

UNTITLED

Men that write poems are
neurotics that sit in garden sheds
or hide away in silent rooms
And get completely into their heads.

He had a head like a cube
A big, thickset body with a lot of chi,
His wife in a pink boob-tube
When they came round for tea.

Keith Woodhouse

SORTS

I was in it for the cigarettes,
Writing little poems
Feeling like Dylan Thomas,
Writing in Mental homes.

A world famous mental patient
Stoned as a prune
Pacing, manic, energy latent,
Wired to the moon.

A poet smoking himself to death,
As at the hungry gates of dawn,
Hates with every mortal breath,
And wishes he were never born.

From the barrel souls of the London pubs,
Where the literary lions nurse their cubs,
To the Ipswich carnivals and music venues,
Flash Turkish take-aways with dubious menus.

Keith Woodhouse