

Robert Wyatt, A Sunday In Madrid

Pa arrives in the city of the closed doors,
Greeted by miners from Asturias.
His limousine streaks past giant shiny moneyboxes,
Huddled together for warmth.
He is deposited in his inner chamber.

Later, Pa meets the bear, impersonates a tree
To confuse the hell's gates dogs' sense of smell,
And rests for chess with no-one.
Then (amongst the closed doors) he shrinks,
Is dwarfed by rabbits, expands again
To invade the destiny of fourteen mysterious others,
Strangely clad, captured by a camera,
carefully arranged, with a space for his image.
A plot hatched by fate.

Pa looks for diversion in the written word,
Meanwhile, the mundane world seeks solace in illusion.
An imprisoned rainbow gives shelter to the homeless.
A painted machine registers the weight of mystery,
And for background interest a kilometre of women
Queue to kiss a wooden foot, patiently.
The Queen had been.
But no information, in the city of the closed doors,
On Christian Spain.
Elsewhere, bare buttocks wait their turn.
In vain. No guides available. All busy in the Prado,
Followed by shuffling feet. Fascinated. Perhaps.

Outside again in the mundane world,
In the city of the closed doors,
Living men impersonate sleeping saints,
On sundry raised surfaces, (like benches).
Art objects seat beadless (beneath coats).
Performance artists simulate poverty and beg.
A day's begging pays the entrance fee
To the Cinema of Terror. A golden gas mask
Throw the torturers off the trail, amongst
The grazed walls of the city of the closed doors.

Pa escapes,
Samples the delights of raw fish, good wine,
Closes the door of his inner chamber,
Closes the door of his inner chamber, and sleeps.