

A Visitor from Jerry-Land
to Daniel O'Leary

“The makar must a wanderer be”

The chance
97% in my favour,
as even the hooligans
who stoned blind
Homer knew,
is the nether lands'
weather is variable
as the garden's flowers' colours'
pleasures under its lights.

Sloth, swallow, must swallow
its name's root's in Sanskrit
He-Who-Causes-To-Fail

Ferret out and squirrel away
what you can quoth
Master Ant smugly
even before his widescreen TV
where the Albanians' Lada
is shot to shit and first one
on the scene's no medic but
a cameraman focussed
on the slumped driver
his passenger's shock-eyed begging.

The gravy, this meat's juices
heat-pressed by kinetic attention.
We drove here in a Peugeot,
right away downed two Stoli shots,
and now, hours later, one makes
it up as he cooks supper while
the other scribbles his version
at the dining table. The sheer volume
of spirits swallowed and inspiring here
prevent the endless end of ill-fare.—

Look: the light waxes every morning
and night argues its obfuscations so
we might see its numbers plain.

In this light

an 18th century volume
of Juvenal with French crib
beside the new reading-chair upstairs
aside the modern English
concurr.