

Grimly chasing shorts with
halves of bitter

~~Chasing seotches with a half of bitter shorts with helve~~

He met my eyes and hit me for a quid

"But the plush and flock soak up the brain's kerfuffle

If sympathy's your need, let's hear your bid"

"What other men forget I still remember

It's a garbage can with rubbish for a lid"

"I know the mood - give into it a little

Lay off the brakes and steer into the skid "

"Those forced attempts at cleanliness that linger

They're residues of which you're better rid

"Is better contemplated in the deeds of others

Be glad that what you've done is all you did

"Befuddled, fondled, under separate covers

As I powered down to zero from the grid

"The slide from grace is really more like gliding

But to find a graceful way of staying slid

"The waste and poison in the spirit's river

They tremble more, the more you keep it hid"

I with (a) lightened head and lessened terror

~~Life-long guide and running mate in error~~

Second

music - Pete Atkin

1872