

II

Alphabet Soup

As the language clanged and banged,
Verbs vibrated on the inner line,
Grammar grated along the black gates
And the slang slung on the trodden banks.

Drainpipes blocked with capitals and stops,
Abject dialect on the bar crawl
Littering the walls,
The Thames awash with dirty rhyme.

On all the park benches and in all the phone boxes,
Clattering messages with more stories
Paper scatters in the autumn fall,
Trails of ambiguous meaning.

While pythons hiss on the underground,
Passengers chatter
But make no sound
And it's soup to the untrained ear.

The lost tongue
Rolling around, lolling,
Licking the best phrases.
Leaving London.