

Birthday Party, The

"Capers"

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what has not got my heart in it shall we be dubbed sir
names

with a million blither tongues mounting bristling guilt
frames

in the fake - ache of the gloomloom slippers slap me
alive!

the hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly
types

so we can catch and thread a minstrel bleed a tower
down to its ankles

so we can't go up or stay up find the thumb dumb in
your ear brain

get unfunny! such as choirs do why the clocklock
bought up this one

just when things seemed so paperparent like my
toothface? like my out-do?

capers... capers...

oh a streak, o'treacly ink-inks tied my knees all up in
elbows

erase that lapsing smile tub lose the slip of the small
soap-fellows

account the addups till I do-nots are we balanced?
we're in business!

idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's...all legs and
armour

I had a dreadful diehood diehard, drunken, sunken,
monk-heart

oh I had a wonderful diehood thanks to my fa, fa,
family

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