

## **The Man Who Fed the Birds.**

Your meaning's bare, they said.  
You'll have to cover up.  
The poet, who didn't know  
he was naked, made no move  
but kept on writing  
the green and the white and the blue  
and singing his blind man's songs.

Away from the sharp-eyed men  
who look for nakedness  
even in the decently clothed,  
he'd learnt no subterfuge,  
knowing only the company  
of simple men like himself  
who worked with their hands.

You've left it all hanging out  
—your heart and that.  
Said those who knew the uses of armour.  
But he saw no harm  
for his heart was pure  
and he went on playing his faltering flute  
to girls with cinnamon hair.

Come off it mate,  
you can't get away  
with rosebuds and lilies these days.  
But the poet who didn't know that,  
had already turned away  
and was feeding the birds.

**DERRY PARKER**

## **SPORTSMISTRESS**

Look at you  
Look at them.

(Lumpy limbs loathing  
their lithe lunging lustiness.  
Allowing no longings,  
no loin-lulling lustfulness.)