

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.

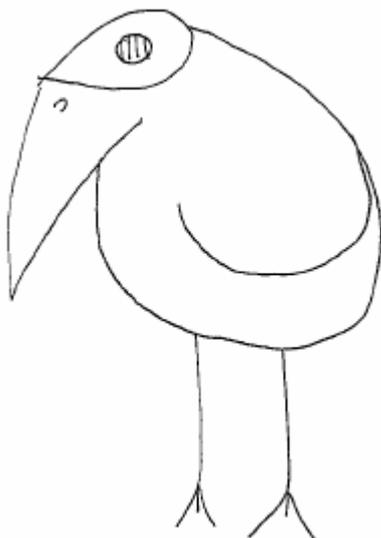
machiauelli chriticized cretinisievedzed it later.

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 17th 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.”

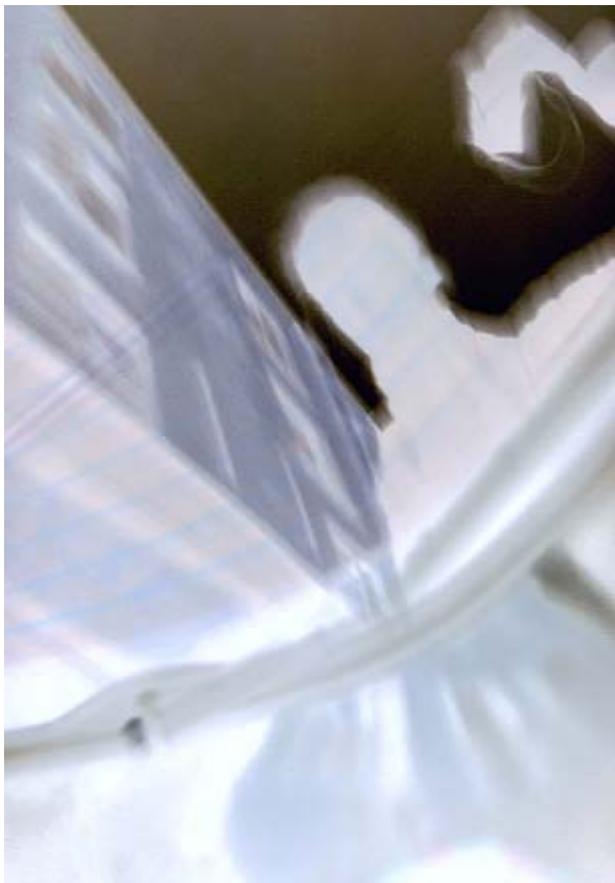
5.

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 fabrice

Hayman island resort
wishes we
were there

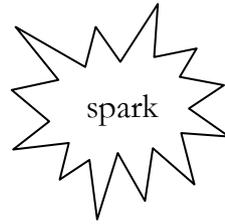
Minding
Always

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

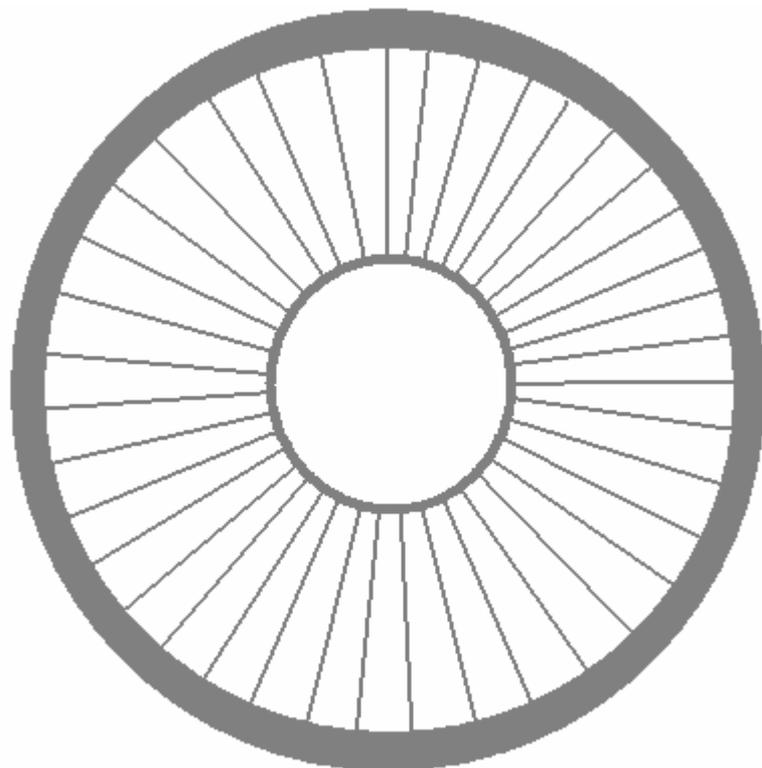
lick

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 ceremony!! 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