

Elegant, blond and thin
He came right from the streets
To an old cinnamon boutique
Where a dad and his son
Kept arguing about opium
“Many are displaced here
Where life flows upstream”

What curious eyes this man has!
Like the shade of something passed
He looks like a dolphin
Out of a giant intestine

No living soul he has seen
For several months, several years
Cats and men for him are the same
So as the man and his son
Who are arguing about opium
“You may just be spectres
Or a gloom from my mind”

“What is the name he’s been given?
Maybe Lord something or Earl of else?
He has not a name yet!
But we sure shall guess!”

Some said he was a free man
Or a someone from past times
Who was the unknown
If not Mr Price
But who was Mr Price
If not a mad man