

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"Beltane"**

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Have you ever stood in the April wood and called the  
new year in?  
While the phantoms of three thousand years fly as the  
dead leaves spin?  
There's a snap in the grass behind your feet and a tap  
upon your shoulder.  
And the thin wind crawls along your neck it's just the  
old gods getting older.  
And the kestral drops like a fall of shot and the red  
cloud hanging high  
Come a Beltane.  
Have you ever loved a lover of the old elastic truth?  
And doted on the daughter in the ministry of youth?  
Thrust your head between the breasts of the fertile  
innocent.  
And taken up the cause of love, for the sake of  
argument.  
Or while the kisses drop like a fall of shot from soft lips  
in the rain  
Come a Beltane.  
Happy old new year to you and yours.  
The sun's up for one more day, to be sure.  
Play it out gladly, for your card's marked again.

Have you walked around your parks and towns so  
knife-edged orderly?  
While the fires are burned on the hills upturned in far-  
off wild country.  
And felt the chill on your window-sill as the green man  
comes around.  
With his walking cane of sweet hazel brings it crashing  
down.  
Sends your knuckles white as the thin stick bites. Well,  
it's just your groaning pains.  
Come a Beltane. Come a Beltane.  
Come a Beltane. Come a Beltane.  
Come a Beltane. Come a Beltane.  
Come a Beltane. Come a Beltane.

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