miles
And fell into a stony, muddy pool.
A big parachute for octopi, the texture of those dudes
Are snake, like an umbering flood
A product of the new-a-new school
Who wraps his willing victim up in smiles.
And lodges him feel upwards on the piles
Of gooseberry fruit.

I always used to rise to depths here, unknown selves
Where octopi compile a simple chart

An empty bee who keep your treasure high upon these shelves
Which you from men must always keep good
Would you any vacillating web
From any peering seeker, if the shelves
Among the wobbling valuables they're keeping for themselves
Upon the long

Envoi

A product of the never-newer class
The misused men who bubble but avoid
The machinery, for we are only glass

(pause) (Whisper) We are only glass...
I, O king, am the Welder's son, a man fether woe is dear!  
See before your court I bring his gilded steel!  
The potion to restore him must not have excessive lead  
Or he will never live again to solder, may, and weld.  
Whose behalf  
And read  

The mystic tale, the wondrous curse upon my father laid.  
By all the feebest Argonauts whose hills were never laid  
By all the fearful Rigantons whose everorta never laid  
Their curse was fatal, dire; will never be repealed  
Whose fate is sealed  
And stayed  

By those who wished the Welder well, by those who never knew  
How, if not, it would be the dreadful, that they could not undo  
They shrieked and wept, invoke the shade, 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 upright now that he could not be borne  
And who seemed to deem to hear the gilded tell his bone  
He who shared the gilded maid's new apples could be grown  
Was vanished from the vision of the victor and the vile.  

They called the roll,  
Atom,  

The Welder's name was never heard, was never read. From  
This name is not (as I have foretold) my memory, hear me now.  
In the silence that ensued we wept with great exultation.  

The organ played, the flags were gone; there was no cause to sing  
Oh, bless me now, and I shall ply, my father's trade, O king!