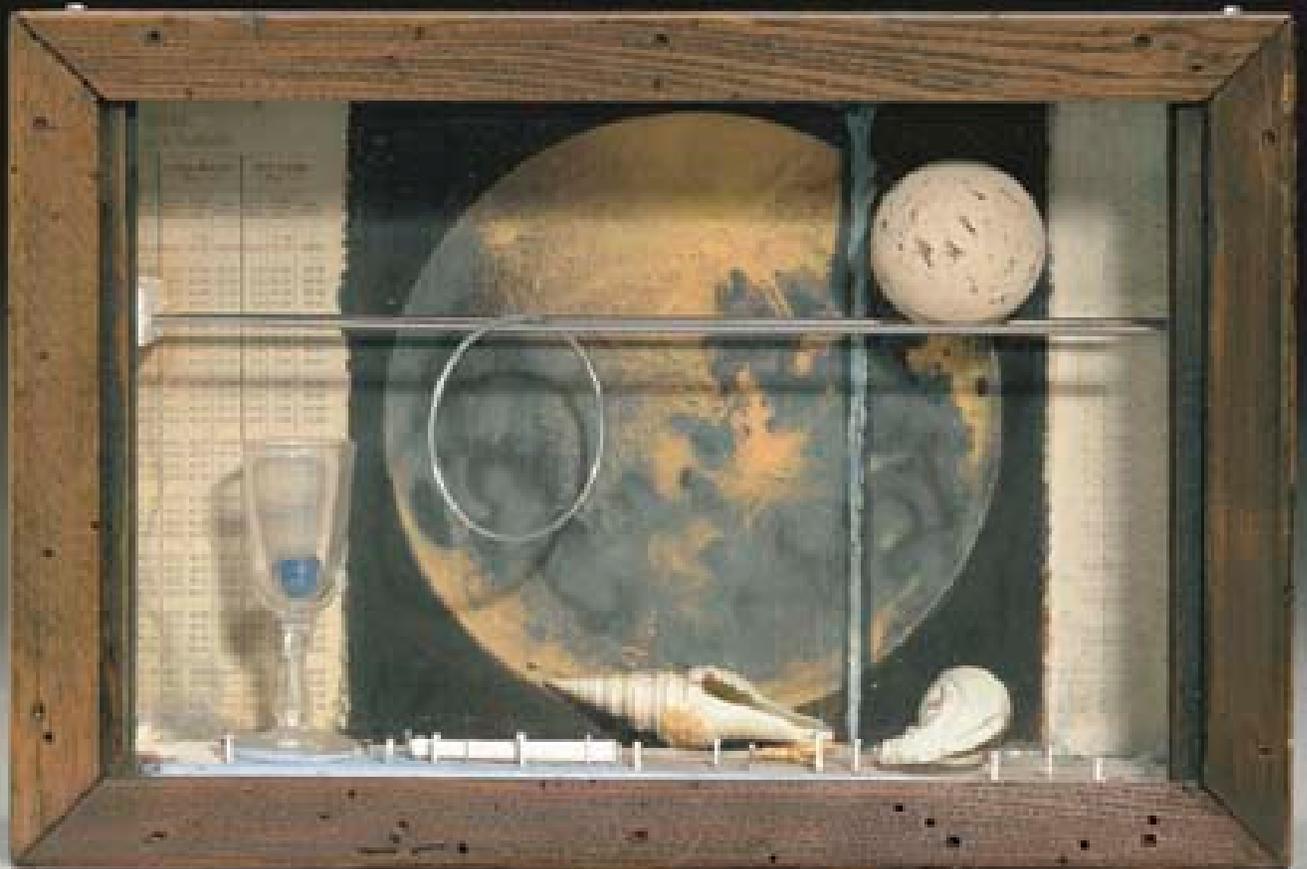


void of course

Christopher Mulrooney



void of course

it dawneth or it pisseth
as it pleaseth
with no more say at your command
than a village band
you of whose city
it is said a great pity

apache dancers

outside the café
some boulevardier
passes the throng so gathered
to take the wee-wee
from a fruit plate garni
while inside they get good and lathered

Marx Bros.

in tiptop condition

like an empty tuna can for the cat in an alleyway

there is the city and there

you can point out here is delectation

that leaves everything right behind

the mood of the passing moment

foretells it does like Boulder Dam the lights of a city
presently reflective

rainy footsteps

nothing under those umbrella shoes

is wet

or else deep gashes fill fast in the ooze

barefoot

martial day

no Martial Day please make any changes required on all banners balloons etc.

fête of the great epigrammatist

don't you know

pajamas

there in the harem
when things are listless and dull
they fill the lull
with dancing harum-scarum

a frantic fellow

see him shriek sparrows in his agitation

mental to be sure

whatzat turns and stares

a missionary of the gospel from some foreign land

another country one observes

another line of bull another

Elijah

went by Eli in his very hopeful youth

then it was Jah all the way through postgraduate work

now it's just a name he's called instead of Waterhouse, E.G.

porn stable

here's the stamp licking machine
and the fire eater
the sword swallower of course
snake charmer all off duty
just behind Clown Alley

the maharani's mahout

what gorgeous beast half-hidden by
the drawing room foliage and teakwood screens
draws the succulent incense into flaring nostrils
and accepts a head of cabbage in its tumbrel mouth?

founder of the feast

it might not be too impossible
too impossible it might not be
impossible not to be it might
might it not be too impossible
impossible not too it might be
might it be too not impossible
be not impossible it might too

portcullis

you need to have an evening home
as well as a sunrise
for there you dawn upon us all as if there were no night
save us and we its indwellers
o radiant one we say in adoration
as you emerge from great fish lips
as in the myth of unintelligible unknown
now let's crank you down with chain and winch
you're done tomorrow's another day
the drawbridge is up by all means frolic
there beside the moat have your dinner alfresco