

# 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

\*

Jubilee, 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 breakfast  
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?