

The Pheasant

by G.E. Simons

The twinned trees hung garlands like a King's hiding
Eras swath bathes of call boxes in red, trimmed with lead
There was meat and milk in the trunk of the village car
Driven by the chairman of the Assembly in officialdom
Before Aquarius met Sagittarius in the far corner of the Estate

The peach tree wall snarled its liberty caps like lions
Above the draughtsman's chair before psychedelic maps
And throttle throats beat through the accordion of wings
Before the Administration changed, as dayglow splashed bowler
hats
Then the widget walk across London Bridge towards the Foreign
Office

The black and the white bloomed technicolour, a Disneyland in
Antarctica
As news wires suggested that grass may grow over Manhattan
But black dog eyes emerged from the simplicity of dazzle ships
Times they were a blazing, the Pheasant met God in Piccadilly
meadows
Before morphing by pure chance, sharing masks in the shadows

