

VII

gone down again for some C
transacted Thursday
near The Hawthorns
had been stoned
and doorstepped Old Benjy
he fumed
more sober than ordinary, Ames
disturbed condition
a deal is human too
a bit of puff
it's square all round
for a bigger high
blowing smoke ahead of him
to take a next step
that Funk could do anything

The man lacked inwards
if any one was crazy
flurry of running the engine
hoodlums applauded
go by virgin burning
bought them on spec
in a grey RAF greatcoat
to the vamps themselves
dropped microdots
from noon to dewy eve
Seventh, Tenth and Fourteenth
young Ames, stumbling up
we ought to be free
a consignment of Birmingham
but here was nothing
fell all a summer's day
joshing sanguine
rapidly changed character
as the coach drew up
limned purple and green
out of the shade
suffragette suburb
eyes gleamed knowingly
as a sudden rush
crawling on the windows

a shout of 'Suds!'
you have to go underground
a glimpse of crumbling
chromatics uncanny
of light was dazzling
as if his throat clattered
trees shivering with Bolivar
let the silence hang
deep chords were struck
conditions through his skin
as the Power howled
seeming seemed incredible
as each pore saw opened
webs of rigging
against the blue sky
each minutest tic
his own heart heart of all

so terribly all made sense
with a kind of Spartan heroism
an artless expression
decades elapsed a step
one garden to the next
a pistol laid ready
eighteenth century savoured whole
in hissing sand
with the twilight
night with a skinful
of vast abyssal
I dilated pupils checked
uncanny to be trundling
in marmiplusgone
for them to gulp in blood of dark
the old gooseneck
whole queer web
themselves in his mind
inspissating pleasure
ding dong
eidectic down
from all directions, suddenly
all amid the amide

homage ah love haemorrhage
audible over their own thunder
under a wave of torches
Oceanus bucked
the red in a green boy
grass creaking underfoot
as cool as a halibut on ice
way out in space together
like a kind of sickness

exquisitely ardent
filtering into Pearl and Water
down by Clare's newsagents
of the ginger out
cigarette machines
in wingèd words
way his voice got away from him
two or three thousand strong
to the Coloured Zion
is fluff off of the needle
of carts and pews and furniture
with a sweet vengeance
like nothing human
oneonlyloneliness
hard, high in his chest

unutterably solitary clangour
go fragilidocious be
trip over their heads
like a scene in a play
outside the snooker hall
a trumpet sounded
his own unimportance
as the sky took off their heads
ripples Sir faces
the rustle of her skirts
orbiting a joy
travelled eyes over
clambering shiny Orion
sidereal is the real side of
folly of age and time
breathlessly slide to

imagined angels' gold foliage
'I want a drink', he said
dryly. 'Very well, my dear'
I'm not made of sugar
just the opposite the Co-Op
blue lamp a cop shop
as our dead speak alive

an impudent mouth
he said, puzzled
a Licensed Stage Director
might even make me happy
being generous, John
got mad as hops
entered with juleps
I'd give a pretty to know
away no secrets
and leave Ames at his gate
suspiring good-night
of the iron fence
who likens it unto six pints
utterly unmetaphysical

But his elation grew
the clear, indisputable fact
a few pots of flowers
a rueful little laugh
I'm not very clear
I'm afraid, Mr. Ames
felt his excitement growing
paradise quotidian
a cough, a chime
to the bare little table
brought dark-clouding blood
with the curtains drawn
fractured and free
go by go be
where on earth my son
won't let you regret it
Paris, New York
life-giving earth holds them
between the leaves of the book of

rice

