Donovan, Epistle To Derroll

Come all ye starry starfish living in the deep blue sea crawl to me i have proposition to make thee would you walk the north sea floor to Belgium from England Bring me word of a banjo man With a tattoo on his hand.

The spokesman of the starfish spoke as spokesman should & amp; amp; quot; Ifn you met our fee then certainly we would, If you cast a looking-glass upon the scallopped sand You'll have word o' this banjo man with a tattoo on his hand. & amp; amp; quot;

"Come ye starry starfish I know your ways are caped maybe its because your astrologically shaped, Converse with the herring shoals as I know you can Bring me word o' the banjo man with a tattoo on his hand."

The eldest of the starfish spoke, after a sigh, & amp; amp; quot; Youthfull as you are young man you have a 'Wisdom Eye'; Surely you must know a looking-glass is made from sand? These youngfish are fooling you about this banjo man. & amp; amp; quot;

"Come then aged starfish Riddle me no more, for news I am weary and my heart is sore; All on the silent seashore, help me if you can, Tell to me if you know of this banjo man."

"All through the seven oceans I am a star, most famed,
Many 'leggys' have I lost
and many have I gained,
Strange to say quite recently
I've been to Fleming Land
And if you are courteous
I'll tell you all I can."

"You have my full attention" I answered him with glee,
His brother stars were twinkling
in the sky above the sea
So I sat there with rapt
attention, on the sand,
very anxious for to hear
of the banjo man.

& amp; amp; quot; I have seen this tattooed hand

through a ship port-hole, Steaming on the watery main through the waves so cold, Heard his tinkling banjo and his voice so grand but you must come to Belgium to shake his tattooed hand."

"Gladly would I come oh gladly would I go,
Had I not my work to do
and my face to show,
I rejoice to know he's well
but I must go inland,
thank you for the words you brought
of the banjo man."

I walked along the evening sand as charcoal clouds did shift revealing the moon shining on the pebble drift Contemplating every other word the starfish said whistly winds they filled my dreams in my dreaming bed.