

Back of Wordsworth

And don't you just love them back of the Langdales,
back of Wordsworth & Co.—

all those white jiddle sheep with their impeccable tongues
plunging their axes round a diddle wind

as they gambol through vermilion, piss, then snapdragon up
among the bracken with cloudlike hooves:

or squat there in the poem and shit black marbles: maybe three
dozen in a pile ?

(O dearest of Winander! surprised by joy!)

But it's got to be when Tom the Ostler vomits back of the fire
or the good wife passes by with a basket of dried screams on her
arm—

and isn't this so splendidly by faith's transcendent dower?

Sweetest sheep
I love those evening sonnets,

their silver springtime show
as they raise their tails

and split moons—their little hooves plunging through the daisies in
a theme of silences.

Many's the time I've watched them in an 1800's sunset
with their gentle orifices squat-end into a widdle wind

while Dirk the bankrupt shepherd lifts his diddle smock
and pees onto a jiddle rock:

or coughs up a bloodied gob of T. B. phlegm by Grasmere's glassy
lake

... some small rainbows by the cottages that still flutter on a bush
as a reminder.

Peter Lloyd