

Bernard + Edith

If I could find the words

To rewrite my life all over again

In a less loquacious style it would go

Girl + boy

She + he

Be full of chiming couplets

Children + puppies

Sick + shit

Mother + daughter

I + you

Where + = love

A better grammar than before

More sincere

Maths + art

Good subjects

Going straight to the heart & meaning

All the more

For the total lack of calculation.

In the afternoon Greta natters with her neighbours

Over the garden fence

In Whalley Range

Did you read the papers ...

Wearing a red silk kimono

Cigarette in hand & curlers in her hair

Mundane & strange

"Part Twin Peaks part Coronation Street" (RM)

But ...

In her head a *firestorm*

synapses snapping - - - - -

Shit poo bum

Oh God

Greta like great & greater

Shaping the air with her hands ascending
While Nick sits cross-legged on the floor
 Amongst the petals
Like an artist at his easel
 Chinese lanterns dangling from the roof
Cap askew
Behind his fringe a planet of sound
 We enter
 Into the dreaming
 Drifting peaceful
 Sweet as the opium
 of the people