

Leda and the Swan

The only time he talks is when he wants to tell
you something, to shit on the conversational cake
to keep the flies off the bride,
then you're stuck on the vacuum train—
the evil merry-go-round of airline seats again.

If his bedtime was not six o'clock
he would come out to play,
pending her boyfriend not getting out of jail;
if he tries to kiss her she will not be able to speak—
a-live eel bunging a vat of confetti.

On the sprite spritzers in Softyville, Clown Town
El Mulatto based on Old Street,
would rather be prosecuted than a lost soul
at Milton Keynes, gleaning the guttural spittle
of all Northern female accents,

he will check out her website tonight
to be filed into firm favourites,
promises that as hostess
to one of his land-selling functions
she will get to take off her clothes

and will always travel economy
to get to meet the community
like Orwell—I mean Simon Cowell—
I always get those two confused; known
for eating a four course meal with Mr Rotten.

His Punch face too sloped for eyes to latch-to,
he says he will take her on twelve sponsorships,
the dream of retail-relief catches in her throat—
Every one? Sounds good to me like,
he'll put her in a hotel overnight

though he has to warn her that the delegates
are catweasels in powersuits
and will try to bed her too, his laugh
saws in half a Jack in the Box,
he shows a list of all the others he's ever met

at Euston; she says, joke-defeated
This is all a big blag in i?
and he proves not so through quoting
the Chief Executive of Harlequins
whose golden bells he has a deal to shine

and looking at all photos of past deals
she asks *is tha a' at?*
and he says *Hat*, yes, and as we approach
Nuneaton the refrain is to be *in touch*
as to be looking out from your own fingers

as it does the dry run of young skin
like a Top Contract for ten million,
he likes the green strands in her hair
his own a crotch of Eighties comb-thatch
his dad must have farted in the sperm bank I think

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