

AN ODE OF OLD PHUT

by William Crimple Struth

Be'gleeden orb, risen rosey, shimmery and statue slow,
nuzzled rim and flank and dell
and all afore in long blue-shadowed languor
flitted in the aura'd hour of the morn.

Duffern sultry calms strothe the silfen sky-tint swells,
processing mumblewards, up and in and down and back,
paying respects to sand and shingle shredded jute.

Creak pegged, salt swedged, hempy humped jetties townway jostle
t'whar wattle-piggle higgie-daubed crow-crowned humbles
bung-burrow in the arbless hollows of the cove
neath the seeking watch of gizzen-gazed viscous eyes.

He, the timsy noggined, knobby-knocked Son of Lune,
who, in all his measured meyearnings,
never sleeps to dream, but slips through sylvan veils to croon
his morphic moria.

"Fee toe-tee toe-tope.", the tarnal tippler tandles.

"Fee toe-tee toe-tope.", he tandles to the trees.

"Fee toe-tee toe-tope.", terbishing the tocko.

"Fee toe-tee toe-tope.", he tolters on toorie.

Then leans aback and leers about his topos lovingly
on that that's sown and grown from ground with green tantivity.
Breath soft, the vane, the gladen path, the glint glim shifting dapple
and list those mist kissed, dew flecked young who come to taste the apple.

Fool saw her seen, this dream colleen, by Clackhurst vaneward bound
and danced an arbolesque of joy to two love's love enfound.

Sweet swelling yearn and rustling crush alain Langvoory sarsh,
neath marmy-soems, strewn cuddle-daks, and topets moist as marsh.

This, all this, mum hushed to hear dripped honey tempo'd sighs,
Be'glayden meetled, rukensheethed, twist immortelle the ties.
The sarsh enwreathed with topets, daks. Soems softened in soft rain.
A diptych closed on private beauty. Enshroud Langvoory Vane.

On stotem pine scribed in two hands two nymys forever meant,
but as time taunts we are teased out; too soon her life was spent.
Sore Clackhurst, was by then impressed to ship serve what remained
and years ticked unmeasured by with no less deadened pain.
As on that tree, so on his heart their love was deeply scribbed
and by her loss he lost his will and was to madness driven.

The fool bided tearfully and fully knew the end,
but nay could change a singlement, but wait for rend and mend.
It came, the day the ship turned round, its rigging ripped askew
and men felled pining highstaff stotem to make the mainmast new.

As sweat flowed down, the felled tree rose, rope-wrapped, taut, and tortured.
Hoisting hands unfurled its fate and soon the sea importuned.
A baleful "Fee toe-tee, toe-tope" meandered in the air
and miles out on fathoms lost, wracked Clackhurst felt her hair
and heard her breath and saw her face and had his pain refreshed
as on the mast he found their names from days in glades enmeshed.

The cry of man, the cry of wind, the futile salt-sprayed tear.
The cry of wind, the cry of "Storm!", as destined time draws near.
The cry of wind-ripped sail, and snapping rope and wood.
The cry of love reborn in death, as fool had understood.

Cook and Captain saw him die as the seas unpent
and foam and jiggling flotsam blew and stanzas came and went.
"Clackhurst!", griped the Dainig.
"Clackhurst!", grieved he mound.
"Tarry greeping," whickles Warp,
"nay tain tis Clackhurst bound!"

The reeling stotem highstaff fell midst the muck d'mere.
The creebling frothem croachneek rent squoze from chup to keer.
But whinst the pakely harlengleam yawned o'er the fuzzen mae,
ter twath a likly poranora that drake the sleeken bay.
And all that was or could be is nought but dullish phut.
Time's glass has now run through with sand, no more of "if" and "but".

Gains goads the gadfly, falthing fails the fox,
gaultry lain the lame, the pepper-snuff knocks,
and wockonaughts swoop low to catch the final fated sighs,
as inspiraspirations expire to the skies.

And so it came and goes and went
that most things can't withstand,
but Fool still croons "Toe-tee" and "Tope",

and why?

Because he can...

(The Fool does a pirouette and falls backwards off the stotem stump.)