

Capers

The Birthday Party

what has not got my heart in it shall we be dubbed sir names
wither million blither tongues mounting bristling guilt frames
in the fake - ache of the gloomloom slippers slap me alive!
the hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly types
so we can catch and thread a minstrel bleed a tower down to its
ankles
so we can't go up or stay up find the thumb dumb in your ear br
ain
get unfunny! such as choirs do why the clocklock bought up this
one
just when things seemed so paperparent like my toothface? like
my out-do?
capers... capers...
oh a streak, o'treacly ink-inks tied my knees all up in elbows
erase that lapsing smile tub lose the slip of the small soap-
fellows
account the addups till I do-
nots are we balanced? we're in business!
idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's...all legs and arm
our
I had a dreadful diehood diehard, drunken, sunken, monk-heart
oh I had a wonderful diehood thanks to my fa, fa, family