

## I Give Birth to William Blake and He Gives Birth to Me

We are the Thames, gush unstoppable,  
Archangel Watercolour, Goddess Ink. We kids jitter  
Like cups in saucers ready to spill —

The wet suede bullet of his head, the shock of it:  
Bearing down on my insides with his insistent Notebook

All the tea and poetry we ever drank, all the porter —  
Under Waterloo bridge we flow  
Clattering like oysters

The whores on The Strand pat brickdust on their cheeks  
And the wind whistles sharp on the Routemasters' corner

Aren't those some of Satan's Art friends  
Sweeping in from mud into the flickring Theatres?

My kaftan mother moves us to her Queen Anne ruin  
She has a Vision. For months we wee behind the holly tree

It's on the main road unlive in since the war —  
A dump for Christian tracts. William knows it well  
We watch them saw the planks for it when Clapham's still a clod

He shunts by, looks up, spies me in the window of my attic room,  
I'm fifteen, wondering if I'll stay for sixth form, or ever find Love —  
I'm reading *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

Chip papers grease the street, shops crash down their shutters  
Rules are slapped out daily by the Lords of Spite  
Seeds planted by Poverty bloom as Rage

Covid! Administration! Adam and Eve!

It's Spring and the sky billows lilac over Battersea  
Puffing clouds into twists of Ferlinghetti, Milton, Orc —

Who swirl on the shoulders of mothers and sisters  
Whose gowns are silver, whose shell necklaces  
Tinkle at their throats, whose laughter carries to Surrey

*What a blue!* Cries the Poet, and the fiery Seraphim reply:  
*Grind the ultramarine William, only Mother Sky*  
*In her Night Veil can play Harmonica over Revolution's drum*

Facts are lousy company on Reality's sullied tarmac —  
And here we are when old: still Deadline Avoidant —

No cash in pocket but a fairy in every municipal tulip  
Catherine says Kaddish & salts the cabbage soup

Tygers of Wrath run online classes on Imagination.