

The Wood Hover (a parody of GM Hopkins)

by Iain James Robb

My trousers turn when her these eyesights earn is learned in light,
Like limn of laugh or limbs hers — do I know her, no? — but gauzy
Greyhair ravings greyscale havens of Old Jake whose floozy
Wood, ne'er raised the wood that, pencil-perched, arrests my
gait and dáresay

Drains, white rains when rousered baned when troused so tight.

Ah, such was the rush of it, all in the crush of it, you wound me,
round me, 'hind me, hound me quite,

Blar-bright, the fugue-fug, smoke-tug, clear and sheer, mid-mere
the moon is, midst of might

Here, see: hear; shé — see hére — ís middle Moon's May, may she
say no nosegay or a posy

Be good enough but trouser's tail some maids cause quail makes
chops and cheeks of Rosie

Blush, with crush óf blood's gush, flower-flushed, at sleight of
white-height night.

Oh God, oh, oh my word, good Lord man, can you spare a scan for
this man jacent only

To the stare of her and, friend-fledged, furred with friends, she
seeks a murder in the suchly

Steer, of eye, see, sigh; what a mock of it, talk of it, mouser-
trousered, lonely,

I, 'neath blunder-sky, turned tale-tell of her touch, say

The which, all lost, this ghost I guise gale-groans, quail-quivers
muchly,

Gives up its ghost with gruel no Host was, ghoul-galled, good of
Golly.

