

Fatima Mansions "On Suicide Bridge"

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On Suicide Bridge, I found myself one spring morning
in the frigid sunshine, weary of the humiliations of the
Crouch End. There I was. An old lady passed me. She
smiled and said, "Good morning, young man." I looked
at her and I said, "I'm going to kill myself." She smiled
again and said, "Yes, I think that's a very good idea."

On Suicide Bridge one winter's day
my eyes were sprouting lemons
I had paid a Greek to listen to me speak
He said "Limasol *, she beckons."
And so my subjects gathered beneath me there
I gave a mighty roar
"Wi' me too-rye-ah, fah-la-deedle-dah"--
"Shut up, Irish bore!"

Come back, my children! Come back! Come back!

All that was lost has been regained, shall remain with
us
Now and forever, amen.
Come back! Come back! Come back, my children!
Come back!

* A city in Crete.

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