

NNDONN



london

[London Ten]

t/10/en lon

a poem by alexander j watt  
in ten parts

1.

**London** London **London** London

Here you are

# Grey as a dog

Where is the wool in your eye?



2.

Ludgate! St Paul! St Bethlehem!

[the river-wind past your window as it does past mine today]

and only the **swans** are none wiser.

god damnit bejeezus.

Newton newtowned the sabbath. Franklin stuck an iron finger up at it.

Faraday wiped a **bloody frog** over the acid **tartar** juice and

created – **electric avenue!**

HEREWITH THE TOOL: FOOL BOX, TOOL BOX

**satirical** formula

metrical **knome**

loved | church | loved | fool | fooled | church | fooled | love | loved | love | fooled | fool | | church.

- > left at the door, that's where he was left, standing at the door
- > ant world moved onwards.
- > first left then right then wobbled then left then definitely right
- > hovering on the door scraper – that/s what happened.
- > found that he had released a chemical which caused indescribable happiness.
- > the only possible response to which was
- > *to run around naked.*

- > he was at the door – you see it had been unlatched.
- > they had all run off – onle he heard thje word or two.

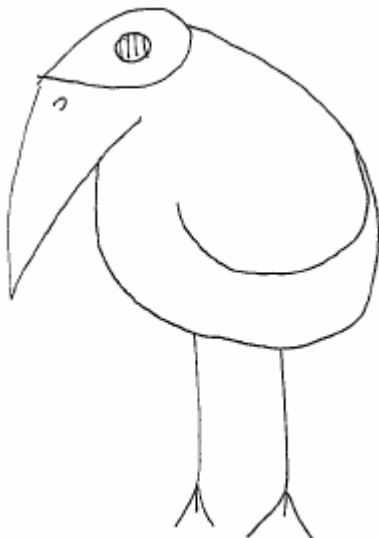
**machiauelli chriticized cretinisievedzed it later.**

he had taught it as positive thinking – but they had said  
?doesn't htat just cover up what's true/?  
he said no, in fact that (negative) thought is exactly what we are all fighting against  
but they didn't believe him – it all came down to that really

And So you can find him now, in the bottom of a teacup, in St Dunstans or the Crypt café

just bones,  
holier than thou;

bird



3.

*do not invent  
a futurised repent  
for the pleasures of now*

*why trouble tomorrow  
with this present pest?*

*to do today  
what thou wouldst  
always do  
is best*

# alclyhool

I found the silence in the bottom of a pint glass

like **in a gin room**, that's where I was actually, a smelly old gin face

**broom** room

still in the 17<sup>th</sup> C you see, face down on a sawdust mug broomhandle

**DICKENS HADN'T EVEN BEEN**

**INVENTED** – how!?! Did London exist then? Who knows bit huge,  
who knows?

Dulcet tones of the red smoke plant – **bowling in a glass**. How nice with

friends to sit under your **orange bally**, bighuge.

Smothered in **grape** – you have none of your own you see, so can plumb  
others.

Like damn France, damn france! **Ha**! yes, you have that gravy oath

sawpit dusty oak wreck, **yes**, you have that green tiley table or stone  
pit. damn godron bollocks.

Damn hell yes, the city lickes its liq. *Likes it fast*. Down gillet to the  
deep interior yes, that's how the viney subterfuge goes in this vitted winelett city – god –  
**how fast can it consume?** Twice fast.

like a **whiney Vickers**, thank you sailor, tubs and barrels fat. Glassy  
envelopes, with juicy interiors. liquid enemies, anenomies,  
villiers armies.

**Glug**. Here sir, your glass – stand to attention at the glass –  
hurrah ! howsat? a hat off to you all fair chaps, a hat or two off to you  
all.

Seasoned so as to bawl all night in guts, in balls of guts, bawling all night in the ball of my fat guts.

If some pleasure is worth the perform  
it is worth the perform Now  
if never or later – then never, not later, never only **never** ever never revere  
there is only later as made by our *screaming brains* – balls and badlocks. (bollocks!)  
SO. HA.

4.

A paperclip behind my eye  
madder than that:  
not knowing when the contract die  
so I retire  
    here

**thump!**  
**brown wall – dynamo grind**  
**espresso machine -**  
**perfectised invent!**  
**chat chat chitter**  
**chat chitter chat cat**  
**beep! clop pat pat spink!**  
**mumble rumour pat**  
**clash pat swish pat**  
**clatter squeak murmur**  
**murmur bubble babble**

nose up, face down, homing pigeon tied a note ~~on my little finger~~  
“loose grommet vomit”  
~~Star Wars~~ – table leg |  
    combined to make a flange  
        the highest high in the lowest low  
            that’s what was this place about

discrete couples, guiltily stir  
    & pat the wet spoon back into the sugar

“loose oily floor” and flared suit  
for flaired man  
of mayflair

all a flapping on the phlone  
(compleat?) mobile freedom zone

duo espresso doppio grazie  
juice ‘now pronto ? please?

⊕ gold coin nuggets

knots in the floor  
knots in the people  
the people in knots  
the people, in fact, a knot



rialto

the people a knot in the city

explicit secret street photographer polaroids couple & leaves them

wood water growth movement

laces :::888888 ribbons

mosquitos – *their legs*

secret tie died fragment

tie died into town

tied down

and

died

Grasping 'grazie'

**lime** clod

limey **anise**

plastic fruit dangling from a cable

flower photograph hopelessly for sale (grimy from eons of ignorement)

**I can feel london**

there we are 80's sound

a big brush rises from the ground & paints us

reminding us how to think

London'll tell you lot how to think

like this – not like this

there is a way, no cold

hope town don't be too old

have some father, have some light

wakesome fulsomness & fright

**D E S**

big **A**

Rock **R**

in

the **T**

Womb might teach us – what to wombs teach? food. fool.

What do we gnome home knowee cow knog knoo no? how? nho?

exhaustion is never reached. The big 'D' is never really touched

just skirted. birth? just Two Lines | |

- that cyst never touched

life has to flow and knot – this is how  
all the struggling is over

(And my Rose is full of baby!)

fruit tangling with a coin  
machine – fruit  
hanky canky – O.J.  
    in vast quantity  
    an acronym of course

*SAY NO*

Penduluminng about town  
I arrive in the lap of our town crier  
who cried and cried as he said  
“there is no time”  
    there is only waste  
    and the expansive factor

Voice Jewels; c'mon give up those voice jewels  
    no time tomorrow  
    hardly any space left

he said: “hanky panky. we learn it in school. there is jargon of course, and widgets, but no-one showed us the on/off button.” “so we come home and there is the dog. And he’s got feathers all over his mouth; inside, just another cake about to bake.” “But that’s not it!” “yes it is – see : you go to the cupboard and take out some curd - and now it’s real, now something is really happening, but you sit down anyway and you’ve got your spoon and you peel off the top – but oh damn this pen’s running out – time enough for a quick mouthful anyhow – quick stuff it in but it already tastes like sawdust – all over suddenly you gotta stop the record – pens run out and all: so: no dog, no spoon, but you know what? there is a living chicken, right there, realer than anything; and you are the sore curd.”

5.

papaver  
asafoetida  
celery seeds  
salt

lemon grass  
horsetail  
peppermint leaf  
kelp

Junket mind I beheld to a thé  
Flower girls bending at the knee  
For to me

'twas a delight to {only} see



6.

down        down        down  
down        down        down        down  
sweep       me           subway      horror  
glitter      shell        Ediacaran   stair  
  
                 & tube  
                 tube  
                 tubular        car

no smoking haven sweaty seats sit

closh claire clack invisible reflection

line remark & stare

whole hole change & response

subway ticket / what's that confusion?

line to the ear – mind the Gap

Woolly stair – press pocket

+ Huge  
demand

Rocking, rolling, Rumble Under

Change here for the Northern line & alright!

tube - emerging - tunnel

red    boot

and

green   bag

Bakerlouse line elephant's stair & Bank

square by tube  
d a r k e y e  
'neath  
a  
I

(glock!)[guttural] Spasm tube, most ridiculous, mirror uncle  
guard

foolish fumble square & hollow

100 years - 1906-2006 -**o**-

[gap!]

BOTTOM SWIMS AROUND A CORNER CURVE

Corner

Pasty

Back

Rub

Loathesome tunnel fabric

Hayman island resort  
wishes we  
were there

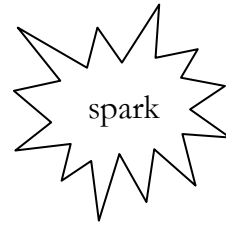
*Minding*  
*Always*

SWIMMY BOTTOM ONCE MORE

The Wind  
the stone door & reel wheel  
whip follower

{*Minding*}

Standing | 4552 | 3552 | Shuttle off & relief!



globetrotter

the long lines wend upwend

shoe on  
the wall

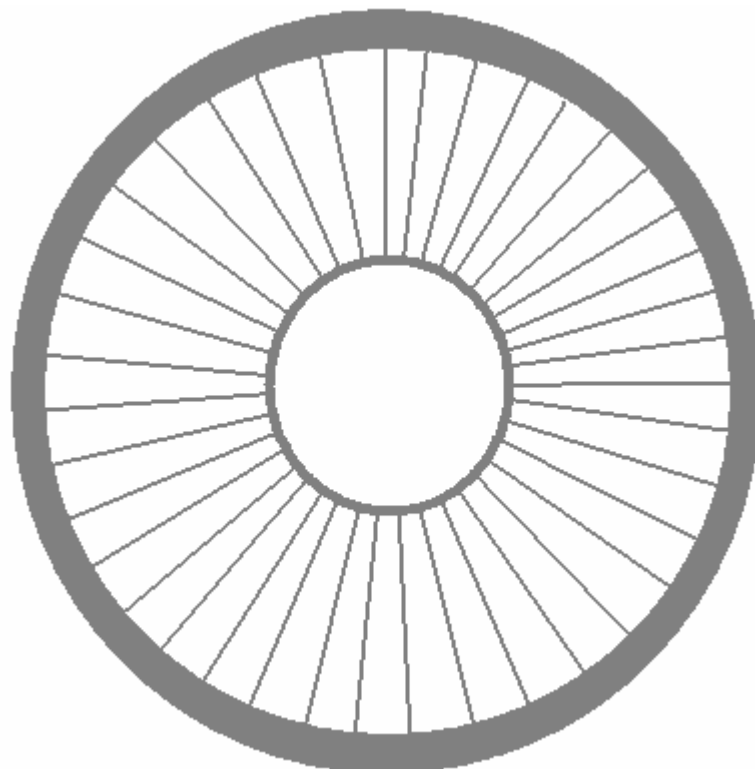
lick

lick

lick

lick

then a  
quiet  
line  
&  
shute.





the stick! (Nelson's)

mirroring also columns of your own and more stairways up past marked wall; diggings into your gentle crust; me with a nose

floor crick crack  
polish handle

the  
NATIONAL  
GALLERY

let there be cannon! flowers! shells! water spouts! dome and Latin!

inside

silent rustlings of booted feets

in and about feats of art

everywhere – feats! feats! feats!

canaletto skies locked in fame's frame; so many remembered days  
pink and red and sea greys – lascivious seals, rays.

Past the shop and then through to my favourite pope

**PATER TVVM  
MANI HOMI  
FESTA NI  
VI NO BUS  
MEN**

[whose foot *is* that?]

Those old days – so playful and unrefined

but not unrefined beyond belief!

Paintings. more ruffs than a cat and dog home

I sit for ages gazing into the eye of the dog in Gerard David's

*The Virgin and Child with Saints and Donor* and imagine – if you please

a plaster world

things be sad now + then

squirrels hidden in plasta

making sense unto themselves

no others – plantains

There was a world.

- choke of a rope keeps it from us

that is the bizarre mandate held by us now -



there was a way to live then and now:  
there is a way to live.

live life... that is communal  
making sense of distances and space  
by the best  
(the very best)  
means available.

It's not so odd, to prick a flower into a stick  
when done it meant something, when now, perhaps nothing?  
perhaps there was a reason then, when now, perhaps we don't need a reason / lost the reasons.

Reason; itself; claimed and lost by us/them all  
like those circular disks around our heads – reasoned, fine; lost.  
they were there  
now they are not there – were never there  
they were there  
in a painting they are there

## paint says they are there

Lined – straight – angles. They were real – Newton's spheres were real (or close enough) – Galileo's something or other  
– REAL!

Gargoyles – not real. (paint says they were real?) not real.

Saints in clouds – not real (paint?) no.

There was vision. Real vision. The visions themselves were not real, maybe, but the vision was real – the  
evidence is here today!?

Real as these red walls, hey.

Real as these sitters.

Ah, but what about the dog? (my vision in a dogs eye reflect continues..)

lank little rat bone(d) thing! He sits on a cool floor, ooh those fabrics that adorn they that sit and conduct the  
ceremonium!! Those towers that lick/peak up over a garden(virginal) wall.. that salmon in the brown boot who blocks  
my view! Ha! Scarcely less than here. Little fingers like birds. dangling pendant. Red. Blue. ((ness?)) sugar, perfect

sugar.

The thing is that every leaf is there. oh clop. and flowers peep about.

at that age – art – these pictures – were relics – holy – centre pieces for alters they had to be perfect because ultimately  
that is what we expect from G-d?

It had to be perfect – now what does? scientific measurement. measurement (generally).

Music? yes, but : Shake the tree

Shake the tree

Shake the tree

Until a dog falls out.

8.

*"As one gets older  
its not that life gets longer  
just... the resolution increases"*

chat from the train and squeal  
pulling out of Victoria  
at 11pm:  
I know  
this town is real

boiling over the river iron -  
one breath  
would send us toppling  
into the gush  
and leave pink Battersea  
to whale  
or fish us out  
with an antique crane

the glittering rails  
how I love thee  
night milk train  
(milk to me)  
one thousand windows rush past  
I am alone  
in the thunder  
of wheels

the empty station takes us into its palm  
..so slow to stop.  
a distant door slams  
shut  
then the string  
a pause  
the string  
pulls carriages tight  
and tighter  
so tight  
and we are  
on singing springs off  
into the dark and unknown terror  
of night

9.

*A water jug without arms  
that you are  
functioning best  
when hugged  
- or held by the neck*

Green glass cocktail shaker  
I like your Deco shoulder  
1920's jizz cuticled in a window

So far left to climb  
up this icy tower  
my burned fingers  
can't get purchase  
on its bent  
side sliding away

Girl is shaking her tail  
at the guy in the gutter  
handing a bottle to the sky  
waiting for another try  
on the great whirligig machine

On the bendy-bus  
wet denizens hop on and off  
as if in a dream they mould and unmould with me

wetness creeps up our legs  
and into cracks underground  
where the sleepless sleepers lie  
already martyrs but for cash

0.

my #1 favourite  
French  
madhouse  
croissant-aree  
brings unlimited limitless happiness to me

just to sit here  
with a croissant  
and drink tea

yes-*siree*

this spoon in this sugar bowl  
erecting itself in a French way

this pink tulip  
in a glass of water

I come here  
&  
I come home

*no* fear

that French lass –  
carrying a fork (!)

I move on my chair

even the very air  
flushes me  
pink as Normandy  
apple tree

winter  
summer

I am in France\*

\*and She doesn't even know it