

38 meditations on Strong tea

for Val & Tom Raworth

my tea is
admirably
complex

will it run the risk
of being misunderstood?

*

sarcastic Chinese
asking
why ... milk?
because of breasts
we reply
& because udders just hang there
otherwise

*

the irony being
on a journey to Edinburgh
tae visit Nick-e Melville
idon actually
like
hot drinks

*

you are the Shining Star of Bear Island
where all the trees
have been stripped away
to make room
for the plantation's
wives

hello chicken
come visit. I will give you
corn
& stroke your head
your feathers will be my handle;
your skull will be my cup

*

o man, I have Mark next to me
he stinks
& has aspergers
I could really do with a cup
of Strong tea

*

my pleasure
is derived from taste
& clarity
of expression
my beverage is a nobel prize
in a world
where dinner is an argument
about Demolition man

*

I am happy
because I have
you
in my life

*

India is happening
to England
in Kenya
& the Olympics
are a bid
for black granules
like Icelandic beaches

jolly ranchers swinging from a tree branch
a poison tree frog abuses a golden gibbon
'there are dragons up there'
he says, from the jungle floor
'& come drink my blood
it is ever so tasty'

*

I think that
Chinese River Dolphin
is a great name
for tea

*

I just want to dance with somebody
... with some
body who loves me ...
have you heard from ghost?
forgive her, for she knows not
what she does

*

Jublee, special brand
limited stocks
only for the people who read

*

I have paper for wedding
poems
but where will we hold
the reception?
in the dark star
with the sugar compendium
to bring up one that can drink up

fluffy bubble flying
with a green parachute
turns out to be a
cancer tumour
predicted in the scalextric

*

I am the zoo
the venice is a tea canal in sewage
the swan is chased by the silver gorilla
scotch in the white
there are babies
in the way

*

multiplicity, Pacquiao!
Areas of academic
interest:
tea
colonialism
hot sex
& the exhaust

*

the elephant poet chooses
its own interviewer
in its small ears african dialect

a grape filled barrel boat
it makes wine through the medium
of flamenco

floating tea trunk
firing grapes like a cannon
asking me to clarify my questions

that strong Belwas with red boots
is a tea crusher
the breadth of a rotten plant
allows each boil to cut him
before it blisters into a flower

*

like a snake eating a goat
he'd roast a boar inside him
brown spilled strong spread
a skittish seethrough bag
cheesecloth or testicle

*

the King isn't in his castles
& dweebs have taken over
hell is real
I'm a brew of the moonstar
time is slowing, just 30 seconds are enough to break you here

*

my telestich always
unfortunately
ends in
T, E & A
which is a mint green
cardigan
for my lost child

*

there is but one town
called Cambridge
but two parties called communities
I mean communist
red val runs relocation at the townhall
while pass the tea comrade darling
holds a crop
& promises valhalla he is coming
glow trial or no

ex-foreign legion fluent french speaker
getting used to British
manners
asks his attackers
‘why are you being
so mean?’
in between bayonet thrusts
he is at work again
no thanks to the gov’t

*

tea rots the gut
if it is you
who happens to drink it ...
coffee fights cancer
which is funny
because it is black like Granada

*

the desert requires help
to cross
though Arab boys have strong backs
one has to feed their blasted
tutor

the dancing bear
teaches hibernation
how useful
on such a long journey

*

the liquid breakfeast
is a protean milkshake
& what must be one
to realise the horror of the ceiling above
now they have two cats to clean
for the milk is spilled

it's ok
to spend
your life
working
in Exeter Odeon
or Littlewood's
tea rooms
because
when you're
dead
there is nothing
which is like
a green tea
with lots
of peace

*

today there are hands I love
yesterday it was an ape
tomorrow it will be herbs
 on the moon
 what is a chimp without teeth?
 what is a socket
 without an arm?
 an English sans T
 that is me
 3 days a week
marvelling at the Swedish still life
getting a bone for the goth
 girls
 with the lip rings
 & bear tattoos
 in tribal breaks
 on lower back
 upper arse
 upper thighs
whispering ghost warmings!
the thursday rainbow stinks of perfume
 by bloody careful
 tattoos bleed, profusely

off to Berlin...

I've packed my tiny red armbands
emblazoned with the Swastika
to slip over
the white asparagus
like a broken condom

*

like names in novels

that are only initials...

S.J. is conciliatory around the poetry table
but rest assured
he is hungry to hurt you

*

doubters will doubt
that not even heat becalmed
to just look down

it is the Czech republic in a French maid's uniform
but we'll be okay
like a frog on the forest floor
seeking coal for its lamp
we'll find a fire
to heat this tea

skin coloured breasts in freedom
are contrary to the biting horse
filled with hate

*

I bring you seaweed

emotional

and yet, you just want tea...

this will not work out

migrant labourers died for this day

I am a cup, a hand, a liquid

the first in order, the last to run

my wire lined servants suit

I am butler to fools

I do hope we end
up
in a war with China
because
I love killing
peasants

*

dear amazon.co.eu
who would make my water
in such a jungle orchid?
peasants drip smells like Lapsang...

*

so long getting
naked
but I am behind you at least

it is private here
the changing rooms are without CCTV
and seeing you I realise I have dreamed
less often
since I learned my lesson
too much of anything
destroys erections
and drunk murderers will drink at me

*

Gregor Mendel is tending to his biscuit garden in the Tyrol...
how stupid of me to not have thought of that!
the hereditary of strong tea is digital

*

the tastiest biscuit
is a fascist biscuit...
but do we really need biscuits?