

## After Breakfast

At school we were legislated,  
tiddlers baulked by the tide;  
taught to rule left-hand margins,  
to write rightwards, obeying  
the electric power of parallel lines.

“These rules are very strict,” said  
the enstooled teacher, incarcerated  
in knitted wool. I learned  
to be obtuse like a moon lost in clouds.

But I did probe the purpose  
and meaning of the lesson;  
*was the word the wine-glass window*  
*or its gothic sandstone architrave?*

At least our church was almost human  
surrounded by bog green turf,  
headstoned with surreal teeth  
and englassed orchids;

and by the assumption that a builder  
architect enwrought with boils  
and dysentery designed and built our town.

But as you know, these are only the props  
and cereal fragments of a field of life.  
The lost biographies, unlike the bush’s  
(bird-inscribed, stitched with insect sounds)  
are the unrecorded wisdom of a race;

our plain poems of the commonplace.

SYD HARREX