

From *CONT.* (for a tuneful ninny)

To B C Shell s
ever(y) wear
Blowing of/f the resCue
good(s) for tune, having
once, twice, per Cystantly
B eached

To Be : . . .

Contch / us

that all she/ll tell s — is

instrument all in —

emerge nce , , , sea

from B low : horns'

notes dis cover *spyreal* dote *upon* b/ones

Be fore air *A long* ,

accompanied song *for A* *solo*

voice

Two poems in praise of dark colours and creatures:

Pointing Home

ORIGIN: partly from Old French pointe, from Latin puncta 'pricking,' giving rise to the senses [sharp tip, promontory.]

Sky scraped
and aping shine
while in fact
mainly grey
again

Cat tails meandering
ways back
flinging black if
lucky
& if mine

Such land 'scape,
land fled
as my head: I
can stand
it

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Mr Lady's doggy aria

For the Peeps. After Gwendolyn Brooks (ii).

I shall not sing that May's song.
A blue bark would be grey.
I'll wait until November
And woof a song of gay.

I'll tail wag 'til November
That is the time for We,
Then labour in the votey dark
And howl most terribly.

And all the little Tories
Will shoo at me and say,
"That is the Mr Lady
Who would not sing for May"

Amy Bowow