

THE YELLOW WHAT-HO. A subterfuge in fugues. Not by the
Author of *The Blue Grotto*. No publisher. No price. No
anything.

KING CROWLEY of Bronchitis-town
To Bernard Smith of great renown
To set his shaven soul at ease
These laryngeal lymphanias.
Where Digitalis roams among
The Endotherms, and on the tongue
Follicular papillae weave
Their lustral locks, and rosy eve
Sheds her soft toenails as she swings
Her brilliant body into Spring's.
Befell a woe—and here the bard
His sacral plexus with the yard
Planged, and the Ammonites of song
Blew their shrill spirals loud and long.
On ♪ Cassiopeae first
The grave old Hippocampus curst
Black Oxyrrhynchus! who would dare
To camp in Berenice's Hair
Whose vesper censers amorous
Smoke monocotyledenous,
What time the twisted ibex mars
The parallax of double stars,
And the pale hate of Vega flares,
And swart Typhlitis next unbares
His glaive, ere Granuloma gnashed
His teeth, and on its shoulder gashed
—That shoulder that had shrugged unmoved
Though Os Innominatum loved!
What happened after who can say?
I wandered sadly by the bay,
And saw anemone' streamers wet
Like drawers of scarlet flannelette;
I watched the mermaids as they loosed
Their lids on aught might be seduced,

While earnest starfish strove to cram
The strange lore of the pentagram.
In brief, it was a busy morn.
I took the Poet's Club in scorn.
How, with the banded fountain pen
That ran me into one pound ten,
With that too finite reservoir,
How could I sing this abbatoir?
Nay! let me first imbrue mine hands
In the dun blood of Mildred Sandys!
And so on.

A.C.