

Peter Hammill, Logodaedalus

Logorrhea
independent of the brain
not a moment to reflect
only time to wick up the gain
what was he thinking of and
why did he dream he could convey a bright idea?
While his tongue was wagging
he forgot to use the space between his ears.

Logodaedalus
with the cunning of a fox
paint him devious
in the corner of the room,
pop Pandora out of her box.
What is he on about and
why are his arguments so needlessly arcane
in their brilliance?
He's close to appearing more than slightly inane
with his crooked logic
and his dog-eared dictionary close to hand...
I don't think he's got it
but he's insistent that we're going to understand
his complete precision;
in the end he's certain that we'll all agree
with his definition...
an obsolescent word from 1663.

That says it all for me.