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THIS IS LOVE AND LOVE IS THIS

Darling, my love
Is great, so great,
Recalling Heaven's calm above.
Fate is sweet this,
All after Fall --
Fall? After all,
This, sweet, is fate,
Above calm Heaven's recalling.

Great, so great is
Love, my darling.

LIFE IS CURIOUS

Pamela pastes Emily's
semi-diastasis plate
(won, no less) ever up...

As a pot-smart
animate buoyant
Eno tonic, I
(not on Etna, you bet!)
am
in a tram-stop,
as a pure vessel
on no wet
Alps
I sat.

Said I: "Messy lime
sets
a pale map."
T.T.  
(one car-race, no?)

Race car?  
Race fast safe car,  
Deep stab at speed,  
Risk car-track, sir?  
On, on, "Tosca"(mascot)...No, no!  
Oil? Olio?  
Gulp! A plug.  
Lor, tepid! Ah, had I petrol!  
Pits loot tools. (Tip!  
Ten.) No bonnet?  
Strap parts --  
Burst ... raps ... parts rub ...  
H. (sarcastic): "It's a crash!  
Flat tyre very T.T., Alf.  
Flag, Alf!"

HOSPITAL

"Nurses run!"

says sick Cissy as  
poor devils live, droop  
supply LP pus.  
Still it's  
"Stop spots."

Pang -- no long nap.  
"Rise, lame male, sir!"

("Was it Sir W's wrist I saw?")  
Birth. Girl. Lass all right. Rib  
(pun) was sawn up!  
("No minor tamp, Matron. I'm on.")  
Wens are Vera's. New.  
Ward-elbow. Two bled raw.  
Worn robe. Babe born. ROW!  
Noses? Same tartrate masses on.  
Won't salt last now?  
Nap-debt. BED-PAN!!  
"Too fat a foot!"  
says sick Cissy as  
nurses run ...
Pounding of feet on floor and stairs
Of some elusive heavy shape
Lets by returning anxious cares
To cry in soul's dark horrorscape,
"Evil, I come! Look out!"
The mind
Recalls from such satanic warning.
Ghastly hell-fumbling touch may find
Each ashen cheek before grey morning
In undefended hall of terror,
Sin-notorious and steadfastly
To be avoided, where the mirror
Exhibits in its corner mostly
Receding nothingness or shows
Abiding grisly suicides,
Terrible obits. Shrill cackling goes
Loud-booted through parlour and strides
Away along the darkling passage...
Renew night vigilance, or pray,
Grovel in panic. Is this visage
Evil? Come quick, redeeming day!

PERILS, HAUNTINGS, PANIC

Pounding of feet on floor and stairs of some
Elusive heavy shape lets by
Returning anxious cares to cry
In soul's dark horrorscape, "Evil, I come!
Look out!"
The mind recoils from such
Satanic warning. Ghastly
Hell-fumbling touch may find each
Ashen cheek before grey morning in
Undefended hall of terror, sin-
Notorious and steadfastly
To be avoided, where the mirror exhibits
In its corner mostly receding
Nothingness or shows abiding
Grisly suicides, terrible obits.
Shrill cackling goes loud-booted through
Parlour and strides away
Along the darkling passage...
Renew
Night vigilance, or pray, grovel
In panic. Is this visage evil?
Come quick, redeeming day!
The poet George Barker, in his short novel *The Dead Seagull*, has the following real or pretended quotation:

"They cut down elms to build asylums for people driven mad by the cutting down of elms."

An elmer, then, is a sentence of this type illustrating some vicious circle in modern life. Here is a poetic elmer:

THE CURE THE CAUSE

Drooping in morning mists,
Hoping for news
From doctors, chiropodists --
Thinking 'Today I'll meet
Fresh therapeutical
People perhaps --
Brainier chaps --
Who'll cure the hard cuticle
Formed on my feet
By this waiting in queues ..."