**Pleasant Sounds**

The rustling of leaves under the feet in woods and under hedges;

The crumpling of cat-ice and snow down wood-rides, narrow lanes,

and every street causeway;

Rustling through a wood or rather rushing, while the wind halloos in

the oak-top like thunder;

The rustle of birds’ wings startled from their nests or flying unseen

into the bushes;

The whizzing of larger birds overhead in a wood, such as crows,

puddocks, buzzards;

The trample of robins and woodlarks on the brown leaves, and the

patter of squirrels on the green moss;

The fall of an acorn on the ground, the pattering of nuts on the hazel

branches as they fall from ripeness;

The flirt of the groundlark’s wing from the stubbles - how sweet such

pictures on dewy mornings, when the dew flashes from its brown

feathers.

**by John Clare**

**The Day the Dragons Won the Lottery**

The day the dragonry won the lottery

they got staggery, swiggery, blotto-ry,

ziggery-zaggery, teetery, tottery,

proudly swaggery,

draggery faggery,

loudly braggery. Rich or what-ery?

When the dragonry won the lottery.

Oops! A snaggery...Oh no nottery!

Just a tenner is all they gottery.

What a calamity! Sniffery snottery.

This is most certainly not what it ought to be.

Cursery, slaggery, weepery, watery.

Utterly agony. Heckery! Rottery!

When the dragonry won the lottery.

By Nick Toczek

A Martian Sends a Postcard Home

Caxtons are mechanical birds with many wings

and some are treasured for their markings..

they cause the eyes to melt

or the body to shriek with pain

I have never seen one fly, but

sometimes they perch on the hand.

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Mist is when the sky is tired of flight

and rests its soft machine on the ground:

then the world is dim and bookish

like engravings under tissue paper.

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Rain is when the earth is television

it has the property of making colours darker.

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Model T is a room with the lock inside ...

a lock is turned to free the world

for movement, so quick there is a film

to watch for anything missed.

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But time is tied to the wrist

or kept in a box ticking with impatience.

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In homes a haunted apparatus sleeps,

that snores when you pick it up.

If the ghost cries, they carry it

to their lips and soothe it to sleep

with sounds. A yet they wake it up

deliberately, by tickling with a finger.

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Only the young are allowed to suffer

openly. Adults go to a punishment room

with water, but nothing to eat.

They lock the door and suffer the noises

alone. No one is exempt

and everyone’s pain has a different smell.

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At night, when all the colours die,

they hide in pairs

and read about themselves ...

in colour, with their eyelids shut