

## For Mr. Thomas

Van Morrison

From faded newsprint used to wrap a fish  
Inscrutably the muse selects your face  
As I sit drinking famously in an Irish bar  
Five thousand miles and thirty years away

With the usual ceremonial you were crowned one night  
King of the field where doctors nail the cows  
To make of the cock's quill the rights of language  
And the pricking heart a sword against the hours

Let smirking scholars writhe in their favorite bondage  
And hold you plaintiff to the charge of art  
Exhibit A: he falls on legendary lines  
Singing mother I don't want a pain here in my heart

The judge in me sucks eggs and jerks the sacred meat  
But the boy in me still dreams in Milk Wood town  
Like two provincial bastards playing the galleries  
I hold your photo to a mirror upside down

And as bacon wafts through hungry streets, your ghost pervades  
Just like an old ex-boxer aged twenty two  
Staged-up like Falstaff or the wild welsh Rimbaud  
You'd laugh to see the monograms they make of you  
Ah, Mr. Thomas let us ramble through the midnight fair  
Let us throw old bottles at the Ferris wheel  
Let us paint library on the library let us raid the moonlight  
Let us steal whatever we are supposed to steal

Let us watch while the days grow daily more mundane  
That rough God go riding with his shears  
Hack wide the belly of the swollen mountains  
And rip molten heroes forth from their furious tears

Oh, Mr. Thomas, oh, Mr. Thomas,  
Let us steal whatever we're supposed to steal  
Mr. Thomas, oh, Mr. Thomas,  
Why don't we feel whatever we're supposed to feel

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Why don't we feel whatever we're supposed to feel  
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