

Brave Sir Henry swims the Serpentine in 16 seconds flat. We applaud him from
the plimsoll line; Sir Henry lifts his hat... We drink some wine. We hold
up signs. We give him 9 point 87 every time. Every time! That's just
the way things are in heaven here.

Sweet Katrina preens in six way mirrors under triple moons. I have seen her
glide along the river murmuring this tune. Here.

A little bird just told me that my time is nearly through and soon
I must forget this place and crawl right back to you. Childhood ends and
"sense" descends, and I'll believe in you. I'll be leaving you.