

Brian Eno, Third Uncle

There are tins
There was pork
There are legs
There are sharks
There was John
There are cliffs
There was mother
There's a poker
There was you
Then there was you.
There are scenes
There are blues
There are boots
There are shoes
There are Turks
There are fools
They're in lockers
They're in schools
There in you
Then there was you.
Burn my fingers
Burn my toes
Burn my uncle
Burn his books
Burn his shoes
Cook the leather
Put it on me
Does it fit me
Or you?
It looks tight on you.