

Robert Wyatt, Muddy Mouth

Deep in the undergrows Handy sighed with relief.
He'd come alone in the dark. He'd come again at dawn,
if not before the morning clockrise.
Meanwhile in the bushes above, behind the toepath
which goes along beside the canal leading to the sea
which in turn leads on to all the major oceans,
Indian, Atlantic, Pacific,
I can't remember the names of the others
off-Handy cided to leave.
He'd come apart at the seam
endangered life and lawn order before
the more since he lies. Even under oath, Handy lies,
when he feels caught between right and wrong.
I think he just might have been wrong this time,
which in turn left him with few alternatives to
relieving himself by hand alone in the dark.
Hiding in the bog.