

## Capers

### The Birthday Party

what has not got my heart in it shall we be dubbed sir names  
wither million blither tongues mounting bristling guilt frames  
in the fake - ache of the gloomloom slippers slap me alive!  
the hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly types  
so we can catch and thread a minstrel bleed a tower down to its  
ankles  
so we can't go up or stay up find the thumb dumb in your ear br  
ain  
get unfunny! such as choirs do why the clocklock bought up this  
one  
just when things seemed so paperparent like my toothface? like  
my out-do?  
capers... capers...  
oh a streak, o'treacly ink-inks tied my knees all up in elbows  
erase that lapsing smile tub lose the slip of the small soap-  
fellows  
account the addups till I do-  
nots are we balanced? we're in business!  
idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's...all legs and arm  
our  
I had a dreadful diehood diehard, drunken, sunken, monk-heart  
oh I had a wonderful diehood thanks to my fa, fa, family