

# Henry Cow, Bad Alchemy

I dream Hermaphrodite and I sit up all night  
Our eyes on the horizon of a wobbling bowl.  
Heads in hands we ponder dregs  
the bowl contains  
a liquid's left putrescence  
after being drained.  
(What we feel we have to solve  
is why the dregs have not dissolved)  
When I wake I wonder what it means;  
am I bad alchemy? It seems  
I image Self unmixed, a risk,  
in a dish for drinking  
Fluid with a strongly stinking sediment  
is that what it meant?  
Am I hermaphrodite?  
Neither one nor quite the other?  
(What we feel we have to solve  
is why the dregs have not dissolved)