



3.3 LINES FROM THE BARD

Annoyed at the obscurity of the script, you continue to flip through the pages.

*Atkinson, helped by Baldrick, could not help but weep
At the sight of the men who had penned Astro Creep,
As they dropped the micropterus onto the dish
With a bottle of Riesling, a fine friend for fish.
The musquaw smelled, saw, but its paw could not reach
From its post where it stood guard beside Edward Teach
Whose martial arts skills, marked by dark waistband cloth,
And earned from hard learning far from rapids' froth,
Had been used to sell smartphones, amid much debate,
Over crediting Leadbelly or Spiderbait
Erasing with lime, crimes hidden to all,
Like the Others who dwell in the north past the Wall.
Have you been to the carnival, Wolfmother asks,
Where the school teacher chalks and erases her tasks,
Where Adiga's novel is told word for word
Upon unused frequencies, owned but not heard?
Cavity radiation kept answers concealed
From baseballers based at the Cellular Field.
Yet, as Bernard and Manny fought fiercely with Fran
And Coverdale's band sang about a Blindman,
The Béchamel simmered in front of a hero
In his headquarters in postcode three one three zero.
Toboso's manga could not keep him awake,
Nor could he dodge sleep by reading Dinah Drake,
So he poured, in vain, vodka, Kahlúa, and cream
With a sip of Ribena to sweeten his dream;
Bubonic plague nightmares still soured his mood.
The morn's meagre comfort, Chinese staple food,
With a soundtrack of Fergie and will.i.am's band,
And Schwarzwälder Kirschtorte, pleasure unplanned,
Baked long ago, the day after Thanksgiving,
By Underland's true ruler, far from the living,
Mixed on slabs of Caesarstone eight one four one,
Warmed by precious petrol, a treasure hard-won.
Even If You Don't Stay Forever, sang Ween,
Authoritative reports will make them keen,
Even those from a phone directory, although that
Must be tempered beneath de Bono's judgement hat,
And erased - how correction fluid abounds!
Like Gaussian random signals blocking sounds!
Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, despite his inheritance
Could not mend the comedos covering his countenance.
On the Presidential Range, he hardened his feet,
And his guts, eating only fast twitch muscle meat,
Drawn to his fate, as if by compact stars,
To where his brain tissue would fade behind bars.*



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*A gambler trying to add to twenty one,
A sorceror trying to ensure good is done,
Not figures from Hiroe's manga, nay,
But perhaps they were present when Cave and McVeigh
Wrote a letter in their finest bold gothic script
To an address on Whakaari, sealed, stamped, and shipped,
With a fearsome card, one of the Power Nine,
And a terrible spell of an evil design,
To extort those in power, with threats beyond telling,
A plot to seize the US President's dwelling.
Chesterton's ballad ignored modern plans,
Of true things around him, of real police vans,
Catching no-goods selling goods on the sly.
So the market crashed in eighty seven, but why?
Principia's author gives us no clues,
Like ethical hackers, who love to confuse
Candice Night's husband, who's joined so many bands,
But has no idea where the Cenotaph stands.
He played Call of Duty until their house, unclean,
Dust coats over their fridge and washing machine,
Like rhodium-plating where platinum should be,
Caused a power outage, wires blocked with debris.
When the party was formed on Huey Newton's wishes
Grinding piper nigrum upon all their dishes,
The flag of surrender they could not foresee.
Meanwhile, within postcode three one nine three,
Yankee Swap games made the guests feel more alive,
Coffee liqueur in two parts and vodka in five,
Afanasyev's story made old folks smile wryly,
While a documentary told the story of Kylie.
One month after Valentine's Day, in Japan,
Every office worker, each woman and man,
Listened to Osbourne's band, blasting ever higher,
To remember the 2009 bushfire.
Berlin's Yule tune, with Josh Cake's parody, cruel,
Grew famous between Sochi and Istanbul
While Jonathan King's film did not reach that far.
When their hunger remained after one Milkybar,
Harold and Kumar went seeking fast food,
But found metal forgers, sharp, slick, and shrewd,
Who'd forced Jake Smith not to sing, but start investing
In programmers working on structural testing.
Now teachers write with markers, chalk dust is no more.
Hotel Yorba's album lies crushed on the floor,
With Aronofsky's ballet film, smashed by the weight
Of the gait of the pirates of Edward Newgate.
As she sipped her Earl Grey, curled up in a heap,
Dear Prudence's album lulling her to sleep,
Romanova, helping Stark, could not help but weep.*