

Continual Conversation with a Silent Man

or

Waiting for Stevens

This is the last day of a certain year

Beyond which there is nothing left of time.

It comes to this and the imagination's life.

Setting: 'Fernando's Hideaway', a bar in space

Characters: Interlocutor (I), 'Wallace Stevens' (WS)

sitting side-by-side on barstools, facing the mirror behind the bar

I: So, beers are on you tonight, huh, Wally? (*punches him playfully on arm*)

WS: -----

I: Jest kidding – tho', speaking as a native of poverty myself, I'm not sure how much Meursault or Johannisberger I'll be knocking back in this here oddly glacial hostelry, beyond the last thought at the utmost crown of night. A really icy Elysée it seems to me, by no means as congenial and folksy as your Canoe Club was back home in Hartford, but in most ways even more exclusive, and certainly more apocalyptic. We do not talk poetry here, out on the edge of space.

WS: -----

I: Whilst one may observe there's a fire burning in that *trompe l'oeuil* hearth, crude foyer, its arctic effulgence emits only frigid brilliances. And out of the window I see how the planets gather like leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa, blown like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing. It ain't no crisp café in here, fer sure; but I sort of like its bronze decor and the palm-tree with a fire-fangled bird in it, and isn't that gal over there your old flame Stella Pallor?

WS: -----

I: We'll get round to girl-talk – by which of course I mean boy-talk about girls – maybe later. Stella doesn't look too well, it's true, but then none of us does, existing here in the stale grandeur of annihilation, so to speak – and who doesn't speak so? For it is with a strange malice that we distort the world: malice in wonderland, really, shouldn't we admit that? We dislike the world because we do... Your old flame: out of all the bars in all the galaxies she walks into this one, in the wee small hours of the morning. But, talking of wee, which way's the restroom? And why do Americans call it that, anyway – it's not as if you'd find armchairs to relax in or somewhere to put your feet up, fer Pete's sake. Rest, rest, perturbèd bladder: I need to euphemate.

WS: -----

I: You're telling me it's out of order? Ideas of disorder, irritating minor ideas, pour forth in this last-chance saloon; ideas, however, always trump bric-a-brac. Absent thee from facilities awhile... or maybe that's not what you meant by 'piss off'. I know I'm babbling a bit to fill the void, but you'll get chattier later, I feel sure. I feel afraid. But if it is the accent of

deviation in the living thing that is its life preserved, can we contrariwise deduce that the impulse to submission in the dying thing is its death accomplished, the convergence not too steep to follow downward to darkness, that surrenders difference in the conformism of death and its totalitarian gerund: *Nox est perpetua una dormienda*? Death is absolute and without memorial, difference disappears.

WS: -----

I: As I'm sure you recall, Catullus wrote that, trying to get his girl into bed. Grrreat chat-up line! Una Dormienda sounds like she might well be some sort of Spanish dancer, she and Stella could maybe snap their castanets in a fandango, don't you think, accompanied on his blue guitar by who else but Ramon Fernandez? And yet, sometimes, the Hispanic note in what you wrote leads on to severance: to some woman forgetful of a guitar, and not to any noble rider but to the riderless horse in an Aragonese storm, to the male reality that may or may not accommodate that other and her desire. We keep coming back and coming back to the woman who blamed life on a Spaniard.

WS: -----

I: I am Professor Eucalyptus; I am not Nanzia Nunzio; I am what is around me (women understand this); I am not Mrs Alfred Uruguay; I am the McCullough (wherever I sit, there is the head of the table); I am not well-booted, rugged, arrogantly male; I am the shadowy inconsolable, my Aquitanian tower abolished: step into my chastel de chasteté and wrap yourself in my blue beard. You will have stopped revolving except in crystal.

WS: -----

I: A man that looks on glass, on it may stay his eye or, curiouser and curiouser, a man that looks at himself in a glass may find it is the man in the glass that lives, not he, supremely true each to its separate self. Monsieur du Miroir, that which momentarily declares itself not to be I and yet must be: seldom have I peeped into a well, without discerning this ridiculous gentleman at the bottom, whence he gazes up, as through a long telescopic tube, looking out of his wreath of fern and cloud-puffs, undisplaceable by any pebble of quartz which might impair his godlike self-centricity. Such mystery pervades a well – or is it, rather, perverse egotism? A glass aswarm with things going as far as they can, but how far would that be? I suppose it all depends whether your glass coach is half-full or half-empty of more furious selves, it comes in the end to that: to a hearse-like equipage.

WS: -----

I: This bar could be cheerfuller, couldn't it? We need someone who could sing 'La Paloma' and sing it spissantly, beyond the genius of the sea. I think I'd even prefer a loud, disordered mooch or a jovial hullabaloo to the atmosphere generated now as that wasted figure, with an instrument, propounds blank, final music, like a duet with the undertaker. Yet maybe the ruin or blank we find is in our own ear, after all. All afternoon the gramophone diverted mountain-minded Hoon, who smooths his hair with automatic hand... Say what you like, a little hoo-hoo-hoo, shoo-shoo-shoo or ric-a-nic of slick trombones might liven the place up a bit, get people throwing a few moves on the dance-floor or, if not people, then melodious skeletons would do, at a push. I suppose. My glass, not to put too finical a point on it, is much more than half-empty.

WS: -----

I: Yes, the glass of water probably comes for free in here, but if you could jest see your way to loaning me *dos centavos* I could bibble me a little of that there pale mescal. The one with the dead maggot in's the best, *el gusano* the great sea-worm, not the worm bred in the moon or at heaven's gate. If money is a kind of poetry then poetry is a kind of money, so maybe I could improvise a pampean dit to move this bartender to heavenly love or pity. (*to barman*) I say, now, Fernando, you're a gent and no mistake; I doubt my quiet friend here'll be partaking, though if you span his stool long enough he might, when he has stopped merely going round, assay the virtue of an orangeade.

WS: -----

I: You may well exclaim 'Phooey! Phoo!', but this masquerade of thought passes the time which would have passed anyway. Deeper within the belly's dark of time, time grows upon the rock of ages, cleft for Canon Aspirin, where he imagines bands of thousands of black men playing mouth-organs in the night or, sometimes, Polacks their concertinas. I know all this is getting us nowhere, but that's sort of where we are already: deeplier, deeplier in this masquerade that time resumes.

WS: -----

I: In what sense, to shift, is the mother's face the purpose of the poem? And that last photograph of your father, where he seems so completely defeated, summoned a feeling you weren't keen to renew. A long time you lived beneath tremendous porches in the high interiors of the Hartford, yet still hankering after sovereign images; you speak, you say the proud and the strong have departed, have left no addresses for we natives of a dwindled

sphere. No nobility here, we cannot yield ourselves, we are not free – looking for what was, where it used to be – to yield ourselves. When your friend Kate Wily died suddenly, and on returning to your student rooms you found that rose she had stuck in your hat the previous summer, you did not dare to visit or write to her sisters. Unprovoked sensations carried risks that memory might prove too much of a pyre; but in your study of nostalgias, you took care to revisit the Brooklyn school associated with your Uncle Strodach, pastor who had killed himself, dead shepherd. Much later still, you looked back to that farm on which your father grew up, the way American literature used to look back to English literature. Now it's an industrial estate. You foretold that human bones would be discovered in your ashes, alongside your heart calcined like Ethan Brand's. *El hombre de nieve*: when he froze up, you froze up too:

I freeze

Thou freezest

He, She, It freezes

We freeze

You freeze

They freeze

-- all of them in that final ice which would suffice. One joins them there for company, but at a distance, in another tree.

WS: -----

I: How do I know all this stuff? I coulda been someone, I coulda been a contender, I coulda been a prince of peacocks or an emperor of ice-cream or a sleight-of-hand-man or a cattle king of Florida! Don't talk to me about the limits of reality – although, of course, you're actually not talking to me at all.

WS: -----

I: One of the limits of nobility occurs in Hartford, when the woman one loves or ought to love rampages round the house, insulting everyone. Go, get thee to a nunnery beach or to the thickets of some boskage perdu, for it hath made me mad, warm-mouthed Dominion jar that blights the landscape round it. Of course, she has her perfections, to an exquisite degree, except that a green plant glares. Glares like a basilisk or disconsolate chimera of mourning, ready to pounce and devour your crisp knowledge as if it were a crunchy lettuce.

WS: -----

I: Which makes her resemble some predatory rabbit, does it not, young man cunicular? Just add a metaphysical 't' and Weisheit the rabbi experiences the exhilaration of change, can measure its velocity, quick as foxes chasing after rabbits. Cuniculi-funicular – where apostrophes are forbidden... Strange, world-corroding malice, as when your enemy the Indian struck and disappeared while you were drowsing in summer's sleepest horn, sleeping within your orchard upon your secure hour, with his juice of cursed hebona in a vial; all the bitter secretions of experience in the final finding of the ear, his hands such sharp, imagined things – like Max Schreck's silhouette climbing those stairs in Murnau's *Nosferatu*. He ruffled your white nightgown for you, all right; she that you loved turns cold at your light touch.

WS: -----

I: Rise up besprent, be briny-blooded bull, show Hemingway, that prose-toreador, he's not the only game in town; the importance of punching Ernest, it truly should make eunuchs ululate. Then call that roller of big cigars, the figure of the youth as virile poet: what wondrous butting-head battering-rod might lie concealed within his Tarzan loincloth? Bananas hacked and hunched, stiff, noxious! Batter my heart, three-testicled Bartolomeo Colleoni, whose over-endowment dangles prodigiously outside every pawnshop and inside every porn-shop, cullions of fate and perfect cock! If sex were all, then every trembling hand; then every trembling hand, if sex were all. Leave that to fiery boys and their concealed imaginings.

WS: -----

I: I sympathise, I really do; so few of us *hypocrites lecteurs* can bear examination under the Freudian microscope of potency. The wife called me a castrato of moon-mash the other night and I was not at all elated, no-SIRrooney! Collapse of stout party, *dégonflement du superbe monsieur*. The mules that angels ride, sick with desire and fastened to their dying animals, show us what terrible centaurs we really are, half-man, half-star.

WS: -----

I: So, the ultimate elegance may turn out to be a lady riding naked on a merry-go-round donkey? Unpoliced, unpeelered white Godiva and her circulatory pleasures... I know the thing I have in mind; it stands gigantic, with a certain tip, making recoveries of young nakedness and the lost vehemence the midnights hold.

WS: -----

I: Lose sleep, count sheep; lose sheep, Bo-Peep. Whisper it in the donkey's ear: she doesn't like to be called 'Bo'. Or does she? Thirteen ways of looking at a blackboard, and all of them useless with too few dollars to buy glasses for her classes. Class was a lot to do with it, that unspeakable American category with its either-sided tracks: wrong side, right side. What kind of American were you, anyway, never to even own a varnished car, never committing yourself to that mode of desire, that mode of revealing desire? I know you shot a deer once on a mountain, for your pioneer's rite of passage, but that was in another country, and besides...

WS: -----

I: A red bike flies across the golden floor: young Wallace on his red velocipede, two wheels all will. Eventually he'll whizz by a prisms blonde, the prettiest girl in town, when a torrent will fall from him. The pure products of America go crazy, and the too-mad book of love becomes a book of doubts and fears, becomes the handbook of heartbreak. Keep quiet in the heart, O wild bitch; turn another page from the tale.

WS: -----

I: No one to witness and adjust, no one to drive the car. The measure of the intensity of love is measure, also, of the verve of earth; all to a seething minor swiftly modulate. When you desired to make love in the pagoda on Mount Penn, did she assent, or no? And that November off Tehuantepec, borne up by mirroring waters, was that the only time the two of you ever actually...?

WS: -----

I: The machine of ocean, delicatest machine, in an enormous undulation bared its mouths of bellowing and roaring horns, inklings of your bond to all that must: belly, shoulder, bum flash fishlike, squeak like dolls, bare, bare. Odious chords! A mechanical and slightly detestable *operandum*. Cold copulars embraced and forthwith the particulars of rupture came, the nights of vast inquietude. You did not understand, dominatrix of black, her evil moods. The house became quiet and the world, superficially, calm; a rabbit in the garden seemed a centaur in its dragon world; there was a welcome at the door to which no one came. After death, she stuck it to you by selling your home to the Episcopalians: no turban walked across the lessened floors, but the Archbishop of Canterbury jumped right back out of his dock-water, planting muddied feet upon that white rug in the hall.

WS: -----

I: O once upon a time
There was a man called Wally
Who had a wife called Elsie
At length a daughter, Holly.
He wanted her to go through Vassar
But she would not say 'Yassur!'
He bought her a little red roadster
Too late to save the day, and she was gone;
Though then kept coming back and coming back
One way or other, her whole life long.

WS: -----

I: When were you most yourself, I wonder: down in Florida with your fuckwit racist friend the judge, that good ol' boy; in Manhattan at Barbara Church's after a few martinis, laughing too loudlier, loudlier at your own jokes; or setting down a few sounds of meaning, a momentary end to the complication, in an ease of mind like being alone in a boat at sea?

WS: -----

I: Mad Elsie hurt you into poetry; she ruined you, and you were re-begot of absence, darkness, death, things which are not.

WS: -----

I: Sane Hartford hurt you into poetry; sane men in sane towns are not precise about the appeasement that they need. Mad men made angels, but must be in the difficulty of what it is to be. The ordinariness of human days/ Requires a constant sacrament of praise; requires, as a necessity requires. The eye's sane version is a thing, a part: see now, old man avuncular, the Hartford's grimmest granite portico well-rosed as a stone bouquet, like decorations in an uninteresting cemetery. Things as they are are changed, are other things. What a sensible ecstasy agitated your ecstatic sensibility, your mad sanity! For what, except for that, did you feel love?

WS: -----

I: Fat Jocundus, wonderfully thawing out at forty, painting lakes and the Lord knows what! But not such jocund company right now: I'm not managing to draw you out at all, am I? The words are written, though not yet said, and it's still like a duet with an undertaker full of stubbornness and taciturn eras straight out of Holland. One sits and beats an old tin can,

lard pail; *la parole humaine est comme un chaudron fêlé où nous battons des mélodies à faire danser les ours, quand on voudrait attendrir les étoiles*; one beats and beats for that which one believes. I want words virile with your breath: inhabit the intricate Andes on extended wings, speak of the dazzling wings!

WS: -----

I: You are too dumbly in your being pent. You got that dead right, buddy. So the meaning escapes. Who in this bowling alley bowled the sun? Tell me, if you know.

WS: -----

I: Speak, even, as if I did not hear you speaking, but spoke for you perfectly in my thoughts, conceiving words. If you'd be so kind, that is to say.

WS: -----

I: What syllable are you seeking, Vocalissimus, in the distances of sleep? Speak it.

WS: -----

I: You can't just sit there slouching like a gunman or a lover, saying nothing! Do you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing? Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

WS: I BEHOLD NOTHING THAT IS NOT THERE AND THE NOTHING THAT IS.

I: (*dumbstruck*) -----!

I: There is not nothing, no, no, never nothing! A fictive covering weaves always glistening from the heart and mind, don't you agree? The imagination is the one reality in this imagined world, the ultimate good. These two things are one to the prodigious scholar, like a tree in which there are three blackbirds.

WS: -----

I: The absence of the imagination had itself to be imagined, didn't it? We can't go on, but we'll go on, trying, failing, learning to fail better, as the air flows over us without meanings. It is what it is as I am what I am, and in perceiving this I best perceive myself, and you. There is no malady of the quotidian, there are merely sounds not part of the listener's own sense; today the leaves cry, tomorrow the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf, prelude to objects one by one defined: the actual is a deft beneficence, we fling ourselves constantly longing on its forms.

WS: -----

I: The real is the base for the imagination that dare not leap by chance in its own dark; but as eventually an imaginary world is entirely without interest, so reality consists of the many realities it can be made into, like poetry. Pages of illustrations show that, for a true connoisseur of chaos, the world is no silly jumble but an inexhaustible source of supply whose contents can be twirled first this-a-way then that-a-way, as by drum-majors at the labour day parade. The freshness of transformation is the freshness of a world far this side of Stygia, where we walk and do as we live and like. I almost hear you say, 'By inhuman Jove, I think he's got it'.

WS: -----

I: Too much to hope for. But, to persist, beholding the dreadful sundry of this world reflects only a mood limited by particular circumstance, which passes as a cloud does, going nevertheless in its direction, for a moment final. Like a dull scholar, for a long time I had supposed that you disdained the ordinary: but without it, there could be no extraordinary; just as the paltry nude precedes the goldener, we needed Mrs Pappadopoulos, to be a model for idealised versions of Venus Aphrodite. The body dies, the body's beauty lives. I wish you'd at least nod, to signify agreement.

WS: -----

I: Again, too much to hope for. But I'm committed to this train of thought, to these asides on the o beau caboose. What you disdained, I now see, was realism, as a mode that amounted to a corruption of reality. Beyond it lay the ghostlier demarcations and keener sounds that indicated the precious scope of your own province, including the spirit's alchemicana; but which turns out to be much more robust than any mere peacock's principality, and also includes the real that wrenches, down among the dogs and dung where Bonnie and Josie celebrated the marriage of flesh and air. You liked ideas of order, yes, but also you liked sudden rightnesses, as when the blue jay swooped unforeseeably to earth and shamed the silliness out of you, its purpose intricate as mica's on the side of a rock. For once, then, something: the moment of awakening when you tuned in to the rhythm of this celestial pantomime, an abstract whose contours were the course of its particulars, suddenly there and gone again; extreme, fortuitous, personal, but also universal, flashing and flashing in the sun, like glitter-goes on surfaces of tanks clippered with lilies scudding the bright chromes.

WS: -----

I: Because we all live in the world of Darwin it does not therefore follow that we utterly forsake the amical halls that were the world of Plato; but even a parakeet of parakeets impresses us more by its feathers and its foothold than by exerting its pure intellect. Rest, rest, perturbèd parrot! It is not a choice between, but of, the things that in each other are included, this as including that, a change immenser than a poet's metaphors.

WS: -----

I: I don't want to make it sound too complacently worked out. Much hangs on our minding the gap between 'a part' and 'apart', where two words turn out to be better than one. The birth that separates us from the wind and sea yet leaves us in them engenders, it is true, a desire that sometimes is too difficult to tell from despair. But the unhappiness and the disseverance could reconfigure as a clarity and we observe, in an assumption of the blessedly human, the hating woman and the meaningless place become a single being, sure and true: the way, when we climb a mountain, Vermont throws itself together.

WS: -----

I: Sudden rightnesses... While faithfully following your *métier* of nothingness, Wally, you were also a man feeling everything and the possibilities of plenitude, that incalculable expanse from low to high. A rat might come out to see, but so might a far-fetched creature, worthy of birth because, antipodal, it's from another pole and, waking the sleepy eye, pierces the physical fix of things, joyous and jubilant and sure, with bullioned blue abulge. It is everything bulging and blazing and big in itself, so many selves, so many sensuous worlds, as if what you called the loneliest air, the mid-day air, was swarming with the metaphysical changes that occur, merely in living as and where we live. Oxidia *is* Olympia: our own houses, huddled low beneath the arches and their spangled air.

WS: -----

I: Cleared of your stiff and stubborn, man-locked set, you do not choose, you do not choose, any more, between the bright-eyed firecat and evasive herd of bucks, because each lives in the poem and the poem lives by both. Like a new knowledge of reality: two things of opposite natures seem to depend on one another, lumpen paysans are as necessary as that angel seen for a moment standing in the door. A universe without life's limp and lack amounts to a geography of the dead, since the imperfect *is* our paradise.

WS: -----

I: Jot these milky matters down, well-dressed but bearded man, they nourish Jupiters. Hold on to life's nonsense and its strange relations, but throw away the lights, the definitions and the rotted names. Vacate the formal park, where totter those whom its statues torture and keep down, but cultivate real gardens with imaginary toads in them. Know how the earliest single light in the evening sky, in spring, creates a fresh universe out of nothingness by adding itself. *This* is the thesis scrawled in delight, the reverberating psalm, the right chorale.

(pause; hiccups)

The night comes striding, the stars are putting on their glittering belts. Fernando the barman's getting restless: he wants to close the cantina, hood the chandelier lest moonlight fub the girandoles; bright is the malice in his eye. Well, I think the two of us have at least agreed there is no fury in transcendent forms, but an actual candle blazes with artifice. Outside, there is an insolid billowing of the solid, night's moonlight lake is neither water nor air. One for the road? But you're already further along it, stopped somewhere waiting for me in a life beyond this present knowing; it's time for me to step out into the madness of space. So long, and thanks; we have enjoyed like men this colloquy, our exposition of the interconnected poverty and affluence of our planet. I too am glad you wrote your poems, and of the examined life that is fluent in those jocular procreations. *(leaves the bar)*

WS: THEY WERE OF A REMEMBERED TIME, OF SOMETHING I COULD TOUCH, TOUCH EVERY WAY: THE WHOLE, THE COMPLICATE, THE AMASSING HARMONY; THE MOMENTS WHEN WE CHOOSE TO PLAY.

[Performance Note:

This is intended for a solo performer. A gesture is therefore needed to signify the silent responses made by 'WS' (for whom an empty seat should be provided). Similarly, some gesture – such as 'scare-quotes' fingers – should signify when 'WS' actually speaks. When 'I' returns to the stage to ventriloquise the final pronouncement of 'WS', 'I' should sit in the latter's seat.]

Metaphysical Changes that Occur on Sunday Morning

So the meaning escapes

I: Imperishable Bliss

“I shall see prim bibs,”
Miss P. Habberil lies.
“Pam Shebbers ‘is ill’! I,
Empress Shibbli, A/L!”
Rase Ms. Iphili’s bleb?
“Irish plasm’s e-Bible
slime, Phibbs-Israel.”
Hell’s *bier*-piss iamb:
Aleph is brimbles is...[a]
Be risible: limp Sash
lamps his rebel ibis.
“Ellers is ship Bambi!”
“Bash Ibe’s lip, smiler.”
*Liberalism’s ship be
Isle Babel’s Irish M.P.!*
Sire Bibi? *He’ll* spasm.
“Spell ‘babies,’ Mr Ishi.”

f Isolate tribune, or
A1 beer turns to oil –
See to it, Bran O’Ruil!

g “Toast Eire, Brunoli,
Iti rat!” “O! Use nobler
Ulster to bore, Iain.”

h Robin Auster Eliot:
Otiose urban tiler
Or rebel situation?

i “Bar olio interest U,
Eel suit orbinator?”
“Borer, I ate oilnuts.”

j Blair, our noisette
Tires iron Lou. Be at
Berlin’s *teatro* – I O U!

II: Sure Obliteration

a Sob, O urinator, I let
Tears trouble, O I in
Toilets rue a robin!

b Re-boil iron statue:
It’s our notable ire,
Our tribal nose-tie.

c “Loser, bear tuition.”
“I tolerate uni’s, bro.”
(*Ur*-trite B.A. loonies.)

d Rouble iterations –
Renature Iti obols,
Retrain Louise Bot.

e Abuse interior lot?
Be silent, Uria Root,
Let our senior bait.

k O bustier relation
Ena, I lost our tribe
Our lion-bait steer.

l “Boil retro U.A.E. tins?
I store turban, Loie.”
Beirut: alien roost.

m No turbot, I realise,
Or tribute sea-lion
Rut on oiliest bear;

n Our bison relate it:
Let Bruin eat orios,
Oribi, a sour nettle.

o Inertia bores lout;
I loiter, barest *uno* –
O-o, burnt realities!

p So, true liberation?
Oi! obstinate ruler:
In literature, boos.

<i>q</i>	Tore rain-suit lobe: I use rain bottle, or <i>Roberts' Inuit Aloe.</i>	<i>x</i>	Reuben Rolo is a tit, But Orion Lee's Rita Inebriates our lot.
<i>r</i>	Train Leo to bruise: Insult boor at Erie – "Iso-oriental brute!"	<i>w</i>	"I boast triune role, I rub Easter lotion." Unstable rite, O <i>Roi!</i>
<i>s</i>	I baste no ulterior Orioles, Tina, but...er... I tote boreal ruins.	<i>v</i>	"Rob, let ursine iota Out, so in a terrible Riot it enables our
<i>t</i>	Oriel orbits a tune, Oboe ties trial run – Ain't Leroi our best?	<i>u</i>	Neural botritis." "O e- state nob, U R oilier; I ensure Bartolito
<i>u</i>	"I bear lute torsion; Blue, I rotate irons." <i>"Aboulie, rotten sir."</i>	<i>t</i>	Bites our relation." "O let's run to Iberia Or Triestian boule!"
<i>v</i>	"True, lean ibis, or to Be truer – O it's a lion." <i>"Seatrout in boiler."</i>	<i>s</i>	I belt U, O inert Rosa, I lube: restoration! <i>"Blue orations tire..."</i>
<i>w</i>	I, Buster Ali Tooner, Snub retailer; I too Rent laborious tie.	<i>r</i>	Ebola: nurse it, trio – Bette, Iris, Nora-Lou – Boil trouser tinea.
<i>x</i>	"Is toil a bore, runt? E- raser, O, I built Eton –" <i>"i.e., routine Borstal."</i>	<i>q</i>	O tabouli inserter Noor Ilir, be astute: Bier is not our tale.
<i>y</i>	I reunite lost boar, I, our iratest noble; I liberate our snot.	<i>p</i>	Let Siberian out or Liberate no suitor, I entreat U, Sir Loob!
<i>z</i>	Orine rubs a toilet; 1 Lobster Touraine: O true bestial <i>noir!</i>	<i>o</i>	"No euros, bitter Ali, Tie our blest Iran." "O! Ten blue or is a riot!"
<i>y</i>	O blast it, our Irene Roils about in tree – Or is Albertine out?!	<i>n</i>	A Rio neuter bit Sol, Robust lion-eater. I – I eat lone <i>burritos!</i>

m Tail O uterine bro's
But *sail*, Ron, to Eire.
(I stun aero Bleriot.)

l "Lion roars! Titubee,
Our lion bit Teresa?"
Eat *rösti*, lion rube...

k Nature, Boris Eliot;
No lair I see or butt.
Turbo-treason: I lie!

j I neutralise robot
Tribunal, Rosie; toe-
nail is true booter!

i Tia tore Linus' robe
On earlier bus, Tito;
True abortions lie.

h Irritate Blue soon:
"O, a bristle routine?
O *be* a roister, until...!"

g 1 barstool, 1 tureen;
Built-in stereo oar:
Sour bio-rental tie!

f It's our one-rat bile:
O rent oiler, I stab U,
Lure, tear in bits – "O! O!"

e "Traitor Li, be no use
In our east tribe; lo!"
(Reburies Li, a Tonto.)

d "A tribe on our islet
Is Earlobe Tonturi."
"O sire, I let boat run!"

c "It's a Renoir, Leo, but
I loot art." "Sure, Beni:
Our bare toilet-sin."

b Untie stair bolero?
O I let our banister
Restrain it, Eubolo.

a Elsie, burn it to a – or
Broil neat. Tiu/Eros,
Sole arbiter: O *nuit*!

III: Downward, to Darkness

Dr Woss, known rat; dead.
Onwards – don't skrew D.A.!
Wet dawns, dank sordor:
"Nerd, Dad's a worst wonk..."
"We'd drown dak-rats, son!"
(add sword, known stare).
"Rod Wernow stank! Dad's
darn straw dedo *knows*..."

Author's Note: No computer programme was used in
composing these verses. Whatever didn't exist does
now.