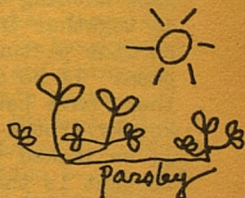


Sons Of Bellerophon

I've seen his sons
ten generations
they walk the Corinthian Road
no more
I've seen them fling the knife
and toss the golden coin
I've seen them bend to the sea-
shelled ear
and send their silken adjectives
on seaslung waves

I've watched them in the market-
place
There's a serious weakness at
the core
a melting of marrow
a loosening of loins
What women cannot kill
stranger
bends in the kiln
hardened enamel of their will



M u t h e r l e s s S o n g

surely sorely the wanton lover
pants uphill he'll walk a mile

for a pint to cry his wanting
of the harlot on the corner

cooing love gleams in her eye
sweetest sticky love for hire

all he sees a rosebud maiden
not the tart look of her thigh

while her two lips in the lamp-
light
purse the piecemeal jigsaw
medleys

on the luckless lamentations
of broken daydreams unpicked up.