

An attempt to identify the poets/poems being parodied in the book

**The Even More Complete Book of
Australian Verse**

by

John Clarke

Introduction

This document reflects an attempt to identify the poets and poems being parodied[†] in the book "The Even More Complete Book of Australian Verse" by John Clarke. It was commenced in 2010, for which the author pleads the *Streakers' Defence* that it seemed like a good idea at the time. Clarke's tragic and untimely death in early 2017 triggered a major attempt to fill in some of the gaps in the document. It remains a work in progress, with corrections, suggestions and comments always welcome.

You can hear Clarke himself reading most of these poems on the web site

<https://mrjohnclarke.bandcamp.com/album/the-cd-of-the-even-more-complete-book-of-australian-verse> and it is well worth the effort.

([†] For the purposes of this document the word "parody" is taken to mean a literary composition that imitates the style of another work, usually humorously. It might be intended to imitate, make fun of, comment upon, or flatter the original work. There is no necessary or implied suggestion that the original work is substandard in any way.)

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** Poems marked with ** were present in the hardback edition published in 2012, but not in the paperback edition published in 1994. So they appeared sometime between those two dates.

†† Platten's poem was titled *What I Did in The Holidays* in the 1994 paperback edition, but had become *Are We There Yet?* by the 2012 hardback edition. (The poem's wording was completely unchanged.)

Anon: *Tide Is Igoin Oute*

PARODIED POET: Anon
PARODIED POEM: Sumer Is Icumen In

Sumer is icumen in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
And springeth the wood now.
Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Cow loweth after calf,
Bullock starteth, buck farteth,
Merry sing cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well singeth thou coukoo,
Nor cease thou never now!

Sing cuckoo now, sing cuckoo!
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo now!

Bob Herrick: *Upon Julia's Speedos*

PARODIED POET: Robert Herrick (1591–1674)
PARODIED POEM: Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

Gavin Milton: *On His Government*

PARODIED POET: John Milton (1608–1674)
PARODIED POEM: On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoak, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Start with *Addidas* ↔ *Lycidas* and *Il Ponderosa* ↔ *Il Penseroso*. (To "throw a seven" is to die, apparently a term from the ANZAC trenches in World War I.) Add in Gavin's poem *Lost and Found* as a tilt towards John's two poems *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. Cap it all off with Paradise being called a retirement village. Clarke is on fire.

**** Alexandra Pope: *The Warniad***

PARODIED POET: Alexander Pope (1688–1744)
PARODIED POEM: The Faithless Lover (but see below)

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is here magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage Tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

This poem has the right style and rhythm to be the target of Clarke's parody, and it also has a title that some would deem "fitting". However Clarke's chosen title must surely have been inspired by that of another Pope poem, his satirical *The Dunciad*.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: These give the titles to several other poems by his "Australian Pope", some of which have obvious parallels in works by "English Pope":

Imitations of Morris	Imitations of Horace
Laker and Lock	Rape of the Lock
Abelard around the Wicket to Eloise	Eloisa to Abelard
Essay on Twelfth Man	Essay on Man

**** Jeffry Smart: *Hoosagood Boythen***

PARODIED POET: Christopher Smart (1722–1771)
PARODIED POEM: For I will consider my Cat Jeffry

For I will consider my Cat Jeffry.
For he is the servant of the Living God duly and daily serving him.
For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.
For then he leaps up to catch the musk, which is the blessing of God upon his prayer.

For he rolls upon plank to work it in.
 For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.
 For this he performs in ten degrees.
 For first he looks upon his forepaws to see if they are clean.
 For secondly he kicks up behind to clear away there.
 For thirdly he works it upon stretch with the forepaws extended.
 For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.
 For fifthly he washes himself.
 For sixthly he rolls upon wash.
 For seventhly he fleas himself, that he may not be interrupted upon the beat.
 For eighthly he rubs himself against a post.
 For ninthly he looks up for his instructions.
 For tenthly he goes in quest of food.
 For having consider'd God and himself he will consider his neighbour.
 For if he meets another cat he will kiss her in kindness.
 For when he takes his prey he plays with it to give it a chance.
 For one mouse in seven escapes by his dallying.
 For when his day's work is done his business more properly begins.
 For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.
 For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electrical skin and glaring eyes.
 For he counteracts the Devil, who is death, by brisking about the life.
 For in his morning orisons he loves the sun and the sun loves him.
 For he is of the tribe of Tiger.
 For the Cherub Cat is a term of the Angel Tiger.
 For he has the subtlety and hissing of a serpent, which in goodness he suppresses.
 For he will not do destruction, if he is well-fed, neither will he spit without provocation.
 For he purrs in thankfulness, when God tells him he's a good Cat.
 For he is an instrument for the children to learn benevolence upon.
 For every house is incomplete without him and a blessing is lacking in the spirit.
 For the Lord commanded Moses concerning the cats at the departure of the Children of Israel from Egypt.
 For every family had one cat at least in the bag.
 For the English Cats are the best in Europe.
 For he is the cleanest in the use of his forepaws of any quadruped.
 For the dexterity of his defence is an instance of the love of God to him exceedingly.
 For he is the quickest to his mark of any creature.
 For he is tenacious of his point.
 For he is a mixture of gravity and waggery.
 For he knows that God is his Saviour.
 For there is nothing sweeter than his peace when at rest.
 For there is nothing brisker than his life when in motion.
 For he is of the Lord's poor and so indeed is he called by benevolence perpetually--Poor Jeoffry! poor
 Jeoffry! the rat has bit thy throat.
 For I bless the name of the Lord Jesus that Jeoffry is better.
 For the divine spirit comes about his body to sustain it in complete cat.
 For his tongue is exceeding pure so that it has in purity what it wants in music.
 For he is docile and can learn certain things.
 For he can set up with gravity which is patience upon approbation.
 For he can fetch and carry, which is patience in employment.
 For he can jump over a stick which is patience upon proof positive.
 For he can spraggle upon wagggle at the word of command.
 For he can jump from an eminence into his master's bosom.
 For he can catch the cork and toss it again.
 For he is hated by the hypocrite and miser.
 For the former is afraid of detection.
 For the latter refuses the charge.
 For he camels his back to bear the first notion of business.
 For he is good to think on, if a man would express himself neatly.

For he made a great figure in Egypt for his signal services.
 For he killed the Ichneumon-rat very pernicious by land.
 For his ears are so acute that they sting again.
 For from this proceeds the passing quickness of his attention.
 For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.
 For I perceived God's light about him both wax and fire.
 For the Electrical fire is the spiritual substance, which God sends from heaven to sustain the bodies both
 of man and beast.
 For God has blessed him in the variety of his movements.
 For, tho he cannot fly, he is an excellent clamberer.
 For his motions upon the face of the earth are more than any other quadruped.
 For he can tread to all the measures upon the music.
 For he can swim for life.
 For he can creep.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Clarke's reference to freeways is possibly a reference to Smart's involvement with and admiration for Freemasonry (although the extent of Smart's involvement is still a subject of active debate among scholars).

Bill Blake: The Work of Harmony

PARODIED POET: William Blake (1757–1827)
 PARODIED POEM: The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: *The Book of Thel* is actually a poem by William Blake.

Rabbi Burns: To a Howard

PARODIED POET: Robert ("Rabbie") Burns (1759–1796)
 PARODIED POEM: To a Mouse

Wee, sleekit, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald.
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou are no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Arnold Wordsworth: Lines Composed about Half-Way across the Pyrmont Bridge

PARODIED POET: William Wordsworth (1770–1850)
PARODIED POEM: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS:. The relationship between Wordsworth and Coleridge continues to be discussed and argued between scholars some two centuries later. See, for example, the URL <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/books/3655660/When-Coleridge-met-Wordsworth.html> (successfully accessed in June 2017). Ditto the relationship between Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy.

Trevor Henry Leigh Hunt: Jenny Hit Me

PARODIED POET: James Henry Leigh ("Leigh") Hunt (1784–1859)
PARODIED POEM: Jenny Kissed Me When We Met

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Thomas Wolfe: *The Burial of Surgeon Moore at Narrunga*

PARODIED POET: Charles Wolfe (1791–1823)

PARODIED POEM: The Burial of Sir John Moore

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Warren Keats: *A Customary Tale*

PARODIED POET: John Keats (1795–1821)

PARODIED POEM: A Song About Myself

There was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be
He took
In his knapsack
A book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels,
A slight cap
For night cap,
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivetted close
And followed his nose
To the north,
To the north,
And follow'd his nose
To the north.

—

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry
He took
An ink stand
In his hand
And a pen
Big as ten
In the other,
And away
In a pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghostes
And postes
And witches
And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the weather

Was warm
Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north,
To the north,
To follow one's nose
To the north!

—

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the maid
Nor afraid
Of his Granny-good
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook
And bring home
Miller's thumb,

Tittlebat
 Not over fat,
 Minnows small
 As the stall
 Of a glove,
 Not above
 The size
 Of a nice
 Little baby's
 Little fingers
 O he made
 'Twas his trade
 Of fish a pretty kettle
 A kettle
 A kettle

Of fish a pretty kettle
 A kettle!
 —
 There was a naughty boy,
 And a naughty boy was he,
 He ran away to Scotland
 The people for to see
 There he found
 That the ground
 Was as hard,
 That a yard
 Was as long,
 That a song
 Was as merry,
 That a cherry

Was as red,
 That lead
 Was as weighty,
 That fourscore
 Was as eighty,
 That a door
 Was as wooden
 As in England
 So he stood in his shoes
 And he wonder'd,
 He wonder'd,
 He stood in his
 Shoes and he wonder'd.

Fifteen Bobsworth Longfellow: Myer's Whopper

PARODIED POET: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)
 PARODIED POEM: Hiawatha
 An extract from Part XXII "Hiawatha's Departure"

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 In the pleasant Summer morning,
 Hiawatha stood and waited.
 All the air was full of freshness,
 All the earth was bright and joyous,
 And before him, through the sunshine,
 Westward toward the neighbouring forest
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,

Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
 Burning, singing In the sunshine.
 Bright above him shone the heavens,
 Level spread the lake before him;
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
 On its margin the great forest
 Stood reflected in the water,
 Every tree-top had its shadow,
 Motionless beneath the water.

Ted Lear: Limericks

PARODIED POET: Edward Lear (1812–1888)
 PARODIED POEM: No particular poem

The origins of the limerick as a verse form are shrouded in mystery, with some sources tracing it back as far as Aristophanes (approx 400BC). According to the OED, the term *limerick* officially entered the English language in 1898, when it was described by a Mr J.H. Murray as an "indecent nonsense verse". Edward Lear (1812–1888) made it popular in his *Book of Nonsense*, although he never used the term *limerick*. He himself wrote that he found it "a form of verse lending itself to limitless varieties of rhymes and pictures".

It is probably best described, in its own terms, by:
 The limerick's an art form complex
 Whose contents run chiefly to sex;
 It's famous for virgins
 And masculine urgin's
 And vulgar erotic effects.

Lear's published works avoided crude usage, but (as Murray's above definition suggests):
 The limerick is furtive and mean;
 You must keep her in close quarantine,

Or she sneaks to the slums
And promptly becomes
Disorderly, drunk, and obscene.

The reason for this tendency is because

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

[All taken from the book *The Lure of the Limerick*, by W.S. Baring-Gould.]

Ted Lear: The Pibbledy-Pobbledy Man

PARODIED POET: Edward Lear (1812–1888)
PARODIED POEM: See below

This seems to draw elements from several of Lear's "nonsense" poems. Among the many:

- » The Owl and the Pussy-Cat
- » There Was An Old Man With A Beard
- » The Courtship Of The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo

William McGonigall: The Westgate Bridge Disaster

PARODIED POET: William McGonagall (1825–1902)
PARODIED POEM: The Tay Bridge Disaster
Identified by: Robyn & Roger Sutherland

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay!
Alas! I am very sorry to say
That ninety lives have been taken away
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
And the wind it blew with all its might,
And the rain came pouring down,
And the dark clouds seem'd to frown,
And the Demon of the air seem'd to say-
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

When the train left Edinburgh
The passengers' hearts were light and felt no sorrow,
But Boreas blew a terrific gale,
Which made their hearts for to quail,
And many of the passengers with fear did say-
"I hope God will send us safe across the Bridge of Tay."

But when the train came near to Wormit Bay,
Boreas he did loud and angry bray,
And shook the central girders of the Bridge of Tay
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

So the train sped on with all its might,
And Bonnie Dundee soon hove in sight,
And the passengers' hearts felt light,
Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the New Year,

With their friends at home they lov'd most dear,
And wish them all a happy New Year.

So the train mov'd slowly along the Bridge of Tay,
Until it was about midway,
Then the central girders with a crash gave way,
And down went the train and passengers into the Tay!
The Storm Fiend did loudly bray,
Because ninety lives had been taken away,
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known
The alarm from mouth to mouth was blown,
And the cry rang out all o'er the town,
Good Heavens! the Tay Bridge is blown down,
And a passenger train from Edinburgh,
Which fill'd all the peoples hearts with sorrow,
And made them for to turn pale,
Because none of the passengers were sav'd to tell the tale
How the disaster happen'd on the last Sabbath day of 1879,
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.

It must have been an awful sight,
To witness in the dusky moonlight,
While the Storm Fiend did laugh, and angry did bray,
Along the Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay,
Oh! ill-fated Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay,
I must now conclude my lay
By telling the world fearlessly without the least dismay,

That your central girders would not have given way,
At least many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,

At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: These include a reference to the Australian Literature Board, and how it "reflects all essential aspects" of McGonigall. This is almost certainly an oblique dig at that organisation, given that McGonagall has been "widely hailed as the writer of the worst poetry in the English language".

Emmy-Lou Dickinson: Poems

PARODIED POET: Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

PARODIED POEM: See below

It seems that this is not a set of parodies of specific poems, but a group of poems mimicking Dickinson's style and choice of content.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: The reference to the film *Witness* is perhaps (just perhaps) a nod towards Dickinson's clothing and appearance in the only known image of her as an adult. His references to "very quiet" and "lives alone" fit like a glove.

Thomas "The Tank" Hardy: The failed Businessman

PARODIED POET: Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

PARODIED POEM: The Ruined Maid

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperity?" -
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

- "Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak,
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!" -
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

- "You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!" -
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

- "You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!" -
"True. There's an advantage in ruin," said she.

- "At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou,'
And 'thik oon,' and 'theas oon,' and 't'other'; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!" -
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

- "I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!" -
"My dear - a raw country girl, such as you be,
Isn't equal to that. You ain't ruined," said she.

**** Carol Lewis: The Hunting of the Smirk**

PARODIED POET: Lewis Carroll (1832–1898)
(True name: Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)

PARODIED POEM: Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought,
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood a while in thought.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

One two! One two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: The references here are pretty obvious: real name, logician, photographer, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking-Glass*.

** *Anon: Who Killed Ned Kelly?*

PARODIED POET: Anon
PARODIED POEM: Who Killed Cock Robin?

"Who killed Cock Robin?" "I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."
"Who saw him die?" "I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye, I saw him die."
"Who caught his blood?" "I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish, I caught his blood."
"Who'll make the shroud?" "I," said the Beetle,
"With my thread and needle, I'll make the shroud."
"Who'll dig his grave?" "I," said the Owl,
"With my pick and shovel, I'll dig his grave."
"Who'll be the parson?" "I," said the Rook,
"With my little book, I'll be the parson."
"Who'll be the clerk?" "I," said the Lark,
"If it's not in the dark, I'll be the clerk."

"Who'll carry the link?" "I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute, I'll carry the link."
"Who'll be chief mourner?" "I," said the Dove,
"I mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourner."
"Who'll carry the coffin?" "I," said the Kite,
"If it's not through the night, I'll carry the coffin."
"Who'll bear the pall?" "We," said the Wren,
"Both the cock and the hen, we'll bear the pall."
"Who'll sing a psalm?" "I," said the Thrush,
"As she sat on a bush, I'll sing a psalm."
"Who'll toll the bell?" "I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull, I'll toll the bell."
All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll for poor Cock Robin.

Very Manly Hopkins: Pied Again

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889)
PARODIED POEM: See below

I cannot locate a specific Hopkins poem that Clarke might be parodying here. Hopkins wrote many sonnets, and Clarke's offering is a sonnet. Hopkins also wrote a poem called "Pied Beauty" which is NOT a sonnet. My guess is that Clarke is simply parodying the title of that poem, in a word play for his sonnet about being hung over.

** *Billy "The Swank" Gilbert: The pirates of penzance.com*

PARODIED POET: W.S.Gilbert (1836–1911)
PARODIED POEM: "Major-General's Song" from "The Pirates of Penzance"

I am the very model of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;

I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,

I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;

I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from The Frogs of Aristophanes!
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
And tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform:
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",
When I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin,
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat",

When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery—
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventurous,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

Teddy Bentley: Cheerios

PARODIED POET: Edmund Clerihew Bentley (1875–1956)

PARODIED POEM: See below

ECB invented the form of verse known as the *clerihew*. Wikipedia describes it as follows.

A clerihew is a whimsical, four-line biographical poem invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley. The first line is the name of the poem's subject, usually a famous person put in an absurd light, or revealing something unknown and/or spurious about them. The rhyme scheme is AABB, and the rhymes are often forced. The line length and metre are irregular. Bentley invented the clerihew in school and then popularized it in books. Examples:

The art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about maps,
But Biography is about chaps.

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, 'I am going to dine with some men.
If anyone calls
Say I am designing St. Paul's.'

Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered sodium.

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser.
When that began to pall,
He slept in the hall.

John Stuart Mill,
By a mighty effort of will,
Overcame his natural bonhomie
And wrote 'Principles of Economy.'

Chapman & Hall
Swore not at all.
Mr Chapman's yea was yea,
And Mr Hall's nay was nay.

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive.
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.

Walter Burley Yeats: The Flashing Gyre

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)
PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Change "authentic voice of Tasmania" to "authentic voice of Ireland".
Also the real Yeats was appointed a Senator for the Irish Free State (in 1922).

Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Patterson: The Authentic Australian Bush Ballad

PARODIED POET: Andrew Barton "Banjo" Paterson (1864–1941)
PARODIED POEM: The Man From Snowy River
Identified by: Absolutely everybody

No need to include the words here.

Jems Choice: The Ballad of Jasper O'Reilly

PARODIED POET: James Joyce (1882–1941)
PARODIED POEM: The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Jems "left Hobart with Enid Carbuncle ... and never went back".
James left Dublin with Nora Barnacle as a self-imposed exile.

R.A.C.V. Milne: The Dog's Breakfast

PARODIED POET: Alan Alexander ("A.A.") Milne (1882–1956)
PARODIED POEM: The King's Breakfast

[Note the poet's initials: AA = Automobile Association in NSW = RACV in Victoria]

The King asked the Queen, and
The Queen asked the Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter for the Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked the Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell the cow now before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid she curtsied,
And went and told the Alderney:

"Don't forget the butter for the Royal slice of bread."
The Alderney said sleepily:
"You'd better tell His Majesty
That many people nowadays like marmalade instead."

The Dairymaid said, "Fancy!"
And went to Her Majesty.
She curtsied to the Queen, and she turned a little red:
"Excuse me, Your Majesty,

For taking of the liberty,
But marmalade is tasty, if it's very thickly spread."

The Queen said "Oh!
And went to His Majesty:
"Talking of the butter for the royal slice of bread,
Many people think that
Marmalade is nicer.
Would you like to try a little marmalade instead?"
The King said, "Bother!"
And then he said, "Oh, deary me!"
The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!" and went back to bed.
"Nobody," he whimpered,
"Could call me a fussy man;
I only want a little bit of butter for my bread!"

The Queen said, "There, there!"
And went to the Dairymaid.
The Dairymaid said, "There, there!", and went to the shed.
The cow said, "There, there!
I didn't really mean it;
Here's milk for his porringer, and butter for his bread."

The Queen took the butter
And brought it to his Majesty;
The King said, "Butter, eh?", and bounced out of bed.
"Nobody," he said,
As he kissed her tenderly,
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down the banisters,
"Nobody, my darling,
Could call me a fussy man -
But I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

R.A.C.V. Milne: Obviousness

PARODIED POET: Alan Alexander ("A.A.") Milne (1882–1956)
PARODIED POEM: Disobedience

James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree
Took great care of his Mother, though he was only three.
James James Said to his Mother,
"Mother," he said, said he;
"You must never go down to the end of the town,
if you don't go down with me."

James James Morrison's Mother put on a golden gown.
James James Morrison's Mother drove to the end of the town.
James James Morrison's Mother
Said to herself, said she:
"I can get right down to the end of the town
and be back in time for tea."

**** *Sigrid Sassoon: The Prime Minister***

PARODIED POET: Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967)
PARODIED POEM: The General

"Good-morning; good-morning!" the General said
When we met him last week on our way to the line.
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of 'em dead,
And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
"He's a cheery old card," grunted Harry to Jack
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

But he did for them both by his plan of attack.

Kahlilji Bran: The Half-Yearly Prophet

PARODIED POET: Khalil Gibran (1883–1931)
PARODIED POEM: See below

This is not a parody of a specific poem, but of an entire book of poems. "The Prophet" is a book of 26 prose poetry fables written in English by the Lebanese-American artist, philosopher and writer Kahlil Gibran. Clarke is on record as describing it as "vague, ill-defined waffle which sounds kind of nice" in an interview with Ramona Koval. See URL

<https://ramonakoval.com/2017/04/10/vale-john-clarke-1948-2017/>
(successfully accessed in May 2017).

Noeleen Sitwell: *Still Raining*

PARODIED POET: Dame Edith Sitwell (1887–1964)
PARODIED POEM: Still Falls the Rain

Still falls the Rain---
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss---
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain

In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us---
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain---
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds,---those of the light that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear---
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh... the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain---
Then--- O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me doune---
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree

Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world,---dark-smirched with pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain---
"Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee."

William Esther Williams: *The Carnival*

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: William Carlos Williams (1883–1963)
PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Pinko Brooke: The Soldier

PARODIED POET: Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)

PARODIED POEM: The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Pinko "was killed in the attack on Nieppe Forest ... two days after writing *The Soldier*". Rupert died from an infected mosquito bite on 23rd April 1915 while on his way to the landing at Gallipoli two days later. The "defence of Nieppe Forest" was part of "The Battles of the Lys" on the Western Front in April 1918.

Alain Frost: The Track Less Thrashed

PARODIED POET: Robert Frost (1874–1963)

PARODIED POEM: The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Alain was "three times winner of the Zitpüller Prize", while Robert was four time winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

Ezekiel Mad: Canto MCXVXIV

PARODIED POET: Ezra Pound (1885–1972)

PARODIED POEM: The Cantos

Presumably Clarke chose the name "Mad" because Pound was declared legally insane (in 1958).

It is almost certainly deliberate that MCXVXIV is not a valid Roman number. But were it valid it would be a rather large number. Is Clarke suggesting something interminable about *The Cantos*?

T.S. (Tabby Serious) Eliot: The Accounting Cat

PARODIED POET: Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888–1965)

PARODIED POEM: Macavity, The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw--
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime--Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime--Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air--
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly doomed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square--
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair--
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office finds a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scap of paper in the hall or on the stair--
But it's useless of investigate--Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
"It must have been Macavity!"--but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, or one or two to spare:
And whatever time the deed took place--MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: *Old Ponce's Book of Practical Webbers* versus *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*.

T.S. (Tabby Serious) Elliot: The Love Song of J. Arthur Perpend

PARODIED POET: Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888–1965)
PARODIED POEM: The Love Song of J Alfred Pruffrock

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question. . .
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair --
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin --
[They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"]
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all: --
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all --
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all --
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
[But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!]
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?
.

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.
.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] brought
in upon a platter,
I am no prophet -- and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and
snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all" --
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say, "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 Would it have been worth while,
 After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled
 streets,
 After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail
 along the floor --
 And this, and so much more? --
 It is impossible to say just what I mean!
 But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a
 screen:
 Would it have been worth while
 If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
 And turning toward the window, should say:
 "That is not it at all,
 That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
 Am an attendant lord, one that will do
 To swell a progress, start a scene or two
 Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
 Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
 Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
 At times, indeed, almost ridiculous --
 Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
 I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
 I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the
 beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
 Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
 When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
 By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
 Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Marianne Moore: The Majesty of Great Big Animals

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Marianne Moore (1887–1972)

PARODIED POEM: Which of her poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Moore was said by several knowledgeable sources to "take much of her poetic imagery from the natural world", and to "love the majesty of simple words". Has Clarke combined these two traits in coming up with his title for More's poem? Why has he laboured the word "majesty" so heavily?

Morris Clarke: The Mariner's Daughter

(completely unsolved)

The parodied poet and the parodied poem completely elude me. Any ideas, anyone?

Dorothy Parkinson: The Story So Far

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Dorothy Parker (1893–1967)

PARODIED POEM: Which of her poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Clarke has Parkinson as a member of the "Alqongwoin Drunks Group". Parker was a founding member of the "Algonquin Round Table", which is described by Wikipedia as follows.

The Algonquin Round Table was a celebrated group of New York City writers, critics, actors, and wits. Gathering initially as part of a practical joke, members of "The Vicious Circle", as they dubbed themselves, met for lunch each day at the Algonquin Hotel from 1919 until roughly 1929. At these luncheons they engaged in wisecracks, wordplay, and witticisms that, through the newspaper columns of Round Table members, were disseminated across the country.

Daily association with each other, both at the luncheons and outside of them, inspired members of the Circle to collaborate creatively. The entire group worked together successfully only once, however, to create a revue called No Sirree! which helped launch a Hollywood career for Round Tabler Robert Benchley.

In its ten years of association, the Round Table and a number of its members acquired national reputations, both for their contributions to literature and for their sparkling wit. Although some

of their contemporaries, and later in life even some of its members, disparaged the group, its reputation has endured long after its dissolution.

b.b. cummings: 74

PARODIED POET: e.e. cummings (1894–1962)
PARODIED POEM: See below

I suspect this is not a parody of a specific poem, but of Cummings' style. Clarke has achieved the parody by using Cummings' "visual onomatopoeia" (to coin a phrase).

Something similar was done in a "Mad Magazine" many decades ago, in the form of a commentary on a tennis match. Very clever, with the winning player

 p
 m i
u n
j g the net at the end of the game.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: There are some definite parallels between b.b. and e.e. Wikipedia's entry for the latter includes the following.

*In 1917, with the First World War ongoing in Europe, Cummings enlisted in the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, along with his college friend John Dos Passos. Due to an administrative mix-up, Cummings was not assigned to an ambulance unit for five weeks, during which time he stayed in Paris. He fell in love with the city, to which he would return throughout his life. During their service in the ambulance corps, they sent letters home that drew the attention of the military censors, and were known to prefer the company of French soldiers over fellow ambulance drivers. The two openly expressed anti-war views; Cummings spoke of his lack of hatred for the Germans. On September 21, 1917, just five months after his belated assignment, he and a friend, William Slater Brown, were arrested by the French military on suspicion of espionage and undesirable activities. They were held for 3½ months in a military detention camp at the Dépôt de Triage, in La Ferté-Macé, Orne, Normandy. They were imprisoned with other detainees in a large room. Cummings' father failed to obtain his son's release through diplomatic channels and in December 1917 wrote a letter to President Wilson. Cummings was released on December 19, 1917, and Brown was released two months later. Cummings used his prison experience as the basis for his novel, *The Enormous Room* (1922), about which F. Scott Fitzgerald said, "Of all the work by young men who have sprung up since 1920 one book survives—*The Enormous Room* by e e cummings... Those few who cause books to live have not been able to endure the thought of its mortality."*

Ogden Gnash: Pardon me Madam but is that a mandible on a leash or what? (poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Ogden Nash (1902–1971)
PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Sir Don Betjeman: Another Subaltern's Wedding (poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: John Betjeman (1906–1984)
PARODIED POEM: Perhaps "A Subaltern's Love Song", but the metre isn't right.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: From Wikipedia: *The Shell Guides were developed by Betjeman and Jack Beddington, a friend who was publicity manager with Shell-Mex Ltd, to guide Britain's*

growing number of motorists around the counties of Britain and their historical sites. They were published by the Architectural Press and financed by Shell. Later in the same reference: Betjeman had a fondness for Victorian architecture and was a founding member of the Victorian Society [a British charity which campaigns to preserve the best Victorian and Edwardian architecture]. I think we can safely assume Clarke was not enraptured by the architectural merits of the Albury-Wodonga Development Project.

Sir Don Betjeman: Advice to Chaps from Parents

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Sir John Betjeman (1906–1984)
 PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Stewie Smith: Further Thoughts about the Person From Porlock

PARODIED POET: "Stevie Smith"
 Actual name: Florence Margaret Smith (1902–1971)
 PARODIED POEM: Thoughts about the Person from Porlock (but see below)

Coleridge received the Person from Porlock
 And ever after called him a curse,
 Then why did he hurry to let him in?
 He could have hid in the house.

Often I look out of the window
 Often I run to the gate
 I think, He will come this evening,
 I think it is rather late.

It was not right of Coleridge in fact it was wrong
 (But often we all do wrong)
 As the truth is I think he was already stuck
 With Kubla Khan.

I am hungry to be interrupted
 For ever and ever amen
 O Person from Porlock come quickly
 And bring my thoughts to an end.

He was weeping and wailing: I am finished, finished,
 I shall never write another word of it,
 When along comes the Person from Porlock
 And takes the blame for it.

*
 I felicitate the people who have a Person from Porlock
 To break up everything and throw it away
 Because then there will be nothing to keep them
 And they need not stay.

It was not right, it was wrong,
 But often we all do wrong.

*

*

May we inquire the name of the Person from Porlock?
 Why, Porson, didn't you know?
 He lived at the bottom of Porlock Hill
 So had a long way to go,

Why do they grumble so much?
 He comes like a benison
 They should be glad he has not forgotten them
 They might have had to go on.

*

He wasn't much in the social sense
 Though his grandmother was a Warlock,
 One of the Rutlandshire ones I fancy
 And nothing to do with Porlock,

These thoughts are depressing I know. They are
 depressing,
 I wish I was more cheerful, it is more pleasant,
 Also it is a duty, we should smile as well as submitting
 To the purpose of One Above who is experimenting
 With various mixtures of human character which goes best,
 All is interesting for him it is exciting, but not for us.
 There I go again. Smile, smile, and get some work to do
 Then you will be practically unconscious without
 positively having to go.

And he lived at the bottom of the hill as I said
 And had a cat named Flo,
 And had a cat named Flo.

I long for the Person from Porlock
 To bring my thoughts to an end,
 I am becoming impatient to see him
 I think of him as a friend,

A "person from Porlock" is mentioned by Samuel Coleridge in the preface to his poem *Kubla Khan*, and the truth and/or significance of this "person from Porlock" has been widely

debated by scholars and poets ever since. In fact the expression has become a literary allusion to unwanted intruders.

Clarke's piece bears no structural similarity to Smith's poem. I think Clarke is just taking up the cudgels in the same game, aiming for thematic rather than structural similarity. So it is not the poet/poem combination that Clarke is parodying, just the poem. Or maybe even just the allusion.

Contrary views welcomed, as always.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: What Clarke says about Stewie applies quit closely to Stevie.

W.H. Auding: Muse of Bauxite

PARODIED POET: W.H. Auden (1907–1973)

PARODIED POEM: Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

Louis "The Lip" MacNeice: What I did in the Holidays, Section IX (poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Louis Macneice (1907–1963)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: The actual Macneice was born in northern Ireland, but moved to England for his tertiary education and it remained his base for the rest of his life. So Clarke is continuing his Ireland-Tasmania parallelism.

Louis "The Lip" MacNeice: Flagpole Music

PARODIED POET: Louis Macneice (1907–1963)

PARODIED POEM: Bagpipe Music

It's no go the merry-go-round, it's no go the rickshaw,
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.

Their knickers are made of crepe-de-chine, their shoes are made of python,
Their halls are lined with tiger rugs and their walls with head of bison.

John MacDonald found a corpse, put it under the sofa,
Waited till it came to life and hit it with a poker,
Sold its eyes for souvenirs, sold its blood for whiskey,
Kept its bones for dumbbells to use when he was fifty.

It's no go the Yogi-man, it's no go Blavatsky,
All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi.

Annie MacDougall went to milk, caught her foot in the heather,
Woke to hear a dance record playing of Old Vienna.
It's no go your maidenheads, it's no go your culture,
All we want is a Dunlop tire and the devil mend the puncture.

The Laird o' Phelps spent Hogmanay declaring he was sober,
Counted his feet to prove the fact and found he had one foot over.
Mrs. Carmichael had her fifth, looked at the job with repulsion,
Said to the midwife "Take it away; I'm through with overproduction."

It's no go the gossip column, it's no go the Ceilidh,
All we want is a mother's help and a sugar-stick for the baby.

Willie Murray cut his thumb, couldn't count the damage,
Took the hide of an Ayrshire cow and used it for a bandage.
His brother caught three hundred cran when the seas were lavish,
Threw the bleeders back in the sea and went upon the parish.

It's no go the Herring Board, it's no go the Bible,
All we want is a packet of fags when our hands are idle.

It's no go the picture palace, it's no go the stadium,
It's no go the country cot with a pot of pink geraniums,
It's no go the Government grants, it's no go the elections,
Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a pension.

It's no go my honey love, it's no go my poppet;
Work your hands from day to day, the winds will blow the profit.
The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall forever,
But if you break the bloody glass you won't hold up the weather.

Norman McCrag: South Uist from a Coracle

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Norman MacCaig (1910–1996)
PARODIED POEM: See below

The only MacCaig poem I can locate that has vaguely the right structure and thoughts is "Stars and Planets", which I reproduce below. But it's a pretty tenuous leap.

Trees are cages for them: water holds its breath
To balance them without smudging on its delicate meniscus.
Children watch them playing in their heavenly playground;
Men use them to lug ships across oceans, through firths.

They seem so twinkle-still, but they never cease
Inventing new spaces and huge explosions
And migrating in mathematical tribes over
The steppes of space at their outrageous ease.

It's hard to think that the earth is one –
This poor sad bearer of wars and disasters
Rolls-Roycing round the sun with its load of gangsters,
Attended only by the loveless moon.

Elizabeth Bayshop: One Science

PARODIED POET: Elizabeth Bishop (1911–1979)
PARODIED POEM: One Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster,

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

- Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

Harry Reed: Facing of Facts

(completely unsolved)

The parodied poet and the parodied poem completely elude me. Any ideas, anyone?

Dylan Thompson: A Child's Christmas in Warrnambool

PARODIED POET: Dylan Thomas (1914–1953)
PARODIED POEM: A Child's Christmas in Wales

One Christmas was so much like another, in those years around the sea-town corner now and out of all sound except the distant speaking of the voices I sometimes hear a moment before sleep, that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six.

All the Christmases roll down toward the two-tongued sea, like a cold and headlong moon bundling down the sky that was our street; and they stop at the rim of the ice-edged fish-freezing waves, and I plunge my hands in the snow and bring out whatever I can find. In goes my hand into that wool-white bell-tongued ball of holidays resting at the rim of the carol-singing sea, and out come Mrs. Prothero and the firemen.

... and so on ...

Robert Lowell: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Robert Lowell (1917–1977)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Lowell suffered from manic depression, for which he was hospitalized many times throughout his adult life.

Larry Parkin: *Mr Peacock*

PARODIED POET: Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

PARODIED POEM: Mr Bleaney

"This was Mr Bleaney's room. He stayed
The whole time he was at the Bodies, till
They moved him." Flowered curtains, thin and frayed,
Fall to within five inches of the sill,

Whose window shows a strip of building land,
Tussocky, littered. "Mr Bleaney took
My bit of garden properly in hand."
Bed, upright chair, sixty-watt bulb, no hook

Behind the door, no room for books or bags —
"I'll take it." So it happens that I lie
Where Mr Bleaney lay, and stub my fags
On the same saucer-souvenir, and try

Stuffing my ears with cotton-wool, to drown
The jabbering set he egged her on to buy.
I know his habits — what time he came down,
His preference for sauce to gravy, why

He kept on plugging at the four aways —
Likewise their yearly frame: the Frinton folk
Who put him up for summer holidays,
And Christmas at his sister's house in Stoke.

But if he stood and watched the frigid wind
Tousling the clouds, lay on the fusty bed
Telling himself that this was home, and grinned,
And shivered, without shaking off the dread

That how we live measures our own nature,
And at his age having no more to show
Than one hired box should make him pretty sure
He warranted no better, I don't know.

Larry Parkin: *This Be the Chorus*

PARODIED POET: Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

PARODIED POEM: This Be the Verse

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old-style hats and coats,
Who half the time were sippy-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

Vern Scanlon: Standing Orders

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Vernon Scannell (1922–2007)
Birth name: John Vernon Bain

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Clarke says Scanlon was "very big in the local RSL in Mackay". The significance of this quip emerges in Wikipedia's article on Scannell. *The war took him into action in the North African desert. He fought at El Alamein and across the western desert during the Eighth Army's drive to reach Tunisia. Following an assault on an Axis-held hill near Gabes he watched as his Gordon Highlanders moved through the recently taken position, looting the dead, both Allied and Axis. Revolted, he walked away. He was caught and court-martialled for deserting a forward area. Sentenced to three years imprisonment, he spent six months in one of the harshest military penal institutions in Alexandria before being released on a suspended sentence to take part in the Normandy landings.*

Vern Scanlon: Dream

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Vernon Scannell (1922–2007)
Birth name John Vernon Bain

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Miloslab Holden: Pathology Report

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: John Milo "Mike" Ford (1957–2006)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

My initial investigations have not unearthed any Ford poems. Until I manage this I cannot claim any certainty. Watch this space.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Wikipedia describes Ford as follows. *An American science fiction and fantasy writer, game designer, and poet. A contributor to several online discussions, he composed poems, often improvised, in both complicated forms and blank verse, notably Shakespearean pastiche; he also wrote pastiches and parodies of many other authors and styles. At Minicon and other science fiction conventions he would perform "Ask Dr. Mike", giving humorous answers to scientific and other questions in a lab coat before a whiteboard.*

Anne Bonkford: Where was JFK when he heard that I was shot?

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Anne Sexton (1928–1974)

PARODIED POEM: Which of her poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Ted Cruise: Is Everyone Happy?

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Ted Hughes (1930–1998)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: Clarke is being quite accurate about Ted Hughes. Hughes was married to Sylvia Plath. It was a very unhappy marriage that ended with the suicide of Plath (who had been clinically depressed for most of her adult life). See also below, under Sylvia Blath, where Clarke refers to "illness and death".

Derek Benaud: The Central Commentary Position

(completely unsolved)

I suspect Sir Derek Walcott (born 1930) is the poet Clarke has in mind here, but my limited searching combined with my limited poetical knowledge failed to uncover any subject or style linkages between Walcott's poetry and "The Central Commentary Position". In the unlikely event that my suspicion is correct we immediately move to the question of why Clarke has chosen to pair Walcott and Benaud.

Perhaps through the cricket theme?

- » The West Indies are famous for their cricket, and Benaud played against them many times.
- » Sir Clyde Walcott is one of the West Indies' most famous cricketers ever.

But I am really clutching at straws here.

Rob Carmichael offers the following suggestion. "*Benaud was in the central commentary position when Derek Randall hit 174 during the centenary test (1977). Denis Lillie ("the devil") took 11 wickets for Australia but Derek Randall was named man of the match. I couldn't find a particular poem that fits this scenario, but it might explain the poet's name and the poem's title.*"

Sylvia Blath: Self Defence

PARODIED POET: Sylvia Plath (1932–1963)
PARODIED POEM: Daddy
Identified by: Tamla Bain

You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time——
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of *you*,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You——

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two——
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always *knew* it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: See above under Ted Cruise. (Plath had attempted suicide multiple times before "succeeding" in 1963.)

Henry Adrian: *Here Are the News*

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Adrian Henri (1932–2000)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: From Wikipedia. *Adrian Henri was a British poet and painter best remembered as the founder of poetry-rock group the Liverpool Scene and as one of three poets in the best-selling anthology The Mersey Sound, along with Brian Patten* and Roger McGough. The trio of Liverpool poets came to prominence in that city's Merseybeat zeitgeist of the 1960s and 1970s. [...] His characterisation of popular culture in verse helped to widen the audience for poetry among 1960s British youth.*

* See also "John Platten" below.

John Platten: †† *Are We There Yet?*

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Brian Patten (born 1946)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

†† Early editions of Clarke's book had Platten's poem with the title *What I Did in the Holidays*. It is possible that this title aimed at Patten's poem *The day I got my Finger Stuck up my Nose*. But if so, why did Clarke change the title in later editions?

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS: See above under Henry Adrian.

Nob Dylan: *Rain Pain Train Song Number 407B*

(poem unsolved)

PARODIED POET: Bob Dylan (born 1941)

PARODIED POEM: Which of his songs/poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Leonard Con: The Emperor's New Album

PARODIED POET: Leonard Cohen (1934–2016)
PARODIED POEM: Several
Identified by: Jill Sewell

My part-time co-resident Cohen expert tells me that this poem includes "references" to several Cohen songs. For example, "Suzanne", via *for you've touched her perfect body / with your mind and Jesus was a sailor / when he walked upon the water / and he spent a long time watching / from his lonely wooden tower*. Also "Dance Me to the End of Love", via the *la la ... la la* at the end of (the song version of) the poem. Further, this view is consistent with Clarke's inclusion of the word "album" in his poem's title.

Paul Dorkan: Significant Events ***(poem unsolved)***

PARODIED POET: Paul Durcan (born 1944)
PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems might it be, or is it an amalgam of several?

**** *Hamish Sweeney: St Frances and the Brolgas*** ***(poem unsolved)***

PARODIED POET: Seamus Heaney (1939–2013)
PARODIED POEM: Which of his poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

The poem's title must be based on Heaney's "St Kevin and the Blackbird", but the two poems do not have similar structures.

A friend of Clarke's, journalist Tony Wright, says that Clarke was "entranced in life by Heaney's poetry and its enlightening homage to the natural world". See *The Age*, Saturday 3rd June 2017, p. 23.

Margaret Attwood: Everyone Dances ***(poem unsolved)***

PARODIED POET: Margaret Atwood (born 1939)
PARODIED POEM: Which of her poems is it, or is it an amalgam of several?

Revision history of this document

Version 01. In April 2010 the document was commenced by Robert Niall, and released later that month as a very skinny pamphlet to a very ~~exclusive~~ small readership.

Version 02. Released in June 2017. Clarke's tragic and untimely death in early 2017 triggered an attempt to fill in some of the gaps, but the attempt had limited success because the low-hanging walnuts had already been picked. As part of this update attempts were also made to explain some of the "biographical details" Clarke has provided on his authors. Progress, on either the poet or the poem or the biographical details, was made with the following poets:

Pope	Smart	Wordsworth	Lear	McGonigall
Hopkins	Choice	Bran	More	Parkinson

humblings	Smith	McCrag	Bayshop	Parkin
Scanlon	Holden	Benaud	Blath	Adrian
Con	Dorkan	Sweeney.		

Version 03. Released in August 2017.

Major changes made to
Bonkford Adrian Platten.

Minor changes made to
Milton Smart Blake Dickinson Yeats
Choice Brooke Frost Eliot More
humblings Betjeman Smith MacNiece Bowell
Cruise Benaud Blath.

Version 04. Released in November 2017. Also placed on the author's web site for the first time.

Future revisions

The document will remain a "work in progress" until all poems and poets are fully explained, and help is sought to close the remaining gaps. Perhaps unintentionally, Clarke has left us a slight clue for the poets, if not the poems. In his book he seems to have arranged most of them, but (unfortunately) not all of them, in chronological order of the parodied poets' birth dates.

If you can add any insights or correct any mistakes please contact the document's author as given below. Ditto for any other comments you might have.

Significant breakthroughs will be acknowledged in the document: immortality awaits you.

Contacting the author of this document

The document was written by, and will be maintained by, Robert Niall. He can be contacted at his e-mail address (rmniall48@gmail.com) or via his web site (<http://rmniall.com>).