

CHARLES WYATT

Old John's Jig

With a feather in its arse and a jiggedy bounce,
the whale, that tiny fish, creeps up,
his lip the hinge of hell. And a hook,

and a hook in the lip of the whale, and old Johnny,
old Johnny remembers, remembers.
A hole in the ground. The first of the month.

A box of raspberries. Send the dog for the cream.
Oh sorry, my master, the dog drank the cream,
the doggedy dog, four feet up in the air.