

# Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, Bad Alchemy

I dream Hermaphrodite & I sit up  
all night our eyes on the horizon  
of a wobbling bowl.

Heads in hands we ponder dregs  
the bowl contains  
a liquid's left putrescence  
after being drained.

(What we feel we have to solve  
is why the dregs have not dissolved)  
When I wake I wonder what it means;

am I bad alchemy? It seems  
I image Self unmixed, a risk,  
in a dish for drinking

Fluid with a strongly stinking  
sediment - is that what it meant?

Am I hermaphrodite?

Neither one nor quite the other?

(What we feel we have to solve  
is why the dregs have not dissolved)